













THE  
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VOL. I.

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THE  
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A CHART SHOWING THE TRACKS OF THE YACHT "FOX," (o face page 120.



# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1860.

## Framley Parsonage.

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### CHAPTER I.

"OMNES OMNIA BONA DICERE."

WHEN young Mark Robarts was leaving college, his father might well declare that all men began to say all good things to him, and to extol his fortune in that he had a son blessed with so excellent a disposition.

This father was a physician living at Exeter. He was a gentleman possessed of no private means, but enjoying a lucrative practice, which had enabled him to maintain and educate a family with all the advantages which money can give in this country. Mark was his eldest son and second child; and the first page or two of this narrative must be consumed in giving a catalogue of the good things which chance and conduct together had heaped upon this young man's head.

His first step forward in life had arisen from his having been sent, while still very young, as a private pupil to the house of a clergyman, who was an old friend and intimate friend of his father's. This clergyman had one other, and only one other, pupil—the young Lord Lufton, and, between the two boys, there had sprung up a close alliance.

While they were both so placed, Lady Lufton had visited her son, and then invited young Robarts to pass his next holidays at Framley Court. This visit was made; and it ended in Mark going back to Exeter with a letter full of praise from the widowed peeress. She had been delighted, she said, in having such a companion for her son, and expressed a hope that the boys might remain together during the course of their education. Dr. Robarts was a man who thought much of the breath of peers and peeresses, and was by no means inclined to throw away any advantage which might arise to his child from such a friendship. When, therefore, the young lord was sent to Harrow, Mark Robarts went there also.

That the lord and his friend often quarrelled, and occasionally fought,—the fact even that for one period of three months they never spoke to each other—by no means interfered with the doctor's hopes. Mark again and again stayed a fortnight at Framley Court, and Lady Lufton always wrote about him in the highest terms.

And then the lads went together to Oxford, and here Mark's good fortune followed him, consisting rather in the highly respectable manner in which he lived, than in any wonderful career of collegiate success. His family was proud of him, and the doctor was always ready to talk of him to his patients; not because he was a prizeman, and had gotten medals and scholarships, but on account of the excellence of his general conduct. He lived with the best set—he incurred no debts—he was fond of society, but able to avoid low society—liked his glass of wine, but was never known to be drunk; and, above all things, was one of the most popular men in the university.

Then came the question of a profession for this young Hyperion, and on this subject, Dr. Robarts was invited himself to go over to Framley Court to discuss the matter with Lady Lufton. Dr. Robarts returned with a very strong conception that the Church was the profession best suited to his son.

Lady Lufton had not sent for Dr. Robarts all the way from Exeter for nothing. The living of Framley was in the gift of the Lufton family, and the next presentation would be in Lady Lufton's hands, if it should fall vacant before the young lord was twenty-five years of age, and in the young lord's hands if it should fall afterwards. But the mother and the heir consented to give a joint promise to Dr. Robarts. Now, as the present incumbent was over seventy, and as the living was worth 900*l.* a year, there could be no doubt as to the eligibility of the clerical profession.

And I must further say, that the dowager and the doctor were justified in their choice by the life and principles of the young man—as far as any father can be justified in choosing such a profession for his son, and as far as any lay impropriator can be justified in making such a promise. Had Lady Lufton had a second son, that second son would probably have had the living, and no one would have thought it wrong;—certainly not if that second son had been such a one as Mark Robarts.

Lady Lufton herself was a woman who thought much on religious matters, and would by no means have been disposed to place any one in a living, merely because such a one had been her son's friend. Her tendencies were High Church, and she was enabled to perceive that those of young Mark Robarts ran in the same direction. She was very desirous that her son should make an associate of his clergyman, and by this step she would insure, at any rate, that. She was anxious that the parish vicar should be one with whom she could herself fully co-operate, and was perhaps unconsciously wishful that he might in some measure be subject to her influence. Should she appoint an elder man, this might probably not be the case to

the same extent; and should her son have the gift, it might probably not be the case at all.

And therefore it was resolved that the living should be given to young Roberts.

He took his degree—not with any brilliancy, but quite in the manner that his father desired; he then travelled for eight or ten months with Lord Lufton and a college don, and almost immediately after his return home was ordained.

The living of Framley is in the diocese of Barchester; and, seeing what were Mark's hopes with reference to that diocese, it was by no means difficult to get him a curacy within it. But this curacy he was not allowed long to fill. He had not been in it above a twelvemonth, when poor old Dr. Stopford, the then vicar of Framley, was gathered to his fathers, and the full fruition of his rich hopes fell upon his shoulders.

But even yet more must be told of his good fortune before we can come to the actual incidents of our story. Lady Lufton, who, as I have said, thought much of clerical matters, did not carry her High Church principles so far as to advocate celibacy for the clergy. On the contrary, she had an idea that a man could not be a good parish parson without a wife. So, having given to her favourite a position in the world, and an income sufficient for a gentleman's wants, she set herself to work to find him a partner in those blessings.

And here also, as in other matters, he fell in with the views of his patroness—not, however, that they were declared to him in that marked manner in which the affair of the living had been broached: Lady Lufton was much too highly gifted with woman's craft for that. She never told the young vicar that Miss Monsell accompanied her ladyship's married daughter to Framley Court expressly that he, Mark, might fall in love with her; but such was in truth the case.

Lady Lufton had but two children. The eldest, a daughter, had been married some four or five years to Sir George Meredith, and this Miss Monsell was a dear friend of hers. And now looms before me the novelist's great difficulty. Miss Monsell,—or, rather, Mrs. Mark Roberts,—must be described. As Miss Monsell, our tale will have to take no prolonged note of her. And yet we will call her Fanny Monsell, when we declare that she was one of the pleasantest companions that could be brought near to a man, as the future partner of his home, and owner of his heart. And if high principles without asperity, female gentleness without weakness, a love of laughter without malice, and a true loving heart, can qualify a woman to be a parson's wife, then was Fanny Monsell qualified to fill that station.

In person she was somewhat larger than common. Her face would have been beautiful but that her mouth was large. Her hair, which was copious, was of a bright brown; her eyes also were brown, and, being so, were the distinctive feature of her face, for brown eyes are not common. They were liquid, large, and full either of tenderness or of mirth. Mark

Roberts still had his accustomed luck, when such a girl as this was brought to Framley for his wooing.

And he did woo her—and won her. For Mark himself was a handsome fellow. At this time the vicar was about twenty-five years of age, and the future Mrs. Roberts was two or three years younger. Nor did she come quite empty-handed to the vicarage. It cannot be said that Fanny Monsell was an heiress, but she had been left with a provision of some few thousand pounds. This was so settled that the interest of his wife's money paid the heavy insurance on his life which young Roberts effected, and there was left to him, over and above, sufficient to furnish his parsonage in the very best style of clerical comfort,—and to start him on the road of life rejoicing.

So much did Lady Lufton do for her *protégé*, and it may well be imagined that the Devonshire physician, sitting meditative over his parlour fire, looking back, as men will look back on the upshot of their life, was well contented with that upshot, as regarded his eldest offshoot, the Rev. Mark Roberts, the vicar of Framley.

But little has as yet been said, personally, as to our hero himself, and perhaps it may not be necessary to say much. Let us hope that by degrees he may come forth upon the canvas, showing to the beholder the nature of the man inwardly and outwardly. Here it may suffice to say that he was no born heaven's cherub, neither was he a born fallen devil's spirit. Such as his training made him, such he was. He had large capabilities for good—and aptitudes also for evil, quite enough: quite enough to make it needful that he should repel temptation as temptation only can be repelled. Much had been done to spoil him, but in the ordinary acceptation of the word he was not spoiled. He had too much tact, too much common sense, to believe himself to be the paragon which his mother thought him. Self-conceit was not, perhaps, his greatest danger. Had he possessed more of it, he might have been a less agreeable man, but his course before him might on that account have been the safer.

In person he was manly, tall, and fair-haired, with a square forehead, denoting intelligence rather than thought, with clear white hands, filbert nails, and a power of dressing himself in such a manner that no one should ever observe of him that his clothes were either good or bad, shabby or smart.

Such was Mark Roberts when at the age of twenty-five, or a little more, he married Fanny Monsell. The marriage was celebrated in his own church, for Miss Monsell had no home of her own, and had been staying for the last three months at Framley Court. She was given away by Sir George Meredith, and Lady Lufton herself saw that the wedding was what it should be, with almost as much care as she had bestowed on that of her own daughter. The deed of marrying, the absolute tying of the knot, was performed by the Very Reverend the Dean of Barchester, an esteemed friend of Lady Lufton's. And Mrs. Arabin, the Dean's wife, was of the party, though the distance from Barchester to Framley is long, and

the roads deep, and no railway lends its assistance. And Lord Lufton was there of course; and people protested that he would surely fall in love with one of the four beautiful bridesmaids, of whom Blanche Robarts, the vicar's second sister, was by common acknowledgment by far the most beautiful.

And there was there another and a younger sister of Mark's—who did not officiate at the ceremony, though she was present—and of whom no prediction was made, seeing that she was then only sixteen, but of whom mention is made here, as it will come to pass that my readers will know her hereafter. Her name was Lucy Robarts.

And then the vicar and his wife went off on their wedding tour, the old curate taking care of the Framley souls the while.

And in due time they returned; and after a further interval, in due course, a child was born to them; and then another; and after that came the period at which we will begin our story. But before doing so, may I not assert that all men were right in saying all manner of good things to the Devonshire physician, and in praising his luck in having such a son?

"You were up at the house to-day, I suppose?" said Mark to his wife, as he sat stretching himself in an easy chair in the drawing-room, before the fire, previously to his dressing for dinner. It was a November evening, and he had been out all day, and on such occasions the aptitude for delay in dressing is very powerful. A strong-minded man goes direct from the hall-door to his chamber without encountering the temptation of the drawing-room fire.

"No; but Lady Lufton was down here."

"Full of arguments in favour of Sarah Thompson?"

"Exactly so, Mark."

"And what did you say about Sarah Thompson?"

"Very little as coming from myself; but I did hint that you thought, or that I thought that you thought, that one of the regular trained school-mistresses would be better."

"But her ladyship did not agree?"

"Well, I won't exactly say that;—though I think that perhaps she did not."

"I am sure she did not. When she has a point to carry, she is very fond of carrying it."

"But then, Mark, her points are generally so good."

"But, you see, in this affair of the school she is thinking more of her *protégée* than she does of the children."

"Tell her that, and I am sure she will give way."

And then again they were both silent. And the vicar having thoroughly warmed himself, as far as this might be done by facing the fire, turned round and began the operation *à tergo*.

"Come, Mark, it is twenty minutes past six. Will you go and dress?"

"I'll tell you what, Fanny: she must have her way about Sarah Thompson. You can see her to-morrow and tell her so."



"I am sure, Mark, I would not give way, if I thought it wrong. Nor would she expect it."

"If I persist this time, I shall certainly have to yield the next; and then the next may probably be more important."

"But if it's wrong, Mark?"

"I didn't say it was wrong. Besides, if it is wrong, wrong in some infinitesimal degree, one must put up with it. Sarah Thompson is very respectable; the only question is whether she can teach."

The young wife, though she did not say so, had some idea that her husband was in error. It is true that one must put up with wrong, with a great deal of wrong. But no one need put up with wrong that he can remedy. Why should he, the vicar, consent to receive an incompetent teacher for the parish children, when he was able to procure one that was competent? In such a case,—so thought Mrs. Roberts to herself,—she would have fought the matter out with Lady Lufton.

On the next morning, however, she did as she was bid, and signified to the dowager that all objection to Sarah Thompson would be withdrawn.

"Ah! I was sure he would agree with me," said her ladyship, "when he learned what sort of person she is. I know I had only to explain;"—and then she plumed her feathers, and was very gracious; for, to tell the truth, Lady Lufton did not like to be opposed in things which concerned the parish nearly.

"And, Fanny," said Lady Lufton, in her kindest manner, "you are not going anywhere on Saturday, are you?"

"No, I think not."

"Then you must come to us. Justinia is to be here, you know"—Lady Meredith was named Justinia—"and you and Mr. Roberts had better stay with us till Monday. He can have the little book-room all to himself on Sunday. The Merediths go on Monday; and Justinia won't be happy if you are not with her."

It would be unjust to say that Lady Lufton had determined not to invite the Roberts's if she were not allowed to have her own way about Sarah Thompson. But such would have been the result. As it was, however, she was all kindness; and when Mrs. Roberts made some little excuse, saying that she was afraid she must return home in the evening, because of the children, Lady Lufton declared that there was room enough at Framley Court for baby and nurse, and so settled the matter in her own way, with a couple of nods and three taps of her umbrella.

This was on a Tuesday morning, and on the same evening, before dinner, the vicar again seated himself in the same chair before the drawing-room fire, as soon as he had seen his horse led into the stable.

"Mark," said his wife, "the Merediths are to be at Framley on Saturday and Sunday; and I have promised that we will go up and stay over till Monday."

"You don't mean it! Goodness gracious, how provoking!"

"Why? I thought you wouldn't mind it. And Justinia would think it unkind if I were not there."

"You can go, my dear, and of course will go. But as for me, it is impossible."

"But why, love?"

"Why? Just now, at the school-house, I answered a letter that was brought to me from Chaldicotes. Sowerby insists on my going over there for a week or so; and I have said that I would."

"Go to Chaldicotes for a week, Mark?"

"I believe I have even consented to ten days."

"And be away two Sundays?"

"No, Fanny, only one. Don't be so censorious."

"Don't call me censorious, Mark; you know I am not so. But I am so sorry. It is just what Lady Lufton won't like. Besides, you were away in Scotland two Sundays last month."

"In September, Fanny. And that is being censorious."

"Oh, but, Mark, dear Mark! don't say so. You know I don't mean it. But Lady Lufton does not like those Chaldicotes people. You know Lord Lufton was with you the last time you were there; and how annoyed she was!"

"Lord Lufton won't be with me now, for he is still in Scotland. And the reason why I am going is this: Harold Smith and his wife will be there, and I am very anxious to know more of them. I have no doubt that Harold Smith will be in the government some day, and I cannot afford to neglect such a man's acquaintance."

"But, Mark, what do you want of any government?"

"Well, Fanny, of course I am bound to say that I want nothing; neither in one sense do I; but nevertheless, I shall go and meet the Harold Smiths."

"Could you not be back before Sunday?"

"I have promised to preach at Chaldicotes. Harold Smith is going to lecture at Barchester, about the Australasian archipelago, and I am to preach a charity sermon on the same subject. They want to send out more missionaries."

"A charity sermon at Chaldicotes!"

"And why not? The house will be quite full, you know; and I dare say the Arabins will be there."

"I think not; Mrs. Arabin may get on with Mrs. Harold Smith, though I doubt that; but I'm sure she's not fond of Mrs. Smith's brother. I don't think she would stay at Chaldicotes."

"And the bishop will probably be there for a day or two."

"That is much more likely, Mark. If the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Proudie is taking you to Chaldicotes, I have not a word more to say."

"I am not a bit more fond of Mrs. Proudie, than you are, Fanny," said the vicar, with something like vexation in the tone of his voice, for

he thought that his wife was hard upon him. "But it is generally thought that a parish clergyman does well to meet his bishop now and then. And as I was invited there, especially to preach while all these people are staying at the place, I could not well refuse." And then he got up, and taking his candlestick, escaped to his dressing-room.

"But what am I to say to Lady Lufton?" his wife said to him, in the course of the evening.

"Just write her a note, and tell her that you find I had promised to preach at Chaldicotes next Sunday. You'll go, of course?"

"Yes: but I know she'll be annoyed. You were away the last time she had people there."

"It can't be helped. She must put it down against Sarah Thompson. She ought not to expect to win always."

"I should not have minded it, if she had lost, as you call it, about Sarah Thompson. That was a case in which you ought to have had your own way."

"And this other is a case in which I shall have it. It's a pity that there should be such a difference; isn't it?"

Then the wife perceived that, vexed as she was, it would be better that she should say nothing further; and before she went to bed, she wrote the note to Lady Lufton, as her husband recommended.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FRAMLEY SET, AND THE CHALDICOTES SET.

It will be necessary that I should say a word or two of some of the people named in the few preceding pages, and also of the localities in which they lived.

Of Lady Lufton herself enough, perhaps, has been written to introduce her to my readers. The Framley property belonged to her son; but as Lufton Park—an ancient ramshackle place in another county—had heretofore been the family residence of the Lufton family, Framley Court had been apportioned to her for her residence for life. Lord Lufton himself was still unmarried; and as he had no establishment at Lufton Park—which indeed had not been inhabited since his grandfather died—he lived with his mother when it suited him to live anywhere in that neighbourhood. The widow would fain have seen more of him than he allowed her to do. He had a shooting-lodge in Scotland, and apartments in London, and a string of horses in Leicestershire—much to the disgust of the county gentry around him, who held that their own hunting was as good as any that England could afford. His lordship, however, paid his subscription to the East Barsetshire pack, and then thought himself at liberty to follow his own pleasure as to his own amusement.

Framley itself was a pleasant country place, having about it nothing of

seignorial dignity or grandeur, but possessing everything necessary for the comfort of country life. The house was a low building of two stories, built at different periods, and devoid of all pretensions to any style of architecture; but the rooms, though not lofty, were warm and comfortable, and the gardens were trim and neat beyond all others in the county. Indeed, it was for its gardens only that Framley Court was celebrated.

Village there was none, properly speaking. The high road went winding about through the Framley paddocks, shrubberies, and wood-skirted home fields, for a mile and a half, not two hundred yards of which ran in a straight line; and there was a cross-road which passed down through the domain, whereby there came to be a locality called Framley Cross. Here stood the "Lufton Arms," and here, at Framley Cross, the hounds occasionally would meet; for the Framley woods were drawn in spite of the young lord's truant disposition; and then, at the Cross also, lived the shoemaker, who kept the post-office.

Framley church was distant from this just a quarter of a mile, and stood immediately opposite to the chief entrance to Framley Court. It was but a mean, ugly building, having been erected about a hundred years since, when all churches then built were made to be mean and ugly; nor was it large enough for the congregation, some of whom were thus driven to the dissenting chapels, the Sions and Ebenezers, which had got themselves established on each side of the parish, in putting down which Lady Lufton thought that her pet parson was hardly as energetic as he might be. It was, therefore, a matter near to Lady Lufton's heart to see a new church built, and she was urgent in her eloquence, both with her son and with the vicar, to have this good work commenced.

Beyond the church, but close to it, were the boys' school and girls' school, two distinct buildings, which owed their erection to Lady Lufton's energy; then came a neat little grocer's shop, the neat grocer being the clerk and sexton, and the neat grocer's wife, the pew-opener in the church. Podgens was their name, and they were great favourites with her ladyship, both having been servants up at the house.

And here the road took a sudden turn to the left, turning, as it were, away from Framley Court; and just beyond the turn was the vicarage, so that there was a little garden path running from the back of the vicarage grounds into the churchyard, cutting the Podgens's off into an isolated corner of their own;—from whence, to tell the truth, the vicar would have been glad to banish them and their cabbages, could he have had the power to do so. For has not the small vineyard of Naboth been always an eyesore to neighbouring potentates?

The potentate in this case had as little excuse as Ahab, for nothing in the parsonage way could be more perfect than his parsonage. It had all the details requisite for the house of a moderate gentleman with moderate means, and none of those expensive superfluities which immoderate gentlemen demand, or which themselves demand—immoderate means. And then the gardens and paddocks were exactly suited to it; and everything was

in good order;—not exactly new, so as to be raw and uncovered, and redolent of workmen; but just at that era of their existence in which newness gives way to comfortable homeliness.

Other village at Framley there was none. At the back of the Court, up one of those cross-roads, there was another small shop or two, and there was a very neat cottage residence, in which lived the widow of a former curate, another *protégé* of Lady Lufton's; and there was a big, staring brick house, in which the present curate lived; but this was a full mile distant from the church, and farther from Framley Court, standing on that cross-road which runs from Framley Cross in a direction away from the mansion. This gentleman, the Rev. Evan Jones, might, from his age, have been the vicar's father; but he had been for many years curate of Framley; and though he was personally disliked by Lady Lufton, as being low church in his principles, and unsightly in his appearance, nevertheless, she would not urge his removal. He had two or three pupils in that large brick house, and if turned out from these and from his curacy, might find it difficult to establish himself elsewhere. On this account, mercy was extended to the Rev. E. Jones, and, in spite of his red face and awkward big feet, he was invited to dine at Framley Court, with his plain daughter, once in every three months.

Over and above these, there was hardly a house in the parish of Framley, outside the bounds of Framley Court, except those of farmers and farm labourers; and yet the parish was of large extent.

Framley is in the eastern division of the county of Barsetshire, which, as all the world knows, is, politically speaking, as true blue a county as any in England. There have been backslidings even here, it is true; but then, in what county have there not been such backslidings? Where, in these pinchbeck days, can we hope to find the old agricultural virtue in all its purity? But, among those backsliders, I regret to say, that men now reckon Lord Lufton. Not that he is a violent Whig, or perhaps that he is a Whig at all. But he jeers and sneers at the old county doings; declares, when solicited on the subject, that, as far as he is concerned, Mr. Bright may sit for the county, if he pleases; and alleges, that being unfortunately a peer, he has no right even to interest himself in the question. All this is deeply regretted, for, in the old days, there was no portion of the county more decidedly true blue than that Framley district; and, indeed, up to the present day, the dowager is able to give an occasional helping hand.

Chaldicotes is the seat of Nathaniel Sowerby, Esq., who, at the moment supposed to be now present, is one of the members for the Western Division of Barsetshire. But this Western Division can boast none of the fine political attributes which grace its twin brother. It is decidedly Whig, and is almost governed in its politics by one or two great Whig families.

It has been said that Mark Robarts was about to pay a visit to Chaldicotes, and it has been hinted that his wife would have been as well pleased had this not been the case. Such was certainly the fact; for she, dear, prudent, excellent wife as she was, knew that Mr. Sowerby was not

the most eligible friend in the world for a young clergyman, and knew, also, that there was but one other house in the whole county, the name of which was so distasteful to Lady Lufton. The reasons for this were, I may say, manifold. In the first place, Mr. Sowerby was a Whig, and was seated in Parliament mainly by the interest of that great Whig autocrat the Duke of Omnium, whose residence was more dangerous even than that of Mr. Sowerby, and whom Lady Lufton regarded as an impersonation of Lucifer upon earth. Mr. Sowerby, too, was unmarried—as indeed, also, was Lord Lufton, much to his mother's grief. Mr. Sowerby, it is true, was fifty, whereas the young lord was as yet only twenty-six, but, nevertheless, her ladyship was becoming anxious on the subject. In her mind, every man was bound to marry as soon as he could maintain a wife; and she held an idea—a quite private tenet, of which she was herself but imperfectly conscious—that men in general were inclined to neglect this duty for their own selfish gratifications, that the wicked ones encourage the more innocent in this neglect, and that many would not marry at all, were not an unseen coercion exercised against them by the other sex. The Duke of Omnium was the very head of all such sinners, and Lady Lufton greatly feared that her son might be made subject to the baneful Omnium influence, by means of Mr. Sowerby and Chaldicotes.

And then Mr. Sowerby was known to be a very poor man, with a very large estate. He had wasted, men said, much on electioneering, and more in gambling. A considerable portion of his property had already gone into the hands of the Duke, who, as a rule, bought up everything around him that was to be purchased. Indeed it was said of him by his enemies, that so covetous was he of Barsetshire property, that he would lead a young neighbour on to his ruin, in order that he might get his land. What—oh! what if he should come to be possessed in this way of any of the fair acres of Framley Court? What if he should become possessed of them all? It can hardly be wondered at that Lady Lufton should not like Chaldicotes.

The Chaldicotes set, as Lady Lufton called them, were in every way opposed to what a set should be according to her ideas. She liked cheerful, quiet, well-to-do people, who loved their Church, their country, and their Queen, and who were not too anxious to make a noise in the world. She desired that all the farmers round her should be able to pay their rents without trouble, that all the old women should have warm flannel petticoats, that the working men should be saved from rheumatism by healthy food and dry houses, that they should all be obedient to their pastors and masters—temporal as well as spiritual. That was her idea of loving her country. She desired also that the copses should be full of pheasants, the stubble-field of partridges, and the gorse covers of foxes;—in that way, also, she loved her country. She had ardently longed, during that Crimean war, that the Russians might be beaten—but not by the French, to the exclusion of the English, as had seemed to her to be too much the case; and hardly by the English under the dictatorship of Lord Palmerston.

Indeed, she had had but little faith in that war after Lord Aberdeen had been expelled. If, indeed, Lord Derby could have come in !

But now as to this Chaldicotes set. After all, there was nothing so very dangerous about them ; for it was in London, not in the country, that Mr. Sowerby indulged, if he did indulge, his bachelor mal-practices. Speaking of them as a set, the chief offender was Mr. Harold Smith, or perhaps his wife. He also was a member of Parliament, and, as many thought, a rising man. His father had been for many years a debater in the House, and had held high office. Harold, in early life, had intended himself for the cabinet ; and if working hard at his trade could ensure success, he ought to obtain it sooner or later. He had already filled more than one subordinate station, had been at the Treasury, and for a month or two at the Admiralty, astonishing official mankind by his diligence. Those last-named few months had been under Lord Aberdeen, with whom he had been forced to retire. He was a younger son, and not possessed of any large fortune. Politics as a profession was therefore of importance to him. He had in early life married a sister of Mr. Sowerby ; and as the lady was some six or seven years older than himself, and had brought with her but a scanty dowry, people thought that in this matter Mr. Harold Smith had not been perspicacious. Mr. Harold Smith was not personally a popular man with any party, though some judged him to be eminently useful. He was laborious, well-informed, and, on the whole, honest ; but he was conceited, long-winded, and pompous.

Mrs. Harold Smith was the very opposite of her lord. She was a clever, bright woman, good-looking for her time of life—and she was now over forty—with a keen sense of the value of all worldly things, and a keen relish for all the world's pleasures. She was neither laborious, nor well-informed, nor perhaps altogether honest—what woman ever understood the necessity or recognized the advantage of political honesty ? but then she was neither dull nor pompous, and if she was conceited, she did not show it. She was a disappointed woman, as regards her husband ; seeing that she had married him on the speculation that he would at once become politically important ; and as yet Mr. Smith had not quite fulfilled the prophecies of his early life.

And Lady Lufton, when she spoke of the Chaldicotes set, distinctly included, in her own mind, the Bishop of Barchester, and his wife and daughter. Seeing that Bishop Proudie was, of course, a man much addicted to religion and to religious thinking, and that Mr. Sowerby himself had no peculiar religious sentiments whatever, there would not at first sight appear to be ground for much intercourse, and perhaps there was not much of such intercourse ; but Mrs. Proudie and Mrs. Harold Smith were firm friends of four or five years' standing—ever since the Proudies came into the diocese ; and therefore the bishop was usually taken to Chaldicotes whenever Mrs. Smith paid her brother a visit. Now Bishop Proudie was by no means a High Church dignitary, and Lady Lufton had never forgiven him for coming into that diocese. She had, instinctively, a high respect

for the episcopal office; but of Bishop Proudie himself she hardly thought better than she did of Mr. Sowerby, or of that fabricator of evil, the Duke of Omnium. Whenever Mr. Robarts would plead that in going anywhere he would have the benefit of meeting the bishop, Lady Lufton would slightly curl her upper lip. She could not say in words, that Bishop Proudie—bishop as he certainly must be called—was no better than he ought to be; but by that curl of her lip she did explain to those who knew her that such was the inner feeling of her heart. •

And then it was understood—Mark Robarts, at least, had so heard, and the information soon reached Framley Court—that Mr. Supplehouse was to make one of the Chaldicotes party. Now Mr. Supplehouse was a worse companion for a gentlemanlike, young, High Church, conservative county parson than even Harold Smith. He also was in Parliament, and had been extolled during the early days of that Russian war by some portion of the metropolitan daily press, as the only man who could save the country. Let him be in the ministry, the *Jupiter* had said, and there would be some hope of reform, some chance that England's ancient glory would not be allowed in these perilous times to go headlong to oblivion. And upon this the ministry, not anticipating much salvation from Mr. Supplehouse, but willing, as they usually are, to have the *Jupiter* at their back, did send for that gentleman, and gave him some footing among them. But how can a man born to save a nation, and to lead a people, be content to fill the chair of an under-secretary? Supplehouse was not content, and soon gave it to be understood that his place was much higher than any yet tendered to him. The seals of high office, or war to the knife, was the alternative which he offered to a much-belaboured Head of Affairs—nothing doubting that the Head of Affairs would recognize the claimant's value, and would have before his eyes a wholesome fear of the *Jupiter*. But the Head of Affairs, much belaboured as he was, knew that he might pay too high even for Mr. Supplehouse and the *Jupiter*; and the saviour of the nation was told that he might swing his tomahawk. Since that time he had been swinging his tomahawk, but not with so much effect as had been anticipated. He also was very intimate with Mr. Sowerby, and was decidedly one of the Chaldicotes set.

And there were many others included in the stigma whose sins were political or religious rather than moral. But they were gall and wormwood to Lady Lufton, who regarded them as children of the Lost One, and who grieved with a mother's grief when she knew that her son was among them, and felt all a patron's anger when she heard that her clerical *protégé* was about to seek such society. Mrs. Robarts might well say that Lady Lufton would be annoyed.

"You won't call at the house before you go, will you?" the wife asked on the following morning. He was to start after lunch on that day, driving himself in his own gig, so as to reach Chaldicotes, some twenty-four miles distant, before dinner.

"No, I think not. What good should I do?"



"Well, I can't explain; but I think I should call: partly, perhaps, to show her that as I had determined to go, I was not afraid of telling her so."

"Afraid! That's nonsense, Fanny. I'm not afraid of her. But I don't see why I should bring down upon myself the disagreeable things she will say. Besides, I have not time. I must walk up and see Jones about the duties; and then, what with getting ready, I shall have enough to do to get off in time."

He paid his visit to Mr. Jones, the curate, feeling no qualms of conscience there, as he rather boasted of all the members of Parliament he was going to meet, and of the bishop who would be with them. Mr. Evan Jones was only his curate, and in speaking to him on the matter he could talk as though it were quite the proper thing for a vicar to meet his bishop at the house of a county member. And one would be inclined to say that it was proper: only why could he not talk of it in the same tone to Lady Lufton? And then, having kissed his wife and children, he drove off, well pleased with his prospect for the coming ten days, but already anticipating some discomfort on his return.

On the three following days, Mrs. Robarts did not meet her ladyship. She did not exactly take any steps to avoid such a meeting, but she did not purposely go up to the big house. She went to her school as usual, and made one or two calls among the farmers' wives, but put no foot within the Framley Court grounds. She was braver than her husband, but even she did not wish to anticipate the evil day.

On the Saturday, just before it began to get dusk, when she was thinking of preparing for the fatal plunge, her friend, Lady Meredith, came to her.

"So, Fanny, we shall again be so unfortunate as to miss Mr. Robarts," said her ladyship.

"Yes. Did you ever know anything so unlucky? But he had promised Mr. Sowerby before he heard that you were coming. Pray do not think that he would have gone away had he known it."

"We should have been sorry to keep him from so much more amusing a party."

"Now, Justinia, you are unfair. You intend to imply that he has gone to Chaldicotes, because he likes it better than Framley Court; but that is not the case. I hope Lady Lufton does not think that it is."

Lady Meredith laughed as she put her arm round her friend's waist. "Don't lose your eloquence in defending him to me," she said. "You'll want all that for my mother."

"But is your mother angry?" asked Mrs. Robarts, showing by her countenance, how eager she was for true tidings on the subject.

"Well, Fanny, you know her ladyship as well as I do. She thinks so very highly of the vicar of Framley, that she does begrudge him to those politicians at Chaldicotes."

"But, Justinia, the bishop is to be there, you know."

"I don't think that that consideration will at all reconcile my mother to the gentleman's absence. He ought to be very proud, I know, to find that he is so much thought of. But come, Fanny, I want you to walk back with me, and you can dress at the house. And now we'll go and look at the children."

After that, as they walked together to Framley Court, Mrs. Roberts made her friend promise that she would stand by her if any serious attack were made on the absent clergyman.

"Are you going up to your room at once?" said the vicar's wife, as soon as they were inside the porch leading into the hall. Lady Meredith immediately knew what her friend meant, and decided that the evil day should not be postponed. "We had better go in, and have it over," she said, "and then we shall be comfortable for the evening." So the drawing-room door was opened, and there was Lady Lufton alone upon the sofa.

"Now, mamma," said the daughter, "you mustn't scold Fanny much about Mr. Roberts. He has gone to preach a charity sermon before the bishop, and under those circumstances, perhaps, he could not refuse." This was a stretch on the part of Lady Meredith—put in with much good nature, no doubt; but still a stretch; for no one had supposed that the bishop would remain at Chaldicotes for the Sunday.

"How do you do, Fanny?" said Lady Lufton, getting up. "I am not going to scold her; and I don't know how you can talk such nonsense, Justinia. Of course, we are very sorry not to have Mr. Roberts; more especially as he was not here the last Sunday that Sir George was with us. I do like to see Mr. Roberts in his own church, certainly; and I don't like any other clergyman there as well. If Fanny takes that for scolding, why——"

"Oh! no, Lady Lufton; and it's so kind of you to say so. But Mr. Roberts was so sorry that he had accepted this invitation to Chaldicotes, before he heard that Sir George was coming, and——"

"Oh, I know that Chaldicotes has great attractions which we cannot offer," said Lady Lufton.

"Indeed, it was not that. But he was asked to preach, you know; and Mr. Harold Smith——" Poor Fanny was only making it worse. Had she been worldly wise, she would have accepted the little compliment implied in Lady Lufton's first rebuke, and then have held her peace.

"Oh, yes; the Harold Smiths! They are irresistible, I know. How could any man refuse to join a party, graced both by Mrs. Harold Smith and Mrs. Proudie—even though his duty should require him to stay away?"

"Now, mamma——" said Justinia.

"Well, my dear, what am I to say? You would not wish me to tell a fib. I don't like Mrs. Harold Smith—at least, what I hear of her; for it has not been my fortune to meet her since her marriage. It may be conceited; but to own the truth, I think that Mr. Roberts would be better

off with us at Framley than with the Harold Smiths at Chaldicotes,—even though Mrs. Proudie be thrown into the bargain.”

It was nearly dark, and therefore the rising colour in the face of Mrs. Robarts could not be seen. She, however, was too good a wife to hear these things said without some anger within her bosom. She could blame her husband in her own mind; but it was intolerable to her that others should blame him in her hearing.

“He would undoubtedly be better off,” she said; “but then, Lady Lufton, people can’t always go exactly where they will be best off. Gentlemen sometimes must——”

“Well—well, my dear, that will do. He has not taken you, at any rate; and so we will forgive him.” And Lady Lufton kissed her. “As it is,”—and she affected a low whisper between the two young wives—“as it is, we must e’en put up with poor old Evan Jones. He is to be here to-night, and we must go and dress to receive him.”

And so they went off. Lady Lufton was quite good enough at heart to like Mrs. Robarts all the better for standing up for her absent lord.

## CHAPTER III.

### CHALDICOTES.

CHALDICOTES is a house of much more pretension than Framley Court. Indeed, if one looks at the ancient marks about it, rather than at those of the present day, it is a place of very considerable pretension. There is an old forest, not altogether belonging to the property, but attached to it, called the Chase of Chaldicotes. A portion of this forest comes up close behind the mansion, and of itself gives a character and celebrity to the place. The Chase of Chaldicotes—the greater part of it, at least—is, as all the world knows, Crown property, and now, in these utilitarian days, is to be disforested. In former times it was a great forest, stretching half across the country, almost as far as Silverbridge; and there are bits of it, here and there, still to be seen at intervals throughout the whole distance; but the larger remaining portion, consisting of aged hollow oaks, centuries old, and wide-spreading withered beeches, stands in the two parishes of Chaldicotes and Uffley. People still come from afar to see the oaks of Chaldicotes, and to hear their feet rustle among the thick autumn leaves. But they will soon come no longer. The giants of past ages are to give way to wheat and turnips; a ruthless Chancellor of the Exchequer, disregarding old associations and rural beauty, requires money returns from the lands; and the Chase of Chaldicotes is to vanish from the earth’s surface.

Some part of it, however, is the private property of Mr. Sowerby, who hitherto, through all his pecuniary distresses, has managed to save from the axe and the auction-mart that portion of his paternal heritage. The house

of Chaldicotes is a large stone building, probably of the time of Charles the Second. It is approached on both fronts by a heavy double flight of stone steps. In the front of the house a long, solemn, straight avenue through a double row of lime-trees, leads away to lodge-gates, which stand in the centre of the village of Chaldicotes; but to the rear the windows open upon four different vistas, which run down through the forest: four open green rides, which all converge together at a large iron gateway, the barrier which divides the private grounds from the Chase. The Sowerbys, for many generations, have been rangers of the Chase of Chaldicotes, thus having almost as wide an authority over the Crown forest as over their own. But now all this is to cease, for the forest will be disforested.

It was nearly dark as Mark Robarts drove up through the avenue of lime-trees to the hall-door; but it was easy to see that the house, which was dead and silent as the grave through nine months of the year, was now alive in all its parts. There were lights in many of the windows, and a noise of voices came from the stables, and servants were moving about, and dogs barked, and the dark gravel before the front steps was cut up with many a coach-wheel.

"Oh, be that you, sir, Mr. Robarts?" said a groom, taking the parson's horse by the head, and touching his own hat. "I hope I see your reverence well."

"Quite well, Bob, thank you. All well at Chaldicotes?"

"Pretty bobbish, Mr. Robarts. Deal of life going on here now, sir. The bishop and his lady came this morning."

"Oh—ah—yes! I understood they were to be here. Any of the young ladies?"

"One young lady. Miss Olivia, I think they call her, your reverence."

"And how's Mr. Sowerby?"

"Very well, your reverence. He, and Mr. Harold Smith, and Mr. Fothergill—that's the duke's man of business, you know—is getting off their horses now in the stable-yard there."

"Home from hunting—eh, Bob?"

"Yes, sir, just home, this minute." And then Mr. Robarts walked into the house, his portmanteau following on a footboy's shoulder. •

It will be seen that our young vicar was very intimate at Chaldicotes; so much so that the groom knew him, and talked to him about the people in the house. Yes; he was intimate there: much more than he had given the Framley people to understand. Not that he had wilfully and overtly deceived any one; not that he had ever spoken a false word about Chaldicotes. But he had never boasted at home that he and Sowerby were near allies. Neither had he told them there how often Mr. Sowerby and Lord Lufton were together in London. Why trouble women with such matters? Why annoy so excellent a woman as Lady Lufton?

And then Mr. Sowerby was one whose intimacy few young men would wish to reject. He was fifty, and had lived, perhaps, not the most salutary life; but he dressed young, and usually looked well. He was bald, with

a good forehead, and sparkling moist eyes. He was a clever man, and a pleasant companion, and always good-humoured when it so suited him. He was a gentleman, too, of high breeding and good birth, whose ancestors had been known in that county—longer, the farmers around would boast, than those of any other landowner in it, unless it be the Thornes of Ullathorne, or perhaps the Greshams of Greshamsbury—much longer than the De Courcys at Courcy Castle. As for the Duke of Omnium, he, comparatively speaking, was a new man.

And then he was a member of Parliament, a friend of some men in power, and of others who might be there; a man who could talk about the world as one knowing the matter of which he talked. And moreover, whatever might be his ways of life at other times, when in the presence of a clergyman he rarely made himself offensive to clerical tastes. He neither swore, nor brought his vices on the carpet, nor sneered at the faith of the church. If he was no churchman himself, he at least knew how to live with those who were.

How was it possible that such a one as our vicar should not relish the intimacy of Mr. Sowerby? It might be very well, he would say to himself, for a woman like Lady Lufton to turn up her nose at him—for Lady Lufton, who spent ten months of the year at Framley Court, and who during those ten months, and for the matter of that, during the two months also which she spent in London, saw no one out of her own set. Women did not understand such things, the vicar said to himself; even his own wife—good, and nice, and sensible, and intelligent as she was—even she did not understand that a man in the world must meet all sorts of men; and that in these days it did not do for a clergyman to be a hermit.

'Twas thus that Mark Roberts argued when he found himself called upon to defend himself before the bar of his own conscience for going to Chaldicotes and increasing his intimacy with Mr. Sowerby. He did know that Mr. Sowerby was a dangerous man; he was aware that he was over head and ears in debt, and that he had already entangled young Lord Lufton in some pecuniary embarrassment; his conscience did tell him that it would be well for him, as one of Christ's soldiers, to look out for companions of a different stamp. But nevertheless he went to Chaldicotes, not satisfied with himself indeed, but repeating to himself a great many arguments why he should be so satisfied.

He was shown into the drawing-room at once, and there he found Mrs. Harold Smith, with Mrs. and Miss Proudie, and a lady whom he had never before seen, and whose name he did not at first hear mentioned.

"Is that Mr. Roberts?" said Mrs. Harold Smith, getting up to greet him, and screening her pretended ignorance under the veil of the darkness. "And have you really driven over four-and-twenty miles of Barsetshire roads on such a day as this to assist us in our little difficulties? Well, we can promise you gratitude at any rate."

And then the vicar shook hands with Mrs. Proudie, in that deferential manner which is due from a vicar to his bishop's wife; and Mrs. Proudie

returned the greeting with all that smiling condescension which a bishop's wife should show to a vicar. Miss Proudie was not quite so civil. Had Mr. Robarts been still unmarried, she also could have smiled sweetly; but she had been exercising smiles on clergymen too long to waste them now on a married parish parson.

"And what are the difficulties, Mrs. Smith, in which I am to assist you?"

"We have six or seven gentlemen here, Mr. Robarts, and they always go out hunting before breakfast, and they never come back—I was going to say—till after dinner. I wish it were so, for then we should not have to wait for them."

"Excepting Mr. Supplehouse, you know," said the unknown lady, in a loud voice.

"And he is generally shut up in the library, writing articles."

"He'd be better employed if he were trying to break his neck like the others," said the unknown lady.

"Only he would never succeed," said Mrs. Harold Smith. "But perhaps, Mr. Robarts, you are as bad as the rest; perhaps you, too, will be hunting to-morrow."

"My dear Mrs. Smith!" said Mrs. Proudie, in a tone denoting sharp reproach, and modified horror.

"Oh! I forgot. No, of course, you won't be hunting, Mr. Robarts; you'll only be wishing that you could."

"Why can't he?" said the lady with the loud voice.

"My dear Miss Dunstable! a clergyman hunt, while he is staying in the same house with the bishop? Think of the proprieties!"

"Oh—ah! The bishop wouldn't like it—wouldn't he? Now, do tell me, sir, what would the bishop do to you if you did hunt?"

"It would depend upon his mood at the time, madam," said Mr. Robarts. "If that were very stern, he might perhaps have me beheaded before the palace gates."

Mrs. Proudie drew herself up in her chair, showing that she did not like the tone of the conversation; and Miss Proudie fixed her eyes vehemently on her book, showing that Miss Dunstable and her conversation were both beneath her notice.

"If these gentlemen do not mean to break their necks to-night," said Mrs. Harold Smith, "I wish they'd let us know it. It's half-past six already."

And then Mr. Robarts gave them to understand that no such catastrophe could be looked for that day, as Mr. Sowerby and the other sportsmen were within the stable-yard when he entered the door.

"Then, ladies, we may as well dress," said Mrs. Harold Smith. But as she moved towards the door, it opened, and a short gentleman, with a slow, quiet step, entered the room; but was not yet to be distinguished through the dusk by the eyes of Mr. Robarts. "Oh! bishop, is that you?" said Mrs. Smith. "Here is one of the luminaries of your diocese." And

then the bishop, feeling through the dark, made his way up to the vicar and shook him cordially by the hand. "He was delighted to meet Mr. Roberts at Chaldicotes," he said—"quite delighted. Was he not going to preach on behalf of the Papuan Mission next Sunday? Ah! so he, the bishop, had heard. It was a good work, an excellent work." And then Dr. Proudie expressed himself as much grieved that he could not remain at Chaldicotes, and hear the sermon. It was plain that his bishop thought no ill of him on account of his intimacy with Mr. Sowerby. But then he felt in his own heart that he did not much regard his bishop's opinion.

"Ah, Roberts, I'm delighted to see you," said Mr. Sowerby, when they met on the drawing-room rug before dinner. "You know Harold Smith? Yes, of course you do. Well, who else is there? Oh! Supplehouse. Mr. Supplehouse, allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Roberts. It is he who will extract the five-pound note out of your pocket next Sunday for these poor Papuans whom we are going to Christianize. That is, if Harold Smith does not finish the work out of hand at his Saturday lecture. And, Roberts, you have seen the bishop, of course?" this he said in a whisper. "A fine thing to be a bishop, isn't it? I wish I had half your chance. But, my dear fellow, I've made such a mistake; I haven't got a bachelor parson for Miss Proudie. You must help me out, and take her in to dinner." And then the great gong sounded, and off they went in pairs.

At dinner Mark found himself seated between Miss Proudie and the lady whom he had heard named as Miss Dunstable. Of the former he was not very fond, and, in spite of his host's petition, was not inclined to play bachelor parson for her benefit. With the other lady he would willingly have chatted during the dinner, only that everybody else at table seemed to be intent on doing the same thing. She was neither young, nor beautiful, nor peculiarly ladylike; yet she seemed to enjoy a popularity which must have excited the envy of Mr. Supplehouse, and which certainly was not altogether to the taste of Mrs. Proudie—who, however, fêted her as much as did the others. So that our clergyman found himself unable to obtain more than an inconsiderable share of the lady's attention.

"Bishop," said she, speaking across the table, "we have missed you so all day! we have had no one on earth to say a word to us."

"My dear Miss Dunstable, had I known that—But I really was engaged on business of some importance."

"I don't believe in business of importance; do you, Mrs. Smith?"

"Do I not?" said Mrs. Smith. "If you were married to Mr. Harold Smith for one week, you'd believe in it."

"Should I, now? What a pity that I can't have that chance of improving my faith. But you are a man of business, also, Mr. Supplehouse; so they tell me." And she turned to her neighbour on her right hand.

"I cannot compare myself to Harold Smith," said he. "But perhaps I may equal the bishop."

"What does a man do, now, when he sets himself down to business? How does he set about it? What are his tools? A quire of blotting paper, I suppose, to begin with?"

"That depends, I should say, on his trade. A shoemaker begins by waxing his thread."

"And Mr. Harold Smith ——?"

"By counting up his yesterday's figures, generally, I should say; or else by unrolling a ball of red tape. Well-docketed papers and statistical facts are his forte."

"And what does a bishop do? Can you tell me that?"

"He sends forth to his clergy either blessings or blowings-up, according to the state of his digestive organs. But Mrs. Proudie can explain all that to you with the greatest accuracy."

"Can she, now? I understand what you mean, but I don't believe a word of it. The bishop manages his own affairs himself, quite as much as you do, or Mr. Harold Smith."

"I, Miss Dunstable?"

"Yes, you."

"But I, unluckily, have not a wife to manage them for me."

"Then you should not laugh at those who have, for you don't know what you may come to yourself, when you're married."

Mr. Supplehouse began to make a pretty speech, saying that he would be delighted to incur any danger in that respect to which he might be subjected by the companionship of Miss Dunstable. But before he was half through it, she had turned her back upon him, and began a conversation with Mark Roberts.

"Have you much work in your parish, Mr. Roberts?" she asked. Now, Mark was not aware that she knew his name, or the fact of his having a parish, and was rather surprised by the question. And he had not quite liked the tone in which she had seemed to speak of the bishop and his work. His desire for her further acquaintance was therefore somewhat moderated, and he was not prepared to answer her question with much zeal.

"All parish clergymen have plenty of work, if they choose to do it."

"Ah, that is it; is it not, Mr. Roberts? If they choose to do it? A great many do—many that I know, do; and see what a result they have. But many neglect it—and see what a result *they* have. I think it ought to be the happiest life that a man can lead, that of a parish clergyman, with a wife and family, and a sufficient income."

"I think it is," said Mark Roberts, asking himself whether the contentment accruing to him from such blessings had made him satisfied at all points. He had all these things of which Miss Dunstable spoke, and yet he had told his wife, the other day, that he could not afford to neglect the acquaintance of a rising politician like Harold Smith.

"What I find fault with is this," continued Miss Dunstable, "that we expect clergymen to do their duty, and don't give them a sufficient



income—give them hardly any income at all. Is it not a scandal, that an educated gentleman with a family should be made to work half his life, and perhaps the whole, for a pittance of seventy pounds a year?"

Mark said that it was a scandal, and thought of Mr. Evan Jones and his daughter;—and thought also of his own worth, and his own house, and his own nine hundred a year.

"And yet you clergymen are so proud—aristocratic would be the genteel word, I know—that you won't take the money of common, ordinary poor people. You must be paid from land and endowments, from tithe and church property. You can't bring yourself to work for what you earn, as lawyers and doctors do. It is better that curates should starve than undergo such ignominy as that."

"It is a long subject, Miss Dunstable."

"A very long one; and that means that I am not to say any more about it."

"I did not mean that exactly."

"Oh! but you did though, Mr. Roberts. And I can take a hint of that kind when I get it. You clergymen like to keep those long subjects for your sermons, when no one can answer you. Now if I have a longing heart's desire for anything at all in this world, it is to be able to get up into a pulpit, and preach a sermon."

"You can't conceive how soon that appetite would pall upon you, after its first indulgence."

"That would depend upon whether I could get people to listen to me. It does not pall upon Mr. Spurgeon, I suppose." Then her attention was called away by some question from Mr. Sowerby, and Mark Roberts found himself bound to address his conversation to Miss Proudie. Miss Proudie, however, was not thankful, and gave him little but monosyllables for his pains.

"Of course you know Harold Smith is going to give us a lecture about these islanders," Mr. Sowerby said to him, as they sat round the fire over their wine after dinner. Mark said that he had been so informed, and should be delighted to be one of the listeners.

"You are bound to do that, as he is going to listen to you the day afterwards—or, at any rate, to pretend to do so, which is as much as you will do for him. It'll be a terrible bore—the lecture I mean, not the sermon." And he spoke very low into his friend's ear. "Fancy having to drive two miles after dusk, and ten miles back, to hear Harold Smith talk for two hours about Borneo! One must do it, you know."

"I daresay it will be very interesting."

"My dear fellow, you haven't undergone so many of these things as I have. But he's right to do it. It's his line of life; and when a man begins a thing he ought to go on with it. Where's Lufton all this time?"

"In Scotland, when I last heard from him; but he's probably at Melton now."

"It's deuced shabby of him, not hunting here in his own county. He escapes all the bore of going to lectures, and giving feeds to the neighbours; that's why he treats us so. He has no idea of his duty, has he?"

"Lady Lufton does all that, you know."

"I wish I'd a Mrs. Sowerby *mère* to do it for me. But then Lufton has no constituents to look after—lucky dog! By-the-by, has he spoken to you about selling that outlying bit of land of his in Oxfordshire? It belongs to the Lufton property, and yet it doesn't. In my mind it gives more trouble than it's worth."

Lord Lufton had spoken to Mark about this sale, and had explained to him that such a sacrifice was absolutely necessary, in consequence of certain pecuniary transactions between him, Lord Lufton, and Mr. Sowerby. But it was found impracticable to complete the business without Lady Lufton's knowledge, and her son had commissioned Mr. Robarts not only to inform her ladyship, but to talk her over, and to appease her wrath. This commission he had not yet attempted to execute, and it was probable that this visit to Chaldicotes would not do much to facilitate the business.

"They are the most magnificent islands under the sun," said Harold Smith to the bishop.

"Are they, indeed?" said the bishop, opening his eyes wide, and assuming a look of intense interest.

"And the most intelligent people."

"Dear me!" said the bishop.

"All they want is guidance, encouragement, instruction——"

"And Christianity," suggested the bishop.

"And Christianity, of course," said Mr. Smith, remembering that he was speaking to a dignitary of the Church. It was well to humour such people, Mr. Smith thought. But the Christianity was to be done in the Sunday sermon, and was not part of his work.

"And how do you intend to begin with them?" asked Mr. Supplehouse, the business of whose life it had been to suggest difficulties.

"Begin with them—oh—why—it's very easy to begin with them. The difficulty is to go on with them, after the money is all spent. We'll begin by explaining to them the benefits of civilization."

"Capital plan!" said Mr. Supplehouse. "But how do you set about it, Smith?"

"How do we set about it? How did we set about it with Australia and America? It is very easy to criticize; but in such matters the great thing is to put one's shoulder to the wheel."

"We sent our felons to Australia," said Supplehouse, "and they began the work for us. And as to America, we exterminated the people instead of civilizing them."

"We did not exterminate the inhabitants of India," said Harold Smith, angrily.

"Nor have we attempted to Christianize them, as the bishop so properly wishes to do with your islanders."

"Supplehouse, you are not fair," said Mr. Sowerby, "neither to Harold Smith nor to us;—you are making him rehearse his lecture, which is bad for him; and making us hear the rehearsal, which is bad for us."

"Supplehouse belongs to a cliqué which monopolizes the wisdom of England," said Harold Smith; "or, at any rate, thinks that it does. But the worst of them is that they are given to talk leading articles."

"Better that, than talk articles which are not leading," said Mr. Supplehouse. "Some first-class official men do that."

"Shall I meet you at the duke's next week, Mr. Roberts," said the bishop to him, soon after they had gone into the drawing-room.

Meet him at the duke's!—the established enemy of Barseshire mankind, as Lady Lufton regarded his grace! No idea of going to the duke's had ever entered our hero's mind; nor had he been aware that the duke was about to entertain any one.

"No, my lord; I think not. Indeed, I have no acquaintance with his grace."

"Oh—ah! I did not know. Because Mr. Sowerby is going; and so are the Harold Smiths, and, I think, Mr. Supplehouse. An excellent man is the duke;—that is, as regards all the county interests," added the bishop, remembering that the moral character of his bachelor grace was not the very best in the world.

And then his lordship began to ask some questions about the church affairs of Framley, in which a little interest as to Framley Court was also mixed up, when he was interrupted by a rather sharp voice, to which he instantly attended.

"Bishop," said the rather sharp voice; and the bishop trotted across the room to the back of the sofa, on which his wife was sitting.

"Miss Dunstable thinks that she will be able to come to us for a couple of days, after we leave the duke's."

"I shall be delighted above all things," said the bishop, bowing low to the dominant lady of the day. For be it known to all men, that Miss Dunstable was the great heiress of that name.

"Mrs. Proudie is so very kind as to say that she will take me in, with my poodle, parrot, and pet old woman."

"I tell Miss Dunstable, that we shall have quite room for any of her suite," said Mrs. Proudie. "And that it will give us no trouble."

"The labour we delight in physics pain," said the gallant bishop, bowing low, and putting his hand upon his heart.

In the meantime, Mr. Fothergill had got hold of Mark Roberts. Mr. Fothergill was a gentleman, and a magistrate of the county, but he occupied the position of managing man on the Duke of Omnium's estates. He was not exactly his agent; that is to say, he did not receive his rents; but he "managed" for him, saw people, went about the county, wrote letters, supported the electioneering interest, did popularity when it was too much trouble for the duke to do it himself, and was, in fact, invaluable. People

in West Barsetshire would often say that they did not know what *on earth* the duke would do, if it were not for Mr. Fothergill. Indeed, Mr. Fothergill was useful to the duke.

"Mr. Robarts," he said, "I am very happy to have the pleasure of meeting you—very happy, indeed. I have often heard of you from our friend Sowerby."

Mark bowed, and said that he was delighted to have the honour of making Mr. Fothergill's acquaintance.

"I am commissioned by the Duke of Omnium," continued Mr. Fothergill, "to say how glad he will be if you will join his grace's party at Gatherum Castle, next week. The bishop will be there, and indeed nearly the whole set who are here now. The duke would have written when he heard that you were to be at Chaldicotes; but things were hardly quite arranged then, so his grace has left it for me to tell you how happy he will be to make your acquaintance in his own house. I have spoken to Sowerby," continued Mr. Fothergill, "and he very much hopes that you will be able to join us."

Mark felt that his face became red when this proposition was made to him. The party in the county to which he properly belonged—he and his wife, and all that made him happy and respectable—looked upon the Duke of Omnium with horror and amazement; and now he had absolutely received an invitation to the duke's house! A proposition was made to him that he should be numbered among the duke's friends!

And though in one sense he was sorry that the proposition was made to him, yet in another he was proud of it. It is not every young man, let his profession be what it may, who can receive overtures of friendship from dukes without some elation. Mark, too, had risen in the world, as far as he had yet risen, by knowing great people; and he certainly had an ambition to rise higher. I will not degrade him by calling him a tuft-hunter; but he undoubtedly had a feeling that the paths most pleasant for a clergyman's feet were those which were trodden by the great ones of the earth.

Nevertheless, at the moment he declined the duke's invitation. He was very much flattered, he said, but the duties of his parish would require him to return direct from Chaldicotes to Framley.

"You need not give me an answer to-night, you know," said Mr. Fothergill. "Before the week is past, we will talk it over with Sowerby and the bishop. It will be a thousand pities, Mr. Robarts, if you will allow me to say so, that you should neglect such an opportunity of knowing his grace."

When Mark went to bed, his mind was still set against going to the duke's; but, nevertheless, he did feel that it was a pity that he should not do so. After all, was it necessary that he should obey Lady Lufton in all things?

## The Chinese and the "Outer Barbarians."

CHINA, and questions of Chinese policy—which only two years ago were the battle-field of fierce political contention, the subject of debates which menaced a Ministry with downfall, dissolved a Parliament, violently agitated the whole community at home, and engaged the controversies of the whole civilized world—seemed again to have been delivered over to that neglect and oblivion with which remote countries and their concerns are ordinarily regarded; but after the lull and the slumber, come again the rousing and the excitement, and China occupies anew the columns of the periodical press, and awakens fresh interest in the public mind.

The startling events which have taken place on the *Tien-tsin* river in China—popularly, but erroneously, known by the name of the Pei-Ho\*—have re-kindled such an amount of attention and inquiry, that we feel warranted in devoting some of our earliest pages to the consideration of a topic involving our relations with a people constituting more than one-third of the whole human family, and commercial interests even now of vast extent, and likely to become in their future development more important than those which connect us with any other nation or region of the world. A brief recapitulation of the events preceding this last manifestation of Chinese duplicity will enable the reader to understand the character and objects of the Chinese government in their dealings with other nations.

A series of successful military and naval operations led to the treaties with China of 1842. The arts and appliances of modern warfare—the civilization of a powerful western nation—were directed against armies and defences which represented the unimproved strategy of the middle ages,† and against regions pacific in their social organization, yet disordered, and even dislocated by internecine dissensions, which the enfeebled imperial authority was wholly incompetent to subdue or to control. The reigning dynasty was little able to resist a shock so overwhelming to its stolid pride, and so unexpected to its ignorant shortsightedness. Its hold upon the people being rather that of traditional prestige than of physical domination, the humiliation felt was all the more intolerable because inflicted by those "barbarians," who, according to Chinese estimate,

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\* Peiho, in Chinese, means a north or northern river, but no river in particular. No Chinaman applies the word to the locality which now bears the name on our charts. In Bristol, the Mersey would be deemed entitled to the name of the Peiho; in London, the Humber, the Tyne, or the Tweed.

† The matchlock is still used in China, where even the flint has not been introduced. The late emperor, Taou-Kwang, had heard of "improvements in musketry," and specimens of "percussion locks" were sent to Peking, but they were rejected; and the military examinations to this hour consist of feats of individual strength, the exercise of the bow and arrow, the spear and the shield. In the use of artillery there have been some improvements. The Chinese have purchased cannon for their fortifications and war-junks, both in Hong Kong and Macao, and of late from the Russians, for their forts of Takoo.

are beyond "heaven's canopy." It is currently believed in China that our earlier intercourse with the "central land" had only been allowed by the gracious and pitying condescension of the "son of heaven" to supplications that China might be permitted, from her abounding superfluities, to provide for the urgent necessities of the "outer races," which could not otherwise be supplied. "How," said the benevolent councillors of the Great Bright Dynasty, "how, without the rhubarb of the Celestial dominions, can the diseases of the red-haired races be cured? how can their existence be supported without our fragrant tea? how can their persons be adorned, unless your sacred Majesty will allow their traders to purchase and to convey to them our beautiful silk? Think how far they come—how patiently they wait—how humbly they supplicate for a single ray from the lustrous presence. Let not their hearts be made disconsolate by being sent empty away."

Even after the severe lessons which the Chinese received in the war, and the sad exhibitions of their utter inability to offer any effectual resistance to our forces, the reports made by Keying, the negotiator of our first treaty, as to the proper manner of dealing with "barbarians," are equally amusing and characteristic. These reports were honoured with the autograph approval of the emperor Taou-Kwang, written with "the vermilion pencil,"\* and were found at Canton among the papers of Commissioner Yeh, to whom they had been sent for his guidance and instruction. In the end they proved fatal to the venerable diplomatist; for he having been sent down from the capital to Tien-tsin in order to meet the foreign ambassadors, and there to give practical evidence that he knew how to "manage and pacify" the Western barbarians, the documents which proved his own earlier treacheries were produced; he was put to open shame, and the poor old man, though a member of the Imperial family, was condemned to be publicly executed: a sentence which the emperor, in consideration for his high rank and extreme age, commuted into a permission, or rather a mandate, that he should commit suicide. Keying gratefully accepted this last favour from his sovereign, and so terminated his long and most memorable career.

It is withal not the less true that these reports represent the concentrated wisdom of the sages of China, and are fair and reasonable commentaries upon the teachings of the ancient books in reference to the proper mode of subduing or taming the "outside nations;" and as they throw much light upon the course of the mandarins, and give us the key by which their policy may be generally interpreted, some account of them will be neither superfluous nor uninteresting.

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\* The emperor's words are: "This was the only proper arrangement to be made (for the settlement of the treaties). We understand the whole question." In 1854, when the foreign Ministers visited Tien-tsin, the imperial orders were conveyed to the mandarins in the following words:—"At your interview, you must snap short their deceit and arrogance, and foil their malicious sophistry." Another imperial decree says:—"The barbarians study nothing but gain. Their hurrying backwards and forwards only means [more] trade and [lower] tariffs. When a trifle is granted on this score they naturally acquiesce and hold their tongues."

After stating that the English "barbarians" had been "pacified" in 1842, and the American and French "barbarians" in 1844, Keying goes on to report that it had been necessary to "shift ground," and change the measures by which they were to "be tethered." "Of course," he says, they must be dealt with "justly," and their "feelings consulted;" but they cannot be restrained without "stratagems"—and thus he explains his "stratagems." Sometimes they must be "ordered" (to obey), and "no reason given;" sometimes there must be "demonstrations" to disarm their "restlessness" and "suspicions;" sometimes they must be placed on a footing of "equality," to make them "pleased" and "grateful;" their "falsehoods must be blinked," and their "facts" not too closely examined. Being "born beyond" (heaven's canopy), the barbarians "cannot perfectly understand the administration of the Celestial dynasty," nor the promulgation of the "silken sounds" (imperial decrees) by the "Great Council." Keying excuses himself for having, in order "to gain their good-will," eaten and drunk with "the barbarians in their residences and ships;" but he was most embarrassed by the consideration shown by the barbarians towards "their women,"\* whom they constantly introduced; but he did not deem it becoming "to break out in rebuke," which would "not clear their barbarian dulness." He urges, however, the increasing necessity of "keeping them off, and shutting them out." He takes great credit for refusing the "barbarians' gifts," the receipt of which might, he says, have exposed him to the penalties of the law. He did accept some trifles; but, giving effect to the Confucian maxim of "receiving little and returning much," he gave the barbarians in return "snuff-bottles, purses," and a "copy of his insignificant portrait."

He says the "barbarians" have "filched Chinese titles for their rulers:" thus "assuming the airs of great authority," which he acknowledges to be "no concern of ours;" but they will not accept any designation denoting dependency, nor adopt the lunar calendar, nor acknowledge patents of royalty from the "son of heaven." They are so "uncivilized," so "blindly ignorant" of propriety, that to require them to recognize becoming "inferiority" and "superiority," would "lead to fierce altercation;" and after all, he recommends disregarding these "minor details," in order to carry out "an im-

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\* Nothing is less intelligible to a high-bred mandarin than the desire of foreign females to be introduced to him. At Hong Kong, when English ladies were brought to see the ex-commissioner Yeh, he turned away, and refused to look at them, and on their departure, expressed his annoyance and disgust. He was invited at Calcutta to a ball given by the Governor of Bengal. Inquiring what was meant, he was told by his Chinese secretary, that a ball was a sport in which "men turned themselves round, holding the waists and turning round the wives of other men;" on which, he asked whether the invitation was meant for an insult? There was an amusing scene at Canton, when Chinese ladies were for the first time introduced to some of our British fair. The Chinese kept for some minutes tremblingly in the distance, afraid to approach, when one was heard to say to another, "They do not look so *very* barbarous, after all;" and they moved a little forward to meet their guests; another whisper was heard, "Surely they have learnt how to behave themselves. Is it not wonderful?" and a third voice replied, "Yes! but you know they have been for some time in Canton!"

portant policy." He presents to the "sacred intelligence" this hasty outline of the "rough settlement of the barbarian business."\* On the general character of the official papers seized in Yeh's yamun, Mr. Wade reports:—

"The foreigner is represented as inferior in civilization, unreasonable, crafty, violent, and in consequence dangerous. The instructions of the court are accordingly to lecture him fraternally or magisterially, and by this means it is hoped to keep in hand his perpetual tendency to encroach and intrude. A stern tone is to be adopted on occasion, but always with due regard to the avoidance of an open rupture." •

There were grave omissions in Sir Henry Pottinger's treaty of 1842. It left the shipping and commercial relations of the British colony of Hong Kong in a very unsatisfactory state, encumbering them with regulations to which it was found impossible to give effect; and the trade emancipated itself by its own irresistible energies to the common advantage of China and Great Britain. The treaty contained no clause declaring the British text to be the true reading, and the consequence was, various and embarrassing interpretations of the intentions of the negotiators; the Chinese naturally enough contending for the accuracy of their version, while, quite as naturally, our merchants would abide only by the English reading.† There is no condition providing for the revision of the treaty, and it is only under "the most favoured nation" clause, which concedes to us everything conceded to other powers, that we have a claim to a revision; but we cannot demand such revision, unless and until it is granted to the French or the Americans.

But the most fatal mistake of all was that which fixed on Canton as the seat of our diplomatic relations with China. It removed our influence from the capital to the remotest part of the empire—to a province always looked upon with apprehension and distrust by the supreme authorities at Peking, and among a population remarkable alike for their unruly disposition and their intense and openly proclaimed hatred to foreigners. It had been Keying's calculation (and his assurances were most welcome to the court) that the emperor would thus get rid of all annoyance from Western "barbarians," who would be kept in order by the indomitable spirit of the Cantonese. No provision was made for personal access to the high commissioner charged with the conduct of "barbarian affairs," still less for communication, even by correspondence, with the capital. This was the first great triumph of Chinese policy, and has been fertile in producing fruits of mischief and misery.

Sir Henry Pottinger never visited Canton; he never examined the ground on which he placed the future representatives of Great Britain; he listened to the declarations of Keying, that the difficulties in the way of a becoming reception there were then insuperable; that they would be removed by time, which might render the turbulent Cantonese population more reasonable; he relied on the assurance that everything would be done to prepare the way for a happier state of things. No doubt there were difficulties;

\* *Elgin Papers*, p. 175.

† In the French treaty the discrepancies between the French and Chinese text are yet more striking. The Chinese text places Chinese subjects claimed by the authorities under conditions far less favourable than those provided by the French version.



but they were not invincible: they ought, then and there, to have been surmounted. Pottinger little knew with what a faithless element he had to deal, and little dreamed that delay would be taken advantage of, not to lessen, but increase the resistance; that it would be employed not to facilitate, but to thwart our object—not to soothe, but to exasperate the people. Pottinger deemed his treaty a bridge to aid—Keying meant it to be a barrier to resist—our entrance into China. But Sir Henry, before his death, acknowledged his error, and deeply lamented that his confidence had been misplaced. Abundant evidence has since been furnished that the treaty was signed, not with the purpose of honestly giving effect to its conditions, but to get rid of the "barbarian" pressure, and to bide the time when the treaty obligations could be got rid of altogether.

Proofs were not wanting of this dishonest purpose, and, in consequence, after some hesitation, it was deemed necessary by the British Government to remind the Chinese that their obligation to admit her Majesty's subjects into Canton had not been fulfilled; and they were advised that the Island of Chusan, which we held as a guarantee, would not be surrendered until security was given for the compliance with the treaty stipulation. A short delay was asked by the Chinese, and the assurance, under the authority of the "vermilion pencil," was renewed, that arrangements would be made for our having access to the city. Chusan was in consequence given up to the Chinese authorities; but no steps were taken to prepare the "public mind" to receive us as friends and allies within the walls of Canton. On the contrary, incendiary placards, breathing the utmost enmity to foreigners, continued to be promulgated and pasted on the walls. In 1847, Sir John Davis, naturally impatient at Keying's procrastination and subterfuges, determined to capture the Bogue forts, to move with military forces upon Canton, and to threaten the city into compliance with obligations so long trifled with and disregarded. Keying asked for time, and entered into a formal written engagement that the city should be opened in April, 1849. When the time was at hand, Sir George Bonham, who had succeeded to the governorship of Hong Kong, sought an interview with Seu, who had replaced Keying as imperial commissioner. Seu did not hesitate to say that the ministers had been engaged in a common purpose of deception—that the Chinese and British were both aware the gates were not to be opened—that each had avoided the responsibility of bringing the matter to issue, and had left it to their successors. Seu said he would refer the question to the emperor. The emperor's reply was the stereotyped instruction to all mandarins, who have any relations with foreigners: "Keep the barbarians at a distance if you can—but above all things keep the peace." Now, though we had a large fleet at Hong Kong, the imperial commissioner had undoubtedly obtained information, from some quarter or other, that the fleet would not be employed hostilely, and that he might "resist the barbarian" without compromising the public tranquillity. So he negatived the demands of the British.

That our forbearance was a grievous mistake there can be little

hesitation in affirming. But the importance of the concession then made was little understood, except by the Chinese, and to it may be attributed the embarrassments which have since entangled our negotiations with China. As the British Government determined to leave the Canton question in a state of abeyance, Sir George Bonham prohibited the Queen's subjects from attempting to enter the city—a prohibition which was taken immediate advantage of by the mandarins, who proclaimed that our right to enter the city had been finally and for ever withdrawn. By the orders of the emperor, who wrote to the high commissioner that he had read "with tears of joy" the report, which showed with what sagacity and courage he had, without the employment of force, thwarted "the seditious demands of the barbarians," six triumphal arches were erected at the various entrances of the city of Canton, to celebrate the wisdom and valour of the authorities; and the names of all the distinguished Cantonese who had contributed to so glorious a consummation were ordered to be inscribed upon the monuments for immortal commemoration, while dignities and honours were showered down upon the principal actors. A grand religious ceremonial, in which all the high authorities took part, was also ordered to be celebrated in the Temple of Potoo, which is dedicated to a foreign deified idol, who is supposed to control the affairs of "Western barbarians." These triumphal arches—magnificently built of granite—were blown up by the Allies after the capture of the city.

It had indeed been long evident that it was the fixed purpose of the Chinese authorities to escape from treaty obligations as soon as they fancied that they were menaced by nothing more than a remote and uncertain danger; the bow returned to its original bent as the tightness of the string was relaxed. It was only while the pressure of our presence was felt that any disposition was shown to respect imperial engagements. The consuls of the United States and of France had at first been received becomingly in Canton, by the viceroy; but, in 1849, on the arrival of Consul Bowring, very subordinate mandarins were appointed to visit him: the imperial commissioner altogether refused any interview at any place. No official reception was therefore given by the high mandarins to the British consular authorities, who were utterly excluded from personal intercourse with them. The stipulation of the treaty that the mandarins should, in conjunction with the foreign authorities, assist in the arrangement of differences between Chinese and British subjects, was absolutely a dead letter; and the obligation on the part of the mandarins to aid officially in the recovery of debts due to foreigners was utterly disregarded, when the Chinese debtor was in a condition to bribe the native functionaries.

The alienation and repulsion which had become the system and the rule of the Chinese authorities, had been productive of consequences most detrimental to their amicable relations with foreigners. Personal intercourse affords the greatest facilities for the arrangement of difficulties; and, even had the correspondence with the mandarins been of the most frank and friendly character, the settlement of all questions would have been

greatly aided by frequent interviews. But these were always avoided, and often on pleas the most untenable: sometimes it was said that the weight of administrative business prevented the granting an audience—sometimes that the viceroy was preparing to attack the rebels, and might be visiting the interior—sometimes that an auspicious day must be waited for. Replies were sometimes long delayed; sometimes never given; and it was seldom that an answer was otherwise than evasive or unsatisfactory. There were many occasions on which the cabinets of the treaty powers directed their representatives to make communications, through the imperial commissioner, to the court of Peking; but only one instance occurred of any attention being paid to such communications: it was that connected with our entrance into the city, and the imperial reply was such as to encourage the viceroy in his perverse and perilous policy. The impossibility of obtaining personal access to the imperial commissioner was, in fact, not only a great grievance in itself, but it was the cause of the non-redress of every other grievance. It is not in the field of diplomatic controversy that European functionaries can have any fair chance with those who, preserving all the forms of courtesy, will deny facts, or invent falsehoods to suit the purposes of the moment.

So great had been the disposition of the Chinese authorities to bring back matters to their position anterior to the treaties of 1842, that in Foochow Foo, the only other provincial city to which we had a right of access, and in which a viceregal government exists, the high authorities had refused all personal intercourse with the representatives of Great Britain, though the consular offices are established within the city walls. The superior officers of the great provincial cities have the right of direct intercourse with the court of Peking and with the emperor himself,—a right not possessed by any of the functionaries in the ports of Shanghai, Ningpo, or Amoy, but confined to those of Canton and Foochow, the one being the capital of the province of Kwantung, the other of the province of Fookien. The importance of our being in direct communication with those through whom alone we can communicate with the ministers, or the sovereign, at Peking, can hardly be over-estimated. Sir John Bowring visited Foochow, in 1853, in a ship of war, and after much resistance from the viceroy, was finally and officially received by him with every mark of distinction; and the result of that friendly reception was the amicable and satisfactory arrangement of every question—and there were many—then pending between British and Chinese subjects in the Fookien province. It is true that on more than one occasion the viceroy of Canton offered to receive the British plenipotentiary, not in his official yamun, but in a "packhouse" belonging to Howqua; and there were those who held that Sir John Bowring should have been satisfied with such condescension on the part of the Chinese commissioner. It should be remembered that in all the treaties with foreigners, the emperor has engaged that the same attentions shall be shown to foreign functionaries which can be claimed and are invariably shown to mandarins of similar rank. It was always a part of the policy of the Chinese to maintain in the eyes of the people that

superiority of position which national pride and vanity had for ages rendered habitual; and the recognition of the right of foreign authorities to be elevated to the same height was one of the most important of the treaty concessions. But it was a treaty concession, and ought never to be allowed to become a dead letter. In our relations with Oriental governments, the only security for the observance of treaty engagements, is to be found in their rigid, but quiet and determined enforcement. To be considerate as to what you exact, is the dictate alike of prudence and of policy; but the attempt to disregard or violate any formal treaty stipulation should be resisted at its very earliest demonstration.

Whatever grounds of complaint the British authorities might have against the Chinese, nothing was left undone to conciliate the good opinion of the mandarins. In 1854 an application was made by Yeh to this effect: he feared a rupture of the public peace, and feeling himself too weak to protect Canton from the invasion of the rebels, he asked for the assistance of the naval forces of the treaty powers. Sir John Bowring accompanied the admiral and the British fleet to the neighbourhood of that city, and in co-operation with the Americans, took such effectual measures for its security, that the intended attack was abandoned, and general tranquillity remained uninterrupted. This intervention was gratefully acknowledged by the people of Canton; but there is every reason to believe that the commissioner represented our amicable intervention as an act of vassalage, and the assistance rendered as having been in obedience to orders issued by imperial authority. Notwithstanding this and many other evidences of friendly sentiment and useful aid on our part, Yeh did not hesitate to represent to the court that the rebels and Western "barbarians" were acting in union, and he expressed his conviction that his policy would lead to the extermination of both.

No one, in fact, who had attended to the progress of public events, could be unaware of the insecure position of our relations with the Chinese. Lord Palmerston said, in 1854:—

"So far from our proceedings in China having had a tendency to disturb the peaceful relations between the British government and the Chinese empire, and to lead to encroachments upon their territory, we had, on the contrary, acted with the greatest forbearance. Ever since the conclusion of the treaty of Nanking the conduct of the Chinese authorities had been such as would have justified a rupture with that government. They had violated the engagements into which they had entered; and if any desire existed on the part of the British government to proceed against them, abundant cause had existed, almost since the termination of the last war. They had refused, on divers pretences, to admit us to parts of Canton to which we ought to have access, avoided their engagements with respect to the Hong, and nullified their stipulations in regard to the Tariff. In point of fact, there was scarcely a single engagement they had not broken."\*

Wearied with so many evasions, difficulties and delays, the ministers of the treaty powers, in 1854, determined to approach the capital, in order to represent to the court the unsatisfactory state of foreign relations with the imperial commissioner at Canton, and the necessity of redressing the

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\* *Debate, July.*

many grievances of which they had to complain, and thus putting an end to a policy essentially unfriendly, which could not but lead to a fatal crisis, and which imperilled alike the interests of China and of all the nations who came into contact with her. It was hoped that the strong and united representations of the three ministers might alarm the emperor, or at all events obtain his serious attention to the dangers with which he was menaced. The attempt failed.\* It could not but fail, through the incredible misrepresentations made to the Chinese court by the commissioners who were sent down by the emperor to meet the foreign envoys. As regards the outward forms of courtesy, the latter had perhaps no special ground of complaint. Tents were erected for their reception in the neighbourhood of the Takoo forts; and they were invited to a repast, in which, it may be worth notice, there was a display of ancient European steel knives and forks, with handsome porcelain handles, apparently of the age of Louis XIV. They were met on terms of equality, and the posts of honour were graciously conceded to them. But the urbane manners of the mandarins did not mislead the foreign ministers, who left them with the declaration that they were insuring for their country days of future sorrow. On the subject of their reports to the court of Peking, Mr. Reed says: "They illustrate the habitual faithlessness of Chinese officials. . . . They were certainly the most painful revelations of the mendacity and treacherous habits of the high officials of this empire ever given to the world. They cannot be read without contemptuous resentment."†

There was only one possible termination to a state of things so obviously unsatisfactory, menacing, and untenable. Everything that could be said or done, in the shape of friendly counsel, had been exhausted. The American commissioner, Mr. McLane, reports to his government,‡ that on leaving China, he addressed to Keih,§ the governor of Kiangsoo, the following memorable warning:—

"Now, as my parting words, I say to you, if something is not done, our relations will become bad, our amity be disturbed. I believe that but for the officers of both governments there now might have been a state of things that might have led to a war; but we have exerted ourselves to prevent it." [Governor Keih—"Yes."] "I have done well, and on the eve of my departure am most *disinterested* in what I say. I do not think it is in the power of either officers of either government long to preserve the peace. If the emperor does not listen, and appoint a commissioner to adjust the foreign relations, so sure as there is a God in the heavens, amity cannot be preserved. I say it in sincerity, as my parting words."

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\* In the *Elgin Papers* many pages are occupied with the details of the correspondence between the commissioners who came to the mouth of the Tien-tsin river and the court of Peking, and which were found in Yeh's archives at Canton.

† Speech at Philadelphia, quoted in *North American Review*, No. CLXXXV. p. 503.

‡ *American Papers*, p. 417: *Despatch* dated 27th November, 1857.

§ Keih was one of the most intelligent and honest of the high mandarins of China. He was killed in an action with the rebels soon after his last interview with the foreign ministers. He openly blamed the perversity of Yeh, whom he hoped to succeed in the office of high commissioner. Had his life been spared, and his counsels prevailed, he would have initiated a policy of conciliation and amity.

The personal character of Yeh tended greatly to complicate every international question. He represented the pride, presumption, and ignorance of a high mandarin, without the restraints which fear of imperial displeasure generally places upon Chinese functionaries. He was the instrument, and for some time the successful instrument, for carrying out the imperial policy as regarded foreign nations. He had a great reputation for learning, had won the most eminent literary grades, was a distinguished member of the highest college (the Hanlin), and the guardian of the heir apparent—indeed, on one occasion he called himself the fourth personage of the empire. Moreover, his despatches were much admired for their perspicuity and purity of language. He was strangely unacquainted with the geography, institutions, and policy of remote nations, and even made his ignorance a ground for self-congratulation. When questions of commercial interest were brought before him, he treated them as altogether below his notice, and on one occasion abruptly terminated a conversation by saying, "You speak to me as if I were a merchant, and not a mandarin." He devoted himself to the study of necromancy, and relied on his "fortunate star;" believing that the city of Canton was impregnable, he made no serious arrangements for its defence. \*

What Ke-ying preached, Yeh-ming practised; but Ke was a man of a gentle, Yeh of a ferocious nature; and the cautious cunning which often marked the course of the one was wholly wanting to the other. Yeh, armed as he was with powers of life and death, exercised them with a recklessness of which there is no equal example in history. He turned the execution-ground at Canton into a huge lake of blood; hundreds of rebels were beheaded daily. When he was asked whether he had really caused seventy thousand men to be decapitated, he boastingly replied that the number exceeded a hundred thousand; and to an inquiry whether he had inflicted upon women the horrible punishment called the cutting into ten thousand pieces, he answered, "Ay! they were worse than the men."\*

It was the affair of the *Arrow* which brought about the inevitable crisis. The question of Sir John Bowring's action on that occasion was entangled with the party politics of the day, and little more need now be said than that the verdict of the country reversed the condemnatory decision of the House of Commons. Certain it is that the very build of a *lorcha*, so altogether unlike any Chinese junk in its external appearance, ought to have led the local authorities in Canton to be very cautious in their interference with her crew; and that the fact of her papers being in the hands of the British consul, and not of the Chinese custom-house, was *prima facie* evidence of her nationality. Since the brutal character of

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\* We give one of Yeh's characteristic proclamations, issued during the siege of Canton:—

"Yeh, governor-general of the two Kwang provinces, member of the cabinet, and baron of the empire, hereby proclaims for the general information:—

"These are the contumacious English barbarians, who are akin to dogs and hogs, and

ex-Commissioner Yeh has been better understood, even those most forward to censure Sir John Bowring, for refusing to deliver over to that savage and sanguinary personage men who at all events believed themselves to be entitled to the protection of British authority,\* cannot but have felt that they ought to have been more indulgent to his hesitation. That he carried with him the sympathy of the representatives of the treaty powers,—that Yeh's policy was condemned by his colleagues and by the people in general,†—and that Yeh himself was finally degraded and disgraced by his own sovereign for his proceedings, are matters of historical record. Yeh, there is little doubt, would have been publicly executed, had he returned to China, notwithstanding the

like wolves and jackals in disposition, who make no distinction in the human relations, and are destitute of propriety or manners \* \* \* \* \* who act as they list, have the tempers of wild beasts, and go here and there in wild recklessness, regardless of human rights or order.

"These are they who have presumed, like flocks of ravens issuing from out their coverts, to cast contemptuous looks on celestial awe-inspiring dignity, and seeing that our troops were unprepared, suddenly have taken possession of our forts, and following the bent of their lawless wickedness have burned the shops and dwellings of our people. Gods and men are indignant, heaven and earth can no longer endure them, and well will it be for your people if you unite in particular, and with vigorous arm exterminate them altogether. Let soldiers and gentry exhibit their loyalty, and with the braves, known to be in every place, swear, as they exhibit a force and union like the driving tempest, that they will revenge the honour of their country. Let full obedience be given to his majesty's rescript, and with firm purpose and stout arm sweep them off without remainder, burning their lairs, and exterminating their whole kith and kin.

"Then the memorial of your merit will be seen in the palace, while the state stands secure in the greatness of its people, as in the golden days of Shun, and the elements genially combine to produce plenty, through the good rule universal in the land, as was seen in the halcyon days of Tsin.

"The other nations of the West must all reverently obey our heavenly dynasty, according to their laws and their administrators, for they will be amerced in the same crimes (as the English) if they venture to copy their conduct.

"Those native traitors who are serving these several tribes, by aiding their purposes, must be strictly watched after and judged, the worst of them by the extermination of their kindred, the lesser by the destruction of their own families.

"Those who are employed as servants to any of the foreigners are allowed twenty days to return to their own patrimonies, there to pursue their several occupations. If they linger along in the hope of gain, they will be treated and punished as traitors.

"Each one must tremblingly obey these orders without opposition."

\* The words of the treaty are: "If it shall be ascertained or suspected that lawless natives of China, having committed crimes or offences against their own government, have fled, a communication shall be made to the proper English officer, in order that the said criminals and offenders may be rigidly searched for, seized, and, on proof or admission of their guilt, delivered up" to the Chinese authorities.

† A thoroughly well-informed American gentleman, then on the spot, declares that the Cantonese prayed that some English ball might "make hit the Viceroy; he all same devil," they said. "Yeh had no supporters among his own countrymen, except his immediate followers, natives of other provinces, and having no local interest. He ruled simply by terror, and all would have been glad to have seen him destroyed."—*A Foreigner's Evidence on the China Question*, p. 14.

efforts of his father, who betook himself to Peking with a very large sum of money, hoping to be able—but failing—to propitiate the court.\*

The war was carried on by the Chinese according to their usual mode of dealing with foreign nations.† They had no chance of success in open combat, so they had recourse to the ordinary stratagems adopted by uncivilized races. An "anti-barbarian committee" was formed among them, under the auspices of the mandarins. They offered premiums from 100 up to 100,000 ounces of silver for assassinations of "the barbarians," according to the gradation of rank, and similar graduated rewards for the capture of vessels, for acts of incendiarism, for denouncing those who sent provisions to Hong Kong. Intercourse was prohibited under pain of death; and provision was promised to be made for the families of those who might perish in any desperate enterprise against the "foreign devils." But so

\* Yeh died in Calcutta. So great was the quantity of gas emitted by his body after death, that the leaden coffin burst twice. On its arrival at Canton the Chinese would not allow the body to be brought into the city.

† The following is the protest of the United States Commissioner, addressed to High Commissioner Yeh :—

*"Legation of the U.S., Macao, Jan. 16, 1857.*

"The undersigned Commissioner and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America in China is again compelled to address your Excellency, demonstrating and protesting against the violation of our treaty of amity, the laws of civilized nations, and the rules of justifiable war.

"The United States Consul, who arrived from Hong Kong last evening, has appeared before the undersigned in person, and represented that a most diabolical deed has been perpetrated by Chinese subjects, who had administered poison in the bread supplied to the public in that colony and on board vessels in the harbour, to multitudes of men, women, and children, without distinction of nation; that he himself had partaken of the poison, from which he is still suffering, and that other citizens of the United States are rendered dangerously ill by the poisoned bread.

"The undersigned, as in duty bound, solemnly protests against this unjustifiable mode of warfare. 'The use of poison as a means of war is prohibited by the unanimous concurrence of all the public jurists of the present age. The custom of civilized nations has exempted the persons of the sovereign and his family, the members of the civil government, women and children, cultivators of the earth, artisans, labourers, merchants, men of science and letters, and generally all other public or private individuals engaged in the ordinary civil pursuits of life, from the effects of military operations, unless actually taken in arms, or guilty of some misconduct in violation of the usages of war, by which they forfeit this immunity.' Now, by the manner in which the poison has been administered in Hong Kong, not only the innocent women and children, and all artisans, labourers, merchants, and men of science, belonging to the English nation, had their lives exposed, but the citizens and subjects of other nations who are on friendly relations with China. Americans, French, Russians, Portuguese, and Spaniards have all received the deadly poison; and that some may yet die, remains to be known.

"The undersigned, therefore, on behalf of the Government of the United States, on the part of humanity, and (reverently) in the name of God, protests against this most barbarous deed; and as on former occasions when protesting against the offering of pecuniary rewards to perfidy and assassination of foreigners, must hold the imperial government of China responsible for all the consequences, both to individual and national interests.

"His Excellency Yeh."

"PETER PARKER."



well was the government of Hong Kong served, that only one of many attempts to injure the colony had any success. In this, however, 360 persons of all nations were poisoned; but, happily, from the excess of arsenic employed, which led to an immediate perception of the danger, very few lost their lives. No less than 25,000 of the inhabitants fled to the mainland in consequence of the menaces of the mandarins; yet, though there were not 400 effective men in the garrison, such was the efficiency of the naval department, so active the police, and so well-disposed the mass of the Chinese population, that scarcely any damage was inflicted on the colony.

Canton was taken on the 29th of December. The resistance was ridiculous.\* The walls were scaled by a handful of men, and Yeh, who had concealed himself, was captured. Why British authority, which would have been welcomed by the respectable part of the population, was not established under military law, and the whole administration of the public revenues taken into our hands, it is very difficult to explain. But at the meeting in which the English and French ambassadors informed the high Chinese authorities that the city had been captured and was held by the allied forces, both the governor of Kwang-tung and the Tartar general were allowed to be seated on the same elevation with the foreign ambassadors, and above the positions occupied by the naval and military commanders-in-chief who were left in charge of the city. Subordinate to these, an hermaphrodite government was created, called "the Allied Commissioners," who were to be consulted on all occasions by the mandarins charged to carry on the administration of public affairs.

A grand opportunity was thus lost of exhibiting to the Cantonese the benefits of a just and honest, however severe, administration: they could not but have been struck with the difference between the humane and equitable laws of foreigners, as contrasted with the corrupt and cruel dealings of the mandarins. The *Elgin Papers* throw little light upon the

\* One man appeared during the Canton conflict who is entitled to be mentioned with respect and honour—Wang, the Chinese admiral. He was well acquainted with the power of the British; and on one occasion had given evidence of great coolness and courage when accompanying H.M.S. *Columbine* on an expedition against the pirates. He did his best to persuade Yeh from engaging in a quarrel which could not but be disastrous to the Chinese, but he failed, as everybody failed. "You may as well reason with a stone," was the language of a deputation that sought the British officials. Wang received peremptory orders from Yeh to attack and destroy the British fleet in the Canton river. He answered that it was impossible: that an encounter must be fatal to the imperial war junks. The orders were renewed; and he said he would do his best—as he did in the affair at Fashan, when considerable damage was done to our boats, and many of our men lost their lives. Wang's junk was captured; and the imperial warrant, on yellow silk, was found, recording a series of adventurous and valorous deeds; but Wang was ordered to be decapitated by Yeh, because he had not beaten the British. He fled, and was concealed for some time in a village on the banks of the river. He applied to the Governor of Hong Kong, asking to be allowed an asylum there, which was cordially offered; but severe illness prevented his removal. Yeh afterwards repented of his precipitation; recalled Wang to the public service; who stipulated that he should not be employed against Western nations.

atrocities which were perpetrated by the Chinese, long after our possession of the city. The prisons continued to be scenes of horrible tortures. It was thought necessary to destroy whole streets, in order to convey terror into districts where assassinations of the subjects of allied powers had taken place: all the eastern suburb of the city was razed to the ground, and not a respectable inhabitant was left amidst the desolation. There can be no doubt that Governor Pehkwei considered himself invested with supreme authority over Chinese subjects. He complains bitterly, in a despatch to Lord Elgin, of 31st January, 1858, of Consul Parkes' interference—of his "overbearing" and unreasonably oppressive "conduct in disposing of Chinamen confined in the gaols of Canton. I ask, whether Chinese officers would be tolerated in their interference with British subjects confined in British gaols?" Lord Elgin does not, in his reply, assert British jurisdiction over the prisons in Canton; but says, Pehkwei will be required to release all prisoners entitled to the benefits of the amnesty; and in another despatch (p. 178), distinctly throws upon Pehkwei the responsibility of preserving the public peace. This anomalous state of matters awakened the attention of our Government at home: a despatch of Lord Malmesbury (14th June, 1858), says: "It will be a disgrace to the allied powers if they do not prevent such enormities as are practised in the prisons of Canton." . . . The "British name must be relieved from the disgrace and guilt of having connived at a state of things so monstrous and revolting." As to the mixed authority of native mandarins and allied commissioners, Lord Malmesbury says: "It is wholly inefficient for all objects of administration and policy, and should be replaced by a military government acting under the rules of martial law." He recommended that the allies should take possession of the custom-house revenues, and hold the balance after the payment of the local expenses. It is much to be regretted that these measures were not adopted. Undoubtedly, Lord Elgin exercised a sound discretion in not proceeding to Peking until "a lesson" had been given to Yeh's obstinacy. Had he gone to the North it would have been deemed a confession that he had been foiled in the South, and compelled to appeal to the emperor, in order to relieve himself from the difficulties in which Yeh had placed him; for Yeh—who had chosen to represent the English "barbarians" as making common cause with the rebels, and in fact, being themselves in a state of rebellion against imperial authority—gave the court the assurance that, as he had been so successful in breaking up the native insurrection, so he would not fail "to drive the foreign 'barbarians' into the sea." In short, there could be little doubt, that had his calculations proved correct, a hostile policy would have pursued us in all the other parts of China, and our immense interests there have been placed in jeopardy.

For some time the court ventured to dream that by Yeh's indomitable bravery China might be wholly rid of the presence of the intrusive strangers.\* It is known that the emperor was much displeased with a

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\* The influence of Yeh at Peking was considerably strengthened by the support he received from Iliang, who obtained the credit of persuading the United States

mandarin, who, having lived in Canton, and being acquainted with the power of the English, ventured to express doubts as to the trustworthiness of Yeh's representations that he could bridle and extirpate the English barbarians;\* and nothing less than the taking the Takoo forts by the allied forces, and an advance upon the capital (even after Yeh's capture and humiliation) was likely to bring the court of Peking to a sense of its own weakness, and the necessity of listening to our representations and remonstrances.

Every effort had been made to obstruct the progress of the allied ambassadors towards Peking; but they wisely determined not to delay their voyage to the Gulf of Pecheli, and, on the 24th April, they announced to the Chinese prime minister their arrival, at the mouth of the Tien-tsin river. The usual evasions were brought into play; and it was soon discovered that the commissioners sent down had no sufficient powers. On the 18th May, therefore, after consultation with the admirals, it was determined to "take the forts," and to "proceed pacifically up the river;" on the 19th, notice was given to the Chinese, and on the 20th, the forts were in the hands of the Allies. On the 29th, the ambassadors reached Tien-tsin. On the same day they were advised that "the chief secretary of state," and the president of one of the imperial boards, were ordered to proceed without delay "to investigate and despatch business." After many discussions the Treaty was signed on the 26th June.

The progress and the result of these negotiations only demonstrate that where our policy has failed, and where it will always fail in China, is in placing confidence in the Chinese. Our distrust must be the groundwork: it is the only sound foundation of our security. When the four ambassadors were at Tien-tsin, and had extorted from the fears of the Chinese treaties more or less humiliating to Chinese pride, according to the amount of pressure employed, it should have been foreseen that on the removal of that pressure the Chinese mind would resume its natural obstinacy. A treaty with China will always be waste paper, unless some security is obtained for giving it due effect. It is, therefore, greatly to be regretted that the ambassadors should have left the most difficult of questions, the most wounding to Chinese pride—the reception of foreign ministers at Peking, and the initiation of their constant residence at court—to be settled by their successors, who had neither the same high diplomatic position, nor the same large naval and military forces at their disposal. It may, indeed, be a question whether it was desirable to force upon the Chinese the recognition of our right to have an ambassador permanently fixed at the capital; but if we thought fit to insist on such

Commissioner, Mr. Marshall, not to proceed to the capital. Iliang, in one of his despatches to the emperor, says: "Whatever the barbarian chief may insinuate against Ieh-ming-chen, it is he whom they fear."—*Elgin Papers*, p. 280.

\* When in the former war Commissioner Keshen humbly represented to the emperor Taou-Kwang, that it was impossible to resist the English, he was ordered to be executed for his mendacity. His life was saved by powerful friends at court.

recognition, there should certainly have been no vacillation—no disposition shown to surrender in any shape or on any terms the right which had been conceded. We could not plead want of experience, for we had abundant evidence of the determination of the Chinese to repudiate and deny every concession, the enjoyment of which was either rediscussed or deferred. We should have avoided, above all things, the transfer of the Canton question to Peking. Our right to enter Canton was incontestable. Shufflings and subterfuges on the part of the Chinese, hesitation and an erroneous estimate of the importance of the question on the part of the British Government and the British functionaries in China, led to one delay after another, and ended by an absolute denial of our treaty right, and an arming of the Chinese population to enforce that denial, accompanied at the same time by a Chinese proclamation mendaciously averring that we had withdrawn our claims. A similar course has been pursued at Peking. The Chinese, who have no notion—what Oriental has?—of privileges possessed and not exercised, saw in the willingness to give way to their representations, not, as we might have supposed, a consideration for their repugnancy, and a magnanimity in refraining from the enjoyment of a privilege distasteful to them, but an infirmity of purpose—a confession that we had asked for something we did not want, and which they felt to be a degradation needlessly and gratuitously imposed upon them. There is, in fact, neither safety nor dignity in any course but the stern, steady persistence in the assertion and enforcement of whatever conditions are the subject of imperial engagements.

Lord Elgin returned to England, and Mr. Bruce was appointed his successor. It was at first announced that he had been furnished with ambassadorial powers, but as such powers would have entitled him to demand a personal reception by the emperor, it was, on reconsideration, very judiciously thought better to avoid a question which might lead to great embarrassments, and he was accredited as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Peking court. To our judgment it appears the instructions of Lord Malmesbury were too peremptory as to the course Mr. Bruce was to pursue; and if that course was to be insisted on, most inadequate means were provided.\* It is but another example of those in the distance imagining they see more clearly than those who are near, and assuming an acquaintance with local circumstances—subject every hour to change—which, without the attributes of omnipresence and omniscience, it is impossible they should possess. Whatever may have been the views of the

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\* "Her Majesty's Government are prepared to expect that all the arts at which the Chinese are such adepts will be put in practice to dissuade you from repaireing to the capital, even for the purpose of exchanging the ratifications of the treaty, but it will be your duty firmly, but temperately, to resist any propositions to that effect, and to admit of no excuses.

"The Admiral in command of H.M.'s naval forces in China, has been directed to send up with you to the mouth of the Peiho a sufficient naval force.

"You will insist on your being received at Peking, and will refuse to exchange ratifications at any other place."—*Despatch of Lord Malmesbury, 1st March, 1859.*

Cabinet at home, it is obvious that the forces which accompanied Mr. Bruce were as superfluous for peace as they were insufficient for war, and that he was placed in the embarrassing dilemma either of disobeying his orders, or of incurring great risk in the attempt to execute them. That the Admiral singularly overrated his own force, and under-estimated that of the Chinese, admits now of no controversy. But an indulgent judgment should be awarded to one so personally brave and self-sacrificing, and who was entitled to confide in the indomitable bravery of those he commanded; whose experience, too, of the general character of Chinese warfare was not likely to teach them prudence or caution.

The first and the most natural inquiry is, what is likely to be the result of these disastrous events? If negotiations are wisely conducted, the probability is that the emperor will throw the blame on the local authorities, attribute to the misrepresentations which have been made any approval he may have given to those who attacked the Allies, and repudiate any intended complicity in the mismanagement of foreign relations. For it has hitherto been the invariable policy of the Chinese government to localize every quarrel, and to avoid any general war. There is no scruple about sacrificing any mandarin whose proceedings, though lauded and recompensed at first, have in the sequel proved injudicious or injurious.

We cannot look forward, however, without apprehension—apprehension not from the possible defeat of our arms—they will be too strong, too efficient for defeat by any Chinese forces—but from their successful advance and overthrow of all resistance. Nothing can arrest their course to Peking, nor prevent the capture of that vast capital; but its possession may prove our great embarrassment. If the emperor, accompanied by his court, should retreat into Manchuria—if Peking be deserted, as Canton was, by all that is respectable and opulent—the Allies may find themselves amidst vacant streets, abandoned houses, a wandering, a starving population, too poor to migrate with their betters. Winter will come—the cruel, bitter winter of northern China; the rivers will be frozen, communications cut off; and with no war-ship in the Gulf of Pecheli, supplies must be inaccessible. Peking may even prove another Moscow to its conquerors.

The condition of the French and Spanish expedition in Cochin China is full of present instruction. They are acting against a miserable and despised enemy. They have been for more than a year in possession of Turon, the principal harbour of the country; but they have not ventured to attack the adjacent capital. Disease has thinned their ranks; victories have brought no results, but ever new disappointment: every calculation of success having been thwarted by a patient but stubborn "no surrender." It is a resistance that cannot be reached by strength of arms, nor dealt with by the cunning of diplomacy. May it serve as a warning in that wider field upon which we are entering in China!

How is the social edifice to be constructed out of crumbling ruins? To overthrow the existing dynasty of China may be easy enough; indeed, the difficulty, as with that of Turkey, is its maintenance and

preservation: its very feebleness cries to us for pity and mercy. It may yet totter on for generations, if not harshly shaken; but if it fall—fall amidst its wrecked institutions—China, inviting as it is to foreign ambition and the lust of conquest, may become the battle-field of contending interests. Russia, moving steadily and stealthily forward in its march of territorial aggression; France, charged with what she fancies herself specially called upon to represent—the missionary propagand, with the Catholic world behind her; England, with those vast concerns which involve about one-ninth of the imperial and Indian revenues, and an invested capital exceeding forty millions sterling; and the United States, whose commerce may be deemed about one-third of that of Great Britain, to say nothing of Holland and Spain, who are not a little concerned, through their eastern colonies, in the well-being of China;—will then be engaged in a struggle for power, if not territory, the result of which cannot be anticipated; indeed we scarcely venture to contemplate such portentous complications.

No thoughtful man will deny the necessity of teaching the Chinese that treaties must be respected, and perfidy punished. Duty and interest alike require this at our hands; but this is but one of many duties—one of many interests; and we would most emphatically say, *Respice finem*—look beyond—look to the end. The destruction of hundreds of thousands of Chinese, the ravaging of their great cities, may fail to accomplish the object we have in view. They have been but too much accustomed to such calamities, and their influences soon pass away from a nation so reckless of life. But it may be possible to exact penalties in a shape which will be more sensible to them, and more beneficial to us: for example, the administration of their custom-house revenues in Shanghai and Canton, and the payment out of these of all the expenses of the war.

But is there nothing to hope from the Taiping movement? Nothing. It has become little better than dacoity: its progress has been everywhere marked by wreck and ruin; it destroys cities, but builds none; consumes wealth, and produces none; supersedes one despotism by another more crushing and grievous; subverts a rude religion by the introduction of another full of the vilest frauds and the boldest blasphemies. It has cast off none of the proud, insolent, and ignorant formulas of imperial rule; but, claiming to be a divine revelation, exacts the same homage and demands the same tribute from Western nations, to which the government of Peking pretended in the days of its highest and most widely recognized authority.

We cannot afford to overthrow the government of China. Bad as it is, anarchy will track its downfall, and the few elements of order which yet remain will be whelmed in a convulsive desolation.

# Novel the Widower.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE BACHELOR OF BEAK STREET.



HO shall be the hero of this tale? Not I who write it. I am but the Chorus of the Play. I make remarks on the conduct of the characters: I narrate their simple story. There is love and marriage in it: there is grief and disappointment: the scene is in the parlour, and the region beneath the parlour. No: it may be the parlour and kitchen, in this instance, are on the same level. There is no high life, unless, to be sure, you call a baronet's widow a lady in high life; and some ladies may be, while some certainly are not. I don't think there's a villain in the whole performance. There is an abominable selfish old woman,

certainly: an old highway robber; an old sponger on other people's kindness; an old haunter of Bath and Cheltenham boarding-houses (about which how can I know anything, never having been in a boarding-house at Bath or Cheltenham in my life?); an old swindler of tradesmen, tyrant of servants, bully of the poor—who, to be sure, might do duty for a villain, but she considers herself as virtuous a woman as ever was born. The heroine is not faultless (ah! that will be a great relief to some folks, for many writers' good women are, you know, so *very* insipid). The principal personage you may very likely think to be no better than a muff. But is many a respectable man of our acquaintance much better? and do muffs know that they are what they are, or, knowing it, are they unhappy? Do girls decline to marry one if he is rich? Do we refuse to dine with one? I listened to one at Church last Sunday, with all the women crying and sobbing; and, oh, dear me! how finely he preached! Don't we give him great credit for wisdom and eloquence in the House of Commons? Don't we give him important commands in the army? Can you, or can you not, point out one who has been made a peer? Doesn't









I AM REFERRED TO CECILIA.



your wife call one in the moment any of the children are ill? Don't we read his dear poems, or even novels? Yes; perhaps even this one is read and written by—Well? *Quid rides?* Do you mean that I am painting a portrait which hangs before me every morning in the looking-glass when I am shaving? *Après?* Do you suppose that I suppose that I have not infirmities like my neighbours? Am I weak? It is notorious to all my friends there is a certain dish I can't resist; no, not if I have already eaten twice too much at dinner. So, dear sir, or madam, have *you* your weakness—*your* irresistible dish of temptation? (or if you don't know it, your friends do). No, dear friend, the chances are that you and I are not people of the highest intellect, of the largest fortune, of the most ancient family, of the most consummate virtue, of the most faultless beauty in face and figure. We are no heroes nor angels; neither are we fiends from abodes unmentionable, black assassins, treacherous Iagos, familiar with stabbing and poison—murder our amusement, daggers our playthings, arsenic our daily bread, lies our conversation, and forgery our common handwriting. No, we are not monsters of crime, or angels walking the earth—at least I know *one* of us who isn't, as can be shown any day at home if the knife won't cut or the mutton comes up raw. But we are not altogether brutal and unkind, and a few folks like us. Our poetry is not as good as Alfred Tennyson's, but we can turn a couplet for Miss Fanny's album: our jokes are not always first-rate, but Mary and her mother smile very kindly when papa tells his story or makes his pun. We have many weaknesses, but we are not ruffians of crime. No more was my friend Lovel. On the contrary, he was as harmless and kindly a fellow as ever lived when I first knew him. At present, with his changed position, he is, perhaps, rather *fine* (and certainly I am not asked to his *best* dinner-parties as I used to be, where you hardly see a commoner—but stay! I am advancing matters). At the time when this story begins, I say, Lovel had his faults—which of us has not? He had buried his wife, having notoriously been henpecked by her. How many men and brethren are like him! He had a good fortune—I wish I had as much—though I daresay many people are ten times as rich. He was a good-looking fellow enough; though that depends, ladies, upon whether you like a fair man or a dark one. He had a country house, but it was only at Putney. In fact, he was in business in the city, and being a hospitable man, and having three or four spare bed-rooms, some of his friends were always welcome at Shrublands, especially after Mrs. Lovel's death, who liked me pretty well at the period of her early marriage with my friend, but got to dislike me at last and to show me the cold shoulder. That is a joint I never could like (though I have known fellows who persist in dining off it year after year, who cling hold of it, and refuse to be separated from it). I say, when Lovel's wife began to show me that she was tired of my company, I made myself scarce: used to pretend to be engaged when Fred faintly asked me to Shrublands; to accept his meek apologies, proposals to dine *en garçon* at Greenwich, the club, and so

forth ; and never visit upon him my wrath at his wife's indifference—for after all, he had been my friend at many a pinch : he never stinted at Hart's or Lovegrove's, and always made a point of having the wine I liked, never mind what the price was. \* As for his wife, there was, assuredly, no love lost between us—I thought her a lean, scraggy, lackadaisical, egotistical, consequential, insipid creature : and as for his mother-in-law, who stayed at Fred's as long and as often as her daughter would endure her, has anyone who ever knew that notorious old Lady Baker at Bath, at Cheltenham, at Brighton,—wherever trumps and frumps were found together ; wherever scandal was cackled ; wherever fly-blown reputations were assembled, and dowagers with damaged titles trod over each other for the pas ;—who, I say, ever had a good word for that old woman ? What party was not bored where she appeared ? What tradesman was not done with whom she dealt ? I wish with all my heart I was about to narrate a story with a good mother-in-law for a character ; but then you know, my dear madam, all good women in novels are insipid. This woman certainly was not. She was not only not insipid, but exceedingly bad tasted. She had a foul, loud tongue, a stupid head, a bad temper, an immense pride and arrogance, an extravagant son, and very little money. Can I say much more of a woman than this ? Aha ! my good Lady Baker ! I was a *mauvais sujet*, was I ?—I was leading Fred into smoking, drinking, and low bachelor habits, was I ? I, his old friend, who have borrowed money from him any time these twenty years, was not fit company for you and your precious daughter ? Indeed ! I paid the money I borrowed from him like a man ; but did *you* ever pay him, I should like to know ? When Mrs. Lovel was in the first column of *The Times*, then Fred and I used to go off to Greenwich and Blackwall, as I said ; then his kind old heart was allowed to feel for his friend ; then we could have the other bottle of claret without the appearance of Bedford and the coffee, which in Mrs. L.'s time used to be sent in to us before we could ring for a second bottle, although she and Lady Baker had had three glasses each out of the first. Three full glasses each, I give you my word ! No, madam, it was your turn to bully me once—now it is mine, and I use it. No, you old Catamaran, though you pretend you never read novels, some of your confounded good-natured friends will let you know of *this* one. Here you are, do you hear ? Here you shall be shown up. And so I intend to show up *other* women and *other* men who have offended me. Is one to be subject to slights and scorn, and not have revenge ? Kindnesses are easily forgotten ; but injuries !—what worthy man does not keep *those* in mind ?

Before entering upon the present narrative, may I take leave to inform a candid public, that though it is all true, there is not a word of truth in it ; that though Lovel is alive and prosperous, and you very likely have met him, yet I defy you to point him out ; that his wife (for he is Lovel the Widower no more) is not the lady you imagine her to be, when you say (as you will persist in doing), “ Oh, that character is intended for

Mrs. Thingamy, or was notoriously drawn from Lady So-and-so." No. You are utterly mistaken. Why, even the advertising-puffers have almost given up that stale stratagem of announcing "REVELATIONS FROM HIGH LIFE.—The *beau monde* will be startled at recognizing the portraits of some of its brilliant leaders in Miss Wiggins's forthcoming *Roman de Société*." Or, "We suspect a certain ducal house will be puzzled to guess how the pitiless author of *May Fair Mysteries* has become acquainted with (and exposed with a fearless hand) *certain family secrets* which were thought only to be known to a few of the very highest members of the aristocracy." No, I say; these silly baits to catch an unsuspecting public shall not be our arts. If you choose to occupy yourself with trying to ascertain if a certain cap fits one amongst ever so many thousand heads, you *may* possibly pop it on the right one: but the cap-maker will perish before he tells you; unless, of course, he has some private pique to avenge, or malice to wreak, upon some individual who can't by any possibility hit again;—*then*, indeed, he will come boldly forward and seize upon his victim—(a bishop, say, or a woman without coarse, quarrelsome male relatives, will be best)—and clap on him, or her, such a cap, with such ears, that all the world shall laugh at the poor wretch, shuddering, and blushing beet-root red, and whimpering deserved tears of rage and vexation at being made the common butt of society. Besides, I dine at Lovel's still; his company and cuisine are amongst the best in London. If they suspected I was taking them off, he and his wife would leave off inviting me. Would any man of a generous disposition lose such a valued friend for a joke, or be so foolish as to show him up in a story? All persons with a decent knowledge of the world will at once banish the thought, as not merely base, but absurd. I am invited to his house one day next week: *vous concevez* I can't mention the very day, for then he would find me out—and of course there would be no more cards for his old friend. He would not like appearing, as it must be owned he does in this memoir, as a man of not very strong mind. He believes himself to be a most determined, resolute person. He is quick in speech, wears a fierce beard, speaks with asperity to his servants (who liken him to a—to that before-named sable or ermine contrivance, in which ladies insert their hands in winter), and takes his wife to task so smartly, that I believe she believes he believes he is the master of the house. "Elizabeth, my love, he must mean A, or B, or D," I fancy I hear Lovel say; and she says, "Yes; oh! it is certainly D—his very image!" "D to a T," says Lovel (who is a neat wit). *She* may know that I mean to depict her husband in the above unpretending lines: but she will never let me know of her knowledge except by a little extra courtesy; except (may I make this pleasing exception?) by a few more invitations; except by a look of those unfathomable eyes (gracious goodness! to think she wore spectacles ever so long, and put a lid over them as it were!), into which, when you gaze sometimes, you may gaze so deep, and deep, and deep, that I defy you to plumb half-way down into their mystery.

When I was a young man, I had lodgings in Beak Street, Regent Street

(I no more have lived in Beak Street than in Belgrave Square : but I choose to say so, and no gentleman will be so rude as to contradict another) —I had lodgings, I say, in Beak Street, Regent Street. Mrs. Prior was the landlady's name. She had seen better days—landladies frequently have. Her husband—he could not be called the landlord, for Mrs. P. was manager of the place,—had been, in happier times, captain or lieutenant in the militia ; then of Diss, in Norfolk, of no profession ; then of Norwich Castle, a prisoner for debt ; then of Southampton Buildings, London, law-writer ; then of the Bom-Retiro Cacadores, in the service of H. M. the Queen of Portugal, lieutenant and paymaster ; then of Melina Place, St. George's Fields, &c.—I forbear to give the particulars of an existence which a legal biographer has traced step by step, and which has more than once been the subject of judicial investigation by certain commissioners in Lincoln's-inn Fields. Well, Prior, at this time, swimming out of a hundred shipwrecks, had clambered on to a lighter, as it were, and was clerk to a coal-merchant, by the river-side. " You conceive, sir," he would say, " my employment is only temporary—the fortune of war, the fortune of war ! " He smattered words in not a few foreign languages. His person was profusely scented with tobacco. Bearded individuals, padding the muddy hoof in the neighbouring Regent Street, would call sometimes of an evening, and ask for " the captain." He was known at many neighbouring billiard-tables, and, I imagine, not respected. You will not see enough of Captain Prior to be very weary of him and his coarse swagger, to be disgusted by his repeated requests for small money-loans, or to deplore his loss, which you will please to suppose has happened before the curtain of our present drama draws up. I think two people in the world were sorry for him : his wife, who still loved the memory of the handsome young man who had wooed and won her ; his daughter Elizabeth, whom for the last few months of his life, and up to his fatal illness, he every evening conducted to what he called her " academy." You are right. Elizabeth is the principal character in this story. When I knew her, a thin, freckled girl of fifteen, with a lean frock, and hair of a reddish hue, she used to borrow my books, and play on the First Floor's piano, when he was from home—Slumley his name was. He was editor of the *Swell*, a newspaper then published ; author of a great number of popular songs, a friend of several music-selling houses ; and it was by Mr. Slumley's interest that Elizabeth was received as a pupil at what the family called " the academy."

Captain Prior then used to conduct his girl to the Academy, but she often had to conduct him home again. Having to wait about the premises for two, or three, or five hours sometimes, whilst Elizabeth was doing her lessons, he would naturally desire to shelter himself from the cold at some neighbouring house of entertainment. Every Friday, a prize of a golden medal, nay, I believe sometimes of twenty-five silver medals, was awarded to Miss Bellenden and other young ladies for their good conduct and assiduity at this academy. Miss Bellenden gave her gold medal to her mother, only keeping five shillings for herself, with

which the poor child bought gloves, shoes, and her humble articles of millinery.

Once or twice the captain succeeded in intercepting that piece of gold, and I daresay treated some of his whiskered friends, the clinking trampers of the Quadrant pavement. He was a free-handed fellow when he had anybody's money in his pocket. It was owing to differences regarding the settlement of accounts that he quarrelled with the coal-merchant, his very last employer. Bessy, after yielding once or twice to his importunity, and trying to believe his solemn promises of repayment, had strength of mind to refuse her father the pound which he would have taken. Her five shillings—her poor little slender pocket-money, the representative of her charities and kindnesses to the little brothers and sisters, of her little toilette ornaments, nay necessities; of those well-mended gloves, of those oft-darned stockings, of those poor boots, which had to walk many a weary mile after midnight; of those little knicknacks, in the shape of brooch or bracelet, with which the poor child adorned her homely robe or sleeve—her poor five shillings, out of which Mary sometimes found a pair of shoes, or Tommy a flannel jacket, and little Bill a coach and horse—this wretched sum, this mite, which Bessy administered among so many poor—I very much fear her father sometimes confiscated. I charged the child with the fact, and she could not deny me. I vowed a tremendous vow, that if ever I heard of her giving Prior money again, I would quit the lodgings, and never give those children lolly-pop, nor pèg-top, nor sixpence; nor the pungent marmalade, nor the biting gingerbread-nut, nor the theatre-characters, nor the paint-box to illuminate the same; nor the discarded clothes, which became smaller clothes upon the persons of little Tommy and little Bill, for whom Mrs. Prior, and Bessy, and the little maid, cut, clipped, altered, ironed, darned, mangled, with the greatest ingenuity. I say, considering what had passed between me and the Priors—considering those money transactions, and those clothes, and my kindness to the children—it was rather hard that my jam-pots were poached, and my brandy-bottles leaked. And then to frighten her brother with the story of the inexorable creditor—oh, Mrs. Prior!—oh, fie, Mrs. P.!

So Bessy went to her school in a shabby shawl, a faded bonnet, and a poor little lean dress flounced with the mud and dust of all weathers, whereas there were some other young ladies, fellow-pupils of hers, who laid out their gold medals to much greater advantage. Miss Delamere, with her eighteen shillings a week (calling them "*silver medals*," was only my wit, you see), had twenty new bonnets, silk and satin dresses for all seasons, feathers in abundance, swansdown muffs and tippets, lovely pocket handkerchiefs and trinkets, and many and many a half-crown mould of jelly, bottle of sherry, blanket, or what not, for a poor fellow-pupil in distress; and as for Miss Montanville, who had exactly the same sal—well, who had a scholarship of exactly the same value, viz. about fifty pounds yearly—she kept an elegant little cottage in



the Regent's Park, a brougham with a horse all over brass harness, and a groom with a prodigious gold lace hat-band, who was treated with frightful contumely at the neighbouring cab-stand: an aunt or a mother, I don't know which (I hope it was only an aunt), always comfortably dressed, and who looked after Montanville: and she herself had bracelets, brooches, and velvet pelisses of the very richest description. But then Miss Montanville was a good economist. She was never known to help a poor friend in distress, or give a fainting brother and sister a crust or a glass of wine. She allowed ten shillings a week to her father, whose name was Boskinson, said to be clerk to a chapel in Paddington; but she would never see him—no, not when he was in hospital, where he was so ill; and though she certainly lent Miss Wilder thirteen pounds, she had Wilder arrested upon her promissory note for twenty-four, and sold up every stick of Wilder's furniture, so that the whole academy cried shame! Well, an accident occurred to Miss Montanville, for which those may be sorry who choose. On the evening of the 26th of December, Eighteen hundred and something, when the conductors of the academy were giving their grand annual Christmas Pant—I should say examination of the Academy pupils before their numerous friends—Montanville, who happened to be present, not in her brougham this time, but in an aerial chariot of splendour drawn by doves, fell off a rainbow, and through the roof of the Revolving Shrine of the Amaranthine Queen, thereby very nearly damaging Bellenden, who was occupying the shrine, attired in a light-blue spangled dress, waving a wand, and uttering some idiotic verses composed for her by the Professor of Literature attached to the academy. As for Montanville, let her go shrieking down that trap-door, break her leg, be taken home, and never more be character of ours. She never could speak. Her voice was as hoarse as a fishwoman's. Can that immense stout old box-keeper at the — theatre, who limps up to ladies on the first tier, and offers that horrible footstool, which everybody stumbles over, and makes a clumsy curtsy, and looks so knowing and hard, as if she recognized an acquaintance in the splendid lady who enters the box—can that old female be the once brilliant Emily Montanville? I am told there are *no* lady box-keepers in the English theatres. This, I submit, is a proof of my consummate care and artifice in rescuing from a prurient curiosity the individual personages from whom the characters of the present story are taken. Montanville is *not* a box-opener. She *may*, under another name, keep a trinket-shop in the Burlington Arcade, for what you know: but this secret no torture shall induce me to divulge. Life has its rises and its downfalls, and you have had yours, you hobbling old creature. Montanville, indeed! Go thy ways! Here is a shilling for thee. (Thank you, sir.) Take away that confounded footstool, and never let us see thee more!

Now the fairy Amarantha was like a certain dear young lady of whom we have read in early youth. Up to twelve o'clock, attired in sparkling raiment, she leads the dance with the prince (Gradini, known as Grady in his days of banishment at the T. R. Dublin). At supper, she takes her

place by the prince's royal father (who is alive now, and still reigns occasionally, so that we will not mention his revered name). She makes believe to drink from the gilded pasteboard, and to eat of the mighty pudding. She smiles as the good old irascible monarch knocks the prime minister and the cooks about: she blazes in splendour: she beams with a thousand jewels, in comparison with which the Koh-i-noor is a wretched lustreless little pebble: she disappears in a chariot, such as a Lord Mayor never rode in:—and at midnight, who is that young woman tripping homeward through the wet streets in a battered bonnet, a cotton shawl, and a lean frock fringed with the dreary winter flounces?

Our Cinderella is up early in the morning: she does no little portion of the house-work: she dresses her sisters and brothers: she prepares papa's breakfast. On days when she has not to go to morning lessons at her academy, she helps with the dinner. Heaven help us! She has often brought mine when I have dined at home, and owns to having made that famous mutton-broth when I had a cold. Foreigners come to the house—professional gentlemen—to see Slumley on the first floor; exiled captains of Spain and Portugal, companions of the warrior her father. It is surprising how she has learned their accents, and has picked up French and Italian, too. And she played the piano in Mr. Slumley's room sometimes, as I have said; but refrained from that presently, and from visiting him altogether. I suspect he was not a man of principle. His Paper used to make direful attacks upon individual reputations; and you would find theatre and opera people most curiously praised and assaulted in the *Swell*. I recollect meeting him, several years after, in the lobby of the opera, in a very noisy frame of mind, when he heard a certain lady's carriage called, and cried out with exceeding strong language, which need not be accurately reported, "Look at that woman! Confound her! I made her, sir! Got her an engagement when the family was starving, sir! Did you see her, sir! She wouldn't even look at me!" Nor indeed was Mr. S. at that moment a very agreeable object to behold.

Then I remembered that there had been some quarrel with this man, when we lodged in Beak Street together. If difficulty there was, it was solved *ambulando*. He quitted the lodgings, leaving an excellent and costly piano as security for a heavy bill which he owed to Mrs. Prior, and the instrument was presently fetched away by the music-sellers, its owners. But regarding Mr. S.'s valuable biography, let us speak very gently. You see it is "an insult to literature" to say that there are disreputable and dishonest persons who write in newspapers.

Nothing, dear friend, escapes your penetration: if a joke is made in your company, you are down upon it instantaneously, and your smile rewards the wag who amuses you: so you knew at once, whilst I was talking of Elizabeth and her academy, that a theatre was meant, where the poor child danced for a guinea, or five-and-twenty shillings per week. Nay, she must have had not a little skill and merit to advance to the quarter of a hundred; for she was not pretty at this time, only a rough, tawny-haired

filly of a girl, with great eyes. Dolphin, the manager, did not think much of her, and she passed before him in his regiment of Sea-nymphs, or Bayadères, or Fairies, or Mazurka maidens (with their fluttering lances and little scarlet slyboots!) scarcely more noticed than private Jones standing under arms in his company when his Royal Highness the Field-marshal gallops by. There were no dramatic triumphs for Miss Bellenden: no bouquets were flung at her feet: no cunning Mephistopheles—the emissary of some philandering Faustus outside—corrupted her duenna, or brought her caskets of diamonds. Had there been any such admirer for Bellenden, Dolphin would not only not have been shocked, but he would very likely have raised her salary. As it was, though himself, I fear, a person of loose morals, he respected better things. “That Bellenden’s a good honest gurl,” he said to the present writer: “works hard: gives her money to her family: father a shy old cove. Very good family, I hear they are!” and he passes on to some other of the innumerable subjects which engage a manager.

Now, why should a poor lodging-house keeper make such a mighty secret of having a daughter earning an honest guinea by dancing at a theatre? Why persist in calling the theatre an academy? Why did Mrs. Prior speak of it as such, to me who knew what the truth was, and to whom Elizabeth herself made no mystery of her calling?

There are actions and events in its life over which decent Poverty often chooses to cast a veil that is not unbecoming wear. We can all, if we are minded, peer through this poor flimsy screen: often there is no shame behind it:—only empty platters, poor scraps, and other threadbare evidence of want and cold. And who is called on to show his rags to the public, and cry out his hunger in the street? At this time (her character has developed itself not so amiably since), Mrs. Prior was outwardly respectable; and yet, as I have said, my groceries were consumed with remarkable rapidity; my wine and brandy bottles were all leaky, until they were excluded from air under a patent lock;—my Morel’s raspberry jam, of which I was passionately fond, if exposed on the table for a few hours, was always eaten by the cat, or that wonderful little wretch of a maid-of-all-work, so active, yet so patient, so kind, so dirty, so obliging. Was it *the maid* who took those groceries? I have seen the *Gazza Ladra*, and know that poor little maids are sometimes wrongfully accused; and besides, in my particular case, I own I don’t care who the culprit was. At the year’s end, a single man is not much poorer for this house-tax which he pays. One Sunday evening, being confined with a cold, and partaking of that mutton broth which Elizabeth made so well, and which she brought me, I entreated her to bring from the cupboard, of which I gave her the key, a certain brandy-bottle. She saw my face when I looked at her: there was no mistaking its agony. There was scarce any brandy left: it had all leaked away: and it was Sunday, and no good brandy was to be bought that evening.

Elizabeth, I say, saw my grief. She put down the bottle, and she

cried: she tried to prevent herself from doing so at first, but she fairly burst into tears.

"My dear—dear child," says I, seizing her hand, "you don't suppose I fancy you ——"

"No—no!" she says, drawing the large hand over her eyes. "No—no! but I saw it when you and Mr. Warrington last 'ad some. Oh! do have a patting lock!"

"A patent lock, my dear?" I remarked. "How odd that you, who have learned to pronounce Italian and French words so well, should make such strange slips in English? Your mother speaks well enough."

"She was born a lady. She was not sent to be a milliner's girl, as I was, and then among those noisy girls at that—oh! that *place*!" cries Bessy, in a sort of desperation clenching her hand.

Here the bells of St. Beak's began to ring quite cheerily for evening service. I heard "Elizabeth!" cried out from lower regions by Mrs. Prior's cracked voice. And the maiden went her way to Church, which she and her mother never missed of a Sunday; and I daresay I slept just as well without the brandy-and-water.

Slumley being gone, Mrs. Prior came to me rather wistfully one day, and wanted to know whether I would object to Madame Bentivoglio, the opera-singer, having the first floor? This was too much, indeed! How was my work to go on with that woman practising all day and roaring underneath me? But after sending away so good a customer, I could not refuse to lend the Priors a little more money; and Prior insisted upon treating me to a new stamp, and making out a new and handsome bill for an amount nearly twice as great as the last: which he had no doubt under heaven, and which he pledged his honour as an officer and a gentleman that he would meet. Let me see: That was how many years ago?—Thirteen, fourteen, twenty? Never mind. My fair Elizabeth, I think if you saw your poor old father's signature now, you would pay it. I came upon it lately in an old box I haven't opened these fifteen years, along with some letters written—never mind by whom—and an old glove that I used to set an absurd value by; and that emerald-green tabinet waistcoat which kind old Mrs. Macmanus gave me, and which I wore at the L—d L—t—nt's ball, Ph—n—x Park, Dublin, once, when I danced with *her* there! Lord!—Lord! It would no more meet round my waist now than round Daniel Lambert's. How we outgrow things!

But as I never presented this united bill of 43*l.* odd (the first portion of 23*l.*, &c. was advanced by me in order to pay an execution out of the house),—as I never expected to have it paid any more than I did to be Lord Mayor of London,—I say it was a little hard that Mrs. Prior should write off to her brother (she writes a capital letter), blessing Providence that had given him a noble income, promising him the benefit of her prayers, in order that he should long live to enjoy his large salary, and informing him that an obdurate creditor, who shall be nameless (meaning me), who had Captain Prior *in his power* (as if being in possession of that

dingy scrawl, I should have known what to do with it), who held Mr. Prior's acceptance for 43*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.* due on the 3rd July (my bill), would infallibly bring their family to ruin, unless a part of the money was paid up. When I went up to my old college, and called on Sargent, at Boniface Lodge, he treated me as civilly as if I had been an undergraduate; scarcely spoke to me in hall, where, of course, I dined at the Fellows' table; and only asked me to one of Mrs. Sargent's confounded tea-parties during the whole time of my stay. Now it was by this man's entreaty that I went to lodge at Prior's; he talked to me after dinner one day, he hummed, he ha'd, he blushed, he prated in his pompous way, about an unfortunate sister in London—fatal early marriage—husband, Captain Prior, Knight of the Swan with two Necks of Portugal, most distinguished officer, but imprudent speculator—advantageous lodgings in the centre of London, quiet, though near the Clubs—if I was ill (I am a confirmed invalid), Mrs. Prior, his sister, would nurse me like a mother. So, in a word, I went to Prior's: I took the rooms: I was attracted by some children: Amelia Jane (that little dirty maid before mentioned) dragging a go-cart, containing a little dirty pair; another marching by them, carrying a fourth well nigh as big as himself. These little folks, having threaded the mighty flood of Regent Street, debouched into the quiet creek of Beak Street, just as I happened to follow them. And the door at which the small caravan halted,—the very door I was in search of,—was opened by Elizabeth, then only just emerging from childhood, with tawny hair falling into her solemn eyes.

The aspect of these little people, which would have deterred many, happened to attract me. I am a lonely man. I may have been ill-treated by some one once, but that is neither here nor there. If I had had children of my own, I think I should have been good to them. I thought Prior a dreadful vulgar wretch, and his wife a scheming, greedy little woman. But the children amused me: and I took the rooms, liking to hear overhead in the morning the patter of their little feet. The person I mean has several;—husband, judge in the West Indies. *Allons!* now you know how I came to live at Mrs. Prior's.

Though I am now a steady, a *confirmed* old bachelor (I shall call myself Mr. Batchelor, if you please, in this story; and there is some one far—far away who knows why I will NEVER take another title), I was a gay young fellow enough once. I was not above the pleasures of youth: in fact, I learned quadrilles on purpose to dance with her that long vacation when I went to read with my young friend Lord Viscount Poldoody at Dub—pscha! Be still, thou foolish heart! Perhaps I mis-spent my time as an undergraduate. Perhaps I read too many novels, occupied myself too much with “elegant literature” (that used to be our phrase), and spoke too often at the Union, where I had a considerable reputation. But those fine words got me no college prizes: I missed my fellowship: was rather in disgrace with my relations afterwards, but had a small independence of my own, which I eked out by taking a few pupils for little goes and the

common degree. At length, a relation dying, and leaving me a farther small income, I left the university, and came to reside in London.

Now, in my third year at college, there came to St. Boniface a young gentleman, who was one of the few gentlemen-pensioners of our society. His popularity speedily was great. A kindly and simple youth, he would have been liked, I daresay, even though he had been no richer than the rest of us; but this is certain, that flattery, worldliness, mammon-worship, are vices as well known to young as to old boys; and a rich lad at school or college has his followers, tuft-hunters, led-captains, little courts, just as much as any elderly millionaire of Pall-Mall, who gazes round his club to see whom he shall take home to dinner, while humble trencher-men wait anxiously, thinking—Ah! will he take me this time? or will he ask that abominable sneak and toady Henchman again? Well—well! this is an old story about parasites and flatterers. My dear good sir, I am not for a moment going to say that *you* ever were one; and I daresay it was very base and mean of us to like a man chiefly on account of his money. “I know”—Tom Lovel used to say—“I know fellows come to my rooms because I have a large allowance, and plenty of my poor old governor’s wine, and give good dinners: I am not deceived; but, at least, it is pleasanter to come to me and have good dinners, and good wine, than to go to Jack Highson’s dreary tea and turnout, or to Ned Roper’s abominable Oxbridge port.” And so I admit at once that Lovel’s parties *were* more agreeable than most men’s in the college. Perhaps the goodness of the fare, by pleasing “the guests, made them more pleasant. A dinner in hall, and a pewter-plate is all very well, and I can say grace before it with all my heart; but a dinner with fish from London, game, and two or three nice little *entrées*, is better—and there was no better cook in the university than ours at St. Boniface, and ah, me! there were appetites then, and digestions which rendered the good dinner doubly good.

Between me and young Lovel a friendship sprang up, which, I trust, even the publication of this story will not diminish. There is a period, immediately after the taking of his bachelor’s degree, when many a university-man finds himself embarrassed. The tradesmen rather rudely press for a settlement of their accounts. Those prints we ordered *calidi juventû*; those shirt-studs and pins which the jewellers would persist in thrusting into our artless bosoms; those fine coats we would insist on having for our books, as well as ourselves; all these have to be paid for by the graduate. And my father, who was then alive, refusing to meet these demands, under the—I own—just plea, that my allowance had been ample, and that my half-sisters ought not to be mulcted of their slender portions, in consequence of my extravagance, I should have been subject to very serious inconvenience—nay, possibly, to personal incarceration, had not Lovel, at the risk of rustication, rushed up to London to his mother (who then had *especial reasons* for being very gracious with her son), obtained a supply of money from her, and brought it to me at Mr. Shackell’s horrible hotel, where I was lodged. He had tears in his kind eyes;

he grasped my hand a hundred and hundred times as he flung the notes into my lap; and the recording tutor (Sargent was only tutor then) who was going to bring him up before the Master for breach of discipline, dashed away a drop from his own lid, when, with a moving eloquence, I told what had happened, and blotted out the transaction with some particular old 1811 Port, of which we freely partook in his private rooms that evening. By laborious instalments, I ~~had~~ the happiness to pay Lovel back. I took pupils, as I said; I engaged in literary pursuits: I became connected with a literary periodical, and I am ashamed to say, I imposed myself upon the public as a good classical scholar. I was not thought the less learned, when my relative dying, I found myself in possession of a small independency; and my *Translations from the Greek*, my *Poems by Beta*, and my articles in the paper of which I was part proprietor for several years, have had their little success in their day.

Indeed at Oxbridge, if I did not obtain university honours, at least I showed literary tastes. I got the prize essay one year at Boniface, and plead guilty to having written essays, poems, and a tragedy. My college friends had a joke at my expense (a very small joke serves to amuse those port-wine-bibbing fogies, and keeps them laughing for ever so long a time)—they are welcome, I say, to make merry at my charges—in respect of a certain bargain which I made on coming to London, and in which, had I been Moses Primrose purchasing green spectacles, I could scarcely have been more taken in. My Jenkinson was an old college acquaintance, whom I was idiot enough to imagine a respectable man: the fellow had a very smooth tongue, and sleek, sanctified exterior. He was rather a popular preacher, and used to cry a good deal in the pulpit. He, and a queer wine-merchant and bill-discounter, Sherrick by name, had somehow got possession of that neat little literary paper, the *Museum*, which, perhaps, you remember; and this eligible literary property my friend Honeyman, with his wheedling tongue, induced me to purchase. I bear no malice: the fellow is in India now, where I trust he pays his butcher and baker. He was in dreadful straits for money when he sold me the *Museum*. He began crying when I told him some short time afterwards that he was a swindler, and from behind his pocket-handkerchief sobbed a prayer that I should one day think better of him; whereas my remarks to the same effect produced an exactly contrary impression upon his accomplice, Sherrick, who burst out laughing in my face, and said, "The more fool you." Mr. Sherrick was right. He was a fool, without mistake, who had any money-dealing with him; and poor Honeyman was right, too; I don't think so badly of him as I did. A fellow so hardly pinched for money could not resist the temptation of extracting it from such a greenhorn. I daresay I gave myself airs as editor of that confounded *Museum*, and proposed to educate the public taste, to diffuse morality and sound literature throughout the nation, and to pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I daresay I printed

my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my own verses (to a Being who shall be nameless, but whose conduct has caused a faithful heart to bleed not a little). I daresay I wrote satirical articles, in which I piqued myself upon the fineness of my wit, and criticisms, got up for the nonce, out of encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries; so that I would be actually astounded at my own knowledge. I daresay I made a gaby of myself to the world: pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise? If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man.

I think it was my brilliant *confrère* on the first floor (he had pecuniary transactions with Sherrick, and visited two or three of her Majesty's metropolitan prisons at that gentleman's suit) who first showed me how grievously I had been cheated in the newspaper matter. Slumley wrote for a paper printed at our office. The same boy often brought proofs to both of us—a little bit of a puny bright-eyed chap, who looked scarce twelve years old, when he was sixteen; who in wit was a man, when in stature he was a child,—like many other children of the poor.

This little Dick Bedford used to sit many hours asleep on my landing-place or Slumley's, whilst we were preparing our invaluable compositions within our respective apartments. S. was a good-natured reprobate, and gave the child of his meat and his drink. I used to like to help the little man from my breakfast, and see him enjoy the meal. As he sate, with his bag on his knees, his head sunk in sleep, his little high-lows scarce reaching the floor, Dick made a touching little picture. The whole house was fond of him. The tipsy captain nodded him a welcome as he swaggered down stairs, stock, and coat, and waistcoat in hand, to his worship's toilette in the back kitchen. The children and Dick were good friends; and Elizabeth patronized him, and talked with him now and again, in her grave way. You know Clancy, the composer?—know him better, perhaps, under his name of Friedrich Donner? Donner used to write music to Slumley's words, or *vice versa*; and would come now and again to Beak Street, where he and his poet would try their joint work at the piano. At the sound of that music, little Dick's eyes used to kindle. "Oh, it's prime!" said the young enthusiast. And I will say, that good-natured miscreant of a Slumley not only gave the child pence, but tickets for the play, concerts, and so forth. Dick had a neat little suit of clothes at home; his mother made him a very nice little waistcoat out of my undergraduate's gown; and he and she, a decent woman, when in their best raiment, looked respectable enough for any theatre-pit in England.

Amongst other places of public amusement which he attended, Mr. Dick frequented the academy where Miss Bellenden danced, and whence poor Elizabeth Prior issued forth after midnight in her shabby frock. And once, the captain, Elizabeth's father and protector, being unable to walk very accurately, and noisy and incoherent in his speech, so that the attention of Messieurs of the police was directed towards him, Dick came up, placed Elizabeth and her father in a cab, paid the fare with his own money, and brought the whole party home in triumph, himself sitting



on the box of the vehicle. I chanced to be coming home myself (from one of Mrs. Wateringham's elegant tea *soirées*, in Dorset Square), and reached my door just at the arrival of Dick and his caravan. "Here, caddy!" says Dick, handing out the fare, and looking with his brightest eyes. It is pleasanter to look at that beaming little face, than at the captain yonder, reclining into his house, supported by his daughter. Dick cried, Elizabeth told me, when, a week afterwards, she wanted to pay him back his shilling; and she said he was a strange child, that he was.

I revert to my friend Lovel. I was coaching Lovel for his degree (which, between ourselves, I think he never would have attained), when he suddenly announced to me, from Weymouth, where he was passing the vacation, his intention to quit the university, and to travel abroad. "Events have happened, dear friend," he wrote, "which will make my mother's home miserable to me (I little knew when I went to town about your business, what caused her *wonderful complaisance* to me). She would have broken my heart, Charles (my Christian name is Charles), but its wounds have found a *consoler*!"

Now, in this little chapter, there are some little mysteries propounded, upon which, were I not above any such artifice, I might easily leave the reader to ponder for a month.

• 1. Why did Mrs. Prior, at the lodgings, persist in calling the theatre at which her daughter danced the Academy?

2. What were the special reasons why Mrs. Lovel should be very gracious with her son, and give him 150*l.* as soon as he asked for the money?

3. Why was Fred Lovel's heart nearly broken? and 4. Who was his consoler?

I answer these at once, and without the slightest attempt at delay or circumlocution. 1. Mrs. Prior, who had repeatedly received money from her brother, John Erasmus Sargent, D.D., Master of St. Boniface College, knew perfectly well that if the Master (whom she already pestered out of his life) heard that she had sent a niece of his on the stage, he would never give her another shilling.

2. The reason why Emma, widow of the late Adolphus Loeffel, of Whitechapel Road, sugar-baker, was so particularly gracious to her son, Adolphus Frederic Lovel, Esq., of St. Boniface College, Oxbridge, and principal partner in the house of Loeffel aforesaid, an infant, was that she, Emma, was about to contract a second marriage with the Rev. Samuel Bonnington.

3. Fred Lovel's heart was so very much broken by this intelligence, that he gave himself airs of Hamlet, dressed in black, wore his long fair hair over his eyes, and exhibited a hundred signs of grief and desperation: until—

4. Louisa (widow of the late Sir Popham Baker, of Bakerstown, Co. Kilkenny, Baronet,) induced Mr. Lovel to take a trip on the Rhine

with her and Cecilia, fourth and only unmarried daughter of the aforesaid Sir Popham Baker, deceased.

My opinion of Cecilia I have candidly given in a previous page. I adhere to that opinion. I shall not repeat it. The subject is disagreeable to me, as the woman herself was in life. What Fred found in her to admire, I cannot tell: lucky for us all that tastes, men, women, vary. You will never see her alive in this history. That is her picture, painted by the late Mr. Gandish. She stands fingering that harp with which she has often driven me half mad with her *Tara's Halls* and her *Poor Marianne*. She used to bully Fred so, and be so rude to his guests, that in order to pacify her, he would meanly say, "Do, my love, let us have a little music!" and thrumpty—thrumpty, off would go her gloves, and *Tara's Halls* would begin. "The harp that *once*" indeed! the accursed catgut scarce knew any other music, and "once" was a hundred times at least in *my* hearing. Then came the period when I was treated to the cold joint which I have mentioned; and, not liking it, I gave up going to Shrublands.

So, too, did my Lady Baker, but not of *her own free will*, mind you. *She* did not quit the premises because her reception was too cold, but because the house was made a great deal too hot for her. I remember Fred coming to me in high spirits, and describing to me, with no little humour, a great battle between Cecilia and Lady Baker, and her ladyship's defeat and flight. She fled, however, only as far as Putney village, where she formed again, as it were, and fortified herself in a lodging. Next day she made a desperate and feeble attack, presenting herself at Shrublands lodge-gate, and threatening that she and sorrow would sit down before it; and that all the world should know how a daughter treated her mother. But the gate was locked, and Barnet, the gardener, appeared behind it, saying, "Since you *are* come, my lady, perhaps you will pay my missis the four-and-twenty shillings you borrowed of her." And he grinned at her through the bars, until she fled before him, cowering. Lovel paid the little forgotten account; the best four-and-twenty shillings he had ever laid out, he said.

Eight years passed away; during the last four of which I scarce ~~saw~~ my old friend, except at clubs and taverns, where we met privily, and renewed, not old warmth and hilarity, but old kindness. One winter he took his family abroad; Cecilia's health was delicate, Lovel told me, and the doctor had advised that she should spend a winter in the south. He did not stay with them: he had pressing affairs at home; he had embarked in many businesses besides the paternal sugar-bakery; was concerned in companies, a director of a joint-stock bank, a man in whose fire were many irons. A faithful governess was with the children; a faithful man and maid were in attendance on the invalid; and Lovel, adoring his wife, as he certainly did, yet supported her absence with great equanimity.

In the spring I was not a little scared to read amongst the deaths in the newspaper:—"At Naples, of scarlet fever, on the 25th ult., Cecilia, wife of Frederick Lovel Esq., and daughter of the late Sir Popham Baker, Bart." I knew what my friend's grief would be. He had hurried abroad at the news of her illness; he did not reach Naples in time to receive the last words of his poor Cecilia.

Some months after the catastrophe, I had a note from Shrublands. Lovel wrote quite in the old affectionate tone. He begged his dear old friend to go to him, and console him in his solitude. Would I come to dinner that evening?

Of course I went off to him straightway. I found him in deep sables in the drawing-room with his children, and I confess I was not astonished to see my Lady Baker once more in that room.

"You seem surprised to see me here, Mr. Batchelor!" says her ladyship, with that grace and good breeding which she generally exhibited; for if she accepted benefits, she took care to insult those from whom she received them.

"Indeed, no," said I, looking at Lovel, who piteously hung down his head. He had his little Cecy at his knee: he was sitting under the portrait of the defunct musician, whose harp, now muffled in leather, stood dimly in the corner of the room.

"I am here not at my own wish, but from a feeling of duty towards that—departed—angel!" says Lady Baker, pointing to the picture.

"I am sure when mamma was here, you were always quarrelling," says little Popham, with a scowl.

"This is the way those innocent children have been taught to regard me," cries grandmamma.

"Silence Pop!" says papa, "and don't be a rude boy."

"Isn't Pop a rude boy?" echoes Cecy.

"Silence, Pop," continues papa, "or you must go up to Miss Prior."



# Studies in Animal Life.

"Authentic tidings of invisible things ;  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And central peace subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation."—THE EXCURSION.

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## CHAPTER I.

Omnipresence of Life—The Microscope—An Opalina and its wonders—The uses of Cilia—How our lungs are protected from dust and filings—Feeding without a mouth or stomach—What is an organ?—How a complex organism arises—Early stages of a frog and a philosopher—How the plants feed—Parasites of the frog—Metamorphoses and migrations of Parasites—Life within life—The budding of animals—A steady bore—Philosophy of the infinitely little.

COME with me, and lovingly study Nature, as she breathes, palpitates, and works under myriad forms of Life—forms unseen, unsuspected, or unheeded by the mass of ordinary men. Our course may be through park and meadow, garden and lane, over the swelling hills and spacious heaths, beside the running and sequestered streams, along the tawny coast, out on the dark and dangerous reefs, or under dripping caves and slippery ledges. It matters little where we go: everywhere—in the air above, the earth beneath, and waters under the earth—we are surrounded with Life. Avert your eyes awhile from our human world, with its ceaseless anxieties, its noble sorrow, poignant, yet sublime, of conscious imperfection aspiring to higher states, and contemplate the calmer activities of that other world with which we are so mysteriously related. I hear you exclaim,—

"The proper study of mankind is man ;"

nor will I pretend, as some enthusiastic students seem to think, that

"The proper study of mankind is *cells* ;"

but agreeing with you, that man is the noblest study, I would suggest that under the noblest there are other problems which we must not neglect. Man himself is imperfectly known, because the laws of universal Life are imperfectly known. His Life forms but one grand illustration of Biology—the science of Life,\* as he forms but the apex of the animal world.

Our studies here will be of Life, and chiefly of those minuter, or obscurer forms, which seldom attract attention. In the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the earth we tread on, Life is everywhere. Nature *lives*: every pore is bursting with Life; every death is only a new birth, every grave a cradle. And of this we know so little, think so little! Around us, above us, beneath us, that great mystic drama of creation is being enacted, and we will not even consent to be spectators! Unless

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\* The needful term Biology (from *Bios*, life, and *logos*, discourse) is now becoming generally adopted in England, as in Germany. It embraces all the separate sciences of Botany, Zoology, Comparative Anatomy, and Physiology.

animals are obviously useful, or obviously hurtful to us, we disregard them. Yet they are not alien, but akin. The Life that stirs within us, stirs within them. We are all "parts of one transcendent whole." The scales fall from our eyes when we think of this; it is as if a new sense had been vouchsafed to us; and we learn to look at Nature with a more intimate and personal love.

Life everywhere! The air is crowded with birds—beautiful, tender, intelligent birds, to whom life is a song and a thrilling anxiety, the anxiety of love. The air is swarming with insects—those little animated miracles. The waters are peopled with innumerable forms, from the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them would not weigh a grain, to the whale, so large that it seems an island as it sleeps upon the waves. The bed of the seas is alive with polypes, crabs, star-fishes, and with sand-numerous shell-animalcules. The rugged face of rocks is scarred by the silent boring of soft creatures; and blackened with countless mussels, barnacles, and limpets.

Life everywhere! on the earth, in the earth, crawling, creeping, burrowing, boring, leaping, running. If the sequestered coolness of the wood tempt us to saunter into its chequered shade, we are saluted by the murmurous din of insects, the twitter of birds, the scrambling of squirrels, the startled rush of unseen beasts, all telling how populous is this seeming solitude. If we pause before a tree, or shrub, or plant, our cursory and half-abstracted glance detects a colony of various inhabitants. We pluck a flower, and in its bosom we see many a charming insect busy at its appointed labour. We pick up a fallen leaf, and if nothing is visible on it, there is probably the trace of an insect larva hidden in its tissue, and awaiting there development. The drop of dew upon this leaf will probably contain its animals, visible under the microscope. This same microscope reveals that the *blood-rain* suddenly appearing on bread, and awakening superstitious terrors, is nothing but a collection of minute animals (*Monas prodigiosa*); and that the vast tracts of snow which are reddened in a single night, owe their colour to the marvellous rapidity in reproduction of a minute plant (*Protococcus nivalis*). The very mould which covers our cheese, our bread, our jam, or our ink, and disfigures our damp walls, is nothing but a collection of plants. The many-coloured fire which sparkles on the surface of a summer sea at night, as the vessel ploughs her way, or which drips from the oars in lines of jewelled light, is produced by millions of minute animals.

Nor does the vast procession end here. Our very mother-earth formed of the débris of life. Plants and animals which have been, build up its solid fabric.\* We dig downwards, thousands of feet below the surface, and discover with surprise the skeletons of strange, uncouth animals, which roamed the fens and struggled through the woods before man was. Our

\* See EHRENBURG: *Microgeologie: das Erden und Felsen schaffende Wirken des unsichtbar kleinen selbstständigen Lebens auf der Erde*. 1854.

surprise is heightened when we learn that the very quarry itself is mainly composed of the skeletons of microscopic animals; the flints which grate beneath our carriage wheels are but the remains of countless skeletons. The Apennines and Cordilleras, the chalk cliffs so dear to homeward-nearing eyes—these are the pyramids of bygone generations of atomies. Ages ago, these tiny architects secreted the tiny shells, which were their palaces; from the ruins of these palaces we build our Parthenons, our St. Peters, and our Louvres. So revolves the luminous orb of Life! Generations follow generations; and the Present becomes the matrix of the Future, as the Past was of the Present: the Life of one epoch forming the prelude to a higher Life.

When we have thus ranged air, earth, and water, finding everywhere a prodigality of living forms, visible and invisible, it might seem as if the survey were complete. And yet it is not so. Life cradles within Life. The bodies of animals are little worlds, having their own animals and plants. A celebrated Frenchman has published a thick octavo volume devoted to the classification and description of "The Plants which grow on Men and Animals;"\* and many Germans have described the immense variety of animals which grow on and in men and animals; so that science can now boast of a parasitic Flora and Fauna. In the fluids and tissues, in the eye, in the liver, in the stomach, in the brain, in the muscles, parasites are found; and these parasites have often *their* parasites living in them!

We have thus taken a bird's-eye view of the field in which we may labour. It is truly inexhaustible. We may begin where we please, we shall never come to an end; our curiosity will never slacken.

" And whosoe'er in youth  
Has thro' ambition of his soul given way  
To such desires, and grasp'd at such delights,  
Shall feel congenial stirrings, late and long."

As a beginning, get a microscope. If you cannot borrow, boldly buy one. Few purchases will yield you so much pleasure; and while you are about it, do, if possible, get a good one. Spend as little money as you can on accessory apparatus and expensive fittings, but get a good stand and good glasses. Having got your instrument, bear in mind these two important trifles—work by daylight, seldom or never by lamplight; and keep the unoccupied eye open. With these precautions you may work daily for hours without serious fatigue to the eye.

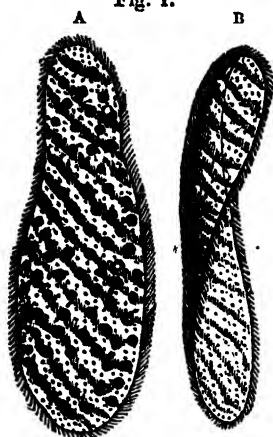
Now where shall we begin? Anywhere will do. This dead frog, for example, that has already been made the subject of experiments, and is now awaiting the removal of its spinal cord, will serve us as a text from which profitable lessons may be drawn. We snip out a portion of its digestive tube, which from its emptiness seems to promise little; but a

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\* CHARLES ROBIN: *Histoire Naturelle des Végétaux Parasites qui croissent sur l'Homme et sur les Animaux Vivants*. 1853.

drop of the liquid we find in it is placed on a glass slide, covered with a small piece of very thin glass, and brought under the microscope. Now

Fig. 1.



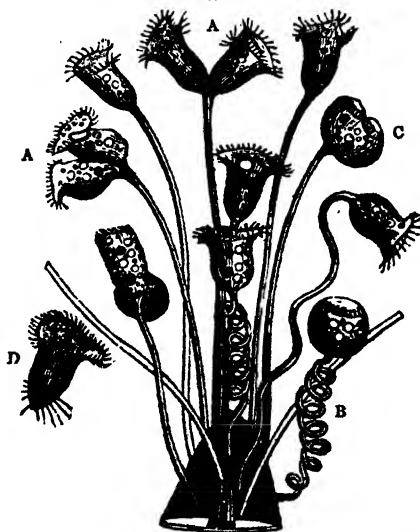
OPALINA RANARUM.

A Front view } Magnified.  
B Side view }

look. There are several things which might occupy your attention; but disregard them now to watch that animalcule which you observe swimming about. What is it? It is one of the largest of the Infusoria, and is named *Opalina*. When I call this an Infusorium I am using the language of text-books; but there seems to be a growing belief among zoologists that the *Opalina* is not an Infusorium, but the infantile condition of some worm (*Distoma*?). However, it will not grow into a mature worm as long as it inhabits the frog; it waits till some pike, or bird, has devoured the frog, and then, in the stomach of its new captor, it will develop into its mature form: then, and not till then. This surprises you? And well it may; but thereby hangs a tale, which to unfold—for the present, however, it must be postponed, because the *Opalina* itself needs all our notice.

•Observe how transparent it is, and with what easy, undulating grace it swims about; yet this swimmer has no arms, no legs, no tail, no backbone to serve as a fulcrum to moving muscles: nay, it has no muscles to move with. 'Tis a creature of the most absolute abnegations: sans eyes,

Fig. 2.



GROUP OF VORTICELLA NEBULIFERA, on a Stem of Weed, Magnified.

A One undergoing spontaneous division.      C One with cilia retracted.  
B Another spirally retracted on its stalk.      D A bud detached and swimming free.

sans teeth, sans everything;—no, not sans everything, for as we look attentively we see certain currents produced in the liquid, and on applying a higher magnifying power we detect how these currents are produced. All over the surface of the *Opalina* there are delicate hairs, in incessant vibration: these are the *cilia*.\* They lash the water, and the animal is propelled by their strokes, as a galley by its hundred oars. This is your first sight of that ciliary action of which you have so often read, and which you will henceforth find performing some important service in almost every animal you examine. Sometimes the *cilia* act as instruments of locomotion; sometimes as instruments of respiration, by continually renewing the current of water; sometimes as the means of drawing in food—for which purpose they surround the mouth, and by their incessant action produce a small whirlpool into which the food is sucked. An example of this is seen in the *Vorticella* (Fig. 2).

Having studied the action of these *cilia* in microscopic animals, you will be prepared to understand their office in your own organism. The lining membrane of your air-passages is covered with *cilia*; which may be observed by following the directions of Professor Sharpey, to whom science is indebted for a very exhaustive description of these organs. "To see them in motion, a portion of the ciliated mucous membrane may be taken from a recently-killed quadruped. The piece of membrane is to be folded with its free, or ciliated, surface outwards, placed on a slip of glass, with a little water or serum of blood, and covered with thin glass or mica. When it is now viewed with a power of 200 diameters, or upwards, a very obvious agitation will be perceived on the edge of the fold, and this appearance is caused by the moving *cilia* with which the surface of the membrane is covered. Being set close together, and moving simultaneously or in quick succession, the *cilia*, when in brisk action, give rise to the appearance of a bright transparent fringe along the fold of the membrane, agitated by such a rapid and incessant motion that the single threads which compose it cannot be perceived. The motion here meant is that of the *cilia* themselves; but they also set in motion the adjoining fluid, driving it along the ciliated surface, as is indicated by the agitation of any little particles that may accidentally float in it. The fact of the conveyance of fluids and other matters along the ciliated surface, as well as the direction in which they are impelled, may also be made manifest by immersing the membrane in fluid, and dropping on it some finely-pulverized substance (such as charcoal in fine powder), which will be slowly but steadily carried along in a constant and determinate direction."†

It is an interesting fact, that while the direction in which the *cilia* propel fluids and particles is generally towards the interior of the organism, it is sometimes reversed; and, instead of beating the particles inwards, the

\* From *cilium*, a hair.

† *Quain's Anatomy*. By SHARPEY and ELLIS. Sixth edition. I., p. lxxiii. See also SHARPEY's article, *Cilia*, in the *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*.



cilia energetically beat them back, if they attempt to enter. Fatal results would ensue if this were not so. Our air-passages would no longer protect the lungs from particles of sand, coal-dust, and filings, flying about the atmosphere; on the contrary, the lashing hairs which cover the surface of these passages would catch up every particle, and drive it onwards into the lungs. Fortunately for us, the direction of the cilia is reversed, and they act as vigilant janitors, driving back all vagrant particles with a stern "No admittance—even on business!" In vain does the whirlwind dash a column of dust in our faces—in vain does the air, darkened with coal-dust, impetuously rush up the nostrils: the air is allowed to pass on, but the dust is inexorably driven back. Were it not so, how could miners, millers, iron-workers, and all the modern Tubal Cains contrive to live in their loaded atmospheres? In a week, their lungs would be choked up.

Perhaps, you will tell me that this is the case: that manufacturers of iron and steel are very subject to consumption; and that there is a peculiar discoloration of the lungs which has often been observed in coal miners, examined after death.

Not being a physician, and not intending to trouble you with medical questions, I must still place before you three considerations, which will show how untenable this notion is. First, although consumption may be frequent among the Sheffield workmen, the cause is not to be sought in their breathing filings, but in the sedentary and unwholesome confinement incidental to their occupation. Miners and coal-heavers are not troubled with consumption. Moreover, if the filings were the cause, all the artisans would suffer, when all breathe the same atmosphere. Secondly, while it is true that discoloured lungs have been observed in some miners, it has not been observed in all, or in many; whereas, it has been observed in men not miners, not exposed to any unusual amount of coal-dust. Thirdly, and most conclusively, experiment has shown that the coal-dust *cannot* penetrate to the lungs. Claude Bernard, the brilliant experimenter, tied a bladder, containing a quantity of powdered charcoal, to the muzzle of a rabbit. Whenever the animal breathed, the powder within the bladder was seen to be agitated. Except during feeding time, the bladder was kept constantly on, so that the animal breathed only this dusty air. If the powder *could* have escaped the vigilance of the cilia, and got into the lungs, this was a good occasion. But when the rabbit was killed and opened, many days afterwards, no powder whatever was found in the lungs, or bronchial tubes; several patches were collected about the nostrils and throat; but the cilia had acted as a strainer, keeping all particles from the air-tubes.

The swimming apparatus of the *Opalina* has led us far away from the little animal, who has been feeding while we have been lecturing. At the mention of feeding, you naturally look for the food that is eaten, the mouth and stomach that eat. But I hinted just now that this ethereal creature dispenses with a stomach, too gross for its nature; and of course, by a similar refinement, dispenses with a mouth. Indeed, it has no

organs whatever, except the cilia just spoken of. The same is true of several of the Infusoria; for you must know that naturalists no longer recognize the complex organization which Ehrenberg fancied he had detected in these microscopic beings. If it pains you to relinquish the piquant notion of a microscopic animalcule having a structure equal in complexity to that of the elephant, there will be ample compensation in the notion which replaces it, the notion of an ascending series of animal organisms, rising from the structureless *amœba* to the complex frame of a mammal. On a future occasion we shall see that, great as Ehrenberg's services have been, his *interpretations* of what he saw have one by one been replaced by truer notions. His immense class of Infusoria has been, and is constantly being, diminished; many of his animals turn out to be plants; many of them embryos of worms; and some of them belong to the same divisions of the animal kingdom as the oyster and the shrimp: that is to say, they range with the Molluscs and Crustaceans. In these, of course, there is a complex organization; but in the Infusoria, as now understood, the organization is extremely simple. No one now believes the clear spaces visible in their substance to be stomachs, as Ehrenberg believed; and the idea of the *Polygastrica*, or many-stomached Infusoria, is abandoned. No one believes the coloured specs to be eyes; because, not to mention the difficulty of conceiving eyes where there is no nervous system, it has been found that even the spores of some plants have these coloured specs; and *they* are assuredly not eyes. If, then, we exclude the highly-organized *Rotifera*, or "Wheel Animalcules," which are genuine Crustacea, we may say that all Infusoria, whether they be the young of worms or not, are of very simple organization.

And this leads us to consider what biologists mean by an *organ*: it is a particular portion of the body set apart for the performance of some particular function. The whole process of development is this setting apart for special purposes. The starting-point of Life is a single cell—that is to say, a microscopic sac, filled with liquid and granules, and having within it a nucleus, or smaller sac. Paley has somewhere remarked, that in the early stages, there is no difference discernible between a frog and a philosopher. It is very true; truer than he conceived. In the earliest stage of all, both the Batrachian and the Philosopher are nothing but single cells; although the one cell will develop into an Aristotle or a Newton, and the other will get no higher than the cold, damp, croaking animal which boys will pelt, anatomists dissect, and Frenchmen eat. From the starting-point of a single cell, this is the course taken: the cell divides itself into two, the two become four, the four eight, and so on, till a mass of cells is formed, not unlike the shape of a mulberry. This mulberry-mass then becomes a sac, with double envelopes, or walls: the inner wall, turned towards the yolk, or food, becomes the *assimilating* surface for the whole; the outer wall, turned towards the surrounding medium, becomes the surface which is to bring frog and philosopher into contact and relation with the external world—the Non-Ego, as the philosopher, in after life, will

call it. Here we perceive the first grand "setting apart," or *differentiation*, has taken place: the embryo having an assimilating surface, which has little to do with the external world; and a sensitive, contractile surface, which has little to do with the preparation and transport of food. The embryo is no longer a mass of similar cells; it is already become dissimilar, *different*, as respects its inner and outer envelope. But these envelopes are at present uniform; one part of each is exactly like the rest. Let us, therefore, follow the history of Development, and we shall find that the inner wall gradually becomes unlike itself in various parts; and that certain organs, constituting a very complex apparatus of Digestion, Secretion, and Excretion, are all one by one wrought out of it, by a series of metamorphoses, or *differentiations*. The inner wall thus passes from a simple assimilating surface to a complex apparatus serving the functions of vegetative life.

Now glance at the outer wall: from it also various organs have gradually been wrought: it has developed into muscles, nerves, bones, organs of sense, and brain: all these from a simple homogeneous membrane!

With this bird's-eye view of the course of Development, you will be able to appreciate the grand law first clearly enunciated by Goethe and Von Baer, as the law of animal life, namely, that Development is always from the general to the special, from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; and this by a gradual series of *differentiations*.\* Or to put it into the music of our deeply meditative Tennyson:—

"All nature widens upward. Evermore  
The simpler essence lower lies:  
More complex is more perfect—owning more  
Discourse, more widely wise."

You are now familiarized with the words "differentiation" and "development," so often met with in modern writers; and have gained a distinct idea of what an "organ" is; so that on hearing of an animal without organs, you will at once conclude that in such an animal there has been no setting apart of any portion of the body for special purposes, but that all parts serve all purposes indiscriminately. Here is our Opalina, for example, without mouth, or stomach, or any other organ. It is an assimilating surface in every part; in every part a breathing, sensitive surface. Living on liquid food, it does not need a mouth to seize, or a stomach to digest, such food. The liquid, or gas, passes through the Opalina's delicate skin, by a process which is called *endosmosis*; it there serves as food; and the refuse passes out again by a similar process, called *exosmosis*. This is the way in which many animals and all plants are nourished. The cell at the end of a rootlet, which the plant sends burrowing through the earth, has no mouth to seize, no open pores to

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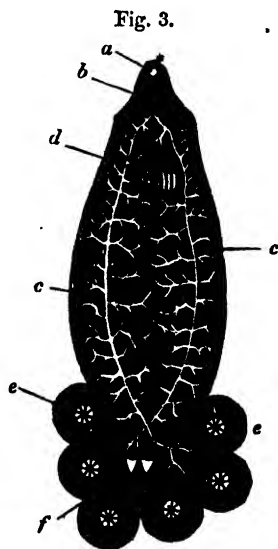
\* GOETHE: *Zur Morphologie*, 1807. VON BAER: *Zur Entwicklungsgeschichte*, 1828. Part I., p. 158.

admit the liquid that it needs; nevertheless the liquid passes into the cell, through its delicate cell-wall, and passes from this cell to other cells, upwards from the rootlet to the bud. It is in this way, also, that the *Opalina* feeds: it is all-mouth, no-mouth; all-stomach, no-stomach. Every part of its body performs the functions which in more complex animals are performed by organs specially set apart. It feeds without mouth, breathes without lungs, and moves without muscles.

The *Opalina*, as I said, is a parasite. It may be found in various animals, and almost always in the frog. You will, perhaps, ask why it should be considered a parasite; why may it not have been swallowed by the frog in a gulp of water? Certainly, nothing would have been easier. But to remove your doubts, I open the skull of this frog, and carefully remove a drop of the liquid found inside, which, on being brought under the microscope, we shall most probably find containing some animalcules, especially those named *Monads*. These were not swallowed. They live in the cerebro-spinal fluid, as the *Opalina* lives in the digestive tube. Nay, if we extend our researches, we shall find that various organs have their various parasites. Here, for instance, is a parasitic worm from the frog's bladder. Place it under the microscope, with a high power, and behold! It is called *Polystomum*—many-mouthed, or, more properly, many-suckered. You are looking at the under side, and will observe six large suckers with their starlike clasps (*e*), and the horny instrument (*f*), with which the animal bores its way. At *a* there is another sucker, which serves also as a mouth; at *b* you perceive the rudiment of a gullet, and at *d* the reproductive organs. But pay attention to the pretty branchings of the digestive tube (*c*) which ramifies through the body like a blood-vessel.

This arrangement of the digestive tube is found in many animals, and is often mistaken for a system of blood-vessels. In one sense this is correct; for these branching tubes are carriers of nutriment, and the only circulating vessels such animals possess; but the nutriment is *chyme*, not blood: these simple animals have not arrived at the dignity of blood, which is a higher elaboration of the food, fitted for higher organisms.

Thus may our frog, besides its own marvels, afford us many "authentic tidings of invisible things," and is itself a little colony of Life. Nature is economic as well as prodigal of space. She fills the illimitable heavens with planetary and starry grandeurs, and the tiny atoms moving over the crust of earth she makes the homes of the infinitely little. Far as the



*POLYSTOMUM INTEGERRIMUM*,  
Magnified.

mightiest telescope can reach, it detects worlds in clusters, like pebbles on the shore of Infinitude; deep as the microscope can penetrate, it detects Life within Life, generation within generation; as if the very Universe itself were not vast enough for the energies of Life!

That phrase, generation within generation, was not a careless phrase; it is exact. Take the tiny insect (*Aphis*) which, with its companions, crowds your rose-tree; open it, in a solution of sugar-water, under your microscope, and you will find in it a young insect nearly formed; open that young insect with care, and you will find in it, also, another young one, less advanced in its development, but perfectly recognizable to the experienced eye; and beside this embryo you will find many eggs, which would in time become insects!

Or take that lazy water-snail (*Paludina vivipara*), first made known to science by the great Swammerdamm, the incarnation of patience and exactness, and you will find, as he found, forty or fifty young snails, in various stages of development; and you will also find, as he found, some tiny worms, which, if you cut them open, will suffer three or four infusoria to escape from the opening.\* In your astonishment you will ask, Where is this to end?

The observation recorded by Swammerdamm, like so many others of this noble worker, fell into neglect; but modern investigators have made it the starting-point of a very curious inquiry. The worms he found within the snail are now called *Cercaria-sacs*, because they contain the *Cercaria*, once classed as Infusoria, and which are now known to be the early forms of parasitic worms inhabiting the digestive tube, and other cavities, of higher animals. These *Cercariæ* have vigorous tails, with which they swim through the water like tadpoles, and like tadpoles, they lose their tails in after life. But how, think you, did these sacs containing *Cercariæ* get into the water-snails? "By spontaneous generation," formerly said the upholders of that hypothesis; and those who condemned the hypothesis were forced to admit they had no better explanation. It was a mystery, which they preferred leaving unexplained, rather than fly to spontaneous generation. And they were right. The mystery has at length been cleared up.† I will endeavour to bring together the scattered details, and narrate the curious story.

Under the eyelids of geese and ducks may be constantly found a parasitic worm (of the *Trematode* order), which naturalists have christened *Monostomum mutabile*—Single-mouth, Changeable. This worm brings forth living young, in the likeness of active Infusoria, which, being covered with cilia, swim about in the water, as we saw the *Opalina* swim. Here is a portrait of one. (Fig. 4.)

\* SWAMMERDAMM. *Bibel der Natur*, pp. 75—77.

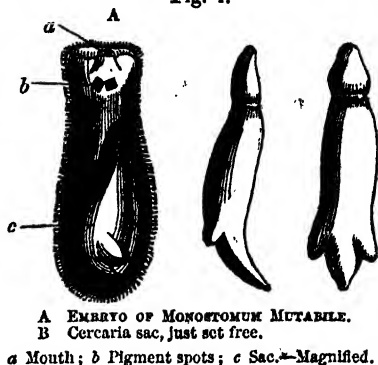
† By VON SIEBOLD. See his interesting work, *Ueber die Band-und-Blasenwürmer*. It has been translated by HUXLEY, and appended to the translation of KÜCHENMEISTER on *Parasites*, published by the Sydenham Society.

Each of these animalcules develops a sac in its interior. The sac you may notice in the engraving. Having managed to get into the body of the water-snail, the animalcule's part in the drama is at an end. It dies, and in dying liberates the sac, which is very comfortably housed and fed by the snail. If you examine this sac (Fig. 5), you will observe that it has a mouth and digestive tube, and is, therefore, very far from being, what its name imports, a mere receptacle; it is an independent animal, and lives an independent life. It feeds generously on the juices of the snail, and having fed, thinks generously of the coming generations. It was born inside the animalcule; why should it not in turn give birth to children of its own? To found a dynasty, to scatter progeny over the bounteous earth, is a worthy ambition. The mysterious agency of Reproduction begins in this sac-animal; and in a short while a brood of *Cercariæ* move within it. The sac bursts, and the brood escapes. But how is this? The children are by no means the "very image" of their parent. They are not sacs, nor in the least resembling sacs, as you see. (Fig. 6.)

They have tails, and suckers, and sharp boring instruments, with other organs which their parent was without. To look at them you would as soon suspect a shrimp to be the progeny of an oyster, as these to be the progeny of the sac-animal. And what makes the paradox more paradoxical is, that not only are the *Cercariæ* unlike their parent, but their parent was equally unlike its parent the embryo of *Monostomum* (compare fig. 4). However, if we pursue this family history, we shall find the genealogy rights itself at last, and that this *Cercaria* will develop in the body of some bird into a *Monostomum mutabile* like its ancestor. Thus the worm produces an animalcule, which produces a sac-animal, which produces a *Cercaria*, which becomes a worm exactly resembling its great-grandfather.

One peculiarity in this history is that while the *Monostomum* produces its young in the usual way, the two intermediate forms are produced by a process of budding, analogous to that observed in plants. Plants, as you know, are reproduced in two ways, from the seed, and from the bud. For seed-repro-

Fig. 4.



A EMBRYO OF MONOSTOMUM MUTABILE.

B Cercaria sac, just set free.

a Mouth; b Pigment spots; c Sac.—Magnified.

Fig. 5.



CERCARIA SAC.

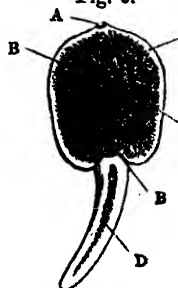
A Mouth;

B Digestive tube;

C A *Cercaria* newly formed. Four others are seen in different stages.—Magnified.

(compare fig. 4).

Fig. 6.



CERCARIA DEVELOPED.

A Mouth; B, B, B Excretory organ; C Pigment spots; D Tail.

duction, peculiar organs are necessary; for bud-reproduction, there is no such differentiation needed: it is simply an out-growth. The same is true of many animals: they also bud like plants, and produce seeds (eggs) like plants. I have elsewhere argued that the two processes are essentially identical; and that both are but special forms of growth.\* Not, however, to discuss so abstruse a question here, let us merely note that the Monostomum, into which the Cercaria will develop, produces eggs, from which young will issue; the second generation is not produced from eggs, but by internal budding; the third generation is likewise budded internally; but it, on acquiring maturity, will produce eggs. For this maturity, it is indispensable that the Cercaria should be swallowed by some bird or animal; only in the digestive tube can it acquire its egg-producing condition. How is it to get there? The ways are many; let us witness one:—

In this watchglass of water we have several *Cercariæ* swimming about. To them we add three or four of those darting, twittering insects which you have seen in every vase of pond-water, and have learned to be the larvæ, or early forms, of the *Ephemeron*. The *Cercariæ* cease flapping the water with their impatient tails, and commence a severe scrutiny of the strangers. When Odry, in the riotous farce, *Les Saltimbanques*, finds a portmanteau, he exclaims, “*Une malle! ce doit être à moi!*” (“Surely this must belong to me!”) This seems to be the theory of property adopted by the *Cercaria*: “An insect! surely this belongs to me!” Accordingly every one begins creeping over the bodies of the *Ephemera*, giving an interrogatory poke with the spine, which will pierce the first soft place it can detect. Between the segments of the insect’s armour a soft and pierceable spot is found; and now, lads, to work! Onwards they bore, never relaxing in their efforts till a hole is made large enough for them to slip in by elongating their bodies. Once in, they dismiss their tails as useless appendages; and begin what is called the process of *encysting*—that is, of rolling themselves up into a ball, and secreting a mucus from their surface, which hardens round them like a shell. Thus they remain snugly ensconced in the body of the insect, which in time develops into a fly, hovers over the pond, and is swallowed by some bird. The fly is digested, and the liberated *Cercaria* finds itself in comfortable quarters, its shell is broken, and its progress to maturity is rapid.

Von Siebold’s description of another form of emigration he has observed in parasites will be read with interest. “For a long time,” he says, “the origin of the threadworm, known as *Filaria insectorum*, that lives in the cavity of the bodies of adult and larval insects, could not be accounted for. Shut up within the abdominal cavity of caterpillars, grasshoppers, beetles, and other insects, these parasites were supposed to originate by spontaneous generation, under the influence of wet weather or from decayed food. Helminthologists (students of parasitic worms) were obliged to content themselves with this explanation, since they were unable to find

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\* *Seaside Studies*, pp. 308, sq.

a better. Those who dissected these threadworms and submitted them to a careful inspection, could not deny the probability, since it was clear that they contained no trace of sexual organs. But on directing my attention to these entozoa, I became aware of the fact that they were not true *Filarie* at all, but belonged to a peculiar family of threadworms, embracing the genera of *Gordius* and *Mermis*. Furthermore, I convinced myself that these parasites wander away when full-grown, boring their way from within through any soft place in the body of their host, and creeping out through the opening. These parasites do not emigrate because they are uneasy, or because the caterpillar is sickly; but from that same internal necessity which constrains the horsefly to leave the stomach of the horse where he has been reared, or which moves the gadfly to work its way out through the skin of the oxen. The larvæ of both these insects creep forth in order to become chrysalises, and thence to proceed to their higher and perfect condition. I have demonstrated that the perfect, full-grown, but *sexless* threadworms of insects are in like manner moved by their desire to wander out of their previous homes, in order to enter upon a new period of their lives, which ends in the development of their sex. As they leave the bodies of their hosts they fall to the ground, and crawl away into the deeper and moister parts of the soil. Threadworms found in the damp earth, in digging up gardens and cutting ditches, have often been brought to me, which presented no external distinctions from the threadworms of insects. This suggested to me that the wandering threadworms of insects might instinctively bury themselves in damp ground, and I therefore instituted a series of experiments by placing the newly-emigrated worms in flower-pots filled with damp earth. To my delight I soon perceived that they began to bore with their heads into the earth, and by degrees drew themselves entirely in. For many months I kept the earth in the flower-pots moderately moist, and on examining the worms from time to time I found they had gradually attained their sex-development, and eggs were deposited in hundreds. Towards the conclusion of winter I could succeed in detecting the commencing development of the embryos in these eggs. By the end of spring they were fully formed, and many of them having left their shells were to be seen creeping about the earth. I now conjectured that these young worms would be impelled by their instincts to pursue a parasitic existence, and to seek out an animal to inhabit and to grow to maturity in; and it seemed not improbable that the brood I had reared would, like their parents, thrive best in the caterpillar. In order, therefore, to induce my young brood to immigrate, I procured a number of very small caterpillars which the first spring sunshine had just called into life. For the purpose of my experiment I filled a watch-glass with damp earth, taking it from amongst the flower-pots where the threadworms had wintered. Upon this I placed several of the young caterpillars." The result was as he expected; the caterpillars were soon bored into by the worms, and served them at once as food and home.\*

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\* VON SIEBOLD: *Ueber Band-und-Blasenwürmer*. Translated by HUXLEY.  
VOL. I.—NO. 1.



Frogs and parasites, worms and infusoria—are these worth the attention of a serious man? They have a less imposing appearance than planets and asteroids, I admit, but they are nearer to us, and admit of being more intimately known; and because they are thus accessible, they become more important to us. The life that stirs within us is also the life within them. It is for this reason, as I said at the outset, that although man's noblest study must always be man, there are other studies less noble, yet not therefore ignoble, which must be pursued, even if only with a view to the perfection of the noblest. Many men, and those not always the ignorant, whose scorn of what they do not understand is always ready, despise the labours which do not obviously and directly tend to moral or political advancement. Others there are, who, fascinated by the grandeur of Astronomy and Geology, or by the immediate practical results of Physics and Chemistry, disregard all microscopic research as little better than dilettante curiosity. But I cannot think any serious study is without its serious value to the human race; and I know that the great problem of Life can never be solved while we are in ignorance of its simpler forms. Nor can anything be more unwise than the attempt to limit the sphere of human inquiry, especially by applying the test of immediate utility. All truths are related; and however remote from our daily needs some particular truth may seem, the time will surely come when its value will be felt. To the majority of our countrymen during the Revolution, when the conduct of James seemed of incalculable importance, there would have seemed something ludicrously absurd in the assertion that the newly-discovered differential calculus was infinitely more important to England and to Europe than the fate of all the dynasties; and few things could have seemed more remote from any useful end than this product of mathematical genius; yet it is now clear to every one that the conduct of James was supremely insignificant in comparison with this discovery. I do not say that men were unwise to throw themselves body and soul into the Revolution; I only say they would have been unwise to condemn the researches of mathematicians.

Let all who have a longing to study Nature in any of her manifold aspects, do so without regard to the sneers or objections of men whose tastes and faculties are directed elsewhere. From the illumination of many minds on many points, Truth must finally emerge. Man is, in Bacon's noble phrase, the minister and interpreter of Nature; let him be careful lest he suffer this ministry to sink into a priesthood, and this interpretation to degenerate into an immovable dogma. The suggestions of apathy, and the prejudices of ignorance, have at all times inspired the wish to close the temple against new comers. Let us be vigilant against such suggestions, and keep the door of the temple ever open.

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# Father Brout's Inaugurative Ode

TO THE AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR."

## I.

Ours is a faster, quicker age:  
Yet erst at GOLDSMITH's homely Wakefield Vicarage,  
While Lady BLARNEY from the West End glozes  
Mid the PRIMROSES,  
Fudge! cries Squire THORNHILL,  
Much to the wonder of young greenhorn MOSES.  
Such word of scorn ill  
Matches the "Wisdom Fair" thy whim proposes  
To hold on CORNHILL.

## II.

With Fudge, or Blarney, or the "Thames on Fire!"  
Treat not thy buyer;  
But proffer good material—  
A genuine Cereal,  
Value for twelpence, and not dear at twenty.  
Such wit replenishes thy Horn of Plenty!

## III.

Nor wit alone dispense,  
But sense:  
And with thy sparkling Xerez  
Let us have Ceres.  
Of loaf thou hast no lack,  
Nor set, like SHAKSPEARE's zany, forth,  
With lots of sack,  
Of bread one pennyworth.

## IV.

Sprightly, and yet sagacious,  
Funny, yet farinaceous,  
Dashing, and yet methodical—  
So may thy periodical,  
On this auspicious morn,  
Exalt its horn,  
Thron'd on the HILL OF CORN!

## V.

Of aught that smacks of sect, surplice, or synod,  
Be thy grain winnow'd!  
Nor deign to win our laugh  
With empty chaff.  
Shun aught o'er which dullard or bigot gloats;  
Nor seek our siller  
With meal from TITUS OATES  
Or flour of JOSEPH MILLER.

## VI.

There's corn in Egypt still  
 (Pilgrim from Cairo to Cornhill!)  
 Give each his fill.  
 But all comers among  
 Treat best the young;  
 Fill the big brothers' knapsacks from thy bins,  
 But slip the Cup of Love in BENJAMIN'S.

## VII.

Next as to those  
 Who bring their lumbering verse or ponderous prose  
 To where good SMITH AND ELDER  
 Have so long held their  
 Well-garnish'd Cornhill storehouse—  
 Bid them not bore us.  
 Tell them instead  
 To take their load next street, the HALL OF LEAD!

## VIII.

Only one word besides—  
 As he who tanneth hides  
 Stocketh with proper implements his tannery:  
 So thou, Friend! do not fail  
 To store a stout corn flail,  
 Ready for use, within thy Cornhill granary.  
 Of old there walked abroad,  
 Prompt to right wrongs, Caliph HAROUN AL RASHID.  
 Deal thus with Fraud,  
 Or Job or Humbug—thrash it!

## IX.

Courage, old Friend! long found  
 Firm at thy task, nor in fixt purpose fickle:  
 Up! choose thy ground,  
 Put forth thy shining sickle;—  
 Shun the dense underwood  
 Of Dunce or Dunderhood:  
 But reap North, South, East, Far West,  
 The world-wide Harvest!

## Our Volunteers.

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THE French nation has indisputably the most warlike propensities of any in the world. Other countries make warlike preparations in self-defence, for the maintenance of their own rights and possessions, and to prevent any other power, or combination of powers, obtaining a position menacing to their safety, or injurious to their liberties. Their governments, when there are valid grounds for alarm, instil these apprehensions into the minds of the people, who are soon roused to meet the threatened danger. But the unremitting pursuit of the French nation is military glory: no government of that country can exist without ministering to it. France is now armed to the teeth, and ready to do battle for any cause—even “for an idea.”

England is the nation which, perhaps sooner than any other, may be called upon to check her in the indulgence of this propensity; and this country also offers more points against which aggressive operations can be carried out. Hence it is natural that the preparations of France should be made chiefly with reference to a contest with Great Britain; and these preparations have now arrived at such formidable proportions that it would be insatiation in us to neglect the means of resistance.

The strongest evidence in support of this hypothesis is to be found in the fact that the most extraordinary preparations which have been gradually but rapidly made by the French Government, at a vast expense—namely, its naval and coast armaments—can be directed against no other power but England. It does not necessarily follow that any aggressive measures are positively contemplated; but it is not the less essential for us to maintain a corresponding force, available not only against invasion, should it be attempted, but strong enough to protect our commerce by securing the freedom of the seas, and thus preventing this country from being reduced to a subordinate power.

British statesmen know and declare, and the nation feels, that it is essential to the maintenance of our possessions, our commerce, and our influence, that we should have a preponderating naval force. Other governments may demur to this, and may even be disposed to dispute the point, as France appears to be now preparing to do. It then becomes a question of national power and resources. This is an unfortunate alternative, but it is one which will not admit of compromise or arbitration: *we* consider an absolute superiority on the seas essential to the safety of our shores, the prosperity of our commerce, and the security of our colonies; *they* manifest a determination to contest our maritime supremacy, and to create a force which shall give them even a preponderating influence.

Let us put the case in what may be deemed the legitimate view, repudiating altogether any feeling of national animosity or prejudice. What-

ever may be the result of the impending struggle for naval superiority—which does not altogether depend upon numerical force, but may be greatly influenced by the proficiency of either side in employing the newly-invented implements and modes of warfare—it must be conceded that we cannot expect our superiority will be so absolute as to enable us to trust entirely to our “wooden walls,” or to defensive armaments afloat: we must have an ample array of land forces to protect our homes, if menaced by the vast armies of France, which are constantly maintained in a state of full equipment and readiness.

Large armaments maintained during times of peace are repugnant to the feelings and good sense of the English nation; and yet if other nations, less strongly animated by industrial impulses and the principles of political economy, will accumulate immense powers of aggression, we must, in self-defence, maintain efficient means of resisting them. Patriotic feeling and high spirit in the population, even though aided by abundance of arms and ammunition, will not now, as in olden times, suffice. Soldiership is become a scientific profession; and an apprenticeship to the art of war, with skill and experience in every branch of it, are absolutely necessary to oppose with success a well-trained and disciplined force.

Our difficulties in the way of self-preservation are materially increased by the nature of our institutions and our feelings of personal independence. All other great nations in Europe have a power of compulsory enlistment; we have not: if we had, our standing forces for army and navy might be more moderate,—if we only retained efficacious means of rapid organization and equipment. According to our system, however, it is so long before we can procure the necessary number of men for the war establishment, that our only safety must consist in a much greater amount of permanent forces. In short, our purse must pay for our pride.

The volunteer system, however, tends, in some degree, to remedy this disadvantage, and will become more and more valuable in proportion as it shall conform itself gradually to such arrangements as will make our volunteers efficient for acting with our regular forces.

The first and prevalent idea from which the volunteer system sprang was of a *levée en masse*; that every man animated by British pluck and spirit (and they would number hundreds of thousands) should be well practised in the use of the rifle, and, in case of invasion, should turn out to oppose the enemy, to line the hedges, hang upon the flank and rear of the invading force, and cut it to pieces.

That our volunteers, who have nobly come forward spontaneously, without any prompting from government, would be ready to devote their lives, as they are devoting their time and energies, to the defence of their country against invasion, no one who appreciates the English character will doubt; but that such a heterogeneous body of men, if opposed to a highly-trained and disciplined force of veteran soldiers, would be able to repel the attack of an army, is now generally admitted to be a fallacy; and it would be doing injustice to the intelligence and good sense of Englishmen to blink

the truth, which must be obvious to every soldier who has had experience of actual warfare.

Bodies of civilians, however courageous and well drilled, would be ill calculated to bear the hardships and fatigues of a soldier's life; nor could they be relied upon, even as a matter of numbers: a rainy night or two in the open fields, and occasional short supplies of food, would thin their ranks prodigiously. It cannot be supposed that men of any class or nation, however brave, suddenly leaving comfortable homes and in-door pursuits, could endure that exposure and privation which is required of soldiers—men selected for their hardy constitutions and well-knit frames, and trained to implicit obedience, and habituated to act together. Composed of men of different descriptions and habits, without military discipline and organization, they would be wanting in cohesion and unity of action; or if each man or small party acted on individual impulse, their efforts would be unavailing to arrest the progress of an army advancing in solid masses, like some vast and complex machine animated by life and motion. Panics would be rife amongst them, and but few of the bravest even would stand when they heard the action gaining on their flanks and rear. Moreover, no general would know how to deal with numbers of them under his command, for fear of his dispositions being deranged by their proceedings; nor could any commissariat or other department be prepared to provide for so uncertain and fluctuating a body.

A confidence in the efficiency of an armed population to resist the invasion of their country by regular armies has been created by reference to history; and the examples of the United States, of the Tyrol, of Spain, and others, have been triumphantly quoted; but an investigation into the circumstances of each case will show how greatly they all differ from such circumstances as would attend an attack upon England. In the cases cited, either the country was wild and mountainous, without communications and resources, the invading army small, or the contest greatly prolonged: rarely, if ever, has the invader been thoroughly checked *in his first progress*; but when forced to break into detachments and to act in small bodies, he has, by a spirited and energetic population, been harassed beyond his strength, and thus *eventually* forced to abandon the attempt.

It being evident, then, that a mere rising in mass of the population would be unavailing, and even mischievous, leading to a lamentable waste of life, and encouraging the invaders in proportion as the defenders were discomfited, we have now to consider the best means of utilizing the present volunteer movement, which assumes for its basis some degree of organization and training.

Government prudently abstained from any interference with the movement, or from involving itself in any undertaking to organize the volunteers; for that would have led, not only to great and indefinite expenses, but to the abstracting of available resources from the established forces of the country, and also to other inconveniences, without, as yet, any reliable and adequate advantages in prospect. The movement being thus left to its own

impulses, a large number of gentlemen, and others in sufficiently easy circumstances, determined to enrol themselves, in different localities, into self-supporting corps of riflemen. Their determination was most spirited and praiseworthy, and government, without pledging itself to any fixed or great amount of support, now affords, in many ways, aid and direction to the movement, without too minute an interference in its essentially voluntary arrangements.

Thus we have already many thousands of stout hearts, constituting an *impromptu* armed force, at little cost to government, advancing in organization and exercises, having arms and accoutrements, and above all, making preparation for thoroughly practising with the rifle—their strongest desire being to become first-rate shots. Here is a mass of most superb material; but we would earnestly impress upon the volunteers, and upon the country, not to rely too much upon stout hearts and good shots: much else is needful. It is quite a mistake to suppose that mere perfection in firing at a mark will make a good rifleman for the field. Volunteers, to be efficient in action, must form a component part of an army. Every part of an army in the field must be well in hand of the generals in command—light infantry and riflemen must be equal to all movements, in compact as well as dispersed order, and in the several combinations of the two. By this alone will they be really formidable, and by this alone will they acquire a confidence and steadiness which mere innate courage can never give.

In order to act as riflemen and light infantry conjointly with regular troops, volunteers will require the highest possible training as soldiers. Ordinary infantry are put together and kept together, and—unlike those who must act more independently and with greater skill—are always under the eye and hand of the officer who directs the movement. In the confusion of action, and amidst inequalities of ground and varying circumstances, light troops are very much at a loss, until, by practice, they acquire a steadiness which is the result of a thorough knowledge of the business and of active exercise in it. By the term “acting as light infantry and riflemen” is not meant a system of irregular or guerilla warfare, for which it may be readily conceived that a volunteer force of citizens is entirely unfit.

It is to be hoped that our volunteers will not listen to their flatterers who would persuade them that they will make efficient irregulars. No one who considers the composition of these bodies, and the habits and pursuits of the classes from which they spring, can seriously suppose that they would make anything of the kind. Neither the nature of this country, nor the occupations of its inhabitants, are favourable for an irregular system of warfare; nor would the rapid field operations consequent upon an invasion afford much opportunity for bringing irregular forces into play, even if we possessed the best in the world.

In opposition to these views, it will be said that the universal employment of the rifle has effected a revolution in warfare, and that our riflemen, sheltered at a distance behind hedges and trees, would annihilate the enemy's

artillery and paralyze his operations. To this it may be answered that the enemy will employ riflemen for the same purpose, who will cover his artillery and produce an equal effect upon our own; that new systems of warfare are met with new systems of tactics, and that the advantage is always left with the highest-trained troops. In whatever order numbers of men may be brought into action, success will always attend that party which, *cæteris paribus*, brings the greatest number to bear upon a given point; and this can be effected only by the organization and discipline of regular troops.

Let us hope, then, that the volunteers will earnestly practise those more complicated exercises which render light infantry the highest-trained body in an army. For this purpose they should, after being pretty well grounded in their business, give themselves up for a few weeks' consecutive service at one of the great camps; this would give them a much better insight into the nature of the service, by which men of their intelligence would greatly profit. It is probable that many individuals in each corps would not be able to attend for such a long period; still, if there were a large party present, a tone of information on the real duties of a campaign would be instilled into the body as a whole, which would be most serviceable.

Another advantage which would attend this occasional service of the volunteers at the camps would consist in their gradually habituating themselves to long marches, and to carrying a knapsack; both of which are matters of deep importance for rendering efficient service in the field: for, as Marshal Saxe truly remarks, the success of an army depends more upon the judicious use made of the legs than of the arms of the soldiers.

Apprehensions have been entertained that our volunteers, composed, as they will be, of men accustomed to the comforts and conveniences of life, would, however animated by daring for fight, be disgusted not merely with the hardships, but (as compared with their usual habits) the indignities of a common soldier's life, such as the hard fare, the necessary but menial occupations of cooking, the care and cleaning of their clothes and arms, and the discomfort of being huddled together in masses in tents, or houses, if they have the good fortune to obtain either. But they will, it is to be hoped, have well considered that such disagreeables are inevitable, and have made up their minds to bear with what will be, probably, the hardest task for them; considering, also, that it would hardly be for any long duration. They will recollect that on many parts of the Continent, young men of the easiest circumstances, and of rank and station in society, serve an apprenticeship in the regular army as privates, and submit to many of the discomforts of a private soldier's life, even without the excitement of a state of warfare. There is more danger of the volunteers failing through want of physical hardihood to endure the fatigue of long marches, exposure to the weather, and the casualties of service in the field; and, therefore, preparatory service in a camp would be needful, not only to make them good soldiers, but to test their powers of endurance: for it should be borne in



mind that a robust frame and strong constitution are essential to the efficiency of the soldier ; and wanting these physical requisites, the best shot would soon become incapacitated, and consequently an incumbrance to the service.

In some districts, the subscriptions raised for the general expenses of the volunteer corps are allowed to extend to aid the equipment of men of insufficient means to provide for themselves. This will have a most beneficial effect ; for such men will mostly be of a hardy class and accustomed to muscular activity or out-door occupations ; they will be selected because they possess the proper qualifications ; and many of them subsequently, with all their military acquirements, may join the established army. In proportion as this system shall be extended, will the advantages resulting from the volunteer system be increased.

Another very beneficial effect might be produced—and will probably arise out of the spirit of the rifle corps—in the establishment of rifle clubs for the practice of rifle-shooting as a recreation, with other out-door sports and games ; more especially if these can be encouraged, so as to become general among that class of young men from which recruits are obtained for the army. Whatever may have been said against too much faith being placed in good marksmen, as the *only* essential attribute for our defenders, most indisputably that army which, equally well regulated in other points, shall be much superior generally in the art of rifle-shooting, will have an enormous advantage over its opponent ; and even in a greater degree than is usually supposed.

There is one class of volunteers, the formation of which will be attended with unexceptionable advantages ; and that is localized bodies on the coast for service near their own homes. These may be either artillery or infantry, or better still, both combined : that is, infantry accustomed to exercise in the service of guns in battery. They will be always at their homes, and at their habitual occupations, till the period of action shall arrive ; and a very few hours of occasional evening exercise will be sufficient, particularly during peace time, to afford a basis of organization for bodies which may be then rapidly made very efficient during war. As their service will be chiefly in batteries, or in fortified posts—or if in the open field, only in greatly superior numbers, and within confined limits, to oppose desultory landings—they will not need the field equipment, nor that refined knowledge and practice so necessary in every part of an army in a campaign. Their dress may be of a plain description, such as an artisan's or gamekeeper's jacket, and a foraging cap, which, though of some uniform pattern, may be suitable for ordinary wear. By such means, our coasts may be powerfully protected from any but very formidable efforts against them, at the smallest expense and waste of resources ; and at the same time, these bodies will supply the place of regular troops, for which they will form an efficient substitute.

In advocating the expediency of rendering the volunteer system attractive among the labouring classes, as, generally speaking, the most robust

and hardy portion of the population, we must not be considered as implying any doubt of their thorough good feeling in the cause; it is absolutely necessary to stimulate, by some substantial recompence or boon, the exertions of those who are living, as it were, from hand to mouth, and on the smallest means. The inducement may be very moderate; still it should be such as to make the service in some degree popular and advantageous, and cause men who may be rejected or discharged to feel it as a punishment or misfortune.

Whatever may be said in the way of general considerations affecting the volunteer system, will admit of exceptions. Thus many of the difficulties in the way of the efficiency of volunteer corps for service in the field will be greatly lessened in the case of those which may be chiefly composed of young men of active habits, and not yet settled in life: such as university corps, who would, without doubt, display a degree of hardihood, spirit, and intelligence not to be surpassed by any troops. And so with regard to the local bodies. Such corps as the dockyard volunteers, at all those great establishments, public and private, should be replaced on an improved system;—a system which should avoid expense and encroachment on a valuable part of their time, which were the failings of their original organization, and occasioned their being broken up.

The noble spirit which originated the volunteer movement is one of which the nation may justly feel proud; it exhibits and fosters a patriotic and military spirit in the country, which will render us more fit than any other people to cope with a powerful enemy. The moral effect of this national movement will influence other countries; it will dissipate the erroneous idea that the English are only a trading, and not a warlike people, and make them more cautious of attacking us.

In actual service, the volunteers will be valuable behind works; thus releasing a corresponding number of the regular troops from garrison service: but it cannot be too strongly impressed upon them, that unless they will submit to the necessary training as soldiers, and are complete in organization as infantry, no general in the world will have any confidence in them as a field force. The occasional embodiment of our volunteers at some of the great camps, as before recommended, would appear the most available means of training them for general service. It would also have another good effect, by demonstrating to many who are now carried away by their enthusiasm, how far they may be really calculated or prepared for the necessary trials and sacrifices incidental upon taking the field in the emergency. It will then be perceived by many that their age, want of physical stamina, or inability to dispense with habitual comforts which may be absolutely necessary to them, would render them totally unequal to the task they would willingly undertake. It would be far better that these should be weeded from the field corps of volunteers, and not remain to give a false appearance of their strength for actual service.

Lastly, there may be some who, on reflection, must be aware that

certain family ties, or private concerns, may imperatively forbid their joining the service at the last moment, and it would be far better that they should withdraw betimes from the engagement. For it should be borne in mind that these bodies are *volunteers*, in the strictest sense of the term; their presence or continuance in the field cannot be constrained. The effort to bear all the trials and hardships of a campaign requires a patience and endurance which will yield, even where there is thorough ardour in the cause, and great personal courage, unless supported by physical strength. The Volunteer Corps is a service in which the country must trust entirely to the honour of the individuals composing it; and certainly, those who shall stand the test will be peculiarly entitled to the gratitude of the nation.

But while deprecating the employment in the field of any volunteers who are not hardy and trained soldiers, or who have households to protect and business to attend to, we must not be supposed to recommend the withdrawal from the ranks of all who are not available for actual service with regular troops: far from it. There is not a man who has been drilled as a volunteer but may be serviceable to the community in a variety of ways at home, by supplying the place of regular soldiers in mounting guard as sentries, acting as "orderlies" for transmitting orders between the government officers and head-quarters, as assistants in the hospital service, as extra clerks in the commissariat and other departments, and in serving as a military police. Indeed good service might be rendered to the country by gentlemen of character, ability, and intelligence, sufficiently *au fait* to the business of a soldier to execute with military precision and promptitude such duties as would not involve any greater amount of fatigue and exposure than a man of average health and strength could sustain without injury: they would form a body-guard, composed of fathers of families and the younger and less robust of the volunteers, for the protection of their homes and maintaining the peace of cities and towns; and competent to fill offices of trust in connection with the military and civil authorities. The country would thus derive the full benefit of the services of every volunteer in the kingdom; and no man who had entered the ranks but would have the satisfaction of knowing that he was serving his Queen and Country in the most effective way.

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## A Man of Letters of the Last Generation.

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THERE are fashions in books, as there are in the cut of clothes, or the building of houses; and if from the great library of our race we take down the representative volumes, we shall find that successive ages differ almost as much as the several countries of the world. The one half of the century scarcely knows what the other half has done, save through its lasting works, among which books alone possess the gift of speech. Yet the guild of literature properly knows no bounds of space or time. If the tricks of craft like those of society belong to the passing day, literature has been, beyond all other human influences, enduring and continuous in the main current of its spirit; and each period has been the stronger if it has recognized so much of its possessions as was inherited from its predecessor, including the power to conquer more. A powerful sense of brotherhood clings to all the veritable members of the fraternity, whose highest diploma is posthumous; and we cannot see the lingering representatives of a past day depart, without feeling that one of the great family has gone. A writer whom we have lost in the year just closed peculiarly associated past and present, by his own hopeful work for "progress" towards the future, and his affectionate lingering with the past, and above all by the strong personal feeling which he brought to his work. LEIGH HUNT belonged essentially to the earlier portion of the nineteenth century; but, born in the year when Samuel Johnson died, living among the old poets, and labouring to draw forth the spirit which the first half has breathed into the latter half of the century, he may be said to have been one of those true servitors of the library who unite all ages with the one we live in. The representative man of a school gone by, in his history we read the introduction to our own.

Isaac, the father of Leigh Hunt, was the descendant of one of the oldest settlers in luxurious Barbadoes. He was sent to develop better fortunes by studying at college in Philadelphia, where he unsettled in life; for, having obtained some repute as an advocate, and married the daughter of the stern merchant, Stephen Shewell, against her father's pleasure, Isaac contumaciously opposed the sovereign people by espousing the side of royalty, and fled with broken fortunes to England. Here he found not much royal gratitude, much popularity as a preacher in holy orders—taken as a refuge from want,—but no preferment. With tutorships, and help from relatives, he managed to rub on; he sent Leigh, the first of his sons born in England, to the school of Christ Hospital, and he lived long enough to see him an established writer. Isaac was a man rather under than above the middle stature, fair in complexion, smoothly handsome, so engaging in address as to be readily and undeservedly suspected of insincerity, and in most things utterly unlike his son. His wife, Mary Shewell, a tall, slender woman, with Quaker breeding, a dark thoughtful complexion, a heart tender beyond the wont of the world, and a conscience

tenderer still, contributed more than the father to mould the habits and feelings of the son. School and books did the rest. His earlier days, save during the long semi-monastic confinement of the Blue-coat School, were passed in uncertain alternations between the care-stricken home and the more luxurious houses of wealthier relatives and friends. In his time Christ Hospital was the very nursery for a scholarly scholar. It was divided into the commercial, the nautical, and the grammar schools; in all, the scholars had hard fare, and much church service; and in the grammar school plenty of Greek and Latin. Leigh's antecedents and school training destined him for the church; a habit of stammering, which disappeared as he grew up, was among the adverse accidents which reserved him for the vocation to which he was born—Literature. But before he left the unsettled roof of his parents, the youth had been to other schools besides Christ Hospital. His father had been a royalist flying from infuriated republicans, and doomed to learn in the metropolitan country the common mistrust of kings. He left America a lawyer, to become a clergyman here; and entered the pulpit a Church of England-man, to become, after the mild example of his wife, a Universalist. Born after his mother had suffered from the terrors of the revolution, and a severe attack of jaundice, Leigh inherited an anxious, speculative temperament; to be the sport of unimagi-native brothers, who terrified him by personating the hideous "Manticora," about which he had tremblingly read and talked, and of school-fellows, with their ghostly traditions and rough, summary, practical satire. He had been made acquainted with poverty, yet familiarized to the sight of ease and refined luxury. His father, if "socially" inclined, yet read eloquently and critically; his mother read earnestly, piously, and charitably; reading was the business of his school, reading was his recreation; and at the age of fifteen, he threw off his blue coat, a tall stripling, with West Indian blood, a Quaker conscience, and a fancy excited rather than disciplined by his scholastic studies, to put on the lax costume of the day, and be tried in the dubious ordeal of its laxer customs.

His severest trial arose from the vanities, rather than the vices to which such a youth would be exposed. He had already been sufficiently "in love,"—now with the anonymous sister of a schoolfellow, next with his fair cousin Fanny, then with the enchanting Almeria,—to be shielded from the worst seductions that can beset a youth; and he was early engaged to the lady whom he married in 1809. But the vanities beset him in a shape of unwonted power. The stripling, whose essays the terrible Boyer, of the Blue-coat School, had crumpled up, became the popular young author of published poems, and not much later the stern critic of the *News*, whose castigations made actors wince and playwrights launch prologues at him. Thenceforward the vicissitudes of his life, save in the inevitable vicissitudes of mortality, were professional rather than personal; though he always threw his personality into his profession. He tried a clerkship under his brother Stephen, an attorney; and a clerkship in the War Office, under the patronage of the dignified Mr. Addington;

but finally he left the desk, legal or official, for the desk literary, to devote himself to the *Examiner*, set up in 1808 with his brother John. He went to prison for two years in 1813, rather than forfeit his consistency as a political writer. It was as a vindicator of liberal principles in politics, sociology (word then unused), and art, that he attracted the friendship of Byron and Shelley; it was to accomplish the literary speculation of the *Liberal* that he set out for Italy in 1821; it was to study Italy and the Italians, with a view to "improve" that and other "subjects," that he stopped in Italy till the autumn of 1825. He returned to England to try his fortune with books in prose and verse, in periodicals of his own or others'; and it was in the midst of unrelinquished work that he placidly laid himself down to sleep in August, 1859,—his last words of anxiety being for Italy and her enlarging hopes, his latest breath uttering inquiries and messages of affection. This is essentially a literary life; but it is given to a literature in which there is life,—for Leigh Hunt, although he dwelled and passed his days in the library, was no "book-worm," divorced from human existence, its natural instincts and affections. On the contrary, he carried into his study a large heart and a strong pulse; to him the books spoke in the voice of his fellow-men, audible from the earliest ages, and he loved to be followed into his retreat by friends from the outer world.

Leigh Hunt certainly was not driven to this little-broken retirement by the want of qualities which are attractive in society, or by the tastes that render society attractive; but under the force of remarkable contradictions in his character, he was often fain to waive what he desired and could easily have—"letting *I would not wait upon I may*," with an apparent caprice most exasperating to the bystander. He professed readiness for "whatever is going forward," seemed eager to meet any approaching pleasure; and then hung back with a coy, reluctant, anxious delay, that forbore its own satisfaction altogether. Probably this apparent contradiction may be traced to his origin and nurture. According to all evidence respecting his immediate progenitors, he was little of a Hunt, save in his gaiety and avowed love of "the pleasurable." His natural energy, which showed itself in a robust frame, a powerful voice, a great capacity for endurance, and a strong will, seems to have been inherited from Stephen Shewell, the stern, headstrong, and implacable. From the Bickleys, possibly—the gallant Knight Banneret of King William's Irish wars will pardon the doubt—his mother transmitted her own material tendency to an over-conscientious, reflective, hesitating temperament, which drew back from any action not manifestly and imperatively dictated by duty. The son showed all these contradictory traits even in his aspect and bearing.

He was tall rather than otherwise,—five feet ten inches and a half when measured for the St. James's Volunteers; though, in common with men whose length is in the body rather than the legs, his height diminished as he advanced in life. He was remarkably straight and upright in his carriage, with a short, firm step, and a cheerful, almost dashing approach,—smiling, breathing, and making his voice heard in little inarticulate ejacu-

lations as he met a friend, in an irrepressible satisfaction at the encounter that not unfrequently conveyed high gratification to the arriver who was thus greeted. He had straight, black hair, which he wore parted in the centre; a dark but not pale complexion; features compounded between length and a certain irregularity of outline, characteristic of the American mould; black eyebrows, firmly marking the edge of a brow, over which was a singularly upright, flat, white forehead, and under which beamed a pair of eyes dark, brilliant, reflecting, gay, and kind, with a certain look of observant humour, that suggested an idea of what is called *sympathy* when it is applied to children or girls; for he had *not* the aspect given to him in one of his portraits, of which he said that "the fellow looked as if he had stolen a tankard." He had a head massive and tall, and larger than most men's,—Byron, Shelley, and Keats wore hats which he could not put on; but it was not out of proportion to the figure, its outlines being peculiarly smooth and devoid of "bumps." His upper lip was long, his mouth large and hard in the flesh; his chin retreating and gentle like a woman's. His sloping shoulders, not very wide, almost concealed the ample proportions of his chest; though that was of a compass which not every pair of arms could span. He looked like a man cut out for action,—a soldier; but he shrank from physical contest, telling you that his sight was short, and that he was "timid." We shall understand that mistaken candour better when we have examined his character a little further. Yet he did shrink from using his vigorous faculties, even in many ways. Nature had gifted him with an intense dramatic perception, an exquisite ear for music, and a voice of extraordinary compass, power, flexibility, and beauty. It extended from the C below the line to the F sharp above: there were no "passages" that he could not execute; the quality was sweet, clear, and ringing: he would equally have sung the music of *Don Giovanni* or *Sarastro*, of *Oroveso* or *Maometto Secondo*. Yet nature had not endowed him with some of the qualities needed for the practical musician,—he had no aptitude for mechanical contrivance, but faint enjoyment of power for its own sake. He dabbled on the pianoforte; delighted to repeat airs pleasing or plaintive; and if he would occasionally fling himself into the audacious revels of *Don Giovanni*, he preferred to be *Lindoro* or *Don Ottavio*; and still more, by the help of his falsetto, to dally with the tender treble of the *Countess in Figaro*, or *Polly in Beggars' Opera*. This waiving of the potential, this preference for the lightsome and tender, ran through all his character,—save when duty bade him draw upon his sterner resources; and then out came the inflexibility of the Shewell and the unyielding determination of the Hunts. But as soon as the occasion passed, the manner passed with it; and the man whose solemn, clear-voiced indignation had made the very floor and walls vibrate was seen tenderly and blandly extenuating the error of his persecutor and gaily confessing to a community of mistake.

While he was yet at school, Hunt was pronounced by one of his school-fellows a "fool for refining"—that is, one who was a fool in his judgment through a hair-splitting anxiety to be precise. A boy all his life, this

leading foible of his boyhood attended him throughout. He has been likened to Hamlet,—only it was a Hamlet who was not a prince, but a hard-working man. The defect was increased in Leigh Hunt, as it evidently was in the prince, by a certain imperfection in understanding, appreciating, or thoroughly mastering the material, tangible, physical part of nature. This, again, is inconsistent with his own account of himself, but it will be confirmed by a close critical scrutiny of his writings. Over-sensitive, he was exquisitely conscious of such physical perceptions as he had. He was passionately fond of music, which he took ~~to~~ as we have seen. He was keenly impressed by painting and by colours,—which he defined with uncertainty, unless they were, what he liked them to be, very intense. He revelled in the aspect of the country,—but needed literary, poetic, or personal association, or habit, to help the appreciation of the landscape. His animation, his striking appearance, his manly voice, its sweetness and flexibility, the exhaustless fancy to which it gave utterance, his almost breathlessly tender manner in saying tender things, his eyes deep, bright, and genial, with a dash of cunning, his delicate yet emphatic homage,—all made him a “dangerous” man among women;—and he shrank back from the danger, the quickest to take alarm; confessing that “to err is human,” as if he *had* erred in any but the most theoretical or imaginative sense! Remind him of his practical virtue, and, to disprove your too favourable construction, he would give you a sermon on the sins of the fancy, hallowed by quotations from the Bible—of which he was as much master as any clergyman—and illustrated by endless quotations from the poets in all languages, with innumerable biographical anecdotes of the said poets, to prove the fearful peril of the first step; and *also* to prove that, though men, they were not bad men;—that it is not for us to cast the first stone, and that, probably, if they had been different, their poetry would have suffered, to the grievous loss of the library and mankind.

He inculcated the study of minor pleasures with so much industry, that his writings have caused him to be taken for a minor voluptuary. His special apparatus for the luxury consisted in some old cloak to put about his shoulders when cold—which he allowed to slip off while reading or writing; in a fire—“to toast his feet”—which he let out many times in the day, with as many apologies to the servant for the trouble; and in a bill of fare, which he preposterously restricted for a fancied delicacy of stomach, and a fancied poison in everything agreeable, and which he could scarcely taste for a natural dulness of palate. Unable to perceive the smell of flowers, he habitually strove to imagine it. The Epicurean in theory was something like a Stoic in practice; and he would break off an “article” on the pleasures of feasting to ease his hunger, literally, with a supper of bread; turning round to enjoy by proxy, on report, the daintier food which he had provided for others. Eyeing the meat in another’s plate, he would quote Peter Pindar—

“On my life, I could turn glutton,  
On such pretty-looking mutton;”



but would still, with the relish of Lazarillo de Tormes, stick to his own "staff of life," and quaff his water, jovially repeating after Armstrong, "Nought like the simple element dilutes."

Now, most excellent reader, are you in something of a condition to understand the man's account of his own failings—his "improvidence" and his "timidity." He had no grasp of things material; but exaggerating his own defects, he so hesitated at any arithmetical effort, that he could scarcely count. He has been seen unable to find 8s. 6d. in a drawer full of half-crowns and shillings, since he could not see the "sixpence." Hence his stewardship was all performed by others. He laboured enormously,—making fresh work out of everything he did; for he would not mention anything, however parenthetically, without "verifying" it. Hence it is true that he had scarcely time for stewardship, unless he had neglected his work and wages as a master-workman. He saw nothing until it had presented itself to him in a sort of literary, theoretical aspect, and hence endowed his friends, all round, with fictitious characters founded on fact. One was the thrifty housewife, another the steady man of business, a third the poetic enthusiast—and so on. And he *acted* on these estimates, until sometimes he found out his mistake, and confessed that he "had been deceived." The discovery was sometimes as imaginary as the original estimate, and friends, whose sterling qualities he could not overrate, have seen him, for the discovery of his mistake in regard to some fancied grace, avert his eye in cold "disappointment." He made the same supposititious discoveries and estimates with himself. His mother had the jaundice before he was born; he had unquestionably a tendency to bilious affections; in the Greek poet's account of Hercules and the Serpents, the more timid, because mortal, child, who is aghast at the horrid visitors sent by the relentless Juno, is called, as Leigh Hunt translated the oft-repeated quotation, "the extremely bilious Iphiclus;" and being bilious, Leigh Hunt set himself down as "timid." He had probably felt his heart beat at the approach of danger, been startled by a sudden noise, or hesitated "to snuff a candle with his fingers," which Charles the Fifth said would make any man know fear. Yet he had braved persecution in the refusal to fag at school; was an undaunted though not skilful rider; a swimmer not unacquainted with drowning risks; undismayed, except for others, when passing the roaring torrent at the broad ford,—when braving shipwreck in the British Channel, or the thunder-hurricane in the Mediterranean; he instantly confronted the rustic boors who challenged him on the Thames, or in the Apennines, and stood unmoved to face the sentence of a criminal court, though the sentence was to be the punishment he most dreaded—the prison.

Such was the character of the man who came from school to be the critic, first of the drama, then of literature and politics; and then to be a workman in the schools where he had criticized. He brought to his labours great powers, often left latent, and used only in their superficial action; a defective perception of the tangible part of the subject; an

imagination active, but overrating its own share in the business; an impulsive will, checked by an over-scrupulous, over-conscientious habit of "refining;" a nice taste, and an overwhelming sympathy with every form and aspect of human enjoyment, suffering, or aspiration. His public conduct, his devotion to "truth," whether in politics or art, won him admiration and illustrious friendships. In a society of many severed circles he formed one centre, around which were gathered Lamb, Ollier, Barnes, Mitchell, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Hazlitt, Blanchard, Forster, Carlyle, and many more, departed or still living; some of them centres of circles in which Leigh Hunt was a wanderer, but all of them, in one degree or other, attesting their substantial value for his character. They influenced him, he influenced them, and through them the literature and politics of the century, more largely, perhaps, than any one of them alone. Let us see, then, what it was that he did.

Even in the *News* of 1805, when he was barely of age, and when he wrote with the dashing confidence of a youth wielding the combined ideas of Sam Johnson and Voltaire, the "damned boy," as Kemble called him, established a repute for cultivation, consistency, taste, and independence; and he originated a style of contemporary criticism unknown to the newspaper press. In other words, he brought the standards of criticism which had before been confined to the lecture of academies or the library, into the daily literature which aids in shaping men's judgments as they rise.

We have seen how, under a name borrowed from the Tory party, the *Examiner* was established, with little premeditation, a literary ambition, and the hope of realizing a modest wage for the work done. It found literature, poetry especially, sunk to the feeblest, tamest, and most artificial of graces, — the reaction upon the long-felt influence left by the debauchery of the Stuarts and the vulgarer coarseness of the early Georges. It found English monarchs and statesmen again forgetting the great lessons of the British constitution, with the press slavishly acquiescing. In 1808, an Irish Major had a "case" against the Horse Guards, of most corrupt and illicit favouritism: the *Examiner* published the case, and sustained it. In 1809, a change of ministry was announced: the *Examiner* hailed "the crowd of blessings that might be involved in such a change;" adding, "Of all monarchs, indeed, since the Revolution, the successor of George the Third will have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular." In 1812, on St. Patrick's day, a loyal band of guests significantly abstained from paying the usual courtesy to the toast of the Prince Regent, and coughed down Mr. Sheridan, who tried to speak up for his royal and forgetful friend. A writer in a morning paper supplied the omitted homage in a poem more ludicrous for its wretched verse than for the fulsome strain in which it called the Prince the "Protector of the Arts," the "Mæcenas of the Age," the "Glory of the People," a "Great Prince," attended by Pleasure, Honour, Virtue, Truth, and other illustrious vassals. The *Examiner* showed up this folly by simply turning it into English, and in plain language describing the position and popular estimate of the Prince.

For all these various acts the *Examiner* was prosecuted, with various fortunes; but in the last case it was fined 1,000*l.*, and its editor and publisher, the brothers Leigh and John Hunt, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The *Examiner* was no extravagant or violent paper; its writing was pretty nearly of the standard that would be required now for style, tone, and sentiment; but what would now be a matter of course in cultivated style, elevated tone, and independent sentiment, was then supposed to be not open to writers unprotected by privilege of Parliament. Not that the paper stood alone. Other writers, both in town and country, vied with it in independence; it excelled chiefly, perhaps, in the literary finish which Leigh Hunt imparted to journalism; but it was the more conspicuous for that finish. Its boldness won it high esteem. Offers came from "distinguished" quarters, on the one side, to bribe its silence for the Royal Horse Guards and its peccadilloes; on the other, to supply the proprietors with subscription, support, and retaliatory evidence. The *Examiner* equally declined all encroachments on its complete independence, which was carried to a pitch of exclusiveness. This conduct told. The journal was thought dangerous to the régime—it was prosecuted, and its success was only the greater. The Court ceased to be what it had been, and the political system changed: the press of England became generally what the *Examiner* was.

• The *Reflector* was a quarterly journal, based on the *Examiner* and its corps. Its more literary portion in its turn laid the basis for the *Indicator*, in which Leigh Hunt designed, with due deference, to revive the essays of the old *Spectator* and *Tatler*. The grand distinction was, that in lieu of mere literary recreation, like the illustrious work of Addison, Steele, and Swift, it more directly proposed to *indicate* the sources of pleasurable association and æsthetical improvement. In the *Reflector*, the *Indicator*, *Tatler*, and subsequent works of the same class, Leigh Hunt was assisted by Lamb, Barnes [afterwards editor of the *Times*], Aikin, Mitchell [Aristophanes], Keats, Shelley, Hazlitt, and Egerton Webbe,—the last cut short in a career rendered certain by his accomplishments, his music, his wit, and his extraordinary command of language as an instrument of thought. As in Robin Hood's band, each man could beat his master at some one art, or perhaps more; but none excelled him in telling short stories, with a simplicity, a pathos, and a force that had their prototype less in the tales of Steele and Addison, than in the romantic poets of Italy. Few essayists have equalled, or approached, Leigh Hunt in the combined versatility, invention, and finish of his miscellaneous prose writings; and few, indeed, have brought such varied sympathies to call forth the sympathies of the reader—and always to good purpose,—in favour of kindness, of reflection, of natural pleasures, of culture, and of using the available resources of life. He used to boast that the *Indicator* laid the foundation for the "two-penny trash" which assumed a more practical and widely popular form under Charles Knight's enterprise. It has had a host of imitators, but is still special, and keeps its place in the library.

Of his one novel, *Sir Ralph Esher*, suffice it to say; that he had desired to make it a sort of historical literary essay,—a species of unconcealed forgery, after the manner of a more cultivated and critical Pepys; and that the bookseller persuaded him to make it a novel:—of his dramatic works, —although he had an ambition to be counted among British dramatists, and had a discriminating dramatic taste,—that he combined, with the imperfect grasp of the tangible, a positive indifference to dramatic literature. The dramatic work which is reputed to be the most interesting of his compositions in this style, the *Prince's Marriage*, is still unacted and unpublished.

But in regard to the veritable British Parnassus, he had solid work to do, and he did it. Poetry amongst us had sunk to the lowest grade. Leigh Hunt found the mild Hayley, and the mechanical Darwin, occupying the field, Pope the accredited model, and he revolted against the copybook versification, the complacent subserviency and mean moralities of the muse in possession. He had read earnestly and extensively in the classics, ancient and English; he carried with him to prison the *Parnaso Italiano*, a fine collection of Italian poetical writers, in fifty-two volumes; and he was deeply imbued with the spirit which he found common to the poetical republic of all ages. He selected the episode of Paolo and Francesca, whom Dante places in the *Inferno*, and whose history was diligently hunted up to tell in the *Story of Rimini*. In it Leigh Hunt insisted on breaking the set cadence for which Pope was the professed authority, as he broke through the set morals which had followed in reaction upon the licence of many reigns. He shocked the world with colloquialisms in the heroic measure, and with extenuations of the fault committed by the two lovers against the law matrimonial. The offence, too, was perpetrated by a writer condemned to prison for bearding the constituted authorities. The poem and its fate were characteristic of the man and his position in poetical literature. The work was designed as a picture of Italy, and a tale of the natural affections rebelling against a tyranny more corrupt than the licence which it claimed to check. But when he wrote it, the poet had not been in Italy; and afterwards, with habitual anxiety to be "right," he corrected many mistakes in the scenery—such as "the smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees," where there are no such cottages as he imagined, and smoke is no feature in the landscape. He also restored the true historical conclusion, and instead of a gentlemanly duel, *comme il faut*, made the tale end in the fierce double murder by the husband. In its original shape, the *Story of Rimini* touched many a heart, and created more sensation for its bolder verse and nature than others which followed it; in its amended form it gained in truth to art and fact, and in force of verse and colouring. Leigh Hunt had not the sustained melody and pulpit morals of the Lake School; but he gave the example and encouragement to writers of still greater force and beauty. He vindicated human right against official wrong, and suffered imprisonment, and denunciation more bitter than that poured on Shelley, whose political vindications burst forth with such a torrent of eloquence and imagination in the *Revolt of Islam*. Leigh Hunt

asserted the beauty of natural passion,—but he did it tenderly and obliquely, himself returning from the slightest taste of passion to “the domesticities,” half begging pardon for his hardihood, and thus by implication confessing his naughtiness; and all the while hinting at the delicate subject of his tale by circumstance, rather than following it to its full inspirations. The greater part of the *Story of Rimini* is scene-painting, as if it were told by some bystander in the street, or some topographical visitor of the place. In the scene where the lovers so dangerously and fatally fall to reading “Launcelot of the Lake,”—“*quel giorno non legemmo più avanti*”—the larger portion of the canto is devoted to a description of the garden. Leigh Hunt does not, as Keats did, describe the sickening passion that gave the *Lamia* so ghastly a sense of her own hated form,—nor does he, as in the *Lamia*, pursue the couple to the place where Love

“Hover’d and buzz’d his wings with fearful roar  
Above the lintel of their chamber door.”

If pharisaical critics discovered objectionable “tendencies” in passages—almost in the omitted passages of his writings—they could find no such impetuous and sublime argument as that to which the *Revolt of Islam* rises in the canto where “the meteor to its far morass returned;” nor such lines as show that a fair authoress, whose book has been “the rage” at Mudie’s, had been among the myriads of Shelley’s readers. But although hesitating himself to plunge into the impetuous torrent of passion, like the fowl mistrustful of its own fitness for so stormy waters, Leigh Hunt was the friend, instigator, and encourager of that rebellion of letters which in the earlier half of our age produced Keats and Shelley, and the poetical literature of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Others improved upon the example, no doubt, and bore away the “honores.” At a late day, Lord John Russell obtained for Leigh Hunt a royal pension of £200 a year—a most welcome and gratefully acknowledged compensation of time and money torn from him in early years.

Leigh Hunt’s miscellaneous poems extend over a great variety of subjects, from the classic legend of *Hero and Leander*, to the mediæval fabliau of the *Gentle Armour*, and the satirical critique of the *Feast of the Poets*. This last was published early in the author’s maturer career; it is “in his second manner,” and he afterwards revised many of the dicta on contemporary writers which he placed in the mouth of the chairman on that festive occasion, Apollo. But it helped to loosen the trammels of conventionalism in verse. The *Gentle Armour*, although true to a modern refinement, is also true to the spirit of the days of chivalry; it relates, in straightforward language, how a knight who had refused the bidding of his mistress to defend a falsehood—not her own—is punished by receiving the most feminine of garments as his cognizance at a tournament; and how, wearing that alone, he takes in his own person a bloody and reproving vengeance for the slight, in the end winning both fight and lady. The subject was thought “indelicate” by some who were less refined than the author—some descendants, perchance, of the proverbial Peeping Tom

The *Hero and Leander* is a flowing and vivid recital of the ancient tale. The three works form good specimens of the spirit as well as execution of Leigh Hunt's poetical writings. Of some of his smaller pieces it may be said that they had become classic in his lifetime—such as the reverential sonnet “On the Lock of Milton's Hair” which he possessed; the exquisite parental tenderness of the lines “To T. L. H., in Sickness;” and the grandly Christian exaltation of charity in his *Abou-ben-Adhem*.

As few men brought their personality more thoroughly into their writings, so few men, out of the bookworm pale aforesaid, were more thoroughly saturated with literature. He saw everything through books, or saw it dimly. Speaking of his return from Italy, he writes:—“I seemed more at home in England, even with Arcadian idealisms, than I had been in the land nearer their birthplace; for it was in England I first found them in books, and with England even my Italian books were more associated than with Italy itself.” And speaking of the *Parnaso Italiano*, he goes on:—“This book aided Spenser himself in filling my English walks with visions of gods and nymphs,—of enchantresses and magicians; for the reader might be surprised to know to what a literal extent such was the case.” He used to “envy” the household waggon that one meets with in sequestered lanes” for its wanderings, but was daunted at the bare imagination of “parish objections” and raffish society; and so he ever recurred to “the stationary domesticities.” He failed in practical life, because he was not guided in it by literature. He could only apprehend so much of it as he found in the cyclopædia. On the other hand, he could render all that literature could give. His memory was marvellous; and to try him in history, biography, bibliography, or topography, was to draw forth an oral “article” on the topic in question. Ask him where was the Ouse, and he would tell you of all the rivers so called; what were the books on a given subject, and you had the list; “who was Colonel O’Kelly?” and you had a sketch of the colonel, of the horse “Eclipse,” of Epsom, and of horse-racing in general, as distinguished from the racing of the ancients or the modern riderless races of Italy—where, as in Florence, may still be seen a specimen of the biga sweeping round the meta “*fervidis evitata rotis*.” His conversation was an exhaustless *Curiosities of Literature*. The delighted visitor read his host,—but it was from a talking book, with cordial voice naturally pitched to every change of subject, animated gesture, sparkling eyes, and overflowing sympathy. In society Leigh Hunt was ever the perfect gentleman, not in the fashion, but always the scholar and the noble-minded man. But his diffidence was disguised, rather than removed, by his desire to agree with those around him, and to fall in with the humour of the hour. He was better known to his reader, either in his books, or, best of all, in his home, where familiarity tested his unfailing courtesy, daily intercourse brought forth the persevering goodness of his heart and conscience, and poverty did but fetch out the thorough-going generosity that not only “*would share*,” but did share the last crust.

# The Search for Sir John Franklin.

(FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER OF THE "FOX.")

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THE last of the Government expeditions in search of Franklin returned in 1854, without bringing further intelligence than had been previously ascertained, namely, that the missing ships had spent their first winter, 1845-46, at Beechey Island, and had departed thence without leaving a single record to say whence they came or in what direction they intended to explore in the following season.

The war with Russia engrossed the public attention, and the Admiralty determined that nothing more could be done for our missing sailors.

Franklin and his companions were pronounced to be dead, and the search to be closed. But many Arctic officers and private persons thought otherwise. By the extraordinary exertions of the previous expeditions the country to be searched had been reduced to a limited area in which the ships must be, if above water, and through which the crews must have travelled when they left their ships. Every other retreat from the Arctic Seas had been explored, and the Great Fish River alone remained unexamined.

Later in the same year (1854), Dr. Rae, the celebrated traveller for the Hudson Bay Company, who was endeavouring to ascertain the northern extreme of America, brought home intelligence, which he had obtained from the Esquimaux of Boothia, of forty white people having been seen upon the west coast of King William Land in the spring of 1850: that they were travelling southward, and that later in the same year it was supposed they had all died in the estuary of a large river, which Dr. Rae conjectured to be the Great Fish River.

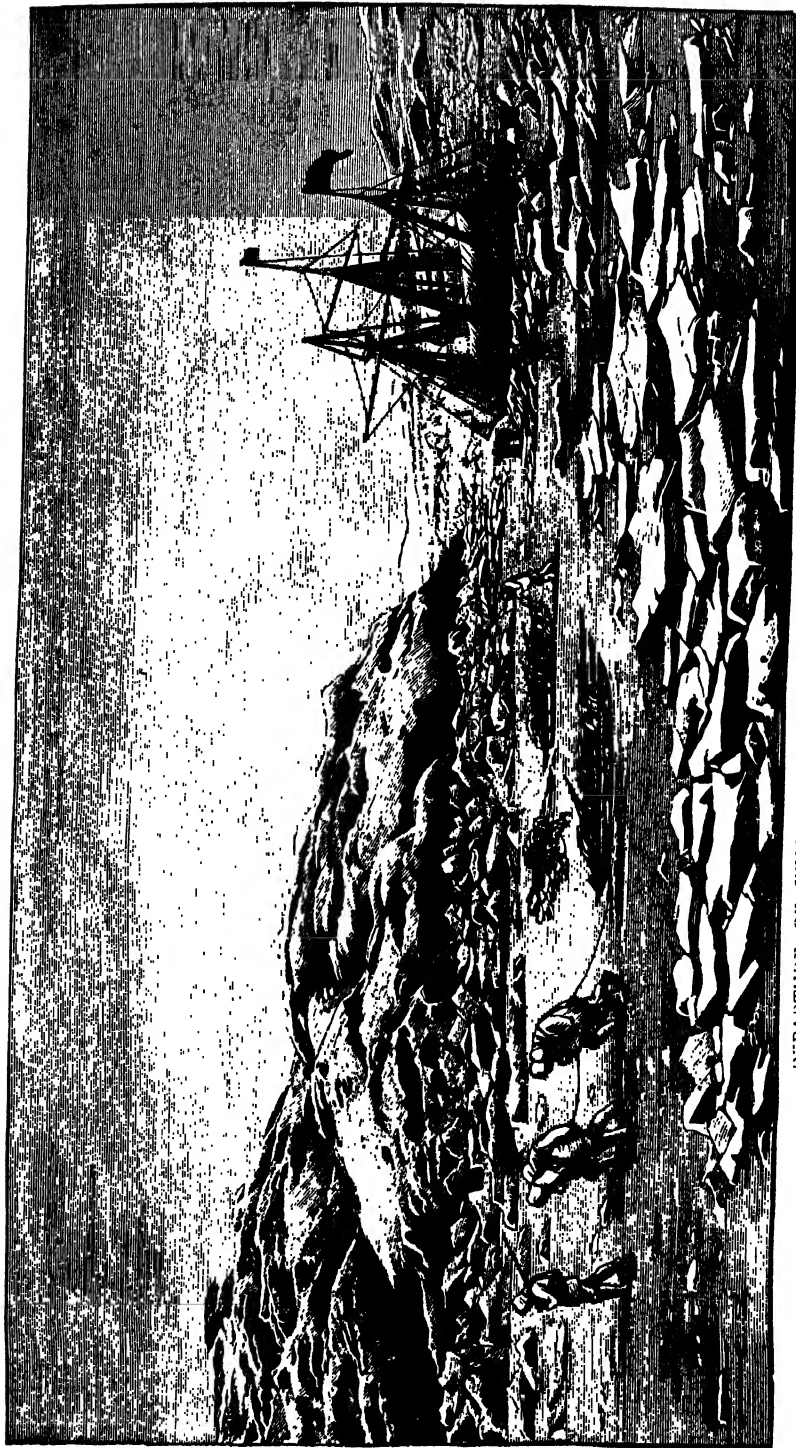
In 1855, the Hudson Bay Company, at the request of the Admiralty, sent an expedition, conducted by Mr. Anderson, to explore the Fish River. Mr. Anderson returned, having ascertained that a portion of the missing crews had been on Montreal Island, in the mouth of that river; but Mr. Anderson, without an interpreter, or the means of going beyond the island, could only gather the most meagre information by signs from the Esquimaux, and by a few relics found upon the land. Where the ships had been left, or what had become of the people, seemed as great a mystery as ever.

It was then that Lady Franklin (who had already sent out three expeditions) urged again that the search should be continued, and that our countrymen should not thus be left to their fate; but although her appeal was backed by the most competent officers, the season of 1856 passed away without endeavours to clear up the mystery; and determining that another year should not be lost in vain entreaties, Lady Franklin once more undertook the responsibilities and the expenses of a final effort to rescue our long-lost sailors from their perhaps living death among the









DEPARTURE OF EXPLORING PARTIES FROM PORT KENNEDY.



Esquimaux, or to follow up their footsteps in their last journey upon earth, and to give to the world the scientific results of the expedition for which those gallant men had given up their lives.

In the spring of 1857 Lady Franklin commenced preparations for the contemplated expedition. She was supported by some of the most distinguished Arctic officers and scientific men, and the friends of Sir John Franklin, among whom were Sir Roderick Murchison, General Sabine, Captain Collinson, and many others.

To Captain M'Clintock was offered the command; and he who had served in three previous expeditions, and to whom are principally due the results of the extraordinary journeys over the ice that have been made during the search for Franklin, cheerfully accepted the appointment, as, in his own words, being the post of honour.

The next thing was to seek a suitable vessel, and fortunately the *Fox* was in the market. Built for a yacht of some 180 tons register, with auxiliary steam-power applied to a lifting screw, the *Fox* appeared in every way adapted for the service. She was at once purchased, and the necessary alterations and fortifying commenced; and such was the feeling of confidence in Captain M'Clintock's sincerity of purpose, his daring and determination, combined with eminent talent, and every qualification for command, that numbers sought the honour of serving with him. The few who were so fortunate as to be selected were soon appointed in their different capacities, and by the exertions of Lady Franklin and Captain M'Clintock everything that could possibly conduce to the comfort or recreation of the ship's company was supplied, and the *Fox* was ready for sea by the end of June.

We intended first to touch at some of the Danish settlements in Greenland, to purchase sledge-dogs; then to proceed to Beechey Island, and there to fill up stores from the depôt left by Sir E. Belcher. We were next to endeavour to sail down Peel Sound (supposed to be a strait), but failing by that channel, to try down Regent's Inlet, and by the supposed Bellot Straits to reach the neighbourhood of the Great Fish River; and having in the summer of 1857 and following spring searched the adjacent country, we should return home either westward by Behring's Straits, or by our outward route, according to circumstances. If we failed to reach King William Land or the Fish River, it was our intention to winter as near the desired position as possible, and by means of sledge journeys over the ice, to complete the search in the following spring. We hoped to finish the work in one year; but in this we were to be disappointed, as the narrative will show.

We left Aberdeen on July 1, 1857; and after a favourable run across the Atlantic, we made our first acquaintance with the Arctic Seas when near the meridian of Cape Farewell, by falling in with the drift-wood annually brought from Arctic Asia by the great current known as the Spitzbergen current—the shattered and mangled state of these pine logs bearing evidence of their long water-and-ice-borne drift. This great

Arctic current brings masses of ice from the Spitzbergen seas, at seasons completely filling up the fiords, harbours, and indentations on the south coast of Greenland, and often in a pack extending for 100 miles southward of Cape Farewell. A whole fleet of whale ships were, in June, 1777, beset in lat.  $76^{\circ}$  north, and nearly in the meridian of Spitzbergen, and were drifted southward by the current, until one by one they were crushed. The last and only surviving ship arrived in October, in latitude  $61^{\circ}$ , in Davis' Straits, and the crew escaped to the land near Cape Farewell, 116 in number, out of 450 men, who only a few short months before were looking forward to a happy return to their homes.

Late in the summer, the weather mild and the nights short, and with steam-power at command, we had no occasion for much anxiety about this ice, but determined to push direct for Frederickshaab, and with a fair wind we steered to pass within sight of Cape Farewell. On the night of the 13th July, we were becalmed, and on the following day we steamed slowly to the north-westward, amidst countless numbers of sea-birds. At daylight the coast of Greenland showed out in all its wild magnificence. Cape Farewell bore north  $45^{\circ}$  east, distant twenty-five miles; but from the peculiar formation of the adjacent land the actual cape is difficult to distinguish. Hitherto we had not seen the Spitzbergen ice; and we hoped that we might follow the coast round to Frederickshaab without obstruction; but in the course of the forenoon a sudden fall in the temperature of the sea, with a haziness in the atmosphere to the northward, indicated our approach to ice. Straggling and water-washed pieces were soon met with, and in the evening the distant murmur of the sea, as it broke upon the edge of ice-floes, warned us of our being near to a pack.

We made but little progress during the two following days, the winds being from the northward, and a dense ice-fog rolling down from the pack. On the 17th, Frederickshaab bearing N.  $28^{\circ}$  E., distant fifty miles, we determined upon endeavouring to push through the pack; and after being at times completely beset, and with a constant thick fog, we escaped into the inshore water, with a few slight rubs, having been carried by the drifting body of ice nearly thirty miles northward of our port. We sounded upon the Tallert bank; and on the fog lifting, the great glacier of Frederickshaab was revealed to us, and we bore away for the harbour, which we reached on the 19th. We had a little difficulty at first in making out the entrance to Frederickshaab; but a native kyack coming out to meet us, we were soon escorted in by a fleet of these small canoes.

We found the natives busily breaking up the wreck of an abandoned timber ship, which had drifted to their harbour, with a few of the lower tiers of cargo still in her; and another wreck was said to be lying upon the Tallert bank—the same wreck, it is said, which Prince Napoleon had boarded on his homeward passage in the *Atlantic* the previous year, and had left a record on her to prove the currents round Cape Farewell.

The Danish authorities, ever ready to assist vessels entering the Greenland ports, supplied us with everything in their power, and after purchas-

ing some cod-fish from the natives, we proceeded on our voyage. On leaving Frederickshaab, we experienced strong north winds, and had to beat up between the pack and the land, until off the settlement of Fiskernaas, on July 23rd. The temperature of the sea then rose from 35° to 46° Fahrenheit; and seeing no ice, we considered that we were past the limits of the Spitzbergen stream. Finding that our foretop mast-head was sprung, we ran into Fiskernaas, to repair it. We purchased more cod-fish at Fiskernaas, at an almost nominal price. These fish are very plentiful, and the Danish authorities annually collect about 30,000 from the Esquimaux, to be dried, and again served out to them in the winter, the habits of the natives being so improvident, that they will not make this provision for themselves. Having made a few magnetic and other observations, we sailed for Godhaab to procure a passage home for one of our seamen, who, it was feared, was too ill in health to stand the rigours of an Arctic winter. We met the Danish schooner coming out, and the captain kindly received our invalid on board, and took our letters for home. Outside Godhaab lie the Koku Islands, upon which Egede first landed in 1721, and commenced recolonizing Greenland. The mainland here is divided into four fiords, the largest being Godhaab Fiord (or Baal's River on old charts), which extends up to the inland ice, and upon the shores of which are still to be seen many ruins of the ancient Scandinavians. Upon the Koku Islands we were near leaving the *Fox*, for in coming out, the wind fell suddenly calm, and the steam being down, we were drifting with a strong tide fast upon the rocks, and we only just towed the ship clear with all our boats. We now steered for Diskoe, and after passing some magnificent icebergs, one of which we found by measurement to be 270 feet above the sea, we saw the precipitous cliffs of the island, entered the harbour of Godhavn at night, and sailed on the following day for the beautiful fiord of Diskoe, where a smart young Esquimaux, Christian, by name, was received on board, as dog-driver to the expedition. We had not time to examine this fine fiord, which has never been explored, and which is thought to be of great extent; nor had we time to visit the Salmon River; but our guide brought us a few fish, and with salmon-trout and ptarmigan for breakfast, and a bouquet of flowers from the ladies of Godhavn upon the gun-room table, we had no cause to complain of the Arctic regions so far.

We next steered for the Waigat Straits, intending to take in coals from the mines there. As we passed Godhavn, the Esquimaux guide seated himself in his kyack on the deck, and, notwithstanding a rough sea, he was launched out of the gangway at his own request; a feat wonderful to us, but evidently not strange to him, as he paddled away to the shore without further notice. The native kyack is so small and crank, that the natives cannot get in or out of it alongside a ship; but are generally pulled up or lowered with it in the bight of two ropes' ends.

As we approached the Waigat, thousands of eider ducks covered the water, and we shot many of the younger ones, but the old birds were too

crafty for us, and kept out of range. We now never lost an opportunity of adding to our stock of fresh provisions, which already began to make a show in the rigging, where we could feast our eyes upon salmon, eider ducks, looms, cod-fish, ptarmigan, and seal beef, besides two old goats, that we had purchased at Frederickshaab. We entered the Waigat on August 3rd, on a beautiful day; and for wild and desolate grandeur, I suppose these straits have no equal—lofty, rugged mountains here abruptly facing the sea, or there presenting a sloping moss-covered declivity—mountain torrents, and the small streams, which, leaping over the very summits, at an elevation of 3,000 to 4,000 feet, appear from beneath like threads of spun glass. In some places may be seen the foot of a glacier high up a ravine, as if there arrested in its course, or not yet grown sufficiently to fill up the valley, and bring its blight down to the sea; in other places beautiful valleys, green and grass-clothed, where the hare and ptarmigan love to pass their short summer with their young broods. The sea itself is scarcely less picturesque than the land; for thousands of icebergs, of every size and fantastic form, cast off from the ice-streams of the mainland, sail continually in these beautiful straits.

We found the coal mine without difficulty, the seams of coal cropping out of the cliffs under which we anchored. It was a very exposed position, and the ground hard; the only safe way to lie would be by making fast to a piece of grounded ice, if one can be found, as anchors will not hold.

In the early spring the ice-foot forms a natural wharf, and the coals may be collected, and at high water the boats can go alongside to receive the sacks. Now that steam has been introduced into the whale fishery, these coal mines must sooner or later become much frequented, and it is to be hoped that so valuable a resource will be taken advantage of. If moorings could be laid down, and natives from the opposite settlement of Atenadluk employed to collect coals in readiness for embarkation, a ship might readily fill up in a few hours.

We had scarcely completed our coaling, when the weather began to threaten, the barometer fell, and shortly after noon it blew almost a gale from the southward. Our anchors soon began to jump over the ground, and the drift ice to set in. Steam was immediately got ready, and we ran through the straits to the north-westward. Passing the magnificent headland of Swarten Huk, we touched at the settlement of Proven to purchase dogs and seal-beef, and then bore away for Upernavik, steering close along the coast, and intending to attack the breeding-place of looms, at Saunderson's Hope; but a strong south-west wind and high sea prevented our sending in the boats. Arrived off Upernavik, we obtained more dogs, and having left our last letters for home, we bore away, on the afternoon of August 6, to try to cross Baffin's Bay.

We were now fairly away from the civilized world, and all that we could look forward to, or hope for, was a speedy passage through the middle pack of Baffin's Bay, a satisfactory finish of the work before us on the other side, and a return the following year to England. We had a fine

ship and a fine crew, all eager to commence the more active duties of sledge travelling; and, indeed, on looking at our thirty large and ravenous dogs that crowded our decks, we could not but think that our sledge parties would solve, in the following spring, the extraordinary mystery of Franklin's fate. How these hopes were to be disappointed that year the sequel will show. It is well for us that we cannot know what the morrow may bring forth. During August 7 and 8, we steered out due west from Upernavik to try to cross in that parallel of latitude; but on the evening of the latter day, the keenness of the air, the ice-blink ahead, and the fast increasing number of bergs, prepared us for seeing the Middle Pack. In the evening and during that night we passed streams of loose sailing ice, and on the morning of the 8th further progress was stopped by impentable floes. This was in lat.  $72^{\circ} 40'$  north, long.  $59^{\circ} 50'$  west.

Getting clear of the loose ice in the pack edge, we steered to the northward, to look for an opening in any place where we could attempt a passage. The ice, however, presented an impenetrable line, and having reached, on August 12, latitude  $75^{\circ} 10'$  north, longitude  $58^{\circ}$  west, we made fast to an iceberg aground under the glacier. It was a lovely evening; the sky bright and clear, and the thermometer standing at  $36^{\circ}$  in the shade. Seals were playing about the ship, and we added to our stock of beef. But a dreary prospect rather damped our pleasure. The ice extended in one unbroken mass right into the land, and pressed hard upon the very coast; not a drop of water could be seen from the masthead, in the direction in which we desired to go. The southerly winds, before which we had been running, appeared to have driven the whole pack into the head of Melville Bay. The season was passing away, and without an early change to wind and a continuance of it from the northward, we were almost without a hope.

In the evening we visited the glacier, but the *débris* of shattered ice, and the innumerable bergs and floe pieces, prevented our getting close to its base. It was a beautifully calm night; not a sound to be heard, save the crashing of some enormous mass rent from the face of the glacier, or distant rumbling of the vast inland ice, as it moved slowly down towards the sea. Far away over the continent, nothing but the surface of glacier could be seen, excepting here or there a mountain peak, showing up through the ice; and the bright glare of the ice-blink shot up into the sky, giving a yellow tinge to the otherwise deep blue vault of heaven. Flights of ducks winged their way to the southward, reminding us that it was the season when those desolate regions were deserted, and that we should be left alone. Our distant ship was lying so surrounded with huge and lofty bergs, that only her masthead could be seen through an opening; and a low melancholy howling (such as an Esquimaux dog alone knows how to make) occasionally broke upon the ear—for our dogs had all gone up to the very top of a lofty berg, and were thus expressing their home-sick longings, and, perhaps, a foreboding of the unhappy fate that awaited many of them.

We lay secured to the iceberg until the 16th August, when the wind changed to the north-eastward, and the floes began to move off the land



and to separate. Now or never were we to get through; for to lose this opportunity would have shut us out from crossing that year, and have left us no other resource than to return to Greenland for the winter. M'Clintock was not the man to turn back from his work, but would rather risk everything than leave a chance of our thus passing an inactive winter. The *Fox* was therefore steered into a promising lead or lane of water, and all sail made to the breeze. We were in high spirits, and talked of getting into the west water on the morrow. But at night a dense fog came on, the wind shifted to the southward, and the floes again began to close upon and around us. There was no help for us—we were beset, and it appeared hopelessly so; for the season was fast passing away, and the new ice beginning to form. On the 17th the wind increased, and the weather was dark and dreary. We struggled on for a few ship's lengths by the power of steam and canvas, and at night we unshipped the rudder, and lifted the screw, in anticipation of a squeeze.

During the three weeks following we lay in this position, endeavouring, by every means, to move the ship towards any visible pool or lane of water. Once only did our hopes revive. On September 7, the wind had again been from the north-westward; the ice had slackened, and we made a final and desperate attempt to reach some water seen to the northward of us. We were blasting with gunpowder, heaving, and warping during the whole day, but at night the floes again closed. We had not now even a retreat; the tinker had come round, as the seamen say, and soldered us in; and from that time until the 17th of April, 1858, we never moved, excepting at the mercy of the ice, and drifted by the winds and currents. We had lost all command over the ship, and were freezing in the moving pack.

Preparations for the winter were now made in earnest. We had thirty large dogs to feed besides ourselves, and we lost no opportunity of shooting seals. The sea-birds had all left for the southward; and the bears, which occasionally came to look at the ship, we could not chase, from the yet broken state of the ice. Provisions were got up upon deck, sledges and travelling equipages prepared, boats' crews told off, and every arrangement made by the Captain in the event of our being turned out of the ship. As the winter advanced, the ship was housed over with canvas, and covered with snow; and we had made up our minds for a winter in the pack and a drift—whither? This we could not tell, but we argued from the known constant set to the southward, out of Baffin's Sea and Davis' Straits, that if our little ship survived through the winter, we should be released in the southern part of Davis' Straits during the following summer.

We were then in latitude 75° 24' north, longitude 64° 31' west, and westward of us could be seen a formidable line of grounded bergs, towards which, by our observations, we were driving. Our next eight months were passed in a manner that would be neither interesting to read nor to relate; but a few extracts from a private journal will show our mode of life.

*Sept. 16.*—We passed the grounded bergs last night, after considerable

anxiety, for we feared we might be driven against them. We saw the floes opening and tearing up as sod before the plough; and had we come in contact with them, the ship must have been instantly destroyed. We are out all day long, by the sides of the water-pools, with our rifles, and shoot the seals in the head when they come up to breathe; they are now getting fat, and do not sink so readily as in the summer.

Oct. 17.—We obtained good observations, and found that we have drifted north-west 65 miles, since the 15th inst. It has been blowing hard from the south-eastward, and we consider that we have thus been carried helplessly along by the effect of a single gale.

Nov. 2.—A bear came to look at the ship at night, and our dogs soon chased him on to some thin ice, through which he broke. All hands turned out to see the sport, and notwithstanding the intense cold many of the people did not wait to put on their extra clothes. The bear was dispatched with our rifles, after making some resistance, and maiming several of the dogs. We have not seen the sun to-day; he has now taken his final departure from these latitudes. It is getting almost too dark to shoot seals, and we employ ourselves with such astronomical observations as are necessary to fix our position, and to calculate our drift, with observations upon the thermometer, barometer, and meteorology generally.

Nov. 28.—After a zigzag drift out to the westward, until the 24th inst., into latitude  $75^{\circ} 1' N.$ , longitude  $70^{\circ} W.$ , we have commenced a southern drift, and we trust now to progress gradually out of the straits, until released in the spring. We have had considerable commotion and ruptures in the ice-floes lately, but fortunately the nips have not come too close to us. We ascend the masthead, to the crow's-nest, every morning, to look out for water, for our dogs are getting ravenous, and we want food for them.

December 4.—Poor Scott died last night, and was buried through the floe this evening, all hands drawing his earthly remains upon a sledge, and the officers walking by the side. It was a bitterly cold night, the temperature  $35^{\circ}$  below zero, with a fresh wind, and the beautiful paraselene (ominous of a coming gale) lighting us on our way. The ice has been more quiet lately, and we are becoming more reconciled to our imprisonment.

A reading, writing, and navigation school has commenced, and our Captain loses no opportunity of attending to the amusement and recreation of the men, so necessary in this dreary life. Besides the ordinary duties of cleaning the ship, the men are exercised in building snow houses, and preparing travelling equipage.

December 21.—The winter solstice. We have about half an hour's partial daylight, by which the type of *The Times* newspaper may be just distinguished on a board facing the south, where, near noon, a slight glimmer of light is refracted above the horizon, while in the zenith and northward the stars are shining brilliantly. In the absence of *light and shade* we cannot see to walk over the ice, for the hummocks can scarcely be distinguished from the floe; all presents a uniform level surface, and, in walking, one constantly falls into the fissures, or runs full butt against

the blocks of ice. We must now, therefore, be content with an hour or two's tramp alongside, or on our snow-covered deck under housing; and, during the remainder of the day, we sit below in our little cabin, which has now crystallized by the breath condensing and freezing on the bulkheads, and we endeavour to read and talk away the time. But our subjects of conversation are miserably worn out; our stories are old and oft-repeated; we start impossible theories, and we bet upon the results of our new observations as to our progress, as we unconsciously drift and drift before the gale. At night we retire to our beds, thankful that another day has passed; a deathlike stillness reigns around, broken only by the ravings of some sleep-talker, the tramp of the watch upon deck, a passing bear causing a general rousing of our dogs, or a simultaneous rush of these poor ravenous creatures at our cherished stores of seal-beef in the shrouds; and, as we listen to the distant groaning and sighing of the ice, we thank God that we have still a home in these terrible wastes.

*December 28.*—During Divine service yesterday, the wind increased, and towards the afternoon we had a gale from the north-westward, attended with an unusual rise of temperature; to-day the gale continues, with a warm wind from the N.N.W.

"The Danish settlers at Upernavik, in North Greenland, are at times startled by a similar sudden rise of temperature. During the depth of winter, when all nature has been long frozen, and the sound of falling water almost forgotten, rain will fall in torrents; and as rain in such a climate is attended with every discomfort, this is looked upon as a most unwelcome phenomenon. It is called the *Warm South-east Wind*. Now, if the Greenlanders at Upernavik are astonished at a warm *South-east Wind*, how much rather must the seamen, frozen up in the pack, be astonished at a warm *North-west Wind*. Various theories have been started to account for this phenomenon; but it appears most probable that a rotatory gale passes over the place, and that the rise in temperature is due to the direction from which the whole *mass of air* may come, viz. from the southward, and not to the direction of *wind* at the time."

Let us now return to the narrative, for our days were now becoming mere repetitions of each other. We saw no change, nor did we hope for any until the spring. Gale followed gale; and an occasional alarm of a disruption in the ice, a bear or seal hunt, formed our only excitement; indeed, we sometimes hoped for some crisis, were it only to break the dreadful monotony of our lives. Our walks abroad afforded us no recreation; on the contrary, it was really a trying task to spin out the time necessary for exercise. Talk of a dull turnpike-road at home! Are not the larks singing and the farm boys whistling? But with us what a contrast! Our walks were without an object; one had literally nothing to see or hear; turn north, south, east, or west, still snow and hummocks. You see a little black mark waving in the air: walk to it—it is a crack in a hummock. You think a berg is close to you; go to it—still a hummock refracted through the gloom. The only thing to do is to walk to windward, so as

to be certain of returning safe and not frostbitten, to pick out a smooth place, and form imaginary patterns with your footprints. Philosophers would bid us think and reflect; but if philosophers were shut up with us amid the silence and darkness of an Arctic winter, they would probably do as we did—endeavour to get away from their thoughts.

By the 29th of January, we had drifted into latitude  $72^{\circ} 46'$  north, longitude  $62^{\circ}$  west, and by the aid of refraction we saw the sun for the first time since November 2. We ought indeed to have greeted him on a meridian far westward of our present position, but it had been out of power to do more this year, and we could only hope for more success in the next. The weather had now become intensely cold, the mercury was frozen, and the spirit thermometer registered  $46^{\circ}$  below zero. We had great difficulty in clearing our bed-places of ice, and our blankets froze nightly to the ship's side; but we had the sun to shine upon us, and that made amends for all. What a different world was now before our eyes! Even in those dreary regions where nothing moves, and no sounds are heard save the rustling of the snowdrift, the effects of the bright sun are so exhilarating that a walk was now quite enjoyable. If any one doubt how necessary light is for our existence, just let him shut himself up for three months in the coal-cellar, with an underground passage into the ice-house, where he may go for a change of air, and see if he will be in as good health and spirits at the end of the experiment as before. At all events, he will have obtained the best idea one can form at home of an Arctic winter in a small vessel, save that the temperature of the Arctic ice-house is  $-40^{\circ}$ , instead of  $+32^{\circ}$ , as at home; only  $72^{\circ}$  difference!

On the 14th of February some of us walked out to where the ice was opening to the northward, and saw a solitary dorekie in winter plumage. These beautiful little birds appear to winter on the ice. The water, appearing deep black from the long absence of any relief from the eternal snow, was rippled by a strong wind, and the little waves, so small as to be compared to those of the Serpentine at home, sending forth to us a new, and, consequently, joyous sound, induced us to linger long by the side of the small lake—so long, that we were only reminded, by our faces beginning to freeze, that we were at least three miles from the ship, a gale blowing with thick snow-drift—besides no chance of getting anything for the pot.

A memorable day was the 26th of February, when we opened the skylight and let in daylight below, where we had been living for four months by the light of our solitary dips. The change was indeed wonderful, and at first uncomfortable, for it exposed the manner in which we had been content to live. With proper clothing you may laugh at the climate, if not exposed too long without food. It is not the cold outside that is to be feared, but the damp, and plague-engendering state of things below. This can only be guarded against by having good fires and plenty of light.

Towards the latter end of March, the ice was getting very unquiet, and we had frequent disruptions close to the ship. On the night of the

25th of March, a wide fissure, which had been opening and closing during the previous fortnight, closed with such force as to pile up tons and tons of ice within forty yards of the ship, and shattered our old floe in a line with our deck. The nipping continued, and on the following night a huge block was hurled within thirty yards from us. Another such a night and the little *Fox* would have been knocked into lucifer matches, and we should have been turned out upon the floe.

April was ushered in with a continuance of heavy northerly gales; we were constantly struggling with the ice. We were three times adrift, and expecting to see our ship destroyed; and on the night of the 5th, the floes opened, and as their edges again came together, they threatened to tear everything up. We were on deck throughout the night; our boats and dogs were cut off from us, but with great exertion we managed to save the dogs, although we nearly lost some of our men who went in search of them. We that night secured the ship by the bower chains, and we afterwards had a few days' quiet. On the 10th we saw the mountain peaks about Cape Dyer, on the west side of Davis' Straits, the first land seen since the previous October. We had drifted into lat.  $66^{\circ} 5' N.$ , and long.  $58^{\circ} 41' W.$ ; and we hoped that after passing Cape Walsingham, the pack would open out.

On April 17, in a heavy storm, a general breaking-up of the ice took place, and we were turned completely out of our winter dock, and into an apparently open sea. A scene of wild confusion ensued; the floes were driving against each other in all directions, and the whole ocean of ice appeared in commotion, while a blinding snow-drift distorted and magnified every surrounding object. Our first care was to save our dogs; but as an Esquimaux dog always expects either a thrashing or to be put in harness when approached by a man, and the poor creatures were terror-stricken with the storm, they ran wildly about over the ice, and many of them were obliged to be abandoned to their fate, after sharing the perils of the winter with us. On board the ship, preparations were made to get her under command; for we were driving down upon the lee, and into loose ice, where our men could not have rejoined us with the boats. We shipped the rudder, and soon got some canvas upon the vessel, and having got the men and boats safely on board, we steered to the eastward, and really thought that we were released. A dark water-sky hung over the eastern horizon, and we thought that we were not far from the open ocean. But we had not proceeded more than some seventeen miles, when at midnight we came to a stoppage. It was fearfully dark and cold, and with the greatest difficulty we cleared the masses of ice. The water space in which we worked the ship became gradually less and less; we flew from side to side of this fast decreasing lake, until at last we had not room to stay the vessel. By 4 A.M. we were again beset.

We now commenced a second drift with the pack, which took us down to latitude  $64^{\circ}$  north, and longitude  $57^{\circ}$  west, on the 25th April, when, towards midnight, a swell entered into the pack, and gradually increased.

until the ice commenced churning up around the vessel, and dashing against her sides. These violent shocks continued throughout the morning, and really seemed as if they would soon destroy the ship. However, by the power of steam, we got the vessel's head towards the swell, and with a strong fair wind, we commenced pushing out. After many narrow escapes from contact with the icebergs, we were by night in comparatively open water. We were free! and steered a course for the settlement of Holsteinborg, in Greenland, to recruit, and to prepare for another attempt. What a change on the following morning! Not a piece of ice could be seen, save a few distant bergs. We once more had our little vessel dancing under us upon the waters, innumerable sea-birds flew around us, and the very sea, in contrast to its late frozen surface, appeared alive with seals and whales. All nature seemed alive, and we felt as if we had risen from the dead! In the evening, the snow-covered peaks of Sukkertoppen were seen, and on the 28th of April, we moored in Holsteinborg harbour. Our anchors had not been down, nor had our feet touched the land since the 3rd of August. Ice-bound and imprisoned, we had drifted upwards of 1,200 miles. Need it be added how thankful we were to that kind Providence who had watched over us, and under Him to our gallant Captain, to whose unremitting attentions to our comforts and safety we owed our health and deliverance!

The winter in Greenland had been very severe, and the country was still snow-covered, and without an indication of spring. The natives were scarcely aroused from their winter's sleep, and all our expectations of venison and ptarmigan feasts soon vanished. Very few reindeer had yet been taken, the season not commencing before July, when the hunters go up the fiords and kill them by thousands for the sake of their skins alone, leaving their carcasses to be devoured by the wolves.

Our men, however, were bent upon enjoying themselves, and as Jack's wants are few, with the aid of a couple of fiddlers and some bottles of grog, they kept up one continuous ball—patronized by all the fair Esquimaux damsels—in the dance-house on shore. The whole population had turned out to meet us. We were entertained by the kind-hearted dames upon stockfish and seal-beef, and such luxuries as they could afford, with a hearty welcome to their neat and cleanly houses; and we in our turn endeavoured to do the hospitalities on board the *Fox* with pickled pork and preserved cabbage. It was new life to us, who had been confined so long in our little den, thus to mingle with these friendly people. Never was sympathy more needed. We arrived hungry and unshaven, our faces begrimed with oil-smoke, our clothes in tatters; the good women of Holsteinborg worked and washed for us, repaired our sadly disreputable wardrobes, danced for us, sang to us, and parted from us with tears and a few little presents by way of *souvenirs*, as if we could ever forget them. We wrote a few hasty letters, hoping that they would reach home in the autumn, and sailed once more upon our voyage.

We wished to call at Godhavn for another Esquimaux and some more

dogs, besides a few stores, of which we stood in need; so, sailing up the coast, we arrived off the harbour on the night of May 10, but an impenetrable stream of loose ice blockaded the entrance. It was a wild night, and snowing heavily; sea, air, ice islands and icebergs seemed all mingled in one common haze. We endeavoured to haul off the land, and near midnight we narrowly escaped destruction upon an island, which, seen suddenly on the lee-beam, was at first taken for a berg. We all thought our ship must be dashed upon the rocks, and we were only saved by the presence of mind and seamanship of our Captain, who never left the deck, and wore the ship within a few yards of the shore. We anchored next day at the Whale-fish Islands, and fell in there with the *Jane* and *Heroine* whalers, whose captains gave us a true Scotch welcome, and ransacked their ships to find some little comforts for us. We again tasted the roast beef of old England. From the islands, we crossed to Godhavn, where finding the harbour still full of ice, we hauled into a rocky creek outside, a perfect little dock just capable of holding the ship, but exposed to southerly winds.

By the 25th of May we were prepared for another and final attempt to accomplish our mission, and to try our fortunes in the ice. We were certainly sobered down considerably by our late severe lesson; but although less confident in our own powers, a steady determination to do our best prevailed throughout the ship. Passing again through the Waigat, we stopp'd at the coal-deposits to fill up with fuel, and we shot a few ptarmigan while thus detained. We next stopped at Saunderson's Hope, "the Cape where the fowls do breed," but it was yet too early for eggs, and as the looms had no young to protect, they flew away in thousands at every discharge of a gun; we got but few of these, in our opinion, delicious birds. On the 31st, we made fast to an iceberg off Upernavik, to await the breaking up of the ice in Melville Bay. When we were in these latitudes the previous year, all things living were migrating southward, but now constant flights of sea-birds streamed northward, night and day, towards their breeding-places and feeding-grounds, and by sitting on the rocky points, and shooting them as they passed, we could generally make a fair bag. We were now almost subsisting on eider ducks and looms.

On June the 6th, we commenced our ice-struggles in Melville Bay, endeavouring, according to the usual mode of navigation, to push up, between the main pack and the ice still attached to the land, on all occasions when the winds moved the pack out, and left a space or lane of water. While thus following up the coast, on the 7th, we ran upon a reef of sunken and unknown rocks, and, on the tide falling, we lay over in such a manner as to threaten to fill upon the water again rising. We succeeded, however, in heaving off without damage.

After many escapes from being squeezed by the ice closing upon the land, and after three weeks of intense labour, we reached Cape York on June 26th. We there communicated with the natives who had so much assisted Dr. Kane, when he wintered in Smith Sound. These poor

creatures live upon the flesh of the bear, seal, and walrus, which they kill upon the ice with bone spears. They are, perhaps, the only people in the world living upon a sea-coast without boats of any kind, and are so completely isolated, that, previous to their being first visited in 1818, they considered themselves to be the only people in the world. Dr. Kane left among them a Greenland Esquimaux, "Hans," with his canoe. They told us that Hans was married, and was well, but that they had eaten the boat, besides many of their dogs, when hungry, during the last winter. We invited them on board, and they saw all our treasures of wood and iron; but they appeared to covet more than all, our dogs, and a few light pieces of wood, fit for spear-handles. We sent them away rejoicing over a few presents of long knives and needles, and they continued to dance and brandish the knives over their heads until we were out of sight.

Passing Cape Dudley Diggs, we landed at a breeding-place of rotges (little auks); the birds were sitting in myriads upon the ledges of the cliffs, and we shot a great many; but our time was too precious to wait long, even for fresh food, and so we bore away. We were considerably baffled with ice-floes in crossing over towards Lancaster Sound, and we did not reach that side until July 12.

Near Cape Horsburgh we found a small and enterprising family of natives, who had crossed over to this barren land from Pond's Bay, two years previously, in search of better hunting ground. These poor people could give us no information of the missing ships; so we merely stopped to give them a few presents; we then steered for Pond's Bay, from whence we had heard rumours of wrecks and wreck-wood being in the possession of the natives. In crossing Lancaster Sound, we were completely beset in the pack, and were even threatened with another drift out to sea like that of last year; we fortunately escaped, however, from the grip of the ice, after being carried for seven days in a helpless state, and as far as Cape Bathurst, before we could regain command over our ship.

At the entrance to Pond's Bay, we found an old woman and a boy living in a skin tent, their tribe being some twenty-five miles up the inlet, at a village on the north side. This village, called Kapawroktolik, could not be reached by land, on account of the precipitous cliffs facing the sea. The inlet was, however, yet full of ice, and Captain M'Clintock endeavoured to reach the natives by sledge. In the meantime, we on board were employed in collecting sea-birds from the neighbouring breeding cliffs of Cape Grahame Moore. We also frequently visited the land to collect cochlearia, or scurvy-grass, which grew luxuriantly about the old Esquimaux encampments. A trade was commenced with the old lady on shore; for we found that, concealed among the stones, she had a number of narwhales' horns, teeth, and blades of whalebone, of which she would only produce one at a time, by way of enhancing the value by its apparent scarcity. Around her tent were snares set in all directions for catching birds, and she had a large quantity of putrid blubber lying *en cache*, which was her principal food and fuel. The boy brought us a hare, which he



had shot with his bow and arrow. Captain M'Clintock having failed to reach the village, owing to the ice being all adrift in the inlet, he determined to take the ship there if possible, and to take the old woman as pilot.

We ran alongside her tent, which she soon packed up with all her worldly riches, and came on board thoroughly drenched with the rain, which had poured in torrents all day. Our people managed to rig her out in some dry clothes; the poor boy was made snug in the engine room, and the old lady voluntarily took her station as pilot upon the deck throughout the night, and was very anxious to point out the beauties of her country, and the "pleasant sleeping places."

We could only get within eight miles of the village, owing to there being fast ice in the inlet; so, securing the ship to it, the Captain and Hobson started over the ice. On board the ship we hoped to have a quiet Sunday, but a number of right-whales playing round the vessel, and pushing their backs under the ice, constantly broke away the rotten edge to which we lay. We were thus kept constantly beating up again to it; and in the evening, about six or seven miles of the ice coming away in one floe, and turning round upon us, we were forced upon the south shore of the inlet, and momentarily expected being driven upon the rocks; but after blasting the ice with gunpowder for nearly two hours, in order to gain every inch, we got clear just as we were touching the ground.

The next morning (August 2) the Captain and party returned. They had a most interesting trip, and described the village as situated in a most romantic spot, close upon the shore, at the foot of a deep valley filled with a glacier, which completely overhung the settlement, and threw jets of water almost to the tents. The natives were delighted to see them, and, in answer to the inquiries through the interpreter (Mr. Petersen), they said that two old wrecks were lying four days' journey southward of Cape Bowen—probably in Scot's Inlet. These two ships came on shore together many years ago. They also confirmed an account from our lady pilot of an old wreck lying to the northward in Lancaster Sound, one day's journey from Cape Hay, or, as they call it, Appak (breeding-place of birds). The wood in their possession was now accounted for, as also their great anxiety to procure saws, which they always asked for in barter. These wrecks were not those we sought, and we had no occasion to delay our voyage by looking at them. The natives drew a rough chart of the interior of this unknown country. They especially pointed out the salmon rivers, and the hunting and sleeping places, and gave a few general ideas of the profile of the land, and the main directions of the different channels which intersect it; describing North Devon as an island, and showing a water communication with Igloodik, where Parry wintered. We had now set at rest all rumours of Franklin's ships being in the neighbourhood of Pond's Bay; and having made a few observations for the survey of the place, we departed for Beechey Island, regretting that the whaleships had not been with us to profit by the number of fish we had seen. As we entered Lancaster Sound, five huge bears sat watching a dead whale;

they sat upon different pieces of ice, apparently taking turns to feed, and evidently afraid of each other. We shot a couple of them, but one escaped over the ice after a long chase, although desperately wounded.

The next morning (August 7) the wind increased to a perfect storm from the eastward; the fog was, as seamen say, as thick as pease-soup; we could see nothing; and compasses being here useless, we had to trust to our luck rather than good guidance for keeping in the fairway. We saw very little ice, but the sea ran so high upon the 8th, that we thought it prudent to lie-to for some hours. On the 10th, a herd of walrus was seen off Cape Felfoot, upon a piece of sailing ice, and lying so close as to completely cover it. The ship was run close alongside, and several were shot, but we did not succeed in getting one; for, unless instantaneously killed, they always wriggle off the ice and sink. The only practical method of getting a walrus is with a gun-harpoon from a boat; as yet we had shot only one during our voyage. Steering round Cape Hurd in a thick fog, we struck on an unknown shoal, but soon backed off again, and let go the anchor, as we could not see our position. About midnight the fog lifted, and we proceeded. A large bear was seen swimming round a point, and was shot; and shortly after, one of the men fell overboard: he was picked up rather exhausted with his cold bath, and perhaps a little alarmed at bathing in company with polar bears. We anchored next day off Cape Riley, where the *Bredalbane* was lost, after Captain Inglefield had landed some of her stores and coals. We found that the bears had been amusing themselves with the provisions, and had eaten out the bilges between the hoops of many of the casks. They evidently had a particular relish for chocolate and salt pork (we hoped they liked it), and had taken the greatest trouble to throw everything about. We visited the stores at Beecey; they had been stored and housed with extreme care. A violent gale had passed over the place, for the door of the house was blown in and the entrance full of snow, but nothing was damaged excepting some biscuit. We also visited the graves, so often described, yet ever interesting, of the poor fellows who died in Franklin's first winter quarters, and whose comrades we were now seeking.

Our coaling from Cape Riley was completed by the 15th, and we were glad to leave that exposed and dangerous place. We had been considerably troubled with drift ice, and on the 13th we drove half across the bay, with both anchors down, and had to moor to a piece of ice grounded close to the ship. We crossed to the house at Beechey, and there landed a handsome tombstone (sent out by Lady Franklin), in memorial of Sir John Franklin and his companions. It was placed close to the monument erected by their shipmates to the memory of poor Bellot and those who had died in the previous searching expeditions. Taking in such stores as were actually necessary, and having repaired the house, we crossed over to Cape Hotham for a boat (left there by Penny), to replace one of ours which had been crushed by the ice. Wellington Channel appeared to be clear of ice, and a jumping sea, from the southward, gave us promise of clear water in that

direction. On the 17th, we were sailing down Peel Sound with a fresh wind, and carrying every rag of canvas. Passing Limestone Island and Cape Granite, we began to think that we should go right through, for as yet no ice could be seen ahead; but the southern sky looked bright and icy, while, in contrast, a dark gloom hung over the waters we had left in the northward. Still we sailed on merrily, and were already talking of passing the winter near the Fish River, and returning the following year by Beluring's Straits, when "Ice ahead!" was reported from the crow's-nest; and there it certainly was, a long low white barrier, of that peculiar concave form always indicating fast-ice. The Straits had not broken up this season, and we could not pass that way. We were bitterly disappointed, but not disheartened, for we had yet another chance of getting to our longed-for destination by way of Bellot Straits. Not an hour was to be lost; the season was passing away; and thither our captain determined to go at once. We reluctantly ran out of this promising channel, and sailed close along the north shores of Somerset, without seeing any ice of consequence. The night of the 18th set in dark and squally, but in the absence of ice we were quite at our ease. We steamed close under the magnificent castellated cliffs of Cape Clarence, and entered Leopold Harbour to land a boat, in the event of our having to abandon our ship and fall back this way.

We found Regent's Inlet clear, excepting a few streams of loose ice, through which we easily sailed. We passed Elwin and Batty Bays, and everything, as an old quartermaster expressed it, looked "werry prosperous." Poor fellow! he knew that every mile sailed in the right direction would save him a hard pull at the sledge ropes.

On the 20th, we passed close to Fury Beach, where the *Fury* was lost in 1825; but the pace was too good to stop to visit even this most interesting spot. We came on with a fair wind and clear water to the latitude of Bellot Straits. Our excitement now became intense. The existence of the strait had been disputed, and upon it depended all our hopes. Running into Brentford Bay, we thought we saw ice streaming out, as if through some channel from the westward, but as yet we could see no opening; and being unable to get farther that night, we anchored in a little nook discovered on the north side of the bay. A look-out was set upon the highest hill, to watch the movements of the ice, and on the next day we made our first attempt to sail through. We started with a strong western tide, and under both steam and canvas, and, after proceeding about three miles, we were delighted to find that a passage really existed; but we had not got half way through when, the tide changing, a furious current came from the westward, bringing down upon us such masses of ice that we were carried helplessly away, and were nearly dashed upon huge pieces of grounded ice and reefs of rocks, over which the floes were running, and would have immediately capsized the little *Fox* had she touched. This current ran at least seven knots an hour, and was more like a bore in the Hooghly than any ordinary tide. Struggling clear, after

some considerable anxiety, and carried out of the straits, we reluctantly went back to the anchorage we had left. Night and day we now earnestly watched Bellot Straits, but they remained choked with the ice, which apparently drove backwards and forwards with the stream. We made another desperate attempt on the 25th August, and hung on, at imminent risk, in a small indentation about two-thirds through, and close under the precipitous cliffs. We were soon driven out of this again by the ice; yet so determined was our Captain to get through, that he then thought of pushing the ship into the pack, and driving with it into the western sea. We found, however, that the western entrance must be blocked, for the ice did not move fast in that direction. We could now do nothing but wait a change; and to employ the time, we sailed down the east coast of Boothia for some forty miles, to land a *dépôt* of provisions, in case we should require, in the following winter, to communicate with the natives about Port Elizabeth. Navigation was now very cold and dreary work: we struggled back to Bellot Straits against strong north winds, sleet, and snow, and without compass, chart, or celestial objects to guide us. The Captain next went away in a boat, determining, when stopped, to travel over land to the western sea to examine the actual state of things there; and Young was sent to the southward for five days with boat and sledge, to ascertain if another passage existed where a promising break in the land had been seen.

The Captain returned to the ship on the 31st, bringing with him a fine fat buck; he had reached Cape Bird by water and land, and brought us a favourable report of Victoria Straits. Our hopes of getting through were again raised. Young returned unsuccessful from the south; no other strait existed, but only an inlet, extending some six miles in, and a chain of lakes thence into the interior to the south-westward. Young saw only one deer, but many bears were roaming about the coast.

On the 6th September we made another dash at the straits, and this time succeeded in reaching a rocky islet, two miles outside the western entrance; but a barrier of fast ice, over which we could see a dark *water-sky*, here stopped us. Moored to the ice, we employed ourselves in killing seals, hunting for bears, and making preparations for travelling. Young was sent to an island eight miles to the south-west, to look around; and on ascending the land, he was astonished to see water as far as the visible horizon to the southward in Victoria Straits. While sitting down, taking some angles with the sextant, he luckily turned round just in time to see a large bear crawling up the rocks to give him a pat on the head. He seized his rifle and shot him through the body, but the beast struggled down and died out of reach, in the water, and thus a good *dépôt* of beef was lost. Hobson, who, for some days, had been employed carrying provisions on to this island, started on the 25th with a party of seven men and two dog-sledges to carry *dépôts* as far as possible to the southward, and the Captain placed a boat on the islet close to the ship, in case we should have to leave for winter quarters before Hobson's return.

The winter now set in rapidly, new ice was fast increasing, and the weather very severe; all navigation was at an end, and the barrier outside of us had never moved. We had now no hopes of getting further, and as no harbour existed where we were, we had nothing for it but to seek our winter home in Bellot Straits, and finish our work in the following winter and spring. So leaving Hobson to find his way to us, we ran back through Bellot Straits towards a harbour that we had discovered and named Port Kennedy. The straits were already covered with scum, and almost unnavigable, but we reached the harbour at midnight on the 27th, and ran the ship as far as possible into the new ice which now filled it. The *Fox* had done her work until the following summer. No opportunity was now lost of procuring fresh food. The deer were migrating southward and a few were shot as they passed. But the hunting was very precarious; the deer were travelling, and did not stop much to feed; there was no cover whatever, and stalking over the rugged hills and snow-filled valleys was most laborious. A few ptarmigan and hares were also shot, but we were altogether disappointed in the resources of the country. We had, however, a fair stock of bear and seal flesh for our dogs and ourselves to begin upon.

On the 6th October Hobson returned, having reached some fifty miles down the west coast of Boothia, but was there stopped by the yet broken-up state of the ice. Finding that we had left Cape Bird, and that Bellot Straits were impassable for the boat, he travelled back to the ship over the mountains. The people were now clearing out the ship, landing all superfluous stores, and building magnetic observatories of snow and ice, besides hunting for the pot. We once more buried the ship with snow.

On the 24th, Hobson again started for the south-westward, to follow up his last track, and to endeavour to push his depôts further on. He returned to the ship on November 6, having experienced most severe weather, and great dangers from the unquiet state of the ice. When encamped near the shore, in latitude  $70^{\circ} 21'$ , the ice broke suddenly away from the land and drifted out to sea before the gale, carrying them off with it. They were perched upon a small floe piece, and a wide crack separated the two tents. Dense snow-drift heightened the darkness of the night, and they could not possibly tell in which direction they were driving. The next morning they found themselves fifteen miles from where they had pitched the previous evening. By the mercy of Providence a calm succeeded, and they escaped to the land over the ice which immediately formed. So thin was this new ice, that they momentarily expected to break through. By great exertion Hobson saved the depôt; and finding it impossible to do any more, he landed the provisions and returned to the ship. Our autumn travelling was now brought to a close. A depôt of provisions was to have been carried by Young across Victoria Straits, but this was given up as evidently impracticable. We sat down for the winter, praying that we might be spared to finish our work in the spring. The whole ship's company marched in funeral procession to the shore

on the 10th November, bearing upon a sledge the mortal remains of poor Mr. Bland (our chief engineer), who was found dead in his bed on the 7th. The burial service having been read, he was deposited in his frozen tomb, on which the wild flowers will never grow, and over which his relations can never mourn. We were all on board almost as one family, and any one taken from us was missed as one from the fireside at home. It was long before this sorrowful feeling throughout the ship could be shaken off. On the 14th the sun disappeared, and we were left in darkness; our skylights had long been covered over with snow, and by the light of our solitary dip we tried to pass the weary hours by reading, sleeping, and smoking. We were frozen in, in a fine harbour, surrounded by lofty granite hills, and on these were occasionally found a few ptarmigan, hares, and wild foxes; whenever the weather permitted, or we could at all see our way, we wandered over these dreary hills in search of a fresh mess. We varied our exercise with excursions on the ice in search of bears. But although exercise was so necessary for our existence, yet from the winds drawing through the straits and down our harbour as through a funnel, there were many days, and even weeks, when we could scarcely leave the ship. The men set fox-traps in all directions, and Mr. Petersen set seal-nets under the ice. The nets were not successful, but the traps gave an object for a walk. Magnetic observations were carried on throughout the winter;—the reading of one instrument, placed in a snow-house some 200 yards from the ship, being registered every hour night and day. On some of the wild winter nights, there was some risk in going even that distance from the ship. Christmas and New Year's days were spent with such rejoicing as in our situation we could make, and we entered upon the year 1859 with good health and spirits. Our dogs, upon which so much depended, were also in first-rate condition, and not one of them had died.

The sun returned to us on January 26th; the daylight soon began to increase; and by February 10th, we were all ready to start upon our first winter journey. Bad weather detained us until the 17th, when Captain McClintock and Young both left the ship; the Captain, with only two companions, Mr. Petersen (interpreter) and Thompson as dog-driver, to travel down the west coast of Boothia, to endeavour to obtain information, preparatory to the long spring journeys, from some natives supposed to live near the magnetic pole. Young was to cross Victoria Straits with a dépôt of provisions, to enable him in the spring to search the coast of Prince of Wales Land, wherever it might trend. He returned on March 5.

The Captain's party hove in sight on the 14th, and we all ran out to meet him. He had found a tribe of natives at Cape Victoria, near the magnetic pole, and from them he learnt that some years ago a large ship was crushed by the ice, off the north-west coast of King William Land; that the people had come to the land, and had travelled down that coast to the estuary of the Great Fish River where they had died upon an island (Montreal Island); the natives had spears, bows and arrows, and other implements made of wood, besides a quantity of silver spoons

and forks, which they said they had procured on the island (more probably by barter from other tribes). It was now evident that we were on the right track, and with this important information Captain M'Clintock returned to the ship.

Our winter travelling was thus ended, fortunately without any mishap.

Those only who know what it is to be exposed to a temperature of frozen mercury accompanied with wind, can form any idea of the discomforts of dragging a sledge over the ice, upon an unknown track, day after day, and for eight or ten consecutive hours, without a meal or drink, the hands and face constantly frostbitten, and your very boots full of ice; to be attacked with snow blindness; to encamp and start in the dark, and spend sixteen hours upon the snow, in a brown-holland tent, or the hastily erected snow-house, listening to the wind, the snow-drift, and the howling of the dogs outside, and trying to wrap the frozen blanket closer round the shivering frame. The exhaustion to the system is so great, and the thirst so intense, that the evening pannikin of tea and the allowed pound of pemmican would not be given up were it possible to receive the whole world in exchange; and woe to the unlucky cook if he capsized the kettle!

On the 18th March, Young again started for Fury Beach, distant seventy-five miles, to get some of the sugar left there by Parry in 1825, and now considered necessary for the health of our men by the surgeon. This journey occupied until the 28th, one sledge having broken down, and the whole weight—about 1200 lbs.—having to be worked back piecemeal with one sledge, by a sort of fox-and-goose calculation. Dr. Walker, who had also volunteered to go down for the provisions left on the east coast in the autumn, and now not required there, returned about the same time. With the information already obtained, and which only accounted for one ship, Captain M'Clintock saw no reason for changing the original plan of search, viz., that he should trace the Montreal Island and round King William Land; that Hobson should cross from the magnetic pole to Collinson's farthest on Victoria Land, and follow up that coast; and that Young should cross Victoria Straits and connect the coast of Prince of Wales Land with either Collinson's farthest on Victoria Island or Osborne's farthest on the west coast of Prince of Wales Land, according as he might discover the land to trend. Young was also to connect the coast with Browne's farthest in Peel Sound, and explore the coast of North Somerset from Sir James Ross's farthest (Four River Bay) to Bellot Straits. This would complete the examination of the whole unexplored country.

The travelling parties were each to consist of four men drawing one sledge, and six dogs with a second sledge, besides the officer in charge, and the dog-driver. By the aid of dépôts, already carried out, and from the extreme care with which Captain M'Clintock had prepared the travelling equipment, and had reduced every ounce of unnecessary weight, we expected to be able to be absent from the ship, and without any other resource, for periods of from seventy to eighty days, and if necessary even longer. The Captain and Hobson both started on the 2nd April, and Young

got away upon the 7th. The *Fox* was left in charge of Dr. Walker (surgeon), and three or four invalids, who were unfit for the fatigues of travelling.

Although we all felt much excited at the real commencement of our active work, and interested in these departures, this was perhaps the most painful period of our voyage. We had hitherto acted in concert, and all the dangers of our voyage had been shared together. We were now to be separated, and for three months to travel in detached parties over the ice, without an opportunity of hearing of each other until our return. It was like the breaking up of a happy family, and our only consolation lay in the hope that when we again met it would be to rejoice over the discovery of the lost ships. Nothing of interest occurred on board during our absence; but one of the invalids, poor Blackwell, had been getting gradually worse, and died of scurvy on June 14, the very day on which Hobson returned.

The Captain and Hobson travelled together as far as Cape Victoria. There they learnt the additional news that another ship had drifted on shore on the west coast of King William Land in the autumn of the same year in which the first ship was crushed. Captain M'Clintock, now knowing that both ships had been seen off that coast, and that on it the traces must be found, most generously resigned to Hobson the first opportunity of searching there, instead of crossing to Victoria Land, as originally intended. Captain M'Clintock then went down the east side towards the Fish River. Near Cape Norton, he found a tribe of some thirty or forty natives, who appeared much pleased to meet the strange white people. They answered readily any inquiries, and concealed nothing. They produced silver spoons and forks, and other relics from the lost ships, and readily bartered them for knives or needles. They were acquainted with the wreck, which they said was over the land (on the south-west coast), and for years they had collected wood and valuables from it, but they had not visited it for a long time. They had seen Franklin's people on their march southward, but had not molested them. They said that they had seen one human skeleton in the ship. Proceeding on his route, Captain M'Clintock next found a native family at Point Booth, near the south-east extreme of King William Land; these natives gave him the additional information that the remains of some of the lost people would be found on Montreal Island. Having searched Montreal Island and main land in the neighbourhood without finding other traces than a few pieces of copper and iron, and now having connected the search from the north with Anderson's from the south, Captain M'Clintock proceeded to examine the shores of Dease and Simpson Straits, and the southern shore of King William Land.

Near Cape Herschel, the Captain's party found a human skeleton upon the beach as the man had fallen down and died, with his face to the ground; and a pocket-book, containing letters in German which have not yet been deciphered, was found close by.

The large cairn, originally built by Simpson, at Cape Herschel, had been pulled down, probably by the natives, and if any record or document had ever been placed therein by Franklin's people, they were now lost, for



none could be found within or around the cairn. Passing Cape Herschel, Captain M'Clintock travelled along the hitherto unknown shore, and discovered it to extend out as far as the meridian of  $100^{\circ}$  West. There all traces of the natives ceased,\* and it appeared as if they had not for many years lived or hunted beyond that point which was named Cape Crozier (after Captain Crozier, Franklin's second in command).

The land then trended to the north-eastward, and about twenty miles from Cape Crozier, M'Clintock found a boat, which had only a few days previously been examined by Hobson from the north, and in it a note left by Hobson to say that he had discovered the records of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and after travelling nearly to Cape Herschel without finding further traces, had returned towards the *Fox*. Captain M'Clintock, from the south, had now connected his discoveries with those of Lieutenant Hobson, to whose very successful journey we will now turn.

Parting from the Captain at Cape Victoria, Hobson crossed to Cape Felix, and near that point he found a cairn, around which were quantities of clothing, blankets, and other indications of Franklin's people having visited that spot, and probably formed a depôt there, in the event of their abandoning their ships. Anxiously searching among these interesting relics without finding any record, Hobson continued along the shore to Cape Victoria, where, on May 6, he discovered a large cairn, and in it the first authentic account ever obtained of the history of the lost expedition. It was to the following effect:—That the *Erebus* and *Terror* had ascended Wellington Channel to latitude  $77^{\circ}$  north, and had returned west of Cornwallis Island to Beechey Island, where they spent their first winter, 1845–46. Sailing thence in the following season, they were beset, on September 12, 1846, in latitude  $70^{\circ} 5'$  north, longitude  $98^{\circ} 23'$  west. *Sir John Franklin died on June 11, 1847*; and on the 22nd of April, 1848, having, up to that date, lost by death nine officers and fifteen men, both ships were abandoned in the ice, five leagues north north-west of Point Victory. The survivors, 106 in number, had landed, under the command of Captain Crozier, on the 25th April, at Point Victory, and would start on the morrow (April 26) for the Great Fish River. Another record was also found, stating that previously, on the 24th May, 1847, Lieutenant Grahame Gore and Mr. Charles DesVœux, mate, had landed from the ship, with a party of six men. The record did not state for what reason they had landed; but from the number who finally abandoned the ships, this party must have returned on board, and it is probable that they merely landed to examine the coast.

Quantities of clothing, cooking, and working implements were scattered about near Point Victory, and a sextant, on which was engraved the name of Frederick Hornby, was found among the *débris*. Collecting a few of the most interesting of these relics to take with him upon his return, Hobson then pushed on to the southward, and when near Cape Crozier he discovered

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\* The wanderings of the Esquimaux may be traced by the circles of stones by which they keep down their skin summer tents.

the boat above mentioned, by a small stanchion just showing up above the snow. Clearing away the snow, he found in the bottom of the boat two human skeletons, one of which was under a heap of clothing. There were also watches, chronometers, silver spoons, money, &c., besides a number of Bibles, prayer and other religious books; and although one of the Bibles was underlined in almost every verse, yet not a single writing was found to throw further light upon the history of the retreating parties. There were two guns, one barrel of each being loaded and cocked, as if these poor fellows had been anxiously longing for a passing bear or fox to save them from starving; for nothing edible was found, save some chocolate and tea, neither of which could support life in such a climate. Lieutenant Hobson, having searched the coast beyond Cape Crozier, returned to the ship on June 14, in a very exhausted state. He had been suffering severely from scurvy, and was so reduced in strength that he could not stand. He had been for more than forty days upon his sledge, carried in and out of the tent by his brave companions, and his sufferings must have been beyond description. Throughout his journey he had only killed one bear and a few ptarmigan.

Captain M'Clintock returned on board the *Fox* on June 19, having been absent eighty days. He brought with him a number of relics, and had minutely examined every cairn and the whole coast of King William. He supposes that the wreck of the ship, unless upon some off-lying island, has been run over by the ice, and has disappeared; as he saw nothing of it. He made most valuable discoveries in geography, and surveyed the coast from Bellot Straits to the magnetic pole, besides having travelled completely round King William Island, and filled up its unknown coasts. Besides his other instruments, he carried with him a dip circle, weighing 40 lbs., with which he also made most valuable observations.

Young had crossed Victoria Straits (now Franklin Straits), discovered M'Clintock Channel, and proved Prince of Wales Land to be an island; having reached the point which Captain Sherard Osborn came to from the north. Owing to the very heavy character of the ice, he had failed in crossing M'Clintock Channel, and returned to the ship on June 8, for a day or two's rest. He had again started, on June 10, to recross Victoria Straits, and to complete the search to the northward upon Prince of Wales Land, and the unknown land of North Somerset, and was now absent; and although the ice was fast breaking up, and the floes already knee-deep with water, Captain M'Clintock, notwithstanding his late severe journey, fearing that something might be wrong, most kindly started immediately, with only one man and a dog-sledge, to look for him. He found Young perched up out of the water upon the top of the islet, off Cape Bird, and they returned together to the ship on June 28. We were now all on board, and once more together. We were in fair health, although some of us were a little touched with scurvy. We passed our time in shooting, eating, and sleeping, and then eating again: our craving for fresh food, or, as the sailors call it, blood-meat, was excessive; seal and bear flesh, foxes, gulls,

or ducks, went indiscriminately into the pot. We rejoiced whenever we got a fresh mess of any sort.

The summer burst upon us; water was pouring down all the ravines, and flooding the ice in the harbour, and with extreme satisfaction we saw the snow houses and ice hummocks fast melting away in the now never-setting sun. A joyous feeling existed throughout the ship, for our work was done, and we had only to look forward to an early release, and a return to our families and homes.

Over and over again we told our adventures, and we never tired of listening to the one all-absorbing, though melancholy subject, of the discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions.

We had been prepared by the report brought from the Esquimaux in February to find that all hopes of survivors were at an end, and that the expedition had met with some fatal and overwhelming casualty; but we were scarcely prepared to know, nor could we even have realized the manner, in which they spent their last days upon earth, so fearful a sojourn must it have been. Beset and surrounded with wastes of snow and ice, they passed two more terrible winters drifting slowly to the southward at the rate of one mile in the month, hoping each summer that the ice would open, and determined not to abandon their ships until every hope was gone. In nineteen months they had only moved some eighteen miles, their provisions daily lessening, and their strength fast failing. They had at last left their ships for the Fish River at least two months before the river could break up and allow them to proceed, and in the then imperfect knowledge of ice travelling they could not have carried with them more than forty days' provisions. Exhausted by scurvy and starvation, "they dropped as they walked along,"\* and those few who reached Montreal Island must all have perished there; and but for their having travelled over the frozen sea we should have found the remains of these gallant men as they fell by the way, and but for the land being covered deeply with snow, more relics of those who had struggled to the beach to die would have been seen. They all perished, and, in dying in the cause of their country, their dearest consolation must have been to feel that Englishmen would not rest until they had followed up their footsteps, and had given to the world what they could not then give—the grand result of their dreadful voyage—their *Discovery of the North-West Passage*. They had sailed down Peel and Victoria Straits, now appropriately named Franklin Straits, and the poor human skeletons lying upon the shores of the waters in which Dease and Simpson had sailed from the westward bore melancholy evidence of their success.

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By the middle of July the dark blue stream rolled again through Bellot Straits, but yet not a drop of water could be seen in Regent Inlet. Our ship was refitted, the stores all on board, and we were quite prepared for sea. Our engineers were both lost to us, but the Captain soon got





the engines into working order, and determined to drive them himself, for without steam we could reckon upon nothing.

July passed away, and during the first week in August we could still see one unbroken surface of ice in Regent Inlet; from the highest hill not a spoonful of water could be made out. We were getting rather anxious, for had we been detained another winter, we must have abandoned the ship in the following spring and trusted to our fortunes over the ice. However, a gale of wind on the 7th and 8th of August caused some disruption in the inlet, for on the morning of the 9th a report came down from the hills that a lead of water was seen under the land to the northward. Steam was immediately made, and pushing close past the islands, we were enabled to work up the coast in a narrow lane of water between it and the pack.

We reached the north side of Creswell Bay on the following day, but, the wind changing, we saw the pack setting rapidly in upon the land, and it had already closed upon Fury Beach. Our only chance was now to seek a grounded mass of ice, and to hang on to it. We were indeed glad to get a little rest, and especially for our captain, who had not left the engines for twenty-four hours. But we lay in a most exposed position on an open coast without an indentation, the pack closing in rapidly before the wind and threatening us with the same fate as befell the *Fury* when she was driven on the shore about seven miles from our present position. Hanging on to this piece of ice with every hawser, we saw it gradually melting and breaking away, and at spring tides it began to float. On the 15th the gale shifted to the westward, and blew off the land; we watched the ice gradually easing off, and directly that we had room, we cast off under storm-sails, and succeeded in getting out of Regent Inlet and into Lancaster Sound on the following day. We entered Godhavn, in Greenland, on the night of August 26, and not having heard from our friends for more than two years, we did not even wait for daylight for our expected letters. The authorities on shore kindly sent all they had for us at once to the ship, and I suppose that letters from home were never opened with more anxiety.

Having a few repairs to do, especially to our rudder, which, with the spare one, had been smashed by the ice, we remained a day or two to patch it up for the passage home. Then leaving Godhavn on the 1st September, although the nights were extremely dark, and the weather stormy, with many bergs drifting about, we passed down Davis Strait without incident, and, rounding Cape Farewell on the 13th, we ran across the Atlantic with strong, fair winds. Captain M'Clintock landed at the Isle of Wight on the 20th, and on the 23rd the *Fox* entered the docks at Blackwall.

Our happy cruise was at an end, and by the mercy of Providence we were permitted to land again in England.

## The First Morning of 1860.

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ONE evening mid the summer flown  
Has stamp'd my memory more than any;  
It pass'd us by among the many,  
And yet it stands there, all alone.

We sate without our open'd room,  
While fell the eve's transparent shade;  
The out-door world, all warmth and bloom,  
To us a summer parlour made.

The garden's cultivated grace,  
'The luxury of neatness round,  
The careless amplitude of space,  
The silence, and the casual sound,

Told of a state thro' many years  
Serenely safe in doing well;  
And while we sate, there struck our ears  
The summons of the evening bell.

It call'd to food, it call'd to rest,  
The many whom the rich man's dome  
Had gathered in its ample breast,  
To them and him alike a home.

That very hour, was thund'ring o'er  
A neighbouring land, the tramp of War,  
Which stalked along the lovely shore,  
Its shape to blast, its sounds to mar.

And 'gainst our own, the reflux wave  
Had pushed its harsh in-flooding swell:  
The clouds which there a tempest gave,  
In shadow on our own land fell.

The pang my bosom rudely beat—  
What if that fate our own had been?  
What if or victory or defeat  
Had wrapp'd us in its woe, and sin?

What if it still our fate should be?  
 And the safe hours, enjoy'd like this,  
 Amid our home-scenes safe and free,  
 Should be the passing year of bliss?

The new one on the lecturn lies,  
 Its leaves the turning hand await;  
 Those fresh unopen'd leaves comprise  
 Th' unread, but written words of Fate.

O God! what are they? if they be  
 The bloody words of ruffian war,  
 Grant us success!—but rather far  
 Avert the scourge of victory!

Too dear the price! Ah! human forms  
 Of guardian husbands, cherish'd sons  
 Once children, hid from smallest harms  
 Of mind and body, cherish'd ones!

Shall ye stand up, the gallant mark  
 Of the brute shot, and iron rod,  
 And man's frame, exquisite in work,  
 Be treated like earth's common clod?

Shall England's polish'd glory, pure  
 In freedom, wisdom, high estate,  
 Her open Bible, and her poor  
 Becoming one with rich and great,—

Shall these high things be but the aim  
 Of envious men, in rough affray,  
 To try against the noble frame  
 Their brutal skill to rob and slay?

Forbid it Thou, who to the strong,  
 And wise, hast might and counsel lent;  
 And lead'st them danger's path along,  
 Audacious, firm, and confident.

Forbid it, Thou, who to the weak  
 Permitted to be strong in pray'r;  
 From Whom we wives and mothers seek  
 Peace to endow the new-born year.



# Roundabout Papers.—No. I.

## ON A LAZY IDLE BOY.



HAD occasion to pass a week in the autumn in the little old town of Coire or Chur, in the Grisons, where lies buried that very ancient British king, saint, and martyr, Lucius,\* who founded the Church of St. Peter, which stands opposite the house No. 65, Cornhill. Few people note the church now-a-days, and fewer ever heard of the saint. In the cathedral at Chur, his statue appears surrounded by other sainted persons of his family. With tight red breeches, a Roman habit, a curly brown beard, and a neat little gilt crown and sceptre, he stands, a very comely and cheerful image: and, from what I may call his peculiar position with regard to No. 65, Cornhill, I beheld this figure of St. Lucius with more interest

than I should have bestowed upon personages who, hierarchically, are, I daresay, his superiors.

The pretty little city stands, so to speak, at the end of the world—of the world of to-day, the world of rapid motion, and rushing railways, and the commerce and intercourse of men. From the northern gate, the iron road stretches away to Zürich, to Basel, to Paris, to home. From the old southern barriers, before which a little river rushes, and around which

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\* Stow quotes the inscription, still extant, "from the table fast chained in St. Peter's Church, Cornhill;" and says "he was after some chronicle buried at London, and after some chronicle buried at Gloucester"—but oh! these incorrect chroniclers! when Alban Butler, in the *Lives of the Saints*, v. xii., and Murray's *Handbook*, and the Sacristan at Chur, all say Lucius was killed there, and I saw his tomb with my own eyes!

stretch the crumbling battlements of the ancient town, the road bears the slow diligence or lagging vetturino by the shallow Rhine, through the awful gorges of the Via Mala, and presently over the Splügen to the shores of Como.

I have seldom seen a place more quaint, pretty, calm, and pastoral, than this remote little Chur. What need have the inhabitants for walls and ramparts, except to build summer-houses, to trail vines, and hang clothes to dry? No enemies approach the great mouldering gates: only at morn and even, the cows come lowing past them, the village maidens chatter merrily round the fountains, and babble like the ever-voluble stream that flows under the old walls. The schoolboys, with book and satchel, in smart uniforms, march up to the gymnasium, and return thence at their stated time. There is one coffee-house in the town, and I see one old gentleman goes to it. There are shops with no customers seemingly, and the lazy tradesmen look out of their little windows at the single stranger sauntering by. There is a stall with baskets of queer little black grapes and apples, and a pretty brisk trade with half a dozen urchins standing round. But, beyond this, there is scarce any talk or movement in the street. There's nobody at the book-shop. "If you will have the goodness to come again in an hour," says the banker, with his mouthful of dinner at one o'clock, "you can have the money." There is nobody at the hotel, save the good landlady, the kind waiters, the brisk young cook who ministers to you. Nobody is in the Protestant church—(oh! strange sight, the two confessions are here at peace!)—nobody in the Catholic church: until the sacristan, from his snug abode in the cathedral close, espies the traveller eyeing the monsters and pillars before the old shark-toothed arch of his cathedral, and comes out (with a view to remuneration possibly) and opens the gate, and shows you the venerable church, and the queer old relics in the sacristy, and the ancient vestments (a black velvet cope, amongst other robes, as fresh as yesterday, and presented by that notorious "pervert," Henry of Navarre and France), and the statue of St. Lucius, who built St. Peter's Church, opposite No. 65, Cornhill.

What a quiet, kind, quaint, pleasant, pretty old town! Has it been asleep these hundreds and hundreds of years, and is the brisk young Prince of the Sidereal Realms in his screaming car drawn by his snorting steel elephant coming to waken it? Time was when there must have been life and bustle and commerce here. Those vast, venerable walls were not made to keep out cows, but men-at-arms led by fierce captains, who prowled about the gates, and robbed the traders as they passed in and out with their bales, their goods, their pack-horses, and their wains. Is the place so dead that even the clergy of the different denominations can't quarrel? Why, seven or eight, or a dozen, or fifteen hundred years ago (they haven't the register, over the way, up to that remote period. I daresay it was burnt in the fire of London)—a dozen hundred years ago, when there was some life in the town, St. Lucius was stoned here on account of theological differences, after founding our church in Cornhill.

There was a sweet pretty river walk we used to take in the evening, and mark the mountains round glooming with a deeper purple; the shades creeping up the golden walls; the river brawling, the cattle calling, the maids and chatterboxes round the fountains babbling and bawling; and several times in the course of our sober walks, we overtook a lazy slouching boy, or hobbledehoy, with a rusty coat, and trowsers not too long, and big feet trailing lazily one after the other, and large lazy hands dawdling from out the tight sleeves, and in the lazy hands a little book, which my lad held up to his face, and which I daresay so charmed and ravished him, that he was blind to the beautiful sights around him; unmindful, I would venture to lay any wager, of the lessons he had to learn for to-morrow; forgetful of mother waiting supper, and father preparing a scolding;—absorbed utterly and entirely in his book.

What was it that so fascinated the young student, as he stood by the river shore? Not the *Pons Asinorum*. What book so delighted him, and blinded him to all the rest of the world, so that he did not care to see the apple-woman with her fruit, or (more tempting still to sons of Eve) the pretty girls with their apple cheeks, who laughed and prattled round the fountain? What was the book? Do you suppose it was Livy, or the Greek grammar? No; it was a NOVEL that you were reading, you lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sensible boy! It was D'Artagnan locking up General Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Château d'If cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water (I mention the novels I like best myself—novels without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery, and rescuing)—cutting himself out of the sack, and swimming to the Island of Montecristo. O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage, and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee (being sick in bed) for thirteen hours of a happy day, and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes. Be assured that lazy boy was reading Dumas (or I will go so far as to let the reader here pronounce the eulogium, or insert the name of his favourite author); and as for the anger, or it may be, the reverberations of his schoolmaster, or the remonstrances of his father, or the tender pleadings of his mother that he should not let the supper grow cold—I don't believe the scapegrace cared one fig. No! Figs are sweet, but fictions are sweeter.

Have you ever seen a score of white-bearded, white-robed warriors, or grave seniors of the city, seated at the gate of Jaffa or Beyrout, and listening to the story-teller reciting his marvels out of *Antar* or the *Arabian Nights*? I was once present when a young gentleman at table put a tart away from him, and said to his neighbour, the Younger Son (with rather a fatuous air), "I never eat sweets."

"Not eat sweets! and do you know why?" says T.

"Because I am past that kind of thing," says the young gentleman.

"Because you are a glutton and a sot!" cries the elder (and Juvenis

winces a little). "All people who have natural, healthy appetites, love sweets; all children, all women, all Eastern people, whose tastes are not corrupted by gluttony and strong drink." And a plateful of raspberries and cream disappeared before the philosopher.

Y<sup>ou</sup> take the allegory? Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women;—a vast number of clever, hard-headed men. Why, one of the most learned physicians in England said to me only yesterday, "I have just read *So-and-So* for the second time" (naming one of Jones's exquisite fictions). Judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians are notorious novel readers; as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind, tender mothers. Who has not read about Eldon, and how he cried over novels every night when he was not at whist?

As for that lazy naughty boy at Chur, I doubt whether *he* will like novels when he is thirty years of age. He is taking too great a glut of them now. He is eating jelly until he will be sick. He will know most plots by the time he is twenty, so that *he* will never be surprised when the Stranger turns out to be the rightful earl,—when the old waterman, throwing off his beggarly gabardine, shows his stars and the collars of his various orders, and clasping Antonia to his bosom, proves himself to be the prince, her long-lost father. He will recognize the novelists' same characters, though they appear in red-heeled pumps and *ailes-de-pigeon*, or the garb of the nineteenth century. He will get weary of sweets, as boys of private schools grow (or used to grow, for I have done growing some little time myself, and the practice may have ended too)—as private school-boys used to grow tired of the pudding before their mutton at dinner.

And pray what is the moral of this apologue? The moral I take to be this: the appetite for novels extending to the end of the world;—far away in the frozen deep, the sailors reading them to one another during the endless night;—far away under the Syrian stars, the solemn sheikhs and elders hearkening to the poet as he recites his tales;—far away in the Indian camps, where the soldiers listen to ——'s tales, or ——'s, after the hot day's march;—far away in little Chur yonder, where the lazy boy pores over the fond volume, and drinks it in with all his eyes;—the demand being what we know it is, the merchant must supply it, as he will supply saddles and pale ale for Bombay or Calcutta.

But as surely as the cadet drinks too much pale ale, it will disagree with him; and so surely, dear youth, will too much novels cloy on thee. I wonder, do novel writers themselves read many novels? If you go into Gunter's, you don't see those charming young ladies (to whom I present my most respectful compliments) eating tarts and ices, but at the proper evening-tide they have good plain wholesomè tea and bread-and-butter. Can anybody tell me does the author of the *Tale of two Cities* read novels? does the author of the *Tower of London* devour romances? does the dashing *Harry Lorrequer* delight in *Plain or Ringlets* or *Sponge's Sporting Tour*? Does the veteran, from whose flowing pen we had the books which

delighted our young days, *Darnley*, and *Richelieu*, and *Delorme*,\* relish the works of Alexandre the Great, and thrill over the *Three Musketeers*? Does the accomplished author of the *Caxtons* read the other tales in *Blackwood*? (For example, that ghost-story printed last August, and which for my part, though I read it in the public reading-room at the Pavilion Hotel at Folkestone, I protest frightened me so that I scarce dared look over my shoulder.) Does *Uncle Tom* admire *Adam Bede*; and does the author of the *Vicar of Wrexhill* laugh over the *Warden* and the *Three Clerks*? Dear youth of ingenuous countenance and ingenuous pudor! I make no doubt that the eminent parties above named all partake of novels in moderation—eat jellies—but mainly nourish themselves upon wholesome roast and boiled.

Here, dear youth aforesaid! our CORNHILL MAGAZINE owners strive to provide thee with facts as well as fiction; and though it does not become them to brag of their Ordinary, at least they invite thee to a table where thou shalt sit in good company. That story of the *Fox* was written by one of the gallant seamen who sought for poor Franklin under the awful Arctic Night: that account of China is told by the man of all the empire most likely to know of what he speaks: those pages regarding Volunteers come from an honoured hand that has borne the sword in a hundred famous fields, and pointed the British guns in the greatest siege in the world.

Shall we point out others? We are fellow-travellers, and shall make acquaintance as the voyage proceeds. In the Atlantic steamers, on the first day out (and on high and holidays subsequently), the jellies set down on table are richly ornamented; *mediocres in fonte leporum* rise the American and British flags nobly emblazoned in tin. As the passengers remark this pleasing phenomenon, the Captain no doubt improves the occasion by expressing a hope, to his right and left, that the flag of Mr. Bull and his younger Brother may always float side by side in friendly emulation. Novels having been previously compared to jellies—here are two (one perhaps not entirely saccharine, and flavoured with an *amari aliquid* very distasteful to some palates)—two novels under two flags, the one that ancient ensign which has hung before the well-known booth of *Vanity Fair*; the other that fresh and handsome standard which has lately been hoisted on *Barchester Towers*. Pray, sir, or madam, to which dish will you be helped?

So have I seen my friends Captain Lang and Captain Comstock press their guests to partake of the fare on that memorable "First day out," when there is no man, I think, who sits down but asks a blessing on his voyage, and the good ship dips over the bar, and bounds away into the blue water.

\* By the way, what a strange fate is that which has befallen the veteran novelist! He is her Majesty's Consul-General in Venice, the only city in Europe where the famous "Two Cavaliers" cannot by any possibility be seen riding together.

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1860.

## *Hil Nisi Bonum.*

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ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives, and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labour the honour of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling goodwill. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions\* of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancours, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's

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\* See his *Life* in the most remarkable *Dictionary of Authors*, published lately at Philadelphia, by Mr. Alibone.

superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of goodwill and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's king of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the king, diplomatized by the university, crowned, and honoured and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honours, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancour and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington,\* and remarked how in every place he was honoured and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one.† I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who

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\* At Washington, Mr. Irving came to a lecture given by the writer, which Mr. Filmore and General Pierce, the president and president elect, were also kind enough to attend together. "Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose," says Irving, looking up with his good-humoured smile.

† Mr. Irving described to me, with that humour and good humour which he always kept, how, amongst other visitors, a member of the British press who had carried his distinguished pen to America (where he employed it in vilifying his own country) came

took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labour and genius.

*"Be a good man, my dear."* One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humoured, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable with the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life:—I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting: but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich

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to Sunnyside, introduced himself to Irving, partook of his wine and luncheon, and in two days described Mr. Irving, his house, his nieces, his meal, and his manner of doing afterwards, in a New York paper. On another occasion, Irving said, laughing: "Two persons came to me, and one held me in conversation whilst the other miscreant took my portrait!"



yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honour. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears, amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him : as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there ; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly-remunerated post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common-room ; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods ! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world ? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it ? I daresay, after Austerlitz, the old K. K. court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schönbrunn. But that miserable " Windsor Castle " outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating old-world remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was amongst the first of the land ; and that country is best, according to our British notion, at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-foot-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party : and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen ? To remember the talk is to wonder : to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had done in after life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801-2-3-4, and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regarding that astonishing memory. It may be he was not ill-pleased that you should recognize it ;

but to those prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written (the 9th of January), the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in *The Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An uninstructed person in a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognizing a picture or a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a masterpiece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers you like and respect more the person you have admired so much already. And so with regard to Macaulay's style there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we want to say *nil nisi bonum*. Well—take at hazard any three pages of the *Essays* or *History*;—and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbour, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

Many Londoners—not all—have seen the British Museum Library. I speak *à cœur ouvert*, and pray the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of Peters and Pauls, Sophia, Pantheon,—what not?—and have been struck by none of them so much as by that catholic dome in Bloomsbury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out! It seems to me one cannot sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table, and to have thanked heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged! what strange lore would he not fetch for you at your bidding! A volume of law, or history, a book of poetry familiar or forgotten (except by himself who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old, and he had it at hand. I spoke to him once about *Clarissa*. "Not read *Clarissa*!" he cried out. "If you have once thoroughly entered on *Clarissa*, and are infected by it, you can't

leave it. When I was in India, I passed one hot season at the hills, and there were the governor-general, and the secretary of government, and the commander-in chief, and their wives. I had *Clarissa* with me : and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace ! The governor's wife seized the book, and the secretary waited for it, and the chief justice could not read it for tears ! " He acted the whole scene : he paced up and down the Athenæum library : I daresay he could have spoken pages of the book—of that book, and of what countless piles of others !

In this little paper let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says "he had no heart." Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself : and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance ; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own ; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful ; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it ! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none : and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history.

The writer who said that Lord Macaulay had no heart could not know him. Press writers should read a man well, and all over, and again ; and hesitate, at least, before they speak of those *aïdoïa*. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender, and generous,\* and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theatre foot-lights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon—and to him, indeed, it is addressed—I would say to him, "Bear Scott's words in your mind, and 'be good, my dear.' " Here are two literary men gone to their account, and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable &c. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted : each pursuing his calling ; each speaking his truth as God bade him ; each honest in his life ; just and irreproachable in his dealings ; dear to his friends ; honoured by his country ; beloved at his fire-side. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give uncountable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the baton or epaulettes ; but God give us strength to guard the honour of the flag !

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\* Since the above was written, I have been informed that it has been found, on examining Lord Macaulay's papers, that he was in the habit of giving away more than a fourth part of his annual income.

## Invasion Panics.

WHEN, about the year 1899, Field-marshal Dowbiggin, full of years and honours, shall edit, with copious notes, the Private Correspondence of his kinsman, Queen Victoria's celebrated War Minister during England's bloody struggle with Russia in 1854-5, the grandchildren of the present generation may probably learn a good deal more respecting the real causes of the failures and shortcomings of that "horrible and heartrending" period than we, their grandfathers, are likely to know on this side our graves. \*

And when some future Earl of Pembroke shall devote his splendid leisure, under the cedar groves of Wilton, to preparing for the information of the twentieth century the memoirs of his great ancestor, Mr. Secretary Herbert, posterity will then run some chance of discovering—what is kept a close secret from the public just now—whether any domestic causes exist to justify the invasion-panic under which the nation has recently been shivering.

The insular position of England, her lofty cliffs, her stormy seas, her winter fogs, fortify her with everlasting fortifications, as no other European power is fortified. She is rich, she is populous, she contains within herself an abundance of coal, iron, timber, and almost all other munitions of war; railways intersect and encircle her on all sides; in patriotism, in loyalty, in manliness, in intelligence, her sons yield to no other race of men. Blest with all these advantages, she ought, of all the nations of Europe, to be the last to fear, the readiest to repel invasion; yet, strange to say, of all the nations of Europe, England appears to apprehend invasion most!

There must be some good and sufficient reason for this extraordinary state of things. Many reasons are daily assigned for it, all differing from each other, all in turn disputed and denied by those who know the real reason best.

The statesman and the soldier declare that the fault lies with parliament and the people. They complain that parliament is niggardly in placing sufficient means at the disposal of the executive, and that the people are distrustful and over-inquisitive as to their application; ever too ready to attribute evil motives and incapacity to those set in authority over them. Parliament and the people, on the other hand, reply, that ample means are yearly allotted for the defence of the country, and that more would readily be forthcoming, had they reason to suppose that what has already been spent, has been well spent; their Humes and their Brights loudly and harshly denounce the nepotism, the incapacity, and the greed, which, according to them, disgrace the governing classes, and waste and weaken the resources of the land. And so the painful squabble ferments—no probable end to it being in view. Indeed, the public are permitted to know so little of the conduct of their most important affairs—silence is so strictly enjoined to the men at the helm—that the most carefully prepared

indictment against an official delinquent is invariably evaded by the introduction of some new feature into his case, hitherto unknown to any but his brother officials, which at once casts upon the assailant the stigma of having arraigned a public servant on incomplete information, and puts him out of court.

But if, in this the year of our Lord 1860, we have no means of discovering why millions of strong, brave, well-armed Englishmen should be so moved at the prospect of a possible attack from twenty or thirty thousand French, we have recently been placed in possession of the means of ascertaining why, some sixty years ago, this powerful nation was afflicted with a similar fit of timidity.

The first American war had then just ended—not gloriously for the British arms. Lord Amherst, the commander-in-chief at home, had been compelled by his age and infirmities to retire from office, having, it was said, been indulgently permitted by his royal master to retain it longer than had been good for the credit and discipline of the service. The Duke of York, an enthusiastic and practical soldier, in the prime of life, fresh from an active command in Flanders, had succeeded him. In that day there were few open-mouthed and vulgar demagogues to carp at the public expenditure and to revile the privileged classes; and the few that there were had a very bad time of it. Public money was sown broadcast, both at home and abroad, with a reckless hand; regulars, militia, yeomanry, and volunteers, fearfully and wonderfully attired, bristled in thousands wherever a landing was conceived possible; and, best of all, that noble school of Great British seamen, which had reared us a Nelson, had reared us many other valiant guardians of our shores scarcely less worthy than he. But in spite of her Yorks and her Nelsons, England felt uneasy and unsafe. Confident in her navy, she had little confidence in her army, which at that time was entirely and absolutely in the hands and under the management of the court; parliament and the people being only permitted to pay for it.

Yet the royal commander-in-chief was declared by the general officers most in favour at court to know his business well, and to be carrying vigorously into effect the necessary reforms suggested by our American mishaps; his personal acquaintance with the officers of the army was said to have enabled him to form his military family of the most capable men in the service;\* his exalted position, and his enormous income, were supposed to place him above the temptation of jobbing: in short, the Duke of York was universally held up to the nation by his military friends—and a royal commander-in-chief has many and warm military friends—as the regenerator of the British army, which just then happened to be sadly in need of regeneration.

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\* "The duke has very unwisely taken over three or four boys of the Guards as his aides-de-camp: which will be of great disservice to him, and can be of no use to them."—*Lord Cornwallis to Lt.-Col. Ross, 1784.*

A work has recently been published which tells us very plainly now many things which it would have been treasonable even to suspect sixty years ago. It is entitled *The Cornwallis Correspondence*, and contains the private papers and letters of the first Marquis Cornwallis, one of the foremost Englishmen of his time. Bred a soldier, he served with distinction in Germany and in America. He then proceeded to India in the double capacity of governor-general and commander-in-chief. On his return from that service he filled for some years the post of master-general of the Ordnance, refused a seat in the Cabinet, offered him by Mr. Pitt; and, although again named governor-general of India, on the breaking out of the Irish rebellion of 1798 was hurried to Dublin as lord-lieutenant and commander-in-chief. He was subsequently employed to negotiate the peace of Amiens, and, in 1805, died at Ghazee-pore, in India, having been appointed its governor-general for the third time.

From the correspondence of this distinguished statesman and soldier, we may now ascertain whether, sixty years ago, the people of England had or had not good grounds for dreading invasion by the French, and whether the governing classes or the governed were most in fault on that occasion for the doubtful condition of their native land.

George the Third was verging upon insanity. So detested and despised was the Prince of Wales, his successor, that those who directed his Majesty's councils, as well as the people at large, clung eagerly to the hopes of the king's welfare; trusting that the evil days of a regency might be postponed. And it would seem from the *Cornwallis Correspondence*, that the English were just in their estimation of that bad man. H. R. H. having quarrelled shamefully with his parents, and with Pitt, had thrown himself into the hands of the Opposition, and appears to have corresponded occasionally with Cornwallis, who had two votes at his command in the Commons, during that nobleman's first Indian administration. In 1790, Lord Cornwallis, writing to his brother, the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, says: "You tell me that I am accused of being remiss in my correspondence with a certain great personage. Nothing can be more false, for I have answered every letter from him by the first ship that sailed from hence after I received it. The style of them, although personally kind to excess, has not been very agreeable to me, as they have always pressed upon me some infamous and unjustifiable job, which I have uniformly been obliged to refuse, and contained much gross and false abuse of Mr. Pitt, and improper charges against other and greater personages, about whom, to me at least, he ought to be silent."\*

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\* Three or four of the Prince of Wales's letters are given at length. They all prove "the first gentleman and scholar of his day" to have been a very illiterate and unscrupulous jobber. In one of them he proposed to the Governor-General to displace "a black, named Alii Cann," who was chief criminal judge of Benares, in order that a youth, named Pellegrine Treves, the son of a notorious London money-lender, might be appointed to that office.

Lord Cornwallis replied, that Ali Ibrahim Khan, though a native, was one of the

The intimacy which had existed from boyhood between General Richard Grenville, military tutor to the Duke of York, and Lord Cornwallis, and the correspondence which took place between them, to which we have now access, afford ample means of judging of the real capacity of that royal soldier, to whose charge the military destinies of England, both at home and abroad, were intrusted by the king at such a critical moment.

At seventeen years of age the duke became, *per saltum*, as the usage is with royal personages, a colonel in the British army. After attending for two or three years the great Prussian reviews, by way of studying his profession, he was, on attaining his majority, raised to the rank of general, and appointed colonel of the Coldstream Guards. Various notices of H. R. H. are to be found in the numerous confidential letters which passed about that time between Cornwallis and Grenville. They were both warmly attached to him; both most anxious for his own sake, and for that of their profession, that he should turn out well.

They describe H. R. H. as brave, good-humoured, and weak; utterly destitute of military talent, incapable of attending to business, much given to drink, and more to dice, hopelessly insolvent, and steeped in debauchery and extravagance of all kinds. In 1790, Grenville writes to Cornwallis in India: "The conduct of a certain great personage, who has so cruelly disappointed both you and myself, still continues to give me great uneasiness; more especially as I see no hopes of amendment." The duke was at that date twenty-seven years of age.

In 1791, the Duke of York married, and but two years afterwards Lord Cornwallis, on his return from India, actually found his friend Grenville's unpromising pupil in Flanders, at the head of a considerable English force, acting in conjunction with the Austrians, Russians, and Dutch, against the French. His utter want of military talent, his inexperience, his idleness, and his vices had not prevented his being intrusted by his royal parent with the lives of a large body of brave men, and with the honour of England. Great difficulties soon arose in this allied army, its chiefs mutually accusing each other, possibly not without good reason, of incapacity. At last, a person, whose name is not even now divulged, but who possessed the entire confidence of both Pitt and Cornwallis, wrote as follows, from the British head-quarters at Arnheim, on the 11th Nov. 1794:—

"We are really come to such a critical situation, that unless some decided, determined, and immediate steps are taken, God knows what may happen. Despised by our enemies, without discipline, confidence, or exertion among ourselves, hated and more dreaded than the enemy, even by the well-disposed inhabitants of the country, every disgrace and misfor-

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most able and respected public servants in India, and that it would be a most difficult and unpopular step to remove him; and that even if his post were vacant, the youth and inexperience of the money-lender's son rendered him utterly ineligible for such an important trust. One of the causes of complaint which H. R. H. urged against his royal parent was, that he, also, was not intrusted with high military command.

tune is to be expected. You must thoroughly feel how painful it must be to acknowledge this even to your lordship, but no honest man who has any regard for his country can avoid seeing it.\* Whatever measures are adopted at home, either removing us from the continent or remaining, something must be done to restore discipline, and the confidence that always attends it. The sortie from Nimeguen, on the 4th, was made entirely by the British, and executed with their usual spirit; they ran into the French without firing a single shot, and, consequently, lost very few men,—their loss was when they afterwards were ordered to retire. Yet from what I have mentioned in the first part of my letter, I assure you I dread the thought of these troops being attacked or harassed in retreat.”\*

Upon the receipt of this grave intelligence, Mr. Pitt at once communicated to the king the absolute necessity of the duke's immediate recall. His Majesty had no choice but to consent, which he reluctantly did; and H. R. H. returned home, was immediately created a field-marshal, and placed in command of all the forces of the United Kingdom!

Lord Cornwallis's bitter remark upon this astounding appointment is—“Whether we shall get any good by this, God only knows; but I think things cannot change for the worse at the Horse Guards. If the French land, and that they will land I am certain, I should not like to trust the new field-marshal with the defence of Culford.”†

Having thus practically ascertained, at an enormous cost of blood and treasure, that the best-tempered and bravest general cannot command with success a British army in the field, if he happens, as was the case with the Duke of York, to be a weak man of high social position, destitute of military talent and habits of business, and much addicted to pleasure, an examination of Lord Cornwallis's correspondence during the next few years will show how it fared with the British army when it was directed by such an officer at home.

In expressing his conviction that the French were determined to invade us, Lord Cornwallis proved a true prophet. Late in 1796, a fleet, commanded by Admiral De Galle, sailed from Brest for Ireland, carrying General Hoche and 15,000 men. Furious December gales dispersed the French ships,—only a portion of the expedition reached Bantry Bay, the

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\* The sufferings of the British soldiers in Holland, in 1794-5, from the incompetence and negligence of their superior officers, and the waste of public money from the same causes, have scarcely been exceeded during the Crimean war. In Lord Malmesbury's Diary we find the following entry on the 7th Dec. 1793: “Lord Herbert came to see me. Complained much of the insubordination of the army; that it was greater than could be believed, and that the Guards were so beyond measure. Condemned the conduct of Gage, who had resigned on being refused leave of absence.” On the 16th of Feb. 1794, the Duke of Portland writes to Lord Malmesbury: “The Duke of York will return to the army the latter end of next week. But I cannot help saying that unless the licentious, not to say mutinous, spirit which prevails among our troops, and which originated in, I am sorry to say, and is cultivated by the Guards, is not subdued and extinguished, there is an end of the army.”

† His lordship's country seat.



vessel in which De Galle and Hoche were, was missing. Admiral Boivet, the second in command, hesitated to disembark the troops without the orders of his superiors. The United Irishmen, who had promised instant co-operation, made no sign; the weather rendered even Bantry Bay insecure; and, finally, such of the ships as escaped wreck or capture, straggled back to France, where Hoche and De Galle, after cruising about for many days in fog and storm on the banks of Newfoundland, had had the good luck to arrive before them. On that occasion, our natural defences may indeed be said to have stood us in good stead. But it was not consolatory to those who feared invasion to reflect that such a large force should have succeeded in reaching our shores unperceived and unmolested by the British cruisers; and that, had the weather been tolerable, 15,000 French bayonets would have landed without opposition on Irish ground.

The next year passed over in constant alarms; our information respecting the local preparations of the French being unfortunately very vague. The military defence of England appears to have been at that time mainly intrusted to Sir David Dundas, an unlucky pedant of the German school of tactics, of whom the king and court had the highest opinion, so tightly had he dressed and so accurately had he drilled the Guards. Lord Cornwallis, writing early in 1798 to the Hon. Col. Wesley,\* says:—"We are brought to the state to which I have long since looked forward, deserted by all our allies, and in daily expectation of invasion, for which the French are making the most serious preparations. I have no doubt of the courage and fidelity of our militia; but the system of David Dundas, and the total want of light infantry, sit heavy on my mind, and point out the advantages which the activity of the French will have in a country which is for the most part enclosed."

At this juncture, the rebellion of 1798 broke out in Ireland, and at the urgent request of Ministers, who appear to have considered Lord Cornwallis the man for every difficulty, his lordship consented to undertake the joint duties of lord-lieutenant and commander-in-chief in that unhappy country, then as disturbed and disloyal as conflicting races and religions, and the most savage misgovernment, could make it.

His lordship's letters to the Duke of Portland and others, from Dublin, evince far more apprehension at the violence, cruelty, and insubordination of the army under his command, than at the rebels who were up in arms against him. His words are:—"The violence of our friends, and their folly in endeavouring to make this a religious war, added to the ferocity of our troops, who delight in murder, most powerfully counteract all plans of conciliation." Nevertheless his judgment, firmness, and temper soon prevailed; by midsummer the insurrection was suppressed with far less bloodshed than was pleasing to the supporters of the government; and Lord Cornwallis was endeavouring to concentrate his attention on the reorganization of the military mob, which then, under the name of

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\* The Duke.

soldiers, garrisoned Ireland against foreign and domestic foes, when the invader actually arrived.\*

On the 22nd of August, three frigates, under English colours anchored in Killala Bay, co. Mayo, carrying a force of about 1,100 French troops, commanded by General Humbert. They were the vanguard of a larger force under General Hardy, which was to have sailed at the same time, but which had been detained by unforeseen difficulties at Brest.

There being no sufficient force to oppose them, the French easily took possession of Killala, and established their head-quarters in the palace of the bishop, Dr. Stock, who has left a most interesting journal of what occurred whilst the French occupied the town.

Humbert had brought with him a large supply of arms, ammunition, and uniforms, to be distributed amongst the United Irishmen, who he had been led to suppose would instantly rally round his standard. But he soon discovered that he had been deceived, that he had landed in the wrong place, and that he had arrived too late. The peasantry of Mayo, a simple and uncivilized race, ignorant of the use of fire-arms, crowded round the invaders as long as they had anything to give, and as long as there was no enemy to fight; but, at the first shot, they invariably ran away. Besides, the neck of the rebellion had been already dislocated by the judicious vigour of Cornwallis. Had the landing been effected earlier, and farther north, the result might have been different; as it was, the French general found that he had a losing game to play—and most manfully and creditably did he play it.

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\* The following letter, addressed by a subaltern to his commanding officer, is given by the editor of the *Cornwallis Papers*, as a specimen of the habits, education and discipline of the British army about the year 1800:—

“ To Lieut.-Col. —, — Foot.

“ SIR,—I believe (I am a member of the — mess), if so, I will take the liberty to submit the following argument, viz., every gentleman under the immediate propensity of liquor has different propensities; to prove which, I have only to mention the present instance with respect to myself and Lieut. —. My propensity is noise and riot—his sleep.

“ I ever conceived that in a public mess-room, three things were certain: first, that it was open to every officer who chose to pay the subscription; second, that he might indulge himself with liquor as much as he pleased; and third, that if a gentleman and a member of the mess chose to get intoxicated in the mess-room, that no other officer (however high his rank in the regiment) had a right, or dare order to restrain (not being president) his *momentary propensity* in the mess-room.

“ As such, and this being the case, I must inform you that you have acted in a most unprecedented and unknown (not to say ungentlemanlike) way, in presuming to enter the mess-room as a commanding officer, and to bring a sentry at your back (which you asserted you had) to turn out the amusement (a hand organ) of the company (a stranger being present), and thereby prevent the harmony which it is supposed ought to exist in a mess-room.

“ I appeal to you as a gentleman, and if you will answer this letter *as such*, you at all times know how to direct to

“ —, —,

“ Lieut. —, — Foot.”

Professing to wage no war against the Irish, he assured the bishop that neither pillage nor violence should be permitted, and that his troops should only take what was absolutely necessary for their subsistence; and on these points, the bishop tells us, the Frenchman "religiously kept his word;" not only controlling his own soldiers, but actually protecting the bishop and his little Protestant flock from the rapacity of the Irish rebels who for a time joined the invaders.

The bishop's account of the French soldiery is notable; they appear to have been an under-sized and mean-looking set of men, whom Sir David Dundas would have held in no account on parade; yet they did the work they had to do, hopeless and fatal as it was, as well as the Duke of York's own gigantic regiment of guards could have done it.

"The French," says the bishop, "are a nation apt enough to consider themselves as superior to any people in the world; but here, indeed, it would have been ridiculous not to prefer the Gallic troops in every respect before their Irish allies. Intelligence, activity, temperance, patience to a surprising degree, appeared to be combined in the soldiery that came over with Humbert, together with the exactest obedience to discipline. Yet, if you except their grenadiers, they had nothing to catch the eye: their stature for the most part was low, their complexions pale and sallow, their clothes much the worse for wear; to a superficial observer they would have appeared incapable of enduring almost any hardship. These were the men, however, of whom it was presently observed that they could be well content to live on bread and potatoes, to drink water, to make the stones of the street their bed, and to sleep in their clothes, with no covering but the canopy of heaven. One half of their number had served in Italy under Buonaparte, the rest were from the army of the Rhine, where they had suffered distresses that well accounted for thin persons and wan looks."

Humbert himself, who had accompanied the Bantry Bay expedition in 1796, had risen from the ranks, and had brought himself into notice by his brilliant conduct in La Vendée.

The day after landing, the French advanced towards Ballina, leaving at Killala six officers and two hundred men to guard a quantity of ammunition which they had no means of carrying with them. The English garrison of Ballina fled on their approach, and Humbert, stationing there one hundred more of his men, pushed on to Castlebar, where General Lake was prepared to meet him. The latter had previously ascertained, by means of a flag of truce, the exact number of the French, and had sent a message privily to the bishop, telling him to be of good cheer, inasmuch as the great superiority of his own numbers would speedily enable him to give a good account of the invading force. What did occur when the French and English met is, perhaps, best told in the words of General Hutchinson, Lake's second in command during the affair. Contemporary authorities, however, prove that Hutchinson has very much understated the numbers of the English force:—

"On Monday morning, 27th August, about an hour before sunrise, a

report was received from the outposts, distant about six miles, that the enemy was advancing. The troops were immediately assembled, having the night before received orders to be under arms two hours before day-break. The troops and cannon were then posted on a position previously taken, where they remained until seven o'clock. They were 1,600 or 1,700 cavalry and infantry, ten pieces of cannon and a howitzer. The ground was very strong by nature; the French were about 700, having left 100 at Ballina and 200 at Killala. They did not land above 1,000 rank and file. They had with them about 500 rebels, a great proportion of whom fled after the first discharge of cannon. The French had only two 4-pounders and from thirty to forty mounted men.

"Nothing could exceed the misconduct of the troops, with the exception of the artillery, which was admirably served, and of Lord Roden's Fencibles, who appeared at all times ready to do their duty. There is too much reason to imagine that two of the regiments had been previously tampered with; the hope of which disaffection induced the French to make the attack, which was certainly one of the most hazardous and desperate ever thought of against a very superior body of troops, as their retreat both on Killala and Ballina was cut off by Sir Thomas Chapman and General Taylor.

"When the troops fell into confusion without the possibility of rallying them, there was scarcely any danger; very few men had at that time fallen on our part: the French, on the contrary, had suffered considerably. They lost six officers and from 70 to 80 men, which was great, considering how short a time the action lasted and the smallness of their numbers. I am convinced that had our troops continued firm for ten minutes longer, the affair must have been over to our entire advantage, but they fired volleys without any orders at a few men before they were within musket-shot. It was impossible to stop them, and they abandoned their ground immediately afterwards."

Although the French did not attempt to pursue, the defeated army of Lake never halted till they reached Tuam, nearly forty English miles from the field of battle. On the evening of the same day they renewed their flight, and retired still farther towards Athlone, where an officer of Carabineers, with sixty of his men, arrived at one o'clock on Tuesday, the 29th August, having achieved a retreat of above seventy English miles in twenty-seven hours! All Lake's artillery fell into the hands of the French. As soon as Lord Cornwallis heard of the invasion, conscious of the uncertain temper of the troops upon whom he had to rely, he determined to march in person to the west, collecting, as he came, such a force as must at once overwhelm the enemy.

Meantime the victorious French were met on the 5th of September at Colooney by Colonel Vereker, of the Limerick Regiment, an energetic officer, who had hastened from Sligo to attack them with 200 infantry, 30 dragoons, and two guns. After a gallant struggle he was compelled to retire with the loss of his guns, and the French advanced into Leitrim,

hoping to find elsewhere stouter and more helpful allies than they had hitherto found amongst the half-starved cottiers of Mayo.

Crawford, afterwards the celebrated leader of the light division in Spain, rashly attacked them on the 7th of September with an inferior force near Ballynamore, and was very roughly handled by them; but on the 8th, Humbert, closely followed by Lake and Crawford, found himself confronted at Ballynamuck by Cornwallis and the main army. In this desperate situation, surrounded by upwards of 25,000 men, Humbert coolly drew up his little force, with no other object, it must be presumed, than to maintain the honour of the French flag. His rearguard, again attacked by Crawford, surrendered, but the remainder of the French continued to defend themselves for about half-an-hour longer, and contrived to take prisoner Lord Roden and some of his dragoons. They then, on the appearance of the main body of General Lake's army, laid down their arms—746 privates and 96 officers; having lost about 200 men since their landing at Killala, on the 22nd of August.

The loss of the British at the battle of Ballynamuck was officially stated at three killed, and thirteen wounded. Their losses at Castlebar and elsewhere were never communicated to the public.

Flowden, who gives a detailed account of Humbert's invasion in his *Historical Review of the State of Ireland*, published but five years after the event, observes:—"It must ever remain a humiliating reflection upon the power and lustre of the British arms that so pitiful a detachment as that of 1,100 French infantry should, in a kingdom in which there was an armed force of above 150,000 men, have not only put to rout a select army of 6,000 men prepared to receive the invaders, but also provided themselves with ordnance and ammunition from our stores, taken several of our towns, marched 122 Irish (above 150 English) miles through the country, and kept arms in their victorious hands for seventeen days in the heart of an armed kingdom. But it was this English army which the gallant and uncompromising Abercromby had, on the 26th of the preceding February, found 'in such a state of licentiousness as must render it formidable to every one but the enemy.'"

Although the private letters of Lord Cornwallis, General Lake and Captain Herbert Taylor, which are now submitted to us, breathe nothing but indignation and disgust at the misconduct, insubordination, and cruelty of their panic-stricken troops, the public despatches, as the custom is, contain unalloyed praise.

A lengthy despatch penned by General Lake, on the evening of the surrender of Humbert's little band, is worded almost as emphatically as Wellington's despatch after Waterloo; about thirty officers are especially mentioned in it by name, and the conduct of the cavalry is sub-sarcastically described as having been "highly conspicuous." Lord Cornwallis's general order, too, dated on the following day, declares "that he cannot too much applaud the zeal and spirit which has been manifested by the army from the commencement of the operations against the invading enemy until the

surrender of the French forces." Such is too often the real value of official praise.

Notwithstanding this public testimony to the worth of the large army which surrounded and captured the handful of French invaders of 1798, the information which we now glean from *The Cornwallis Correspondence* serves but little to establish the Duke of York's character as a successful military administrator, if a commander-in-chief is to be judged of by the effective state of the officers and troops under his direction.

Tired of the parade-ground and the desk, or, possibly, feeling that he did not shine at them, H. R. H. again tried his hand at active campaigning in 1799, and again failed. On the 9th of September of that year he once more sailed for Holland, and was actually permitted to assume the direction of the most considerable expedition that ever left the British shores. In conjunction with Russia, its object was to expel the French from Holland. After several bloody battles, fought with doubtful success, the duke found himself, in less than five weeks, so situated as to render it advisable for him to treat with the enemy. He proposed that the French should allow the allied army under his command to re-embark, threatening to destroy the dykes and ruin the surrounding country if his proposal was not entertained. After some discussion the French agreed to the re-embarkation of the allies, provided they departed before the 1st of November, left behind them all the artillery they had taken, and restored 8,000 French and Batavian prisoners who had been captured on former occasions. On these terms "a British king's son, commanding 41,000 men, capitulated to a French general who had only 30,000,"\* and the duke, fortunately for England, sheathed his sword, to draw it no more on the field of battle.

Lord Cornwallis writes on the 24th October: "By private letters which I have seen from Holland, our troops in general seem to have been in the greatest confusion, and on many occasions to have behaved exceedingly ill. There may be some exception in the corps belonging to Abercromby's division. Considering the hasty manner in which they were thrown together, and the officers by whom they were commanded, I am not surprised at this. Would to God they were all on board! I dread the retreat and embarkation. David Dundas will never be like Cæsar, the favourite of fortune; hitherto, at least, that fickle goddess has set her face very steadily against him." "I see no prospect of any essential improvement in our military system, for I am afraid that a buttoned coat, a heavy hat and feather, and a cursed sash tied round our waist will not lead the way to victory."

The abortive expeditions against Ostend and Ferrol, which had terminated in the capture and disgrace of the troops employed in them, appear to have induced Lord Cornwallis to draw up a memorandum on the subject, and to submit it to the duke. The following is an extract from it:—

"I admit that while we are at war, and have the means of acting, we

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\* Mr. Tierney's speech in the House Commons.

should not remain entirely on the defensive, but at the same time I would not go lightly in quest of adventures, with regiments raised with extreme difficulty, without means of recruiting, and commanded principally by officers without experience or knowledge of their profession. The expense, likewise, of expeditions is enormous, and the disgrace attending upon ill success is not likely to promote that most desirable object—a good peace.”

After the re-embarkation of the Ferrol expedition, he writes: “The prospect of public affairs is most gloomy. What a disgraceful and what an expensive campaign have we made! Twenty-two thousand men, a large proportion not soldiers, floating round the greater part of Europe the scorn and laughing-stock of friends and foes.”

In the spring of 1801, Lord Cornwallis, replaced in Ireland by Lord Hardwicke and Sir W. Medows, assumed the command of the eastern district in England—invasion appearing imminent. His letters to his friend Ross at this period are most desponding. Our best troops were abroad upon expeditions. One barren success in Egypt, with which ministers attempted to gild half-a-dozen failures, had cost us the gallant Abercromby. The defence of the country was intrusted to the militia. The Duke of York had actually proposed to introduce a Russian force to coerce and civilize Ireland, and would have done so had not the better sense and feeling of Cornwallis prevailed. “My disgrace must be certain,” writes he to Ross, “should the enemy land. What could I hope, with eight weak regiments of militia, making about 2,800 firelocks, and two regiments of dragoons?” . . . “In our wooden walls alone must we place our trust; we should make a sad business of it on shore.” . . . “If it is really intended that —— should defend Kent and Sussex, it is of very little consequence what army you place under his command.” . . . “God send that we may have no occasion to decide the matter on shore, where I have too much reason to apprehend that the contest must terminate in the disgrace of the general and the destruction of the country.” . . . “I confess that I see no prospect of peace, or of anything good. We shall prepare for the land defence of England by much wild and capricious expenditure of money, and if the enemy should ever elude the vigilance of our wooden walls, we shall after all make a bad figure.” \*

Bad as matters had been at the time of Humbert's invasion, it is clear that Lord Cornwallis believed our military affairs to be in a much worse condition in 1801.

In Ireland, in 1798, he had under him a few officers on whom he could depend, and although his army, thanks to Lord Amherst and the Duke of York, was in a deplorable state of discipline, he, a good and practised general, was at its head, to make the best of it.

\* Lieut.-Col. Gordon (Sir Willoughby), Military Secretary to the Duke of York, speaks of Lord Cornwallis as “an officer whose estimation in the army could not be exceeded.”—*Lieut.-Col. Gordon to Sir A. Wellesley, 1807.*

The Duke of Wellington has since taught us, on more than one occasion, that there are some extraordinary workmen who can do good work with any tools; and who can even make their own tools as they require them.—But in England, in 1801, the military workmen in court employ were all so execrably bad, that it mattered little what was the quality of the tools supplied to them. The Duke of York, David Dundas, and Lord Chatham had everything their own way: the most important posts, the most costly expeditions, were intrusted, not to the officers most formidable to the enemy, but to the friends and *protégés* of the military courtiers who stood best at Windsor and St. James's. It is no small proof of Cornwallis's tact in judging of men, that whilst we find him deprecating the employment in independent commands of such generals as the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, Dundas, Burrard (of Cintra), Coote (of Ostend), Pulteney (of Ferrol), Whitelock (of Buenos Ayres), and Lord Chatham (of Walcheren), he had always a word of approval for Lake and Abercromby, and in an introductory letter to Sir John Shore, speaks of the lieutenant-colonel of his own regiment, the Hon. Arthur Wesley, as a "sensible man and a good officer."

Throughout the whole of *The Cornwallis Correspondence*, there is no single hint of stinted means for the defence of the country, there is no single doubt cast upon the personal bravery of our officers and our men; but there are many out-spoken complaints of utter incompetence and reckless extravagance on the part of those who had the chief conduct of our military affairs. From 1795 to 1805—that time of fear—we have now incontrovertible testimony that both England and Ireland were in an indefensible condition, had an invader landed with a very moderate body of such soldiers as Humbert led; and that that condition was owing in no degree to any want of manliness or liberality on the part of the British nation, but solely and entirely to the want of capacity of the men whom it pleased the court, in spite of repeated disgrace and defeat, perversely to maintain in the management and command of the army.\*

Mr. Pitt survived Lord Cornwallis but a few months, dying early in 1806, and Lord Grenville, when invited by George III. to succeed him, positively declined to do so, unless the army was placed under ministerial control. To this innovation the poor crazy king demurred. It had been an amusement and an occupation to him in his lucid intervals, "to transact military business with Frederick," with what deplorable results to the resources and credit of the nation we now know.† His Majesty objected,

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\* "The staff in Kent seems to be calculated solely for the purpose of placing the defence of the country in the hands of Sir D. Dundas. However he may succeed with other people, I think he cannot persuade Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville that he is a clever fellow; and surely they must have too much sense to believe that it is possible that a man without talents, and who can neither write nor talk intelligibly, can be a good general."—*Lord C. to Lt-Gen. Ross.*

† "April 12, 1800. The king much improved. Saw the Duke of York for two hours yesterday, on military matters.

"April 13. The king not so well. Over-excited himself yesterday."—*Diary of the Right Hon. Sir George Rose.*



that ever since the time of the first Duke of Cumberland, the army had been considered as under the exclusive control of the sovereign, without any right of interference on the part of his ministers, save in matters relating to levying, clothing, feeding, and paying it; and he expressed a strong disinclination to make any concession which should fetter himself, and the Duke of York, in doing as they pleased with their own.

Lord Grenville, however, remained firm; for, in the opinion of himself and his friends, the safety of the kingdom required that he should be so, and, ultimately, the king gave way, on condition that no changes should be carried into effect at the Horse Guards without his knowledge and approval.

But other and more complaisant advisers soon replaced Lord Grenville, and circumstances, entirely corroborative of the estimate which Grenville and Cornwallis had formed of his character, rendered it advisable that the Duke of York should retire from public life.\* Sir David Dundas, notoriously one of the most incapable and unfit general officers in the service, was selected by the court as H.R.H.'s successor; and, about two years afterwards, George III. finally disappeared from the scene, and the Regency commenced.† Then the duke, in spite of all that had transpired, was instantly recalled by his royal brother to Whitehall, where he remained until his death. The Regent was not the man to waive one iota of what he held to be his prerogative. During his reign, the right of the Crown to the irresponsible direction of the British army was fully asserted; and, in spite of five years of almost unvaried success in the Peninsula, and of the crowning glory of Waterloo, a fantastically dressed, luxurious, and unpopular body it became under the royal auspices. To the present day, regimental officers, fond of their glass, bless his Majesty for what is called "the Prince Regent's allowance," a boon which daily ensures to them a cheap after-dinner bottle of wine, at a cost to their more abstemious brother officers, and to taxpayers in general, of 27,000*l.* a year.

Happily for the present generation, matters have changed since those corrupt times, in many—many respects for the better. The British army is no longer looked upon by the people as a costly and not very useful toy,

\*•• The Duke of York is certainly in a bad way. All that we can do will be to acquit him of corruption; and indeed I doubt whether we shall be able to carry him so far as to acquit him of suspecting Mrs. Clarke's practices and allowing them to go on. If we should succeed in both these objects, the question will then turn upon the point whether it is proper that a prince of the blood, who has manifested so much weakness as he has, and has led such a life (for that is material in these days), is a proper person to be intrusted with the duties of a responsible office.

"We shall be beat upon this question, I think. If we should carry it by a small majority, the duke will equally be obliged to resign his office, and most probably the consequence of such a victory must be that the government will be broken up."—*Sir A. Wellesley to the Duke of Richmond, 1809.*

† "General Dundas is, I understand, appointed commander-in-chief, I should imagine much against the inclination of the king's ministers; but I understand that it is expected that the Duke of York will be able to resume his situation by the time Sir David is quite superannuated, and it might not be so easy to get a younger or a better man out of office at so early a period."—*Sir A. W. to the Duke of R., 1809.*

chiefly maintained for the diversion of royalty; we now recognize and respect in it an important national engine, for the proper condition and conduct of which—as for that of the navy—a Secretary of State is directly responsible to Parliament. But a change of such magnitude has not been carried out without much peevish remonstrance and factious opposition on the part of the many whose patronage it has diminished, and whose power it has curtailed; and there are still not a few who offer what opposition they dare to its harmonious consummation.

It is to be feared that a slight leaven of the same spirit which, sixty years ago, wasted the resources and paralyzed the energies of this powerful nation, may, perchance, still linger around the precincts of Whitehall and St. James's,—and it is not impossible that when the SMITH AND ELDER of the twentieth century present to the public their first editions of the *Panmure Papers* and the *Herbert Memoirs*, facts, bearing on the disasters of the Crimean war, and on the invasion panic of 1859-60, may for the first time be made known—not entirely different from those with which we have recently become acquainted through *The Cornwallis Correspondence*.

### To Goldenhair.

(FROM HORACE.)

—♦♦♦—  
 Ah, Pyrrha—tell me, whose the happy lot  
 To woo thee on a couch of lavish roses—  
 Who, bathed in odorous dew, in his fond arms encloses  
 Thee, in some happy grot?

For whom those nets of golden-gloried hair  
 Dost thou entwine in cunning carelessnesses?  
 Alas, poor boy! Who thee, in fond belief, caresses  
 Deeming thee wholly fair!

How oft shall he thy fickleness bemoan,  
 When fair to foul shall change—and he, unskilful  
 In pilotage, beholds—with tempests wildly wilful—  
 The happy calm o'erthrown!

He, who now hopes that thou wilt ever prove  
 All void of care, and full of fond endearing,  
 Knows not that varies more, than Zephyrs ever-veering,  
 The fickle breath of Love.

Ah, hapless he, to whom, like seas untried,  
 Thou seemest fair! That *my* sea-going's ended  
 My votive tablet proves, to those dark Gods suspended,  
 Who o'er the waves preside.

THOMAS HOOD.

## Thramley Parsonage.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.

It is no doubt very wrong to long after a naughty thing. But nevertheless we all do so. One may say that hankering after naughty things is the very essence of the evil into which we have been precipitated by Adam's fall. When we confess that we are all sinners, we confess that we all long after naughty things.

And ambition is a great vice—as Mark Antony told us a long time ago—a great vice, no doubt, if the ambition of the man be with reference to his own advancement, and not to the advancement of others. But then, how many of us are there who are not ambitious in this vicious manner?

And there is nothing viler than the desire to know great people—people of great rank I should say; nothing worse than the hunting of titles and worshipping of wealth. We all know this, and say it every day of our lives. But presuming that a way into the society of Park Lane was open to us, and a way also into that of Bedford Row, how many of us are there who would prefer Bedford Row because it is so vile to worship wealth and title?

I am led into these rather trite remarks by the necessity of putting forward some sort of excuse for that frame of mind in which the Rev. Mark Robarts awoke on the morning after his arrival at Chaldicotes. And I trust that the fact of his being a clergyman will not be allowed to press against him unfairly. Clergymen are subject to the same passions as other men; and, as far as I can see, give way to them, in one line or in another, almost as frequently. Every clergyman should, by canonical rule, feel a personal disinclination to a bishopric; but yet we do not believe that such personal disinclination is generally very strong.

Mark's first thoughts when he woke on that morning flew back to Mr. Fothergill's invitation. The duke had sent a special message to say how peculiarly glad he, the duke, would be to make acquaintance with him, the parson! How much of this message had been of Mr. Fothergill's own manufacture, that Mark Robarts did not consider.

He had obtained a living at an age when other young clergymen are beginning to think of a curacy, and he had obtained such a living as middle-aged parsons in their dreams regard as a possible Paradise for their old years. Of course he thought that all these good things had been the results of his own peculiar merits. Of course he felt that he was different from other parsons,—more fitted by nature for intimacy with great persons, more urbane, more polished, and more richly endowed with modern

clerical well-to-do aptitudes. He was grateful to Lady Lufton for what she had done for him; but perhaps not so grateful as he should have been.

At any rate he was not Lady Lufton's servant, nor even her dependant. So much he had repeated to himself on many occasions, and had gone so far as to hint the same idea to his wife. In his career as parish priest he must in most things be the judge of his own actions—and in many also it was his duty to be the judge of those of his patroness. The fact of Lady Lufton having placed him in the living, could by no means make her the proper judge of his actions. This he often said to himself; and he said as often that Lady Lufton certainly had a hankering after such a judgment-seat.

Of whom generally did prime ministers and official bigwigs think it expedient to make bishops and deans? Was it not, as a rule, of those clergymen who had shown themselves able to perform their clerical duties efficiently, and able also to take their place with ease in high society? He was very well off certainly at Framley; but he could never hope for anything beyond Framley, if he allowed himself to regard Lady Lufton as a bugbear. Putting Lady Lufton and her prejudices out of the question, was there any reason why he ought not to accept the duke's invitation? He could not see that there was any such reason. If any one could be a better judge on such a subject than himself, it must be his bishop. And it was clear that the bishop wished him to go to Gatherum Castle.

The matter was still left open to him. Mr. Fothergill had especially explained that; and therefore his ultimate decision was as yet within his own power. Such a visit would cost him some money, for he knew that a man does not stay at great houses without expense; and then, in spite of his good income, he was not very flush of money. He had been down this year with Lord Lufton in Scotland. Perhaps it might be more prudent for him to return home.

But then an idea came to him that it behoved him as a man and a priest to break through that Framley thralldom under which he felt that he did to a certain extent exist. Was it not the fact that he was about to decline this invitation from fear of Lady Lufton? and if so, was that a motive by which he ought to be actuated? It was incumbent on him to rid himself of that feeling. And in this spirit he got up and dressed.

There was hunting again on that day; and as the hounds were to meet near Chaldicotes, and to draw some coverts lying on the verge of the chase, the ladies were to go in carriages through the drives of the forest, and Mr. Robarts was to escort them on horseback. Indeed it was one of those hunting-days got up rather for the ladies than for the sport. Great nuisances they are to steady, middle-aged hunting men; but the young fellows like them because they have thereby an opportunity of showing off their sporting finery, and of doing a little flirtation on horseback. The bishop, also, had been minded to be of the party; so, at least, he had said on the previous evening; and a place in one of the carriages had been set apart

for him: but since that, he and Mrs. Proudie had discussed the matter in private, and at breakfast his lordship declared that he had changed his mind.

Mr. Sowerby was one of those men who are known to be very poor—as poor as debt can make a man—but who, nevertheless, enjoy all the luxuries which money can give. It was believed that he could not live in England, out of jail but for his protection as a member of Parliament; and yet it seemed that there was no end to his horses and carriages, his servants and retinue. He had been at this work for a great many years, and practice, they say, makes perfect. Such companions are very dangerous. There is no cholera, no yellow-fever, no small-pox more contagious than debt. If one lives habitually among embarrassed men, one catches it to a certainty. No one had injured the community in this way more fatally than Mr. Sowerby. But still he carried on the game himself; and now on this morning carriages and horses thronged at his gate, as though he were as substantially rich as his friend the Duke of Omnium.

“Robarts, my dear fellow,” said Mr. Sowerby, when they were well under way down one of the glades of the forest,—for the place where the hounds met was some four or five miles from the house of Chaldicotes,—“ride on with me a moment. I want to speak to you; and if I stay behind we shall never get to the hounds.” So Mark, who had come expressly to escort the ladies, rode on alongside of Mr. Sowerby in his pink coat.

“My dear fellow, Fothergill tells me that you have some hesitation about going to Gatherum Castle.”

“Well, I did decline, certainly. You know I am not a man of pleasure, as you are. I have some duties to attend to.”

“Gammon!” said Mr. Sowerby; and as he said it he looked with a kind of derisive smile into the clergyman’s face.

“It is easy enough to say that, Sowerby; and perhaps I have no right to expect that you should understand me.”

“Ah, but I do understand you; and I say it is gammon. I would be the last man in the world to ridicule your scruples about duty, if this hesitation on your part arose from any such scruple. But answer me honestly, do you not know that such is not the case?”

“I know nothing of the kind.”

“Ah, but I think you do. If you persist in refusing this invitation will it not be because you are afraid of making Lady Lufton angry? I do not know what there can be in that woman that she is able to hold both you and Lufton in leading-strings.”

Robarts, of course, denied the charge and protested that he was not to be taken back to his own parsonage by any fear of Lady Lufton. But though he made such protest with warmth, he knew that he did so ineffectually. Sowerby only smiled and said that the proof of the pudding was in the eating.

“What is the good of a man keeping a curate if it be not to save him from that sort of drudgery?” he asked.

"Drudgery! If I were a drudge how could I be here to-day?"

"Well, Roberts, look here. I am speaking now, perhaps, with more of the energy of an old friend than circumstances fully warrant; but I am an older man than you, and as I have a regard for you I do not like to see you throw up a good game when it is in your hands."

"Oh, as far as that goes, Sowerby, I need hardly tell you that I appreciate your kindness."

"If you are content," continued the man of the world, "to live at Framley all your life, and to warm yourself in the sunshine of the dowager there, why, in such case, it may perhaps be useless for you to extend the circle of your friends; but if you have higher ideas than these, I think you will be very wrong to omit the present opportunity of going to the duke's. I never knew the duke go so much out of his way to be civil to a clergyman as he has done in this instance."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to him."

"The fact is, that you may, if you please, make yourself popular in the county; but you cannot do it by obeying all Lady Lufton's behests. She is a dear old woman, I am sure."

"She is, Sowerby; and you would say so, if you knew her."

"I don't doubt it; but it would not do for you or me to live exactly according to her ideas. Now, here, in this case, the bishop of the diocese is to be one of the party, and he has, I believe, already expressed a wish that you should be another."

"He asked me if I were going."

"Exactly; and Archdeacon Grantley will be there."

"Will he?" asked Mark. Now, that would be a great point gained, for Archdeacon Grantley was a close friend of Lady Lufton.

"So I understand from Fothergill. Indeed, it will be very wrong of you not to go, and I tell you so plainly; and what is more, when you talk about your duty—you having a curate as you have—why, it is gammon." These last words he spoke looking back over his shoulder as he stood up in his stirrups, for he had caught the eye of the huntsman who was surrounded by his hounds, and was now trotting on to join him.

During a great portion of the day, Mark found himself riding by the side of Mrs. Proudie, as that lady leaned back in her carriage. And Mrs. Proudie smiled on him graciously though her daughter would not do so. Mrs. Proudie was fond of having an attendant clergyman; and as it was evident that Mr. Roberts lived among nice people—titled dowagers, members of parliament, and people of that sort—she was quite willing to instal him as a sort of honorary chaplain *pro tem*.

"I'll tell you what we have settled, Mrs. Harold Smith and I," said Mrs. Proudie to him. "This lecture at Barchester will be so late on Saturday evening, that you had all better come and dine with us."

Mark bowed and thanked her, and declared that he should be very happy to make one of such a party. Even Lady Lufton could not object to this, although she was not especially fond of Mrs. Proudie.

"And then they are to sleep at the hotel. It will really be too late for ladies to think of going back so far at this time of the year. I told Mrs. Harold Smith, and Miss Dunstable too, that we could manage to make room at any rate for them. But they will not leave the other ladies; so they go to the hotel for that night. But, Mr. Roberts, the bishop will never allow you to stay at the inn, so of course you will take a bed at the palace."

It immediately occurred to Mark that as the lecture was to be given on Saturday evening, the next morning would be Sunday; and, on that Sunday, he would have to preach at Chaldicotes. "I thought they were all going to return the same night," said he.

"Well, they did intend it; but you see Mrs. Smith is afraid."

"I should have to get back here on the Sunday morning, Mrs. Proudie."

"Ah, yes, that is bad—very bad, indeed. No one dislikes any interference with the Sabbath more than I do. Indeed, if I am particular about anything it is about that. But some works are works of necessity, Mr. Roberts; are they not? Now you must necessarily be back at Chaldicotes on Sunday morning!" and so the matter was settled. Mrs. Proudie was very firm in general in the matter of Sabbath-day observances; but when she had to deal with such persons as Mrs. Harold Smith, it was expedient that she should give way a little. "You can start as soon as it's daylight, you know, if you like it, Mr. Roberts," said Mrs. Proudie.

There was not much to boast of as to the hunting, but it was a very pleasant day for the ladies. The men rode up and down the grass roads through the chase, sometimes in the greatest possible hurry as though they never could go quick enough; and then the coachmen would drive very fast also though they did not know why, for a fast pace of movement is another of those contagious diseases. And then again the sportsmen would move at an undertaker's pace, when the fox had traversed and the hounds would be at a loss to know which was the hunt and which was the heel; and then the carriage also would go slowly, and the ladies would stand up and talk. And then the time for lunch came; and altogether the day went by pleasantly enough.

"And so that's hunting, is it?" said Miss Dunstable.

"Yes, that's hunting," said Mr. Sowerby.

"I did not see any gentleman do anything that I could not do myself, except there was one young man slipped off into the mud; and I shouldn't like that."

"But there was no breaking of bones, was there, my dear?" said Mrs. Harold Smith.

"And nobody caught any foxes," said Miss Dunstable. "The fact is, Mrs. Smith, that I don't think much more of their sport than I do of their business. I shall take to hunting a pack of hounds myself after this."

"Do, my dear, and I'll be your whipper-in. I wonder whether Mrs. Proudie would join us."

"I shall be writing to the duke to-night," said Mr. Fothergill to Mark, as they were all riding up to the stable-yard together. "You will let me tell his grace that you will accept his invitation—will you not?"

"Upon my word, the duke is very kind," said Mark.

"He is very anxious to know you, I can assure you," said Fothergill.

What could a young flattered fool of a parson do, but say that he would go? Mark did say that he would go; and, in the course of the evening his friend Mr. Sowerby congratulated him, and the bishop joked with him and said that he knew that he would not give up good company so soon; and Miss Dunstable said she would make him her chaplain as soon as parliament would allow quack doctors to have such articles—an allusion which Mark did not understand, till he learned that Miss Dunstable was herself the proprietress of the celebrated Oil of Lebanon, invented by her late respected father, and patented by him with such wonderful results in the way of accumulated fortune; and Mrs. Proudie made him quite one of their party, talking to him about all manner of church subjects; and then at last, even Mrs. Proudie smiled on him, when she learned that he had been thought worthy of a bed at a duke's castle. And all the world seemed to be open to him.

But he could not make himself happy that evening. On the next morning he must write to his wife; and he could already see the look of painful sorrow which would fall upon his Fanny's brow when she learned that her husband was going to be a guest at the Duke of Omhium's. And he must tell her to send him money, and money was scarce. And then, as to Lady Lufton, should he send her some message, or should he not? In either case he must declare war against her. And then did he not owe everything to Lady Lufton? And thus in spite of all his triumphs he could not get himself to bed in a happy frame of mind.

On the next day, which was Friday, he postponed the disagreeable task of writing. Saturday would do as well; and on Saturday morning, before they all started for Barchester, he did write. And his letter ran as follows:—

"Chaldicotes,—November, 185—.

"DEAREST LOVE,—You will be astonished when I tell you how gay we all are here, and what further dissipation is in store for us. The Arabins, as you supposed, are not of our party; but the Proudies are,—as you supposed also. Your suppositions are always right. And what will you think when I tell you that I am to sleep at the palace on Saturday? You know that there is to be a lecture in Barchester on that day. Well; we must all go, of course, as Harold Smith, one of our set here, is to give it. And now it turns out that we cannot get back the same night because there is no moon; and Mrs. Bishop would not allow that my cloth should be contaminated by an hotel;—very kind and considerate, is it not?"

"But I have a more astounding piece of news for you than this. There is to be a great party at Gatherum Castle next week, and they have talked me over into accepting an invitation which the duke sent expressly to me. I refused at first; but everybody here said that my doing so would be so strange; and then they all wanted to know my reason. When I came to render it, I did not know what reason I had to give. The bishop is going, and he thought it very odd that I should not go also, seeing that I was asked.



"I know what my own darling will think, and I know that she will not be pleased, and I must put off my defence till I return to her from this ogre-land,—if ever I do get back alive. But joking apart, Fanny, I think that I should have been wrong to stand out, when so much was said about it. I should have been seeming to take upon myself to sit in judgment upon the duke. I doubt if there be a single clergyman in the diocese, under fifty years of age, who would have refused the invitation under such circumstances,—unless it be Crawley, who is so mad on the subject that he thinks it almost wrong to take a walk out of his own parish.

"I must stay at Gatherum Castle over Sunday week—indeed, we only go there on Friday. I have written to Jones about the duties. I can make it up to him, as I know he wishes to go into Wales at Christmas. My wanderings will all be over then, and he may go for a couple of months if he pleases. I suppose you will take my classes in the school on Sunday, as well as your own; but pray make them have a good fire. If this is too much for you, make Mrs. Podgens take the boys. Indeed I think that will be better.

"Of course you will tell her ladyship of my whereabouts. Tell her from me, that as regards the bishop, as well as regarding another great personage, the colour has been laid on perhaps a little too thickly. Not that Lady Lufton would ever like him. Make her understand that my going to the duke's has almost become a matter of conscience with me. I have not known how to make it appear that it would be right for me to refuse, without absolutely making a party matter of it. I saw that it would be said, that I, coming from Lady Lufton's parish, could not go to the Duke of Omnium's. This I did not choose.

"I find that I shall want a little more money before I leave here, five or ten pounds—say ten pounds. If you cannot spare it, get it from Davis. He owes me more than that; a good deal.

"And now, God bless and preserve you, my own love. Kiss my darling bairns for papa, and give them my blessing.

"Always and ever your own,

"M. R."

And then there was written, on an outside scrap which was folded round the full-written sheet of paper, "Make it as smooth at Framley Court as possible."

However strong, and reasonable, and unanswerable the body of Mark's letter may have been, all his hesitation, weakness, doubt, and fear, were expressed in this short postscript.

## CHAPTER V.

### AMANTIUM IRÆ AMORIS INTEGRATIO.

AND now, with my reader's consent, I will follow the postman with that letter to Framley; not by its own circuitous route indeed, or by the same mode of conveyance; for that letter went into Barchester by the Courcy night mail-cart, which, on its road, passes through the villages of Uffley and Chaldicotes, reaching Barchester in time for the up mail-train to London. By that train, the letter was sent towards the metropolis as far as the junction of the Barset branch line, but there it was turned in its course, and came down again by the main line as far as Silverbridge; at which place, between six and seven in the morning, it was shouldered by

the Framley footpost messenger, and in due course delivered at the Framley Parsonage exactly as Mrs. Roberts had finished reading prayers to the four servants. Or, I should say rather, that such would in its usual course have been that letter's destiny. As it was, however, it reached Silverbridge on Sunday, and lay there till the Monday, as the Framley people have declined their Sunday post. And then again, when the letter was delivered at the parsonage, on that wet Monday morning, Mrs. Roberts was not at home. As we are all aware, she was staying with her ladyship at Framley Court.

"Oh, but it's mortal wet," said the shivering postman as he handed in that and the vicar's newspaper. The vicar was a man of the world, and took the *Jupiter*.

"Come in, Robin postman, and warm theeself awhile," said Jemima the cook, pushing a stool a little to one side, but still well in front of the big kitchen fire.

"Well, I dudna jist know how it'll be. The wery 'edges 'as eyes and tells on me in Silverbridge, if I so much as stops to pick a blackberry."

"There bain't no hedges here, mon, nor yet no blackberries; so sit thee down and warm theeself. That's better nor blackberries I'm thinking," and she handed him a bowl of tea with a slice of buttered toast.

Robin postman took the proffered tea, put his dripping hat on the ground, and thanked Jemima cook. "But I dudna jist know how it'll be," said he; "only it do pour so tarnation heavy." Which among us, O my readers, could have withstood that temptation?

Such was the circuitous course of Mark's letter; but as it left Chaldicotes on Saturday evening, and reached Mrs. Roberts on the following morning, or would have done, but for that intervening Sunday, doing all its peregrinations during the night, it may be held that its course of transport was not inconveniently arranged. We, however, will travel by a much shorter route.

Robin, in the course of his daily travels, passed, first the post-office at Framley, then the Framley Court back entrance, and then the vicar's house, so that on this wet morning Jemima cook was not able to make use of his services in transporting this letter back to her mistress; for Robin had got another village before him, expectant of its letters.

"Why didn't thee leave it, mon, with Mr. Applejohn at the Court?" Mr. Applejohn was the butler who took the letter-bag. "Thee know'st as how missus was there."

And then Robin, mindful of the tea and toast, explained to her courteously how the law made it imperative on him to bring the letter to the very house that was indicated, let the owner of the letter be where she might; and he laid down the law very satisfactorily with sundry long-worded quotations. Not to much effect, however, for the housemaid called him an oaf; and Robin would decidedly have had the worst of it, had not the gardener come in and taken his part. "They women knows

nothin', and understands nothin'," said the gardener. "Give us hold of the letter. I'll take it up to the house. It's the master's fist." And then Robin postman went on one way, and the gardener, he went the other. The gardener never disliked an excuse for going up to the Court gardens, even on so wet a day as this.

Mrs. Roberts was sitting over the drawing-room fire with Lady Meredith, when her husband's letter was brought to her. The Framley Court letter-bag had been discussed at breakfast; but that was now nearly an hour since, and Lady Lufton, as was her wont, was away in her own room writing her own letters, and looking after her own matters: for Lady Lufton was a person who dealt in figures herself, and understood business almost as well as Harold Smith. And on that morning she also had received a letter which had displeased her not a little. Whence arose this displeasure neither Mrs. Roberts nor Lady Meredith knew; but her ladyship's brow had grown black at breakfast time; she had bundled up an ominous-looking epistle into her bag without speaking of it, and had left the room immediately that breakfast was over.

"There's something wrong," said Sir George.

"Mamma does fret herself so much about Ludovic's money matters," said Lady Meredith. Ludovic was Lord Lufton,—Ludovic Lufton, Baron Lufton of Lufton, in the county of Oxfordshire.

"And yet I don't think Lufton gets much astray," said Sir George, as he sauntered 'out of the room. "Well, Justy; we'll put off going then till to-morrow; but remember, it must be the first train." Lady Meredith said she would remember, and then they went into the drawing-room, and there Mrs. Roberts received her letter.

Fanny, when she read it, hardly at first realized to herself the idea that her husband, the clergyman of Framley, the family clerical friend of Lady Lufton's establishment, was going to stay with the Duke of Omnium. It was so thoroughly understood at Framley Court that the duke and all belonging to him was noxious and damnable. He was a Whig, he was a bachelor, he was a gambler, he was immoral in every way, he was a man of no church principle, a corrupter of youth, a sworn foe of young wives, a swallower up of small men's patrimonies; a man whom mothers feared for their sons, and sisters for their brothers; and worse again, whom fathers had cause to fear for their daughters, and brothers for their sisters;—a man who, with his belongings, dwelt, and must dwell, poles asunder from Lady Lufton and her belongings!

And it must be remembered that all these evil things were fully believed by Mrs. Roberts. Could it really be that her husband was going to dwell in the halls of Apollyon, to shelter himself beneath the wings of this very Lucifer? A cloud of sorrow settled upon her face, and then she read the letter again very slowly, not omitting the tell-tale postscript.

"Oh, Justinia!" at last she said.

"What, have you got bad news, too?"

"I hardly know how to tell you what has occurred. There; I suppose

you had better read it," and she handed her husband's epistle to Lady Meredith,—keeping back, however, the postscript.

"What on earth will her ladyship say now?" said Lady Meredith, as she folded the paper, and replaced it in the envelope.

"What had I better do, Justinia? how had I better tell her?" And then the two ladies put their heads together, bethinking themselves how they might best deprecate the wrath of Lady Lufton. It had been arranged that Mrs. Robarts should go back to the parsonage after lunch, and she had persisted in her intention after it had been settled that the Merediths were to stay over that evening. Lady Meredith now advised her friend to carry out this determination without saying anything about her husband's terrible iniquities, and then to send the letter up to Lady Lufton as soon as she reached the parsonage. "Mamma will never know that you received it here," said Lady Meredith.

But Mrs. Robarts would not consent to this. Such a course seemed to her to be cowardly. She knew that her husband was doing wrong; she felt that he knew it himself; but still it was necessary that she should defend him. However terrible might be the storm, it must break upon her own head. So she at once went up and tapped at Lady Lufton's private door; and as she did so Lady Meredith followed her.

"Come in," said Lady Lufton, and the voice did not sound soft and pleasant. When they entered, they found her sitting at her little writing table, with her head resting on her arm, and that letter which she had received that morning was lying open on the table before her. Indeed there were two letters now there, one from a London lawyer to herself, and the other from her son to that London lawyer. It needs only be explained that the subject of those letters was the immediate sale of that outlying portion of the Lufton property in Oxfordshire, as to which Mr. Sowerby once spoke. Lord Lufton had told the lawyer that the thing must be done at once, adding that his friend Robarts would have explained the whole affair to his mother. And then the lawyer had written to Lady Lufton, as indeed was necessary; but unfortunately Lady Lufton had not hitherto heard a word of the matter.

In her eyes, the sale of family property was horrible; the fact that a young man with some fifteen or twenty thousand a year should require subsidiary money was horrible; that her own son should have not written to her himself was horrible; and it was also horrible that her own pet, the clergyman whom she had brought there to be her son's friend, should be mixed up in the matter,—should be cognizant of it while she was not cognizant,—should be employed in it as a go-between and agent in her son's bad courses. It was all horrible, and Lady Lufton was sitting there with a black brow and an uneasy heart. As regarded our poor parson, we may say that in this matter he was blameless, except that he had hitherto lacked the courage to execute his friend's commission.

"What is it, Fanny?" said Lady Lufton as soon as the door was opened; "I should have been down in half-an-hour, if you wanted me, Justinia."

"Fanny has received a letter which makes her wish to speak to you at once," said Lady Meredith.

"What letter, Fanny?"

Poor Fanny's heart was in her mouth; she held it in her hand, but had not yet quite made up her mind whether she would show it bodily to Lady Lufton.

"From Mr. Roberts," she said.

"Well; I suppose he is going to stay another week at Chaldicotes. For my part I should be as well pleased;" and Lady Lufton's voice was not friendly, for she was thinking of that farm in Oxfordshire. The imprudence of the young is very sore to the prudence of their elders. No woman could be less covetous, less grasping than Lady Lufton; but the sale of a portion of the old family property was to her as the loss of her own heart's blood.

"Here is the letter, Lady Lufton; perhaps you had better read it;" and Fanny handed it to her, again keeping back the postscript. She had read and re-read the letter downstairs, but could not make out whether her husband had intended her to show it. From the line of the argument she thought that he must have done so. At any rate he said for himself more than she could say for him, and so, probably, it was best that her ladyship should see it.

Lady Lufton took it, and read it, and her face grew blacker and blacker. Her mind was set against the writer before she began it, and every word in it tended to make her feel more estranged from him. "Oh, he is going to the palace, is he—well; he must choose his own friends. Harold Smith one of his party! It's a pity, my dear, he did not see Miss Proudie before he met you, he might have lived to be the bishop's chaplain. Gatherum Castle! You don't mean to tell me that he is going there? Then I tell you fairly, Fanny, that I have done with him."

"Oh, Lady Lufton, don't say that," said Mrs. Roberts, with tears in her eyes.

"Mamma, mamma, don't speak in that way," said Lady Meredith.

"But my dear, what am I to say? I must speak in that way. You would not wish me to speak falsehoods, would you? A man must choose for himself, but he can't live with two different sets of people; at least, not if I belong to one and the Duke of Omnium to the other. The bishop going indeed! If there be anything that I hate it is hypocrisy."

"There is no hypocrisy in that, Lady Lufton."

"But I say there is, Fanny. Very strange, indeed! 'Put off his defence!' Why should a man need any defence to his wife if he acts in a straightforward way. His own language condemns him: 'Wrong to stand out!' Now, will either of you tell me that Mr. Roberts would really have thought it wrong to refuse that invitation? I say that that is hypocrisy. There is no other word for it."

By this time the poor wife, who had been in tears, was wiping them away and preparing for action. Lady Lufton's extreme severity gave her

courage. She knew that it behoved her to fight for her husband when he was thus attacked. Had Lady Lufton been moderate in her remarks Mrs. Robarts would not have had a word to say.

"My husband may have been ill-judged," she said, "but he is no hypocrite."

"Very well, my dear, I dare say you know better than I; but to me it looks extremely like hypocrisy: eh, Justinia?"

"Oh, mamma, do be moderate."

"Moderate! That's all very well. How is one to moderate one's feelings when one has been betrayed?"

"You do not mean that Mr. Robarts has betrayed you?" said the wife.

"Oh, no; of course not." And then she went on reading the letter: "'Seem to have been standing in judgment upon the duke.' Might he not use the same argument as to going into any house in the kingdom, however infamous? We must all stand in judgment one upon another in that sense. 'Crawley!' Yes; if he were a little more like Mr. Crawley it would be a good thing for me, and for the parish, and for you too, my dear. God forgive me for bringing him here; that's all."

"Lady Lufton, I must say that you are very hard upon him—very hard. I did not expect it from such a friend."

"My dear, you ought to know me well enough to be sure that I shall speak my mind. 'Written to Jones'—yes; it is easy enough to write to poor Jones. He had better write to Jones, and bid him do the whole duty. Then he can go and be the duke's domestic chaplain."

"I believe my husband does as much of his own duty as any clergyman in the whole diocese," said Mrs. Robarts, now again in tears.

"And you are to take his work in the school; you and Mrs. Podgens. What with his curate and his wife and Mrs. Podgens, I don't see why he should come back at all."

"Oh, mamma," said Justinia, "pray, pray don't be so harsh to her."

"Let me finish it, my dear,—oh, here I come. 'Tell her ladyship my whereabouts.' He little thought you'd show me this letter."

"Didn't he?" said Mrs. Robarts, putting out her hand to get it back, but in vain. "I thought it was for the best; I did indeed."

"I had better finish it now, if you please. What is this? How does he dare send his ribald jokes to me in such a matter? No, I do not suppose I ever shall like Dr. Proudie; I have never expected it. A matter of conscience with him! Well—well, well. Had I not read it myself, I could not have believed it of him; I would not positively have believed it. 'Coming from my parish he could not go to the Duke of Omnium!' And it is what I would wish to have said. People fit for this parish should not be fit for the Duke of Omnium's house. And I had trusted that he would have this feeling more strongly than any one else in it. I have been deceived—that's all."

"He has done nothing to deceive you, Lady Lufton."

"I hope he will not have deceived you, my dear. 'More money;' yes, it is probable that he will want more money. There is your letter, Fanny. I am very sorry for it. I can say nothing more." And she folded up the letter and gave it back to Mrs. Roberts.

"I thought it right to show it you," said Mrs. Roberts.

"It did not much matter whether you did or no; of course I must have been told."

"He especially begs me to tell you."

"Why, yes; he could not very well have kept me in the dark in such a matter. He could not neglect his own work, and go and live with gamblers and adulterers at the Duke of Omnium's without my knowing it."

And now Fanny Roberts's cup was full, full to the overflowing. When she heard these words she forgot all about Lady Lufton, all about Lady Meredith, and remembered only her husband,—that he was her husband, and, in spite of his faults, a good and loving husband;—and that other fact also she remembered, that she was his wife.

"Lady Lufton," she said, "you forget yourself in speaking in that way of my husband."

"What!" said her ladyship; "you are to show me such a letter as that, and I am not to tell you what I think?"

"Not if you think such hard things as that. Even you are not justified in speaking to me in that way, and I will not hear it."

"Heighy-tighty," said her ladyship.

"Whether or no he is right in going to the Duke of Omnium's, I will not pretend to judge. He is the judge of his own actions, and neither you nor I."

"And when he leaves you with the butcher's bill unpaid and no money to buy shoes for the children, who will be the judge then?"

"Not you, Lady Lufton. If such bad days should ever come—and neither you nor I have a right to expect them—I will not come to you in my troubles; not after this."

"Very well, my dear. You may go to the Duke of Omnium if that suits you better."

"Fanny, come away," said Lady Meredith. "Why should you try to anger my mother?"

"I don't want to anger her; but I won't hear him abused in that way without speaking up for him. If I don't defend him, who will? Lady Lufton has said terrible things about him; and they are not true."

"Oh, Fanny!" said Justinia.

"Very well, very well!" said Lady Lufton. "This is the sort of return that one gets."

"I don't know what you mean by return, Lady Lufton: but would you wish me to stand by quietly and hear such things said of my husband? He does not live with such people as you have named. He does not neglect his duties. If every clergyman were as much in his parish, it

would be well for some of them. And in going to such a house as the Duke of Omnium's it does make a difference that he goes there in company with the bishop. I can't explain why, but I know that it does."

"Especially when the bishop is coupled up with the devil, as Mr. Roberts has done," said Lady Lufton; "he can join the duke with them and then they'll stand for the three Graces, won't they, Justinia?" And Lady Lufton laughed a bitter little laugh at her own wit.

"I suppose I may go now, Lady Lufton."

"Oh, yes, certainly, my dear."

"I am sorry if I have made you angry with me; but I will not allow any one to speak against Mr. Roberts without answering them. You have been very unjust to him; and even though I do anger you, I must say so."

"Come, Fanny; this is too bad," said Lady Lufton. "You have been scolding me for the last half-hour because I would not congratulate you on this new friend that your husband has made, and now you are going to begin it all over again. That is more than I can stand. If you have nothing else particular to say, you might as well leave me." And Lady Lufton's face as she spoke was unbending, severe, and harsh.

Mrs. Roberts had never before been so spoken to by her old friend; indeed she had never been so spoken to by any one, and she hardly knew how to bear herself.

"Very well, Lady Lufton," she said; "then I will go. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Lady Lufton, and turning herself to her table she began to arrange her papers. Fanny had never before left Framley Court to go back to her own parsonage without a warm embrace. Now she was to do so without even having her hand taken. Had it come to this, that there was absolutely to be a quarrel between them,—a quarrel for ever?

"Fanny is going, you know, mamma," said Lady Meredith. "She will be home before you are down again."

"I cannot help it, my dear. Fanny must do as she pleases. I am not to be the judge of her actions. She has just told me so."

Mrs. Roberts had said nothing of the kind, but she was far too proud to point this out. So with a gentle step she retreated through the door, and then Lady Meredith, having tried what a conciliatory whisper with her mother would do, followed her. Alas, the conciliatory whisper was altogether ineffectual!

The two ladies said nothing as they descended the stairs, but when they had regained the drawing-room they looked with blank horror into each other's faces. What were they to do now? Of such a tragedy as this they had had no remotest preconception. Was it absolutely the case that Fanny Roberts was to walk out of Lady Lufton's house as a declared enemy,—she who, before her marriage as well as since, had been almost treated as an adopted daughter of the family?

"Oh, Fanny, why did you answer my mother in that way?" said Lady Meredith. "You saw that she was vexed. She had other things to vex her besides this about Mr. Roberts."



"And would not you answer any one who attacked Sir George?"

"No, not my own mother. I would let her say what she pleased, and leave Sir George to fight his own battles."

"Ah, but it is different with you. You are her daughter, and Sir George—— she would not dare to speak in that way as to Sir George's doings."

"Indeed she would, if it pleased her. I am sorry I let you go up to her."

"It is as well that it should be over, Justinia. As those are her thoughts about Mr. Robarts, it is quite as well that we should know them. Even for all that I owe to her, and all the love I bear to you, I will not come to this house if I am to hear my husband abused;—not into any house."

"My dearest Fanny, we all know what happens when two angry people get together."

"I was not angry when I went up to her; not in the least."

"It is no good looking back. What are we to do now, Fanny?"

"I suppose I had better go home," said Mrs. Robarts. "I will go and put my things up, and then I will send James for them."

"Wait till after lunch, and then you will be able to kiss my mother before you leave us."

"No, Justinia; I cannot wait. I must answer Mr. Robarts by this post, and I must think what I have to say to him. I could not write that letter here, and the post goes at four." And Mrs. Robarts got up from her chair, preparatory to her final departure.

"I shall come to you before dinner," said Lady Meredith; "and if I can bring you good tidings, I shall expect you to come back here with me. It is out of the question that I should go away from Framley leaving you and my mother at enmity with each other."

To this Mrs. Robarts made no answer; and in a very few minutes afterwards she was in her own nursery, kissing her children, and teaching the elder one to say something about papa. But, even as she taught him, the tears stood in her eyes, and the little fellow knew that everything was not right.

And there she sat till about two, doing little odds and ends of things for the children, and allowing that occupation to stand as an excuse to her for not commencing her letter. But then there remained only two hours to her, and it might be that the letter would be difficult in the writing—would require thought and changes, and must needs be copied, perhaps more than once. As to the money, that she had in the house—as much, at least, as Mark now wanted, though the sending of it would leave her nearly penniless. She could, however, in case of personal need, resort to Davis as desired by him.

So she got out her desk in the drawing-room, and sat down and wrote her letter. It was difficult, though she found that it hardly took so long as she expected. It was difficult, for she felt bound to tell him the truth;

and yet she was anxious not to spoil all his pleasure among his friends. She told him, however, that Lady Lufton was very angry, "unreasonably angry I must say," she put in, in order to show that she had not sided against him. "And indeed we have quite quarrelled, and this has made me unhappy, as it will you, dearest; I know that. But we both know how good she is at heart, and Justinia thinks that she had other things to trouble her; and I hope it will all be made up before you come home; only, dearest Mark, pray do not be longer than you said in your last letter." And then there were three or four paragraphs about the babies and two about the schools, which I may as well omit.

She had just finished her letter, and was carefully folding it for its envelope, with the two whole five-pound notes imprudently placed within it, when she heard a footstep on the gravel path which led up from a small wicket to the front door. The path ran near the drawing-room window, and she was just in time to catch a glimpse of the last fold of a passing cloak. "It is Justinia," she said to herself; and her heart became disturbed at the idea of again discussing the morning's adventure. "What am I to do," she had said to herself before, "if she wants me to beg her pardon? I will not own before her that he is in the wrong."

And then the door opened—for the visitor made her entrance without the aid of any servant—and Lady Lufton herself stood before her. "Fanny," she said at once, "I have come to beg your pardon."

"Oh, Lady Lufton!"

"I was very much harassed when you came to me just now;—by more things than one, my dear. But, nevertheless, I should not have spoken to you of your husband as I did, and so I have come to beg your pardon."

Mrs. Roberts was past answering by the time that this was said,—past answering at least in words; so she jumped up and, with her eyes full of tears, threw herself into her old friend's arms. "Oh, Lady Lufton!" she sobbed forth again.

"You will forgive me, won't you?" said her ladyship, as she returned her young friend's caress. "Well, that's right. I have not been at all happy since you left my den this morning, and I don't suppose you have. But, Fanny, dearest, we love each other too well and know each other too thoroughly, to have a long quarrel, don't we?"

"Oh, yes, Lady Lufton."

"Of course we do. Friends are not to be picked up on the road-side every day; nor are they to be thrown away lightly. And now sit down, my love, and let us have a little talk. There, I must take my bonnet off. You have pulled the strings so that you have almost choked me." And Lady Lufton deposited her bonnet on the table and seated herself comfortably in the corner of the sofa.

"My dear," she said, "there is no duty which any woman owes to any other human being at all equal to that which she owes to her husband, and, therefore, you were quite right to stand up for Mr. Roberts this morning."

Upon this Mrs. Roberts said nothing, but she got her hand within that of her ladyship and gave it a slight squeeze.

"And I loved you for what you were doing all the time. I did, my dear; though you were a little fierce, you know. Even Justinia admits that, and she has been at me ever since you went away. And indeed, I did not know that it was in you to look in that way out of those pretty eyes of yours."

"Oh, Lady Lufton!"

"But I looked fierce enough too myself, I dare say; so we'll say nothing more about that; will we? But now, about this good man of yours?"

"Dear Lady Lufton, you must forgive him."

"Well: as you ask me, I will. We'll have nothing more said about the duke, either now or when he comes back; not a word. Let me see—he's to be back;—when is it?"

"Wednesday week, I think."

"Ah, Wednesday. Well, tell him to come and dine up at the house on Wednesday. He'll be in time, I suppose, and there shan't be a word said about this horrid duke."

"I am so much obliged to you, Lady Lufton."

"But look here, my dear; believe me, he's better off without such friends."

"Oh, I know he is; much better off"

"Well, I'm glad you admit that, for I thought you seemed to be in favour of the duke."

"Oh, no, Lady Lufton."

"That's right, then. And now, if you'll take my advice, you'll use your influence, as a good, dear sweet wife as you are, to prevent his going there any more. I'm an old woman and he is a young man, and it's very natural that he should think me behind the times. I'm not angry at that. But he'll find that it's better for him, better for him in every way, to stick to his old friends. It will be better for his peace of mind, better for his character as a clergyman, better for his pocket, better for his children and for you,—and better for his eternal welfare. The duke is not such a companion as he should seek;—nor if he is sought, should he allow himself to be led away."

And then Lady Lufton ceased, and Fanny Roberts kneeling at her feet sobbed, with her face hidden on her friend's knees. She had not a word now to say as to her husband's capability of judging for himself.

"And now I must be going again; but Justinia has made me promise, —promise, mind you, most solemnly, that I would have you back to dinner to-night,—by force if necessary. It was the only way I could make my peace with her; so you must not leave me in the lurch." Of course, Fanny said that she would go and dine at Framley Court.

"And you must not send that letter, by any means," said her ladyship as she was leaving the room, poking with her umbrella at the epistle which

lay directed on Mrs. Roberts's desk. "I can understand very well what it contains. You must alter it altogether, my dear." And then Lady Lufton went.

Mrs. Roberts instantly rushed to her desk and tore open her letter. She looked at her watch and it was past four. She had hardly begun another when the postman came. "Oh, Mary," she said, "do make him wait. If he'll wait a quarter of an hour I'll give him a shilling."

"There's no need of that, ma'am. Let him have a glass of beer."

"Very well, Mary; but don't give him too much, for fear he should drop the letters about. I'll be ready in ten minutes."

And in five minutes she had scrawled a very different sort of a letter. But he might want the money immediately, so she would not delay it for a day.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MR. HAROLD SMITH'S LECTURE.

ON the whole the party at Chaldicotes was very pleasant and the time passed away quickly enough. Mr. Roberts's chief friend there, independently of Mr. Sowerby, was Miss Dunstable, who seemed to take a great fancy to him, whereas she was not very accessible to the blandishments of Mr. Supplehouse, nor more specially courteous even to her host than good manners required of her. But then Mr. Supplehouse and Mr. Sowerby were both bachelors, while Mark Roberts was a married man.

With Mr. Sowerby Roberts had more than one communication respecting Lord Lufton and his affairs, which he would willingly have avoided had it been possible. Sowerby was one of those men who are always mixing up business with pleasure, and who have usually some scheme in their mind which requires forwarding. Men of this class have, as a rule, no daily work, no regular routine of labour; but it may be doubted whether they do not toil much more incessantly than those who have.

"Lufton is so dilatory," Mr. Sowerby said. "Why did he not arrange this at once, when he promised it? And then he is so afraid of that old woman at Framley Court. Well, my dear fellow, say what you will, she is an old woman and she'll never be younger. But do write to Lufton and tell him that this delay is inconvenient to me; he'll do anything for you, I know."

Mark said that he would write, and, indeed, did do so; but he did not at first like the tone of the conversation into which he was dragged. It was very painful to him to hear Lady Lufton called an old woman, and hardly less so to discuss the propriety of Lord Lufton's parting with his property. This was irksome to him, till habit made it easy. But by degrees his feelings became less acute and he accustomed himself to his friend Sowerby's mode of talking.

And then on the Saturday afternoon they all went over to Barchester.

Harold Smith during the last forty-eight hours had become crammed to overflowing with Sarawak, Labuan, New Guinea, and the Salomon Islands. As is the case with all men labouring under temporary specialities, he for the time had faith in nothing else, and was not content that any one near him should have any other faith. They called him Viscount Papua and Baron Borneo; and his wife, who headed the joke against him, insisted on having her title. Miss Dunstable swore that she would wed none but a South Sea islander; and to Mark was offered the income and duties of Bishop of Spices. Nor did the Proudie family set themselves against these little sarcastic quips with any overwhelming severity. It is sweet to unbend oneself at the proper opportunity, and this was the proper opportunity for Mrs. Proudie's unbending. No mortal can be seriously wise at all hours; and in these happy hours did that usually wise mortal, the bishop, lay aside for awhile his serious wisdom.

"We think of dining at five to-morrow, my Lady Papua," said the facetious bishop; "will that suit his lordship and the affairs of State? he! he! he!" And the good prelate laughed at the fun.

How pleasantly young men and women of fifty or thereabouts can joke and flirt and poke their fun about, laughing and holding their sides, dealing in little innuendoes and rejoicing in nicknames when they have no Mentors of twenty-five or thirty near them to keep them in order. The vicar of Framley might perhaps have been regarded as such a Mentor, were it not for that capability of adapting himself to the company immediately around him on which he so much piqued himself. He therefore also talked to my Lady Papua, and was jocose about the Baron,—not altogether to the satisfaction of Mr. Harold Smith himself.

For Mr. Harold Smith was in earnest and did not quite relish these jocundities. He had an idea that he could in about three months talk the British world into civilizing New Guinea, and that the world of Barchester would be made to go with him by one night's efforts. He did not understand why others should be less serious, and was inclined to resent somewhat stiffly the amenities of our friend Mark.

"We must not keep the Baron waiting," said Mark, as they were preparing to start for Barchester.

"I don't know what you mean by the Baron, sir," said Harold Smith. "But perhaps the joke will be against you, when you are getting up into your pulpit to-morrow and sending the hat round among the clodhoppers of Chaldicotes."

"Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones; eh, Baron?" said Miss Dunstable. "Mr. Roberts's sermon will be too near akin to your lecture to allow of his laughing."

"If we can do nothing towards instructing the outer world till it's done by the parsons," said Harold Smith, "the outer world will have to wait a long time, I fear."

"Nobody can do anything of that kind short of a member of parliament and a would-be minister," whispered Mrs. Harold.

And so they were all very pleasant together, in spite of a little fencing with edge tools; and at three o'clock the *cortège* of carriages started for Barchester, that of the bishop, of course, leading the way. His lordship, however, was not in it.

"Mrs. Proudie, I'm sure you'll let me go with you," said Miss Dunstable, at the last moment, as she came down the big stone steps. "I want to hear the rest of that story about Mr. Slope."

Now this upset everything. The bishop was to have gone with his wife, Mrs. Smith, and Mark Robarts; and Mr. Sowerby had so arranged matters that he could have accompanied Miss Dunstable in his phaeton. But no one ever dreamed of denying Miss Dunstable anything. Of course Mark gave way; but it ended in the bishop declaring that he had no special predilection for his own carriage, which he did in compliance with a glance from his wife's eye. Then other changes of course followed, and, at last, Mr. Sowerby and Harold Smith were the joint occupants of the phaeton.

The poor lecturer, as he seated himself, made some remark such as those he had been making for the last two days—for out of a full heart the mouth speaketh. But he spoke to an impatient listener. "D—— the South Sea islanders," said Mr. Sowerby. "You'll have it all your own way in a few minutes, like a bull in a china-shop; but for Heaven's sake let us have a little peace till that time comes." It appeared that Mr. Sowerby's little plan of having Miss Dunstable for his companion was not quite insignificant; and, indeed, it may be said that but few of his little plans were so. At the present moment he flung himself back in the carriage and prepared for sleep. He could further no plan of his by a *tête-à-tête* conversation with his brother-in-law.

And then Mrs. Proudie began her story about Mr. Slope, or rather recommenced it. She was very fond of talking about this gentleman, who had once been her pet chaplain but was now her bitterest foe; and in telling the story, she had sometimes to whisper to Miss Dunstable, for there were one or two fie-fie little anecdotes about a married lady, not altogether fit for young Mr. Robarts's ears. But Mrs. Harold Smith insisted on having them out loud, and Miss Dunstable would gratify that lady in spite of Mrs. Proudie's winks.

"What, kissing her hand, and he a clergyman!" said Miss Dunstable. "I did not think they ever did such things, Mr. Robarts."

"Still waters run deepest," said Mrs. Harold Smith.

"Hush-h-h," looked, rather than spoke, Mrs. Proudie. "The grief of spirit which that bad man caused me nearly broke my heart, and all the while, you know, he was courting—" and then Mrs. Proudie whispered a name.

"What, the dean's wife!" shouted Miss Dunstable, in a voice which made the coachman of the next carriage give a chuck to his horses as he overheard her.

"The archdeacon's sister-in-law!" screamed Mrs. Harold Smith.

"What might he not have attempted next?" said Miss Dunstable.

"She wasn't the dean's wife then, you know," said Mrs. Proudie, explaining.

"Well, you're a gay set in the chapter, I must say," said Miss Dunstable. "You ought to make one of them in Barchester, Mr. Roberts."

"Only perhaps Mrs. Roberts might not like it," said Mrs. Harold Smith.

"And then the schemes which he tried on with the bishop!" said Mrs. Proudie.

"It's all fair in love and war, you know," said Miss Dunstable.

"But he little knew whom he had to deal with when he began that," said Mrs. Proudie.

"The bishop was too many for him," suggested Mrs. Harold Smith, very maliciously.

"If the bishop was not, somebody else was; and he was obliged to leave Barchester in utter disgrace. He has since married the wife of some tallow chandler."

"The wife!" said Miss Dunstable. "What a man!"

"Widow, I mean; but it's all one to him."

"The gentleman was clearly born when Venus was in the ascendant," said Mrs. Smith. "You clergymen usually are, I believe, Mr. Roberts." So that Mrs. Proudie's carriage was by no means the dullest as they drove into Barchester that day; and by degrees our friend Mark became accustomed to his companions, and before they reached the palace he acknowledged to himself that Miss Dunstable was very good fun.

We cannot linger over the bishop's dinner, though it was very good of its kind; and as Mr. Sowerby contrived to sit next to Miss Dunstable, thereby overturning a little scheme made by Mr. Supplehouse, he again shone forth in unclouded good humour. But Mr. Harold Smith became impatient immediately on the withdrawal of the cloth. The lecture was to begin at seven, and according to his watch that hour had already come. He declared that Sowerby and Supplehouse were endeavouring to delay matters in order that the Barchesterians might become vexed and impatient; and so the bishop was not allowed to exercise his hospitality in true episcopal fashion.

"You forget, Sowerby," said Supplehouse, "that the world here for the last fortnight has been looking forward to nothing else."

"The world shall be gratified at once," said Mrs. Harold, obeying a little nod from Mrs. Proudie. "Come, my dear," and she took hold of Miss Dunstable's arm, "don't let us keep Barchester waiting. We shall be ready in a quarter-of-an-hour, shall we not, Mrs. Proudie?" and so they sailed off.

"And we shall have time for one glass of claret," said the bishop.

"There; that's seven by the cathedral," said Harold Smith, jumping up from his chair as he heard the clock. "If the people have come it would not be right in me to keep them waiting, and I shall go."

"Just one glass of claret, Mr. Smith; and we'll be off," said the bishop.

"Those women will keep me an hour," said Harold, filling his glass, and drinking it standing. "They do it on purpose." He was thinking of his wife, but it seemed to the bishop as though his guest were actually speaking of Mrs. Proudie!

It was rather late when they all found themselves in the big room of the Mechanics' Institute; but I do not know whether this on the whole did them any harm. Most of Mr. Smith's hearers, excepting the party from the palace, were Barchester tradesmen with their wives and families; and they waited, not impatiently, for the big people. And then the lecture was gratis, a fact which is always borne in mind by an Englishman when he comes to reckon up and calculate the way in which he is treated. When he pays his money, then he takes his choice; he may be impatient or not as he likes. His sense of justice teaches him so much, and in accordance with that sense he usually acts.

So the people on the benches rose graciously when the palace party entered the room. Seats for them had been kept in the front. There were three arm-chairs, which were filled, after some little hesitation, by the bishop, Mrs. Proudie, and Miss Dunstable—Mrs. Smith positively declining to take one of them; though, as she admitted, her rank as Lady Papua of the islands did give her some claim. And this remark, as it was made quite out loud, reached Mr. Smith's ears as he stood behind a little table on a small raised dais, holding his white kid gloves; and it annoyed him and rather put him out. He did not like that joke about Lady Papua.

And then the others of the party sat upon a front bench covered with red cloth. "We shall find this very hard and very narrow about the second hour," said Mr. Sowerby, and Mr. Smith on his dais again overheard the words, and dashed his gloves down to the table. He felt that all the room would hear it.

And there were one or two gentlemen on the second seat who shook hands with some of our party. There was Mr. Thorne of Ullathorne, a good-natured old bachelor, whose residence was near enough to Barchester to allow of his coming in without much personal inconvenience; and next to him was Mr. Harding, an old clergyman of the chapter, with whom Mrs. Proudie shook hands very graciously, making way for him to seat himself close behind her if he would so please. But Mr. Harding did not so please. Having paid his respects to the bishop he returned quietly to the side of his old friend Mr. Thorne, thereby angering Mrs. Proudie, as might easily be seen by her face. And Mr. Chadwick also was there, the episcopal man of business for the diocese; but he also adhered to the two gentlemen above named.

And now that the bishop and the ladies had taken their places, Mr. Harold Smith relifted his gloves and again laid them down, hummed three times distinctly, and then began.

"It was," he said, "the most peculiar characteristic of the present era in the British islands that those who were high placed before the world in rank, wealth, and education were willing to come forward and give their



time and knowledge without fee or reward, for the advantage and amelioration of those who did not stand so high in the social scale." And then he paused for a moment, during which Mrs. Smith remarked to Miss Dunstable that that was pretty well for a beginning; and Miss Dunstable replied, "that as for herself she felt very grateful to rank, wealth, and education." Mr. Sowerby winked to Mr. Supplehouse, who opened his eyes very wide and shrugged his shoulders. But the Barchesterians took it all in good part and gave the lecturer the applause of their hands and feet.

And then, well pleased, he recommenced—"I do not make these remarks with reference to myself——"

"I hope he's not going to be modest," said Miss Dunstable.

"It will be quite new if he is," replied Mrs. Smith.

"—— so much as to many noble and talented lords and members of the lower house who have lately from time to time devoted themselves to this good work." And then he went through a long list of peers and members of parliament, beginning, of course, with Lord Boanerges, and ending with Mr. Green Walker, a young gentleman who had lately been returned by his uncle's interest for the borough of Crew Junction, and had immediately made his entrance into public life by giving a lecture on the grammarians of the Latin language as exemplified at Eton school.

"On the present occasion," Mr. Smith continued, "our object is to learn something as to those grand and magnificent islands which lie far away, beyond the Indies, in the Southern Ocean; the lands of which produce rich spices and glorious fruits, and whose seas are imbedded with pearls and corals, Papua and the Philippines, Borneo and the Moluccas. My friends, you are familiar with your maps, and you know the track which the equator makes for itself through those distant oceans." And then many heads were turned down, and there was a rustle of leaves; for not a few of those "who stood not so high in the social scale" had brought their maps with them, and refreshed their memories as to the whereabouts of these wondrous islands.

And then Mr. Smith also, with a map in his hand, and pointing occasionally to another large map which hung against the wall, went into the geography of the matter. "We might have found that out from our atlases, I think, without coming all the way to Barchester," said that unsympathizing helpmate Mrs. Harold, very cruelly—most illogically too, for there be so many things which we could find out ourselves by search, but which we never do find out unless they be specially told us; and why should not the latitude and longitude of Labuan be one—or rather two of these things?

And then, when he had duly marked the path of the line through Borneo, Celebes, and Gilolo, through the Macassar strait and the Molucca passage, Mr. Harold Smith rose to a higher flight. "But what," said he, "avails all that God can give to man, unless man will open his hand to receive the gift? And what is this opening of the hand but the process of civilization—yes, my friends, the process of civilization? These South Sea

islanders have all that a kind Providence can bestow on them; but that all is as nothing without education. That education and that civilization it is for you to bestow upon them—yes, my friends, for you; for you, citizens of Barchester as you are." And then he paused again, in order that the feet and hands might go to work. The feet and hands did go to work, during which Mr. Smith took a slight drink of water.

He was now quite in his element and had got into the proper way of punching the table with his fists. A few words dropping from Mr. Sowerby did now and again find their way to his ears, but the sound of his own voice had brought with it the accustomed charm, and he ran on from platitude to truism, and from truism back to platitude, with an eloquence that was charming to himself.

"Civilization," he exclaimed, lifting up his eyes and hands to the ceiling. "Oh, civilization——"

"There will not be a chance for us now for the next hour and a half," said Mr. Supplehouse groaning.

Harold Smith cast one eye down at him, but it immediately flew back to the ceiling.

"Oh, civilization! thou that ennoblest mankind and makest him equal to the gods, what is like unto thee?" Here Mrs. Proudie showed evident signs of disapprobation, which no doubt would have been shared by the bishop, had not that worthy prelate been asleep. But Mr. Smith continued unobservant; or, at any rate, regardless.

"What is like unto thee? Thou art the irrigating stream which makest fertile the barren plain. Till thou comest all is dark and dreary; but at thy advent the noontide sun shines out, the earth gives forth her increase; the deep bowels of the rocks render up their tribute. Forms which were dull and hideous become endowed with grace and beauty, and vegetable existence rises to the scale of celestial life. Then, too, genius appears clad in a panoply of translucent armour, grasping in his hand the whole terrestrial surface, and making every rood of earth subservient to his purposes;—Genius, the child of civilization, the mother of the Arts!"

The last little bit, taken from the Pedigree of Progress, had a great success and all Barchester went to work with its hands and feet;—all Barchester, except that ill-natured aristocratic front-row together with the three arm-chairs at the corner of it. The aristocratic front-row felt itself to be too intimate with civilization to care much about it; and the three arm-chairs, or rather that special one which contained Mrs. Proudie, considered that there was a certain heathenness, a pagan sentimentality almost amounting to infidelity, contained in the lecturer's remarks, with which she, a pillar of the church, could not put up, seated as she was now in public conclave.

"It is to civilization that we must look," continued Mr. Harold Smith, descending from poetry to prose as a lecturer well knows how, and thereby showing the value of both—"for any material progress in these islands; and——"

"And to Christianity," shouted Mrs. Proudie, to the great amazement of the assembled people and to the thorough wakening of the bishop, who, jumping up in his chair at the sound of the well-known voice, exclaimed, "Certainly, certainly."

"Hear, hear, hear," said those on the benches who particularly belonged to Mrs. Proudie's school of divinity in the city, and among the voices was distinctly heard that of a new verger in whose behalf she had greatly interested herself.

"Oh, yes, Christianity of course," said Harold Smith, upon whom the interruption did not seem to operate favourably.

"Christianity and Sabbath-day observance," exclaimed Mrs. Proudie, who now that she had obtained the ear of the public seemed well inclined to keep it. "Let us never forget that these islanders can never prosper unless they keep the Sabbath holy."

Poor Mr. Smith, having been so rudely dragged from his high horse, was never able to mount it again, and completed the lecture in a manner not at all comfortable to himself. He had there, on the table before him, a huge bundle of statistics with which he had meant to convince the reason of his hearers after he had taken full possession of their feelings. But they fell very dull and flat. And at the moment when he was interrupted he was about to explain that that material progress to which he had alluded could not be attained without money; and that it behoved them, the people of Barchester before him, to come forward with their purses like men and brothers. He did also attempt this; but from the moment of that fatal onslaught from the arm-chair, it was clear to him and to every one else, that Mrs. Proudie was now the hero of the hour. His time had gone by, and the people of Barchester did not care a straw for his appeal.

From these causes the lecture was over full twenty minutes earlier than any one had expected, to the great delight of Messrs. Sowerby and Supplehouse, who, on that evening, moved and carried a vote of thanks to Mrs. Proudie. For they had gay doings yet before they went to their beds.

"Robarts, here one moment," Mr. Sowerby said, as they were standing at the door of the Mechanics' Institute. "Don't you go off with Mr. and Mrs. Bishop. We are going to have a little supper at the Dragon or Wantly, and after what we have gone through upon my word we want it. You can tell one of the palace servants to let you in."

Mark considered the proposal wistfully. He would fain have joined the supper-party had he dared; but he, like many others of his cloth, had the fear of Mrs. Proudie before his eyes.

And a very merry supper they had; but poor Mr. Harold Smith was not the merriest of the party.

## Tithonus.

AY me! ay me! the woods decay and fall,  
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,  
Man comes and tills the earth and lies beneath,  
And after many a summer dies the swan.  
Me only cruel immortality  
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,  
Here at the quiet limit of the world,  
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream  
The ever silent spaces of the East,  
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—  
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,  
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd  
To his great heart none other than a God!  
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."  
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,  
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.  
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,  
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,  
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd  
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,  
Immortal age beside immortal youth,  
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,  
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,  
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,  
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears  
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:  
Why should a man desire in any way  
To vary from the kindly race of men,  
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance  
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes  
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.  
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals  
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure  
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.  
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,  
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,

Ere yet they blind the stars, and that wild team  
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,  
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,  
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful  
In silence, then before thine answer given  
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,  
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,  
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?  
"The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart  
In days far-off, and with what other eyes  
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—  
The lucid outline forming round thee, saw  
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings,  
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood  
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all  
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,  
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm  
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds  
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd  
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,  
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing  
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:  
How can my nature longer mix with thine?  
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold  
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet  
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam  
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes  
Of happy men that have the power to die,  
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.  
Release me, and restore me to the ground;  
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:  
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;  
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,  
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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# William Hogarth:

PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER.

*Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.*

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## I.—LITTLE BOY HOGARTH.

"THE Life and Adventures of William Hogarth,"—that would be a taking title, indeed! To do for the great painter of manners that which Mr. Forster has done for their great describer, would be a captivating task; and, successfully accomplished, might entitle a man to wear some little sprig of laurel in his cap, and rest, thenceforth, on his oars. It is not my fortune to have the means of writing such a book; and, for many reasons, this performance must be limited to a series of Essays upon the genius and character of the MAN Hogarth; upon the WORK he was permitted, by a healthful, sanguine constitution and by great powers of will and self-reliance backboning an unflagging industry, to get through in his appointed span here below; and upon the curious quaint TIME in which he lived and did his work. Hogarth's life, away from his works and times, would be but a barren theme. Those old Italian painting men had strange adventures and vicissitudes. Raffaele's life was one brief glorious romance. Leonardo had a king's arms to die in. Buonarotti lived amidst battles and sieges, and held flouting matches with popes. Titian's pencil was picked up by an emperor. The Germans and Dutchmen, even, were picturesque and eventful in their careers. Was not Rubens an ambassador? Are there not mysterious dealings between Rembrandt and the Jews that have not yet been fathomed? Did not Peter de Laar kill a monk? But in what manner is the historian to extract exciting elements from the history of a chubby little man in a cocked hat and scarlet roque-laure, who lived at the sign of the "Painter's Head" in Leicester Fields, and died in his bed there in competence and honour; who was the son of a schoolmaster in the Old Bailey, and the descendant of a long line of north country yeomen, of whom the prime progenitor is presumed to have kept pigs and to have gone by the rude name of "Hogherd"—whence Hogard and Hogart, at last liquefied into Hogarth? Benvenuto Cellini worked for the silversmiths, but at least he had poniarded his man and lain for his sins in the dungeons of St. Angelo; our Hogarth was a plain silversmith's apprentice, in Cranbourn Alley. He kept a shop afterwards, and engraved tankards and salvers, and never committed a graver act of violence than to throw a pewter pot at the head of a ruffian who had insulted him during an outing to Highgate. Honest man! they never sent him to Newgate or the Tower. Only once he was clapped up for an hour or so in a Calais guardhouse, and, coming home by the next packet-boat, took a stout revenge on the frog-eaters with his etching needle upon copper. He was no

great traveller; and beyond the Calais ship just spoken of, does not appear to have undertaken any journeys more important than the immortal excursion to Rochester, of which the 'chronicle, illustrated by his own sketches, is still extant, (those doughty setters-forth from the Bedford Head were decidedly the first Pickwickians,) and a jaunt to St. Alban's after Culloden, to sketch the trapped fox Simon Fraser Lord Lovat, as he sate in the inn-room under the barber's hands, counting the dispersed Highland clans and their available forces of caterans and brae-men on his half-palsied, crooked, picking and stealing fingers.

William Hogarth did but one romantic thing in his life, and that was, to run away with Sir James Thornhill's pretty daughter; and even that escapade soon resolved itself into a cheery, English, business-like, house-keeping union. Papa-in-law—who painted cathedral cupolas at forty shillings, a yard—forgave William and Jane. William loved his wife dearly—she had her tempers, and he was not a man of snow—took a country house for her, and set up a coach when things were going prosperously and he was Sergeant Painter to King George; and when William (not quite a dotard, as the twin-scamps Wilkes and Churchill called him) died, Jane made a comfortable living by selling impressions of the plates he had engraved. These and the writing of the *Analysis of Beauty*, the Dispute concerning Sigismunda, the interest taken in the welfare of the Foundling Hospital, the dedication [in a pique against the king who 'hated "boets and bainters,"] of the *March to Finchley* to Frederick the Great, and the abortive picture auction scheme, are very nearly all the notable events in the life of William Hogarth. And yet the man left a name remembered now with affection and applause, and which will be remembered, and honoured, and glorified when, to quote the self-conscious Unknown who used the *Public Advertiser* as a fulcrum for that terrible lever of his, "kings and ministers are forgotten, the force and direction of personal satire are no longer understood, and measures are felt only in their remotest consequences."

By the announcement, then, that I do not contemplate, here, a complete biography of Hogarth: that I do not know enough to complete a reliable and authentic life: "*nec, si sciam, dicere ausim*:" these papers are to be considered but as "*Mémoires pour servir*;" little photographs and chalk studies of drapery, furniture, accessories of costume and snuff-box, cocked hat and silver buckle detail, all useful enough in their place and way, but quite subordinate and inferior to the grand design and complete picture of the hero. I am aware that high critical authorities have been inveighing lately against the employment of the costumiers and *bric à brac* shop-keepers and inventory takers' attributes in biography; and writers are enjoined, under heavy penalties, to be, all of them, Plutarchs, and limn their characters in half a dozen broad vigorous dashes. It can conduce little, it has been argued, towards our knowledge of the Seven Years' War to be told that Frederick, the Great wore a pigtail, and that to his jackboots "Day and Martin with their soot-pots were forbidden to approach;" and

it has been asked whether any likelihood exists of our knowing more of the character of Napoleon Bonaparte from the sight of his cocked hat and tooth-brush at Madame Tussaud's. Presuming to run counter to the opinion of the high critical authorities, I would point out that the very best biographies that have ever been written—those of Samuel Johnson, Samuel Pepys [his diary being eminently biographical], Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Jean Jacques Rousseau [in the *Confessions*, and bating the lies and madnesses with which that poor crazed wanderer disfigures an otherwise limpid narrative]—are full of those little scraps and fragments of minute cross-hatching, chronicles of “seven livres three sols, paris,” lamentable records of unpaid-for hose, histories of joyous carouses, anecdotes of men and women's meannesses and generousities, and the like. On the other hand, how cold, pallid, unhuman, is the half-dozen-line character, with all its broad vigorous dashes! Certain Roman emperors might have come out far better fellows from the historian's alembic if their togas and sandals had been more scrupulously dwelt upon. Is our awful veneration for St. Augustine one whit diminished by the small deer he condescends to hunt in the history of his youth? The heaviest blow and greatest discouragement to the composition of admirable biographies, are in the fact that strength and delicacy, vigour and finish, are seldom combined; and that a Milton with a dash of the macaroni in him is a *rara avis* indeed. Now and then we find an elephant that can dance on the tight-rope without being either awkward or grotesque; now and then we find a man with a mind like a Nasmyth's steam hammer, that can roll out huge bars of iron, and anon knock a tin-tack into a deal board with gentle accurate taps. These are the men who can describe a Revolution, and by its side the corned beef and carrots which country parsons were once glad to eat; who can tell us how the Bastille was stormed, and, a few pages on, what manner of coat and small clothes wore Philip Egalité at his guillotining. When we find such men we christen them Macaulay or Carlyle.

The latitude, therefore, I take through incapacity for accuracy, saves me from inflicting on you a long prolegomena; saves me from scoring the basement of this page with foot-notes, or its margins with references; saves me from denouncing the “British Dryasdust,” from whom I have culled the scanty dates and facts, the mile and year stones in William Hogarth's life. Indeed, he has been very useful to me, this British Dryasdust, and I should have made but a sorry figure without him. He or they—Nichols, Stevens, Trusler, Rouquet, Ireland, Ducarel, Burn—have but little to tell; but that which they know, they declare in a frank, straightforward manner. Among commentators on Hogarth, Ireland is the best; Trusler, the worst. T. Clerk and T. H. Horne also edited (1810) a voluminous edition of Hogarth's works, accompanied by a sufficiently jejune *Life*. Allan Cunningham, in the *British Painters*, has given a lively, agreeable adaptation of all who have come before him, spiced and brightened by his own clear appreciation of, and love for, art and its professors. Half a day's reading, however, will tell you all that



these writers know. Horace Walpole for criticism on Hogarth is admirable; lucid, elegant, and—a wonder with the dilettante friend of Madame du Deffand—generous. The mere explicatory testimony as to the principal Hogarthian series or engraved dramas by the Sire Rouquet [he was a Swiss] cited above, is valuable; the more so, that he was a friend of the painter, and, it is conjectured, took many of his instructions *viva voce* from William Hogarth himself. The Germans have not been indifferent to the merits of the great humoristic painter; and a certain Herr Von Fürstenburg has found out some odd things connected with suggestive objects in one of the most famous scenes of the first series—the *Kate Hackabout*, *Mother Needham*, and *Colonel Charteris epopœie*—never dreamt of previously in the good people of England's philosophy. Occasionally, too, in a French *Revue*, you meet with an *Etude* on *La vie et les ouvrages de Hogarth*, giving us little beyond a fresh opportunity to be convinced that, if there exist on earth a people of whose manners and customs the French know considerably less than about those of the man in the moon, that people are the English.

By his own countrymen, William Hogarth has ever been justly and honourably treated. He was an outspoken man, and his pencil and graver were as unbridled as his tongue. His works have a taint of the coarseness, but not of the vice of his age. Most at home would be many of his works, perhaps, in low tap-rooms and skittle-alleys; but he was no Boucher or Fragonard to paint alcoves or *dessus de portes* for the contemporary Cotillons I. and Cotillons II., for the Pompadours and Dubarrys of Louis the well-beloved. He was vulgar and ignoble frequently, but the next generation of his countrymen forgave him these faults—forgave him for the sake of his honesty, his stern justice, his unbending defence of right and denunciation of wrong. This philosopher ever preached the sturdy English virtues that have made us what we are. He taught us to fear God and honour the King; to shun idleness, extravagance, and dissipation; to go to church, help the poor, and treat dumb animals with kindness; to abhor knavery, hypocrisy, and avarice. For this reason is it that Sectarianism itself (though he was hard against tub-thumping) has raised but a very weak and bleating voice against Hogarth's "improprieties;" that cheap and popular editions of his works have been multiplied, even in this fastidious nineteenth century; that in hundreds of decorous family libraries a plump copy of Hogarth complete may be found [yes: I have heard the stateliest old ladies chat about the history of *Kate Hackabout*, and I have seen age explaining to youth and beauty—that came in a carriage to Marlborough House—the marvellous *Marriage à la Mode* in the Vernon collections]; that, finally—and which may be regarded as a good and gratifying stamp of the man's excellence and moral worth—the Church of England have always been favourable to William Hogarth. An Anglican bishop wrote the poetic legends to the *Rake's Progress*; and Hogarth has been patronized by the beneficed and dignified clergy ever since.

So come, then, William Hogarth; and let me in these essays strive to

glorify thy painting, thy engraving, and thy philosophy. Let me stand over against thee, and walk round thee—yea, and sometimes wander for a little while quite away from thee, endeavouring to explore the timeous world as thou knew it. But be thou always near: the statue on the pedestal, the picture on the wall, the genius of the place, to recall me when I stray, to remind me when I am forgetful, to reprove me when I err!

Born in the Old Bailey, and the ninth year of William the Dutchman, that should properly be my starting point; but the reader must first come away with me to Westmoreland, and into the Vale of Bampton—to a village sixteen miles north of Kendal and Windermere Lake. In this district had lived for centuries a family of yeomen, called Hogart or Hogard: the founder of the family, as I have hinted, may have been Hogherd, from his vocation—a guardian of swine. His father, perchance, was that Gurth, the son of Beowulph, erst thrall to Cedric the Saxon, and who, after his emancipation by the worthy but irascible Franklin for good suit and service rendered in the merry greenwood, gave himself, or had given to him in pride and joy, that which he had never had before—a surname; and so, emigrating northwards, became progenitor of a free race of Hogherds. In this same Bampton Vale, the Hogarts possessed a small freehold; and of this tenement, the other rude elders being beyond my ken, the grandfather of the painter was holder in the middle of the seventeenth century. To him were three sons. The eldest succeeded to the freehold, and was no more heard of, his name being written in clods. He tilled the earth, ate of its fruits, and, his time being come, died. The two remaining sons, as the custom of Borough English did not prevail in Bampton, had to provide for themselves. Son intermediate—my William's uncle—was a genius. Adam Walker, writer on natural philosophy, and who was the friend and correspondent of Nicholls of the *Anecdotes*, called him a “mountain Theocritus;” his contemporaries, with less elegance but more enthusiasm, dubbed him “Auld Hogart.” He was a poet, humorist, satirist, and especially a dramatist; and coarse plays of his, full of coarse fun, rough and ready action, and sarcastic hard hitting, yet linger, more by oral tradition than by any manuscript remains of his, among the Westmoreland fells. These were all written, too, in the very hardest, thickest, and broadest Westmoreland dialect; a patois to which Tim Bobbin's Lancashire dialect is as mellifluous as the *langue d'oc*; a patois which has been compared to the speech of Demosthenes before his course of pebbles, but which, to my ears, offers more analogy to that which may have proceeded from the famous Anti-Philippian orator *during* the pebble probation; and in order to speak which patois fluently (after the pebbles), an admirable apprenticeship is to fill your mouth as full as possible of the gritty oatcake, or “clapt bread,” which is kept in the “cratch,” or rack suspended from the ceiling in Westmoreland farmhouses. In this Scythian speech, however, “auld Hogart” concocted a famous drama, quite in the Lope de Vega's manner, called *Troy Taken*. I do not compare the play unad-

visedly with those of the prolific Spanish playwright. You know how artfully Lope's plays begin: with what immediate action and seduction of its audience to a foregone conclusion. The curtain draws up. A man in a cloak crosses the stage. A masked cavalier rushes after him with a drawn sword. There is a *rixe* at once established; the audience begin to imagine all sorts of terrible things, and the success of the piece is half assured. So "auld Hogart's" play of *Troy Taken* begins with a *rixe*. Paris is seen in the very act of running away with Helen; and Menelaus runs after them, calling "Stop thief!" With such an auspicious commencement, and plenty of good boisterous episodes throughout: Hector dragged about by the heels; Thersites cudgelled within an inch of his life; Achilles storming for half an hour at the loss of Patrocles, and a real wooden horse to finish up with: the whole spiced with "auld Hogart's" broadest jokes: who can wonder that *Troy Taken* achieved immense popularity, and that years after the death of the facetious author, natural philosopher Adam Walker saw the piece performed from recollection by the Troutbeck rustics, the stage a greensward, the auditorium a grassy knoll, the canopy, Heaven? The proceedings were inaugurated by a grand cavalcade, headed by the minstrels of five parishes, and a lusty yeoman mounted on a bull's back and playing on the fiddle; and as a prologue to *Troy Taken*, there was a pilgrimage of the visitors to a stone dropped by the enemy of mankind in an unsuccessful attempt to build a bridge across Windermere!

The brother of the "auld" dramatist of the *Iliad*, and third son of the Bampton yeoman, was Richard Hogart. Without being dogmatical, I trust that I am justified in the assumption that the "liquefaction" of the patronymic into Hogarth was due partly to the more elegant education of this yeoman's son, partly to our painter's formation of a "genteel" connection, when he married Jane Thornhill. I have not seen his indentures; and take the authority of Ireland for the registry of his birth; but it is certain that he was at one period called,—ay, and pretty well known—as Hogart: witness Swift, in his hideously clever satire of the *Legion Club*:—

"How I want thee, hum'rous Hogart,  
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art!"—

Now Swift wrote this in Ireland, at a distance from means of accuracy, and the "pleasant rogue's" name was not likely to be found in a calendar of the nobility and gentry. If Bolingbroke or Pope had written to the dean about the rogue and his pleasantries, it is very probable that they might have spelt his name "Hogart," "Hogard," "Hoggert," or "Hogarth." You must remember that scores of the most distinguished characters of the eighteenth century were of my Lord Malmesbury's opinion concerning orthography, that neither the great Duke of Marlborough, nay, nor his duchess, the terrible "old Sarah," nay, nor Mrs. Masham, nay, nor Queen Anne herself, could spell, and that the young Pretender (in the Stuart papers) writes his father's name thus: "Gems" for "James."

Again, Swift may have suppressed the "th" for mere rhythmical reasons; just as Pope, *aux abois* between dactyls and spondee, barbarized a name which undeniably before had been pronounced "Saint John" into "Sinjin." But, on the other hand, Jonathan Swift was not so dizzy when he wrote the *Legion Club* to have lost one pin's point of his marvellous memory; and he was too rich in rhymes to have resorted to the pusillanimous expedient of cutting off a letter. If ever a man lived who could have found an easy rhyme to "Hippopotamus," it was the Dean of St. Patrick's. I opine, therefore, that when Swift first heard of Hogarth—in the early days of George I.—he was really called "Hogart;" that such a name was carried by the dean with him to Dublin, and that the change to "Hogart" only took place when the great Drapier was dying "in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole."

Richard Hogart—whatever he called himself in the scholastic Latinity that converted "Saumaise" into "Salmasius," and a Dutch logician, "Smygel" into "Smeglesius,"—was educated at St. Bees' College, in Westmoreland; was too poor, it is thought, after his college course to take orders, and kept school for a time in his native county. His classical accomplishments were considerable. In the manuscript department of the British Museum are preserved some Latin letters by him; and he wrote besides a Latin-English dictionary, and a school-book entitled *Grammar Disputations*, which has not attained the fame or immortality of the works of Cocker and Walkingame. It is stated that Richard Hogart was occasionally employed as a corrector of the press; an office then frequently discharged by trustworthy scholars quite extraneous to the recognized staff of the printing-office.

It is certain that, William and Mary reigning, Dominie Hogart came to London, and established himself as a schoolmaster, in Ship Court, Old Bailey. He had married, as it is the wont of poor schoolmasters to do, and his wife bore him two daughters and one son. The girls were Mary and Anne; and have only to be mentioned to pass out of this record:—Who cares about Joseph Mallard Turner's nephews and nieces? The boy, WILLIAM HOGARTH, was born on the 10th of November, 1697, and stands in the parish register of St. Bartholomew the Great, as having been baptized, November the 28th.

You do not expect me to tell who nursed little chubby-baby Hogarth, whether he took to his pap kindly, and at what age he first evinced an affection for sweet-stuff? Making, however, a very early halt in his nonage, I am compelled to shake my head at a very pretty legend about him, and as prettily made into a picture, some years ago. According to this, little boy Hogarth was sent to a dame's school, where he much vexed the good woman who boasted "unruly brats with birch to tame," by a persistence in drawing caricatures on his slate. The picture represents him in sore disgrace, mounted on the stool of repentance, crowned with the asinine tiara of tribulation, holding in one hand the virgal rod of anguish, and in the other the slate which has brought him to this evil

estate : a slate much bechalked with libellous representations of his dame. In the background is that Nemesis in a mob-cap, inflexible ; around, an amphitheatre of children-spectators ; the boys, as suits their boisterous character, jeering and exultant ; the girls, as beseems their softer nature, scared and terrified. A very pretty, naïve picture, but apocryphal, I fear. There were no slates in dame-schools in those days. The hornbook, *Pellucid*, with its Christ Cross Row, was the beginning of knowledge, as the "baleful twig" that "frayed" the brats was the end thereof. If little boy Hogarth had been born at Kirby Thore, I would have admitted the dame-school theory in an instant ; but it is far more feasible that he learnt his hornbook at his mother's knee, and in due time was promoted to a bench in the school his father taught, and an impartial share in the stripes which the good pedagogue distributed. Nor need Dominie Hogart have been by any means a cruel pedagogue. In none of his pictures does Hogarth display any rancour against scholastic discipline (what school-scenes that pencil might have drawn!), and it generally happens that he who has suffered much in the flesh as a boy, will have a fling at the rod and the ferule when he is a man ; even if he have had Orbilius for his father. And be it kept in mind, that, although the awful Busby, who called the birch "his sieve," through which the cleverest boys must pass, and who of the Bench of Bishops taught sixteen mitred ones, was but just dead. Mr. John Locke was then also publishing his admirable treatise on *Education*, a treatise that enjoins and inculcates tenderness and mercy to children.

Ship Court, Old Bailey, is on the west side of that ominous thoroughfare, and a few doors from Ludgate Hill. By a very curious coincidence, the house No. 67, Old Bailey, corner of Ship Court, was occupied, about forty years ago, by a certain William Hone, an odd, quaint, restless man, but marvellously bustling and energetic : a man not to be "put down" by any magnates, civic, Westmonasterian, or otherwise ; and who, at 67, had a little shop, where he sold prints and pamphlets, so very radical in their tendencies as to be occasionally seditious, and open to some slight accusation of ribaldry and scurrility. Here did Hone publish, in 1817, those ribald parodies of the Litany and Catechism for which he stood three trials before the then Lord Ellenborough, who vehemently assumed the part of public prosecutor (staining his ermine by that act), and tried his utmost to have Hone cast, but in vain. As to William Hone, the man drifted at last, tired, and I hope ashamed, out of sedition and sculduddry, and, so far as his literary undertakings went, made a good end of it. To him we owe those capital table-books, every-day books, and year-books, full of anecdote, quaint research, and folk-lore, which have amused and instructed so many thousands, and have done such excellent service to the book-making craft. Be you sure that I have Mr. Hone's books for the table, day and year, before me, as I write, and shall have them these few months to come. Without such aids ; without Mr. Cunningham's *Handbook* and Mr. Timbs' *Curiosities of London* ; without Walpole, Cibber, and "Rainy-day Smith ;" without

Ned Ward and Tom Brown; without the Somers Tracts and the Sessions Papers; without King and Nicholls' anecdotes and the lives of Nollekens and Northcote; without a set of the *British Essayists*, from Addison to Hawkesworth; without the great *Grub-street Journal* and the *Daily Courant*; without Gay's *Trivia* and Garth's *Dispensary*; without Aubrey, Evelyn, and Luttrell's diaries; without the *London Gazette* and Defoe's *Complete English Tradesman*; without Swift's *Journal to Stella*, and Vestue and Faithorne's maps, and Wilkinson, Strype, Maitland, Malcolm, Gwynn, and the great Crowle Pennant; with plenty of small deer in the way of tracts, broadsides, and selections from the bookstall-keepers' sweepings and the cheesemongers' rejected addresses; without these modest materials, how is this humble picture to be painted?

After this little glance behind the scenes of a book-maker's workshop, you will be wondering, I dare say, as to what was the curious coincidence I spoke of in connection with William Hone's sojourn in Ship Court, Old Bailey. Simply this. Three years after his Litany escapades, the restless man went tooth and nail into the crapulous controversy between George IV. and his unhappy wife; who, though undoubtedly no better than she should be, was undoubtedly used much worse than she or any other woman, not a Messalina or a Frédégonde, should have been. From Hone's shop issued those merry, rascally libels against the fat potentate late of Carlton House, and which, under the titles of "The Green Bag," "Doctor Slop," the "House that Jack built," and the like, brought such shame and ridicule upon the vain, gross old man, that all Mr. Theodore Hook's counter-scurrilities in the high Tory *John Bull* could not alleviate or wipe away the stains thereof. Ah! it was a nice time—a jocund, Christian time. Reformers calling their king "knave, tyrant, and debauchee;" loyalists screaming "hussey," and worse names, after their queen. That was in the time of the Consul *Unmanlius* I should think. Hone's clever rascalities sold enormously, especially among the aristocracy of the "Opposition." But Mr. Hone's disloyal facetiæ from Ship Court were relieved and atoned for by the illustrations, engraved from drawings executed with quite an astonishing power of graphic delineation and acuteness of humour, by a then very young artist named GEORGE CRUIKSHANK: a gentleman whose earliest toys, I believe, had been a strip of copper and an etching-needle; who has, since those wild days of '21, achieved hundreds of successes more brilliant, but not more notorious, than those he won by working for restless Mr. Hone; and whom I am proud to speak of here, with Hogarth's name at the head of my sheet, now that he, our George, is old, and honoured, and famous. Do I attach too much importance to the works of these twin geniuses, I wonder, because I love the style of art in which they have excelled with a secret craving devotion, and because I have vainly striven to excel in it myself? Am I stilted or turgid when I paraphrase that which Johnson said of Homer and Milton *in re* the *Iliad* and the *Paradise Lost*, and say of Hogarth and Cruikshank that George is not the greatest pictorial humorist our country has seen only because he is

not the first? At any rate, you will grant the coincidence—won't you?—between the lad George Cruikshank and little boy Hogarth, toddling about Ship Court and perchance scrawling caricatures on the walls, exaggerating in rollicking chalk (I allow him as many brick walls as you like, but no slates) the Slawkenbergian nose of William the Deliverer, or adding abnormal curls to the vast wig of the detested clerical statesman, Burnet.

Little boy Hogarth is yet too young to see these things; but he may be at Gilbert Burnet's turbulent funeral yet. First, we must get him out of the Old Bailey, where he dwells for a good dozen years at least. Dominie Hogarth has the school upstairs, where he drums *Lilly's Accidence*, or perhaps his own *Grammatical Disputations* into his scholars. Of what order may these scholars have been? The gentry had long since left the Bailey; and you may start, perhaps, to be told that British Brahmins had ever inhabited that lowering precinct of the gallows, and parvyse of the press-room. Yet, in the Old Bailey stood Sydney House, a stately mansion built for the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, and which they abandoned [circa 1660] for the genteeler locality of Leicester Fields. I don't know what Sydney House could have been like, or by whom it was inhabited when Hogarth was a little boy; but it was to all likelihood in a tumbledown, desolate condition. In Pennant's time it was a coachmaker's shop. The keeper of Newgate may have had children, too, for schooling, but his corporation connections would probably have insured his boy's admission to Christ's Hospital, or to Paul's, or Merchant Taylors' School, for the keeper of Newgate was then a somebody; and it was by times his privilege to entertain the sheriffs with sack and sugar. Dominie Hogarth's pupils must have been sons of substantial traders in the Bailey itself—where were many noted booksellers' shops—or from the adjacent Ludgate, whilom Bowyers Hill, and from Fleet Street, or, perchance, Aldersgate Street; which, not then purely commercial or shopkeeping, was the site of many imposing mansions superbly decorated within, formerly the property of the nobility, but then (1697) occupied by stately Turkey and Levant merchants. And to the dominie's may have come the offspring of the wealthy butchers of Newgate Market, whose rubicund meat-wives are libellously declared to have been in the habit of getting "overtaken by burnt sherry" by eight o'clock in the morning; and while in that jovial but prematurely matutinal condition, rivalling the flat-caps of the Dark House, Billingsgate, and the pease-pottage sellers of Baldwin's Gardens—to say nothing of the cake and comfit purveyors to the Finsbury archers—in voluble and abusive eloquence. Bonny dames were these butchers' wives; lusty, rotund, generous to the poor, loud, but cheery with their apprentices and journeymen, great (as now) in making fortunes for their beast-buying-and-killing husbands; radiant in gold-chains, earrings, and laced aprons, and tremendous at trades-feasts and civic junketings.

And I am yet in the year 1697, and in the Old Bailey with a child in my arms. Were this an honest plain-sailing biography, now, what would be easier for me than to skip the first twelve or thirteen years of the boy's

life, assume that he got satisfactorily through his teething, thrush, measles, and chicken-pox perils, and launch him comfortably, a chubby lad, in the midst of the period of which the ruthless Doctor Swift will write a history—the last four years of the reign of Queen Anne—and make up his little bundle for him, ready for his apprenticeship to Mr. Ellis Gamble, silver-plate engraver of Cranbourne Alley, Leicester Fields. He may have been sent out to nurse at Tottenham or Edmonton, or, may be, distant Ware, as children of his degree were wont to be sent out (Mr. John Locke's *Education*, and Mr. Daniel Defoe's *Family Instructor*, *passim*). But, in good sooth, I am loth to turn over my William to the tender mercies of the eighteenth century and the Augustan age. I fear great "Anna" and her era, and for a double reason: first, that people know already so much about the reign of Queen Anne. No kindly book a' bosom but can follow Sir Roger de Coverley and his tall silent friend the *Spectator* in their rambles; but has seen Swift walking across the park in mighty fear of the Mohocks; but has taken a dish of coffee at Miss Vanhomrigh's; but has lounged in the elegant saloon, among the China monsters and the black boys, with Belinda or Sir Plume; but has accompanied Steele from coffee-house to coffee-house, and peeped over his shoulder while he scribbled those charming little billets to his wife; but has seen Queen Anne herself, the "stately lady in black velvet and diamonds," who touched little Sam Johnson for the evil, and hung round his neck that broad piece of angel gold, which in its more earthly form of a guinea the poor doctor wanted so often and so badly at a subsequent stage of his career. The humorists and essayists of Queen Anne's days have made them as crystal-clear to us as Grammont and Pepys made those of the Second Charles; and—there! bah! it is mock modesty to blink the truth because my pen happens to be enlisted under such a banner. I could have gone swaggeringly enough into all the minutiae of Anne's days, all the glories and meannesses of John Churchill, all the humours, and tyrannies, and quarrels of Pope, and Gay, and Harley, and St. John, if a book called *Esmond* had never been written. Yet finding myself in this cleft stick, between the historian who wrote of the state of manners at the close of the reign of Charles II., and the novelist, who has made the men and women of Queen Anne's court and city and army live again, I feel slightly relieved. There is just one little niche left for me. Just three years to dwell upon, while little boy Hogarth is in his swaddling clothes, or is consorting with divers other little brats as diminutive as he, on the doorsteps or the pavement of Ship Court. Three years,—'97, '98, '99. *Ah! laissez-moi pleurer ces années mortes.* Let me linger over these three ignored years. They were a transition time. They are lost in the deeper shadow cast by the vicious bonfire that Charles's *roués* and beauties lighted up—a shadow shortly to be dispelled by the purer radiance of an Augustan era of literature. Pepys and Evelyn are so minute, so lifelike, that between their word-paintings, and those of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, there seems a great black blank.

No seven-league boots are necessary for me to stride back to my subject,



and to the time when my little-boy-hero is forming his earliest acquaintance with the Old Bailey stones. I said that I wanted those last three dying years of the seventeenth century. Let me take them, and endeavour to make the best of them, even when I compress some of their characteristics within the compass of a single London day.

The century, then, is on its last legs. The town seems to have quite done with the Stuarts, socially speaking, although politically another Stuart will reign: a dethroned Stuart is actually at St. Germain's, maundering with his confessors, and conspiring with his shabby refugee courtiers; thinking half of assassinating the abhorred Dutchman, and making Père la Chaise Archbishop of Canterbury *in partibus*, and half of slinking away to La Trappe, wearing a hair shirt, and doing grave-digging on his own account for good and all. Politically, too, this crooked-wayed, impracticable Stuart's son and grandson will give the world some trouble till the year 1788, when, a hundred years after the Revolution, a worn-out, *blasé* sensualist, called the Young Pretender, dies at Rome, leaving a brother, the Cardinal of York, who survived to be a pensioner of George the Third, and bequeathed to him those Stuart papers, which, had their contents been known at the Cockpit, Westminster, half a century before, would have caused the fall of many a head as noble as Derwentwater's, as chivalrous as Charles Ratcliffe's, and broken many a heart as loving and true as Flora Macdonald's or Lady Nithisdale's. But with the Restoration-Stuart period, London town has quite done. Rochester has died penitent, Buckingham bankrupt and forlorn. Archbishop Tenison has preached Nelly Gwynn's funeral sermon; Portsmouth, Davies, are no more heard of; Will Chiffinch can procure for kings no more: the rigid Dutchman scorns such painted children of dirt; Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, has married one Fielding, a swindling caricature of a "beau;" Wycherly is old and broken, and the iron of the Fleet has entered into his soul; and poor noble old John Dryden, twitted as a renegade, neglected, unpensioned, and maligned, is savagely writing the finest "copy" that has issued yet from that grand fertile brain, writing it with a Spartan fortitude and persistence, and ever and anon giving left-legged Jacob Tonson a sound verbal trouncing, when the publisher would palm on the poet clipped molders for milled Jacobuses. Ah, little boy Hogarth, you will see Johnson fifty years hence, listen to him behind the curtain in the twilight room, as the Jacobite schoolman raves against the cruelty of government in hanging Doctor Cameron; but you will never behold John Dryden in the flesh, little boy, or hear him at Wills's on golden summer afternoons, the undisputed oracle of wits, and critics, and poets. The horrible Chancellor Jeffries (however could the ruffian have found patience and temper to deliver a decree in Chancery!) is dead, but he has a son alive, a rake-hell, Mohock Lord Jeffries, who, four years hence, will be implicated in a scandalous disturbance at Dryden's house, in Gerrard Street; the poet's corpse lying there. There are brave men hard at work for the nineteenth century. Isaac Newton is working; in '95 he was appointed Master of the Mint. Pope is beginning to feel his

poetic feet. Mr. Joseph Addison is at college. Swift has had the run of Temple's library. Lely has thrown down the pencil; Kneller has taken it up; and James Thornhill is preparing for vast sprawlings on ceilings, after the model of Verrio and Laguerre.

Away with Restoration reminiscences, for the more decent century that is to come. By 8th and 9th William III., Alsatia is ruined, and its privileges of sanctuary wholly taken away. A dreadful outpouring and scattering of ragged rogues and ruffians, crying out in what huff-cap cant and crambo they can command, that *delenda est Carthago*, takes place. Foul reeking taverns disgorge knavish tatterdemalions, soddened with usquebaugh and spiced Hollands, querulous or lachrymose with potations of "mad dog," "angel's food," "dragon's milk," and "go-by-the-wall." Stern catchpoles seize these inebriated and indebted maltbugs, and drag them off to the Compters, or to Ludgate, "where citizens lie in durance, surrounded by copies of their freedom." Alewives accustomed to mix beer with rosin and salt deplore the loss of their best customers; for their creed was Pistol's advice to Dame Quickly, "Trust none;" and the debased vagabonds who crowded the drinking-shops—if they drank till they were as red as cocks and little wiser than their combs, if they occasionally cut one another's throats in front of the bar, or stabbed the drawer for refusing to deliver strong waters without cash—could sometimes borrow, and sometimes beg, and sometimes steal money, and then they drank and paid. No use was there in passing bad money in Alsatia, when every sanctuary man and woman knew how to coin and to clip it. You couldn't run away from your lodgings in Alsatia, for so soon as you showed your nose at the Whitefriars' gate, in Fleet Street, the Philistines were upon you. Oh! for the ruffianly soldados, the copper captains, the curl'd-pate braggarts, the poltroons who had lost their ears in the pillory, and swore they had been carried off by the wind of a cannon-shot at Sedgemoor! Oh! for the beauteous slatterns, the Phrynes and Aspasias of this Fleet Street Athens, with their paint and their black visor masques; their organ-pipe head-dresses, their low stomachers, and their high-heeled shoes; the tresses of dead men's hair they thatched their poor bald crowns withal; the live fools' rings and necklaces they sported between taking out and pawning in! Beggars, cut-purses, swindlers, tavern-bilks, broken life-guardsmen, foreign counts, native highwaymen, and some poor honest unfortunates, the victims of a Draconic law of debtor and creditor, all found their Patmos turn out to be a mere shifting quicksand. The town does not long remain troubled with these broken spars and timbers of the wrecked ship—once a tall caravel—Humanity. Don't you remember when the "Holy Land" of St. Giles's was pulled down to build New Oxford Street, what an outcry arose as to where the dispossessed Gilesians were to find shelter? and don't you remember how quickly they found congenial holes and corners into which to subside—dirt to dirt, disease to disease, squalor to squalor, rags to rags? So with the Alsatians. A miserable compensation is made to them for their lost sanctuary by the statute which quashes all foregone

executions for debts under fifty pounds ; but they soon get arrested again—often for sums not much more than fifty pence—and, being laid up in hold, starve and rot miserably. There are debtors in Newgate, there are debtors in Ludgate ; in the Clink, the Borough, Poultry, and Wood Street Compters, the Marshalsea, the King's Bench, and at Westminster Gate houses, besides innumerable spunging houses, or “spider's webs,” with signs like inns, such as the “Pied Bull” in the Borough, and the “Angel” in Cursitor Street.\* Little boy Hogarth will have much to observe about prisons and prisoners when he is grown to be a man. Many Alsations take refuge in the Southwark Mint, likewise, and by the same statute deprived of its sanctuary ; but which, in some underhand manner—perhaps from there being only one bridge into Southwark, and that rotten—contrives to evade it till late in the reign of George I. Coining floufishes thenceforth more than ever in the Mint ; the science of Water Lane being added to the experience of St. Mary Overy, and both being aided, perhaps, by the ancient numismatic traditions of the place. More of the Alsations are caught up by alguazils of the criminal law, and, after a brief sojourn at Newgate, “patibulate” at Justice Hall, and eventually make that sad journey up Holborn Hill in a cart, stopping for a refresher at the Bowl House, St. Giles's Pound—alas ! it is not always staying for his liquor that will save the saddler of Bawtree from hanging—and so end at Tyburn. Some, too, go a-begging in Lincoln's Inn, and manufacture some highly remunerative mutilations and ulcers. And some, a very few, tired of the draff and husks in Alsatia, go back to their fathers, and are forgiven. In this hard world, whose members only see the application of parables that teach us love and mercy on Sundays, it is easier to find prodigals to repent than fathers to forgive. But for our hope and comfort, *that* parable has another and a higher meaning.

Alsatia was linked hand in glove with the Court of the Restoration. 'Twas often but a chapel of ease to the backstairs of Whitehall, and many a great courtier, ruined at basset with the king and his beauties the night before, found his level on the morrow in this vile slum-playing butt, playing cards on a broken pair of bellows. But now, 1697, Whitehall itself is gone. The major part of the enormous pile went by fire in '91 ; now the rest, or all but Holbein's Gate, and the blood-stained Banqueting-house, has fallen a prey to the “devouring element.”

Whitehall, then, has gone by the board. In vain now to look for Horn Chamber, or Cabinet Room, or the stone gallery that flanked Privy Garden, where the impetuous, depraved Louise de la Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, lived amid “French tapestry, Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, table stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseners, all of massive silver, and out of number.” All these things, worthy Master Evelyn, of Sayes Court, Deptford (who about this time has let his said mansion and ground to Peter Velikè, czar of Muscovy, and thinks him but an evil tenant, with his uncouth, uncleanly Russian fashions, his driving of wheelbarrows through neatly-trimmed

hedges, and spitting over polished andirons, and gorging himself with raw turnips sliced in brandy)—worthy, sententious Evelyn shall see these things no more. Nay, nor that “glorious gallery,” quoted from his description innumerable times, where was the dissolute king “sitting toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and others were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2,000*l.* in gold before them. Six days after, all was in the dust.” And worse.

Little boy Hogarth, you shall often pass by the banqueting-house—ay, and admire Hans Holbein’s wondrous gate of red brick, tessellated in quaint and beautiful design; of which the fragments, when the gate was pulled down in 1760, were begged by William, Duke of Cumberland, and the pieces numbered, with the project of having them transferred to Windsor park and there re-erected as a royal ducal lodge. But the project was never carried out, and the duke probably forgot all about it, or found something more worth begging for than a lot of old building materials. So exit Whitehall palace: buttery, bakchouse, wood and coal yards, spicery, charcoal-house, king’s privy cellar, council chamber, hearth-money office, and other fripperics in stone. It must have been a grand place, even as the heterogeneous pile that existed in William Dutchman’s time; but if James or Charles had possessed the funds to rebuild it according to Inigo Jones’s magnificent plan, of which the banqueting-house is but an instalment, the palace of Whitehall would have put to the blush the Baths of Diocletian, the golden house of Nero—yea, and the temple which Ercestratus burnt, to prove that all things were vanity, even to incendiarism.

Will it please you to walk into the city, now that we have done with Westminster, any day in these three years of the moribund seventeenth century. London is busy enough, noisy enough, dirty enough; but not so smoky. There is little or no foot pavement; but there are plenty of posts and plenty of kennels—three hundred and eleven, I think, between Newgate and Charing Cross. When the humorous operation, resorted to with ugly frequency about this time, of whipping a man at the cart’s tail, takes place, the hangman gives the poor wretch a lash at every kennel the near wheel of the cart grates against. Newgate to Ludgate, Charing Cross to the “Cockpit” at Westminster, are considered the mildest pilgrimages to be undergone by these poor flagellated knaves; but Charing to Newgate is the real *via dolorosa* of stripes. That pilgrimage was reserved for the great objects of political hatred and vengeance in James II.’s reign—for Titus Oates and Thomas Dangerfield. The former abominable liar and perjurer, stripped of his ambrosial periwig and rustling silk canonicals, turned out of his lodgings in Whitehall, and reduced to the very last of the last, is tried and sentenced, and is very nearly scourged to death. He is to pay an enormous fine besides, and is to lie in Newgate for the remainder of his life. I wonder that like “flagrant Tutchin,” when shuddering under a sentence almost as frightful, he did not petition to be hanged: yet

there seems to be an indomitable bull-headed, bull-backed power or endurance about this man Oates—this sham doctor of divinity, this Judas spy of Douai and St. Omer, this broken chaplain of a man-of-war, this living, breathing, incarnate Lie—that enables him to undergo his punishment, and to get over its effects somehow. He has not lain long in Newgate, getting his seared back healed as best he may, when haply, in “pudding-time,” comes Dutch William the Deliverer. Oates’s scourging was evidently alluded to when provision was made in the Bill of Rights against “cruel and unusual punishments.” The heavy doors of Newgate open wide for Titus, who once more dons his wig and canonicals. Reflective persons do not believe in the perjured scoundrel any more, and he is seldom sworn, I should opine, of the common jury or the crowner’s quest. He has “taken the book in his right hand,” and kissed it once too often. By a section of the serious world, who yet place implicit faith in all Sir Edmondbury Godfrey’s wounds, and take the inscription on the Monument of Fish Street Hill as law and gospel, Titus Oates is regarded as a species of Protestant martyr—of a sorry, slippery kind, may be, but, at all events, as one who has suffered sorely for the good cause. The government repension him; he grows fat and bloated, and if Tom Brown is to be believed (*Miscellanies*, 1697), Doctor Oates, about the time of Hogarth’s birth, marries a rich city widow of Jewin Street.

Different, and not so prosperous, is the end of the assistant villain, Dangerfield. He, too, is whipped nearly out of his skin, and within a tattered inch of his miserable life; but his sentence ends before Newgate is reached, and he is being taken to that prison in a hackney-coach, when the hangman’s assistants stop the vehicle at the Gray’s Inn Coffee-house, to give the poor, tired, mangled wretch a drink. Steps out of the coffee-house one Mr. Francis, a counsel learned in the law of Gray’s Inn aforesaid, and who has probably been taking a flask too much at the coffee-house. He is an ardent anti-plot man, and in a railing tone and Newmarket phrase asks Dangerfield whether he has “run his heat and how he likes it.” The bleeding object in the coach, revived to pristine ruffianism by the liquor his gaolers have given him, answers with a flood of ribald execrations—bad language could surely be tolerated in one so evilly intreated as he had been that morning—whereupon the barrister in a rage makes a lunge at Dangerfield’s face, with a bamboo cane, and strikes one of his eyes out. In the fevered state of the man’s blood, erysipelas sets in, and Dangerfield shortly afterwards gives the world a good riddance (though it were better the hangman had done it outright with a halter) and dies. The most curious thing is, that Francis was tried and executed at Tyburn for the murder of this wretched, scourged, blinded perjurer. He was most likely tried by a strong Protestant jury, who (very justly) found him guilty on the facts, but would very probably have found him guilty against the facts, to show their Protestant feeling and belief in the Popish plot; but I say the thing is curious, seeing that the Crown did not exercise its prerogative of mercy and pardon to Francis, who was a

gentleman of good family, and manifestly of the court way of thinking. The conclusion is: either that there was more impartial justice in the reign of James II. than we have given that bad time credit for, or that the court let Francis swing through fear of the mob. You see that the mob in those days did not like to be balked of a show, and that the mob derived equal pleasure from seeing Francis hanged as from seeing Dangerfield whipped. The moral of this apologue is, that Oates and Dangerfield being very much alike in roguery, especially Oates, one got not quite so much as he deserved, and the other not quite enough; which has been the case in many other instances that have occurred in society, both vulgar and polite, since the days of William III.

There, I land you at Temple Bar, on whose gory spikes are the heads of the last conspirators against William the Dutchman's life. "*Forsitan et nobis*," whispered Goldsmith slyly to Johnson as they gazed up at the heads which, late in the reign of George III., yet rotted on those fatal spikes. We will not linger at Temple Bar now. Little boy Hogarth, years hence, will take us backwards and forwards through it hundreds of times. The three last years of century seventeen glide away from me. Plumed hats, ye are henceforth to be cocked. Swords, ye shall be worn diagonally, not horizontally. Puffed sleeves, ye must give place to ruffles. Knickerbocker breeches, with rosettes at the knees, ye must be superseded by smalls and rolled stockings. Shoe-bows, the era of buckles is coming. Justaucorps, flapped waistcoats will drive you from the field. Falling bands, your rivals are to be cravats of Mechlin lace. Carlovingian peri-wigs, the Ramillies' wig is imminent. Elkanah Settles, greater city poets are to sing the praise of city custards. Claude du Val and Colonel Jack, greater thieves will swing in the greater reign that is to come. And wake up, little boy Hogarth, for William the Dutchman has broken his collar-bone, and lies sick to death at Kensington. The seventeenth century is gone and passed. In 1703 William dies, and the Princess of Denmark reigns in his stead. Up, little boy Hogarth! grow stout and tall—you have to be bound 'prentice and learn the mystery of the cross-hatch and the double cypher. Up, baby Hogarth, there is glorious work for you to do!

## Unspoken Dialogue.

ABOVE the trailing mignonette  
That deck'd the window-sill,  
A lady sat, with lips firm-set,  
And looks of earnest will:  
Four decades o'er her life had met,  
And left her lovely still.

Not to the radiant firmament,  
Not to the garden's grace,  
The courses of her mind were bent,  
But where, with sweetest face,  
Forth from the other window leant  
The daughter of the place.

Thus ran her thoughts: "O wretched day!  
When She was born so fair:  
Well could I let my charms decay,  
If she were not their heir;  
I loathe the sunbeams as they play  
About her golden hair.

"Yet why? she is too good, too mild,  
So madly to aspire;  
*He* is no boy to be beguil'd  
By sparks of colour'd fire:  
I will not dream a pretty child  
Can mar my deep desire.

' Her fatherless and lonely days  
Are sere before their time:  
In scenes of gaiety and praise  
She will regain her prime,  
And cease to haunt these wooded ways  
With sentimental rhyme."









"Dear child! he comes.—Nay, blush not so  
To have your secret known: "



On to the conscious maiden pass'd  
 Those words without the tongue;  
 Half petulantly back she cast  
 The glist'ning curls that hung  
 About her neck, and answer'd fast:  
 "Yes, I am young—too young:

"Yet am I graver than my wont,  
 Gravest when he is here;  
 Beneath the glory of his front  
 I tremble—not with fear:  
 But as I read, Bethesda's font  
 Felt with the Angel near.

"Must I mate only with my kind,  
 With something as unwise  
 As my poor self; and never find  
 Affection I can prize  
 At once with an adoring mind,  
 And with admiring eyes?"

"My mother trusts to drag me down  
 To some low range of life,  
 By pleasures of the clam'rous town,  
 And vanity's mean strife;  
 And in such selfish tumult drown  
 My hope to be *his* wife."

Then darker round the lady grew  
 The meditative cloud,—  
 And stormy thoughts began to brew  
 She dar'd not speak aloud;  
 For then without disguise she knew  
 That rivalry avow'd.

"What is my being if I lose  
 My love's last stake? while she  
 Has the fair future where to choose  
 Her woman's destiny—  
 Free scope those means and powers to use,  
 Which time denies to me.

“ Was it for this her baby arms  
 About my neck were flung?  
 Was it for this I found such charms  
 In her uncertain tongue?  
 Was it for this those vain alarms  
 My mother-soul unstrung?

‘ Oh, horrible! to wish my child—  
 My sole one left—unborn,  
 And, seeing her so meek and mild,  
 To hold such gifts in scorn;  
 My nature is grown waste and wild,  
 My heart with fury torn!”

Speechless—enchanted to the spot—  
 The girl could scarce divine  
 The whole disaster of her lot,—  
 But without sound or sign  
 She cried, “O Mother! love him not;-  
 Oh! let his love be mine!

“ You have had years of full delight,  
 Your girlhood’s passion-dream  
 Was realized to touch and sight  
 As bright as it could seem;—  
 And now you interpose, like Night,  
 Before my life’s first gleam.

“ Yet you were once what I am now,-  
 You wore your maiden prize;  
 You told me of my Father, how  
 You lived but in his eyes;—  
 You spoke of the perpetual vow,  
 The troth that never dies.

“ Dear Mother! dearer, kinder far,  
 If by my childhood’s bed  
 Your care had never stood to bar  
 Misfortune from my head;—  
 But laid me where my brothers are,  
 Among the quiet dead.

“ Ah ! why not die ? This cruel strife,  
Can thus—thus only—cease ?  
Dear God ! take home this erring life—  
This struggling soul release :  
From Heaven, perchance, upon *his* wife  
I might look down in peace.”

That prayer—like some electric flame,  
Struck with resistless force  
The lady's agitated frame,—  
Nor halted in its course,  
Till her hard pride was turn'd to shame,  
Her passion to remorse.

She spoke—her words were very low,  
But resolute in tone—  
“ Dear child ! he comes.—Nay, blush not so  
To have your secret known :  
'Tis best, 'tis best, that I should go—  
And leave you here alone.”

Then, as his steps grew near and fast,  
Her hand was on the door,  
Her heart by holy grace had cast  
The demon from its core,—  
And on the threshold calm she pass'd  
The man she loved no more.

R. MONCKTON MILNES.

## Studies in Animal Life.

"Authentic tidings of invisible things ;—  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And central peace subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation."—THE EXCURSION.

### CHAPTER II.

Ponds and rock-pools—Our necessary tackle—Wimbledon Common—Early memories—Gnat larvæ—Entomostraca and their paradoxes—Races of animals dispensing with the sterner sex—Insignificance of males—*Volvox globator*: is it an animal?—Plants swimming like animals—Animal retrogressions—The *Dytiscus* and its larva—The dragon-fly larva—Molluscs and their eggs—Polypes, and how to find them—A new polype, *Hydra rubra*—Nest-building fish—Contempt replaced by reverence.

THE day is bright with a late autumn sun; the sky is clear with a keen autumn wind, which lashes our blood into a canter as we press against it, and the cantering blood sets the thoughts into hurrying excitement. Wimbledon Common is not far off; its five thousand acres of undulating heather, furze, and fern tempt us across it, health streaming in at every step as we snuff the keen breeze. We are tempted also to bring net and wide-mouthed jar, to ransack its many ponds for visible and invisible wonders.

Ponds, indeed, are not so rich and lovely as rock-pools; the heath is less alluring than the coast—our dear-loved coast, with its gleaming mystery, the sea, and its sweeps of sand, its reefs, its dripping boulders. I admit the comparative inferiority of ponds; but, you see, we are not near the coast, and the heath is close at hand. Nay, if the case were otherwise, I should object to dwarfing comparisons. It argues a pitiful thinness of nature (and the majority in this respect *are* lean) when present excellence is depreciated because some greater excellence is to be found elsewhere. We are not elsewhere; we must do the best we can with what is here. Because ours is not the Elizabethan age, shall we express no reverence for our great men, but reserve it for Shakspeare, Bacon, and Raleigh, whose traditional renown must overshadow our contemporaries? Not so. To each age its honour. Let us be thankful for all greatness, past or present, and never speak slightly of noble work, or honest endeavour, because it *is* not, or we choose to say it is not, equal to something else. No comparisons then, I beg. If I said ponds were finer than rock-pools, you might demur; but I only say ponds are excellent things, let us dabble in them; ponds are rich in wonders, let us enjoy them.

And first we must look to our tackle. It is extremely simple. A landing-net, lined with muslin; a wide-mouthed glass jar, say a foot high and six inches in diameter, but the size optional, with a bit of string tied under the lip, and forming a loop over the top, to serve as a handle which will let the jar swing without spilling the water; a camel-hair brush; a quinine bottle, or any wide-mouthed phial, for worms and tiny animals which you desire to keep separated from the dangers and confusions of the larger jar; and when to these a pocket lens is added, our equipment is complete.

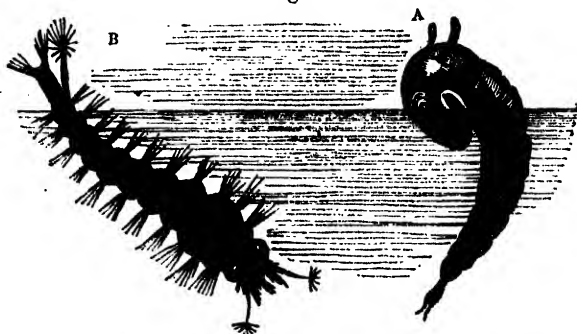
As we emerge upon the common, and tread its springy heather, what a wild wind dashes the hair into our eyes, and the blood into our cheeks! and what a fine sweep of horizon lies before us! The lingering splendours and the beautiful decays of autumn vary the scene, and touch it with a certain pensive charm. The ferns mingle harmoniously their rich browns with the dark green of the furze, now robbed of its golden summer-glory, but still pleasant to the eye, and exquisite to memory. The gaunt windmill on the rising ground is stretching its stiff, starred arms into the silent air: a landmark for the wanderer, a landmark, too, for the wandering mind, since it serves to recall the dim early feelings and sweet broken associations of a childhood when we gazed at it with awe, and listened to the rushing of its mighty arms. Ah! well may the mind with the sweet insistence of sadness linger on those scenes of the irrecoverable past, and try, by lingering there, to feel that it is not wholly lost, wholly irrecoverable, vanished for ever from the Life which, as these decays of autumn and these changing trees too feelingly remind us, is gliding away, leaving our cherished ambitions still unfulfilled, and our deeper affections still but half expressed. The vanishing visions of elapsing life bring with them thoughts which lie too deep for tears; and this windmill recalls such visions by the subtle laws of association. Let us go towards it, and stand once more under its shadow. See the intelligent and tailless sheep-dog which bounds out at our approach, eager and minatory; now his quick eye at once recognizes that we are neither tramps, nor thieves, and he ceases barking to commence a lively interchange of sniffs and amenities with our Pug, who seems also glad of a passing interchange of commonplace remarks. While these dogs travel over each other's minds, let us sun ourselves upon this bench, and look down on the embrowned valley, with its gipsy encampment,—or abroad on the purple Surrey hills, or the varied-tinted trees of Combe Wood and Richmond Park. There are not many such prospects so near London. But, in spite of the sun, we must not linger here: the wind is much too analytical in its remarks; and, moreover, we came out to hunt.

Here is a pond with a mantling surface of green promise. Dip the jar into the water. Hold it now up to the light, and you will see an immense variety of tiny animals swimming about. Some are large enough to be recognized at once; others require a pocket-lens, unless familiarity has already enabled you to infer the forms you cannot distinctly see. Here (Fig. 7)



are two larvæ (or grubs) of the common gnat. That large-headed fellow (A) bobbing about with such grotesque movements, is very near the

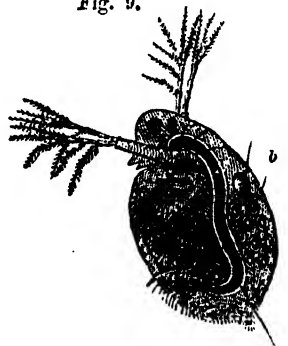
Fig. 7.



LARVÆ OF THE GNAT in two different stages of development (Magnified).

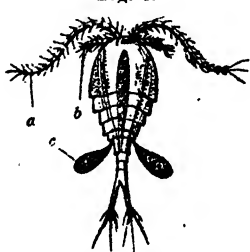
last stage of his metamorphosis; and to-morrow, or the next day, you may see him cast aside this mask (*larva* means a mask), and emerge a perfect insect. The other (B) is in a much less matured condition, but leads an active predatory life, jerking through the water, and fastening to the stems of weed or sides of the jar by means of the tiny hooks at the end of its tail. The hairy appendage forming the angle is not another tail, but a breathing apparatus.

Fig. 9.



DAPHNIA: a pulsatile sac, or heart; b eggs; c digestive tube (Magnified).

Fig. 8.



CYCLOPS.

a large antennæ; b smaller do.; c egg-sacs (Magnified).

Observe, also, those grotesque *Entomostraca*,\* popularly called "water-fleas," although, as you perceive, they have little resemblance in form or manners to our familiar (somewhat *too* familiar) bedfellows. This (Fig. 8) is a *Cyclops*, with only one eye in the centre of its forehead, and carrying two sacs, filled with eggs, like panniers. You observe he has no legs; or, rather, legs and arms are hoisted up to the head, and become antennæ (or feelers). Here (Fig. 9) is a *Daphnia*, grotesque enough,

\* *Entomostraca* (from *entomos*, an insect, and *ostrakon*, a shell) are not really insects, but belong to the same large group of animals as the lobster, the crab, or the shrimp, i.e. crustaceans.

throwing up his arms in astonished awkwardness, and keeping his legs actively at work inside the shell—as respirators, in fact. Here (Fig. 10) is an *Eurycercus*, less grotesque, and with a much smaller eye. Talking of eyes, there is one of these Entomostraca named *Polyphemus*, whose head is all eye; and another, named *Caligus*, who has no head at all. Other paradoxes and wonders are presented by this interesting group of animals; \* but they all sink into insignificance beside the paradox of the amazonian entomostrakon, the *Apus*—a race which dispenses with masculine services altogether, a race of which there are no males!

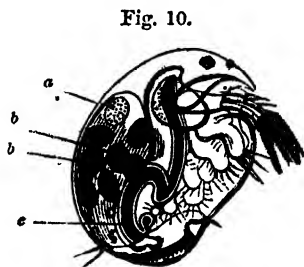


Fig. 10.

EURYCERCUS: a heart; b eggs  
c digestive tube (Magnified).

I well remember the pleasant evening on which I first made the personal acquaintance of this amazing amazon. It was at Munich, and in the house of a celebrated naturalist, in whose garden an agreeable assemblage of poets, professors, and their wives, sauntered in the light of a setting sun, breaking up into groups and *têtes-à-têtes*, to re-form into larger groups. We had taken coffee under the branching coolness of trees, and were now loitering through the brief interval till supper. Our host had just returned from an expedition of some fifty miles to a particular pond, known to be inhabited by the *Apus*. He had made this journey because the race, although prolific, is rare, and is not to be found in every spot. For three successive years had he gone to the same pond, in quest of the male: but no male was to be found among thousands of egg-bearing females, some of which he had brought away with him, and was showing us. We were amused to see them swimming about, sometimes on their backs, using their long oars, sometimes floating, but always incessantly agitating the water with their ten pairs of breathing legs; and the ladies, gathered round the jar, were hugely elated at the idea of animals getting rid altogether of the sterner sex—clearly a useless incumbrance in the scheme of things!

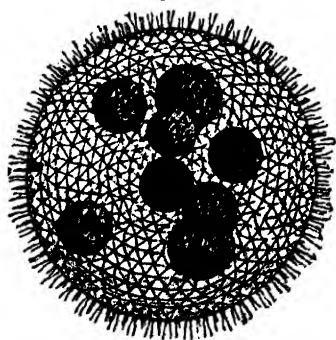
The fact that no male *Apus* has yet been found is not without precedent. Léon Dufour, the celebrated entomologist, declares that he never found the male of the gall insect (*Diplolepis gallæ tinctoriæ*), though he has examined thousands: they were all females, and bore well-developed eggs on emerging from the gall-nut in which their infancy had passed. In two other species of gall insect—*Cynips divisa* and *Cynips folii*—Hartig says he was unable to find a male; and he examined about thirteen thousand. Brogniart never found the male of another entomostrakon (*Limnadia gigas*), nor could Jurine find that of our *Polyphemus*. These negatives prove, at

\* The student will find ample information in BAIRD'S *British Entomostraca*, published by the Ray Society.

least, that if the males exist at all, they must be excessively rare, and their services can be dispensed with; a conclusion which becomes acceptable when we learn that bees, moths, plant-lice (*Aphides*), and our grotesque friend *Daphnia* (Fig. 9) lay eggs which may be reared apart, will develop into females, and these will produce eggs which will in turn produce other females, and so on, generation after generation, although each animal be reared in a vessel apart from all others.

While on this subject, I cannot forbear making a reflection. It must be confessed that our sex cuts but a poor figure in some great families. If the male is in some families grander, fiercer, more splendid, and more highly endowed than the female, this occasional superiority is more than counterbalanced by the still greater inferiority of the sex in other families. The male is often but a contemptible partner, puny in size, insignificant in powers, stunted even of a due allowance of organs. If the peacock and the pheasant swagger in greater splendour, what a pitiful creature is the male falcon—no falconer will look at him. And what is the drone compared with the queen bee, or even with the workers? What figure does the male spider make beside his large and irascible female,—who not unfrequently eats him? Nay, worse than this, what can be said for the male Rotifer, the male Barnacle, the male *Lernæa*—gentlemen who cannot even boast of a perfect digestive apparatus, sometimes not of a digestive organ at all? Nor is this meagreness confined to the digestive system only. In some cases, as in some male Rotifers, the usual organs of sense and locomotion are wanting;\* and in a parasitic *Lernæa*, the degradation is moral as well as physical: the female lives in the gills of a fish, sucking its juices, and the ignoble husband lives as a parasite upon her!

Fig. 11.



\* VOLVOX GLOBATOR, with eight volvoxes enclosed (Magnified).

But this digression is becoming humiliating, and meanwhile our hands are getting benumbed with cold. In spite of that, I hold the jar up to the light, and make a background of my forefingers, to throw into relief some of the transparent animals. Look at those light green crystal spheres sailing along with slow revolving motion, like planets revolving through space, except that their orbits are more eccentric. Each of these spheres is a *Volvox globator*. Under the microscope it looks like a crystalline sphere, studded with bright green specs, from each of which arise two cilia (hairs), serving as oars to row the animal through the water. The specs are united by a

\* Compare GEGENBAUR: *Grundzüge der vergleichende Anatomie*, 1859, pp. 229 und 269; also LEYDIG über *Hydatina senta*, in *Müller's Archiv*, 1857, p. 411.

delicate network, which is not always visible, however. Inside this sphere is a fluid, in which several dark-green smaller spheres are seen revolving, as the parent-sphere revolved in the water. Press this Volvox gently under your compressorium, or between the two pieces of glass, and you will see these internal spheres, when duly magnified, disclose themselves as identical with their parent; and inside them, smaller Volvoces are seen. This is one of the many illustrations of Life within Life, of which something was said in the last chapter.

Nor is this all. Those bright green specs which stud the surface, if examined with high powers, will turn out to be not specs, but animals,\* and as Ehrenberg believes (though the belief is little shared), highly organized animals, possessing a mouth, many stomachs, and an eye. It is right to add that not only are microscopists at variance with Ehrenberg on the supposed organization of these specs, but the majority deny that the Volvox itself is an animal. Von Siebold in Germany, and Professor George Busk and Professor Williamson in England, have argued with so much force against the animal nature of the Volvox, which they call a plant, that in most modern works you will find this opinion adopted. But the latest of the eminent authorities on the subject of Infusoria, in his magnificent work just published, returns to the old idea that the Volvox is an animal after all, although of very simple organization.†

The dispute may perhaps excite your surprise. You are perplexed at the idea of a plant (if plant it be) moving about, swimming with all the vigour and dexterity of an animal, and swimming by means of animal organs, the cilia. But this difficulty is one of our own creation. We first employ the word Plant to designate a vast group of objects which have no powers of locomotion, and then ask, with triumph, How can a plant move? But we have only to enlarge our knowledge of plant-life to see that locomotion is not absolutely excluded from it; for many of the simpler plants—*Confervæ* and *Algæ*—can, and do, move spontaneously in the early stages of their existence: they escape from their parents as free swimming rovers, and do not settle into solid and sober respectability till later in life. In their roving condition they are called, improperly enough, "zoospores," ‡ and once gave rise to the opinion that they were animals in infancy, and became degraded into plants as their growth went on. But locomotion is no true mark of animal-nature, neither is fixtude to one spot the true mark of plant-nature. Many animals (*Polypes*, *Polyzoa*, *Barnacles*, *Mussels*, &c.), after passing a vagabond youth, "settle" once and for ever in maturer age, and then become as fixed as plants. Nay, human animals

\* To avoid the equivocal of calling the parts of an animal, which are capable of independent existence, by the same term as the whole mass, we may adopt Huxley's suggestion, and call all such individual parts *zoids*, instead of animals. Duges suggested *zoonites* in the same sense.—*Sur la Conformité Organique*, p. 13.

† STEIN: *Der Organismus der Infusionsthiere*, 1859, pp. 36–38.

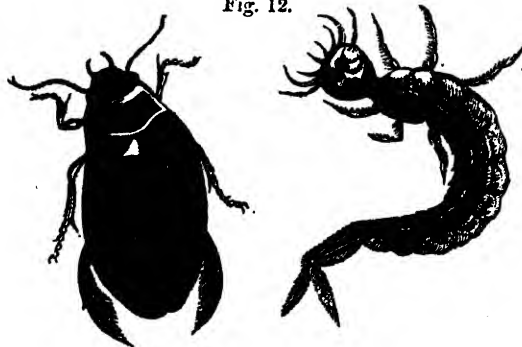
‡ Zoospores, from *zoon*, an animal, and *sporos*, a seed.

not unfrequently exhibit a somewhat similar metempsychosis, and make up for the fitful capriciousness of wandering youth, by the steady severity of their application to business, when width of waistcoat and smoothness of cranium suggest a sense of their responsibilities.

Whether this loss of locomotion is to be regarded as a retrogression on the part of the plant, or animal, which becomes fixed, may be questioned; but there are curious indications of positive retrogression from a higher standard in the metamorphoses of some animals. Thus the beautiful marine worm, *Terebella*, which secretes a tube for itself, and lives in it, fixed to the rock, or oyster-shell, has in early life a distinct head, eyes, and feelers; but in growing to maturity, it loses all trace of head, eyes, and even of feelers, unless the beautiful tuft of streaming threads which it waves in the water be considered as replacing the feelers. There are the Barnacles, too, which in the first stage of their existence have three pairs of legs, a very simple single eye, and a mouth furnished with a proboscis. In the second stage they have six pairs of legs, two compound eyes, complex in structure, two feelers, but *no mouth*. In the third, or final stage, their legs are transformed into prehensile organs, they have recovered a mouth, but have lost their feelers, and their two complex eyes are degraded to a single and very simple eye-spot.

But to break up these digressions, let us try a sweep with our net. We skim it along the surface, and draw up a quantity of duckweed, dead leaves, bits of stick, and masses of green thread, of great fineness, called *Conferva* by botanists. The water runs away, and we turn over the mass. Here is a fine water-beetle, *Dytiscus*, and a larva of the same beetle, called the "Water-tiger," from its ferocity (Fig. 12). You

Fig. 12.



WATER BEETLE and its larva.

would hardly suspect that the slim, big-headed, long-tailed Water-tiger would grow into the squat, small-headed, tailless beetle: nor would you imagine that this Water-tiger would be so "high fantastical" as to breathe by his tail. Yet he does both, as you will find if you watch him in your aquarium.

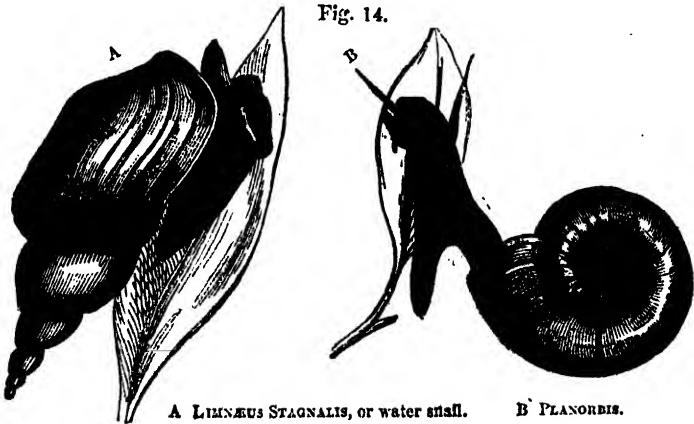
Continuing our search, we light upon the fat, sluggish, ungraceful larva of the graceful and brilliant Dragon-fly, the falcon of insects (Fig. 13). He is useful for dissection, so pop him in. Among the dead leaves you perceive several small leeches, and flat oval *Planariae*, white and brown; and here also is a jelly-like mass, of pale yellow colour, which we know to be a mass of eggs deposited by some shell-fish; and as there are few objects of greater interest than an egg in course of development, we pop the mass in. Here (Fig. 14) are two molluscs, *Limnæus* and *Planorbis*, one of which is probably the parent of those eggs. And here is one which lays no eggs, but brings forth its young

Fig. 13.



DRAGON-FLY LARVA: A ordinary aspect; B with the huge nipper-like jaw extended.

Fig. 14.



A LIMNÆUS STAGNALIS, or water snail.

B PLANORBIS.

alive: it is the *Paludina vivipara* (Fig. 15), of which we learned some interesting details last month. Scattered over the surface of the net and dead leaves, are little dabs of dirty-looking jelly—some of them, instead of the dirty hue, are almost blood-red. Experience makes me aware that these dirty dabs are certainly Polypes—the *Hydra fusca* of systematists. I can't tell how it is I know them, nor how you may know them

Fig. 15.



PALUDINA VIVIPARA.

again. The power of recognition must be acquired by familiarity: and it is because men can't *begin* with familiarity, and can't recognize these Polypes without it, that so few persons really ever see them. But the familiarity may be acquired by a very simple method. Make it a rule to pop every unknown object into your wide-mouthed phial. In the water it will probably at once reveal its nature: if it be a Polype, it will expand its tentacles; if not, you can identify it at leisure on reaching home, by the aid of pictures and descriptions. See, as I drop one of these into the water, it at once assumes the well-known shape of the Polype. And now we will see what these blood-red dabs may be; in spite of their unusual colour, I cannot help suspecting them to be Polypes also. Give me the camel-hair brush. Gently the dab is removed, and transferred to the phial. Shade of Trembley! it is a Polype!\* Is it possible that this discovery leaves you imperturbable, even when I assure you it is of a species hitherto undescribed in text-books? Now, don't be provokingly indifferent! rouse yourself to a little enthusiasm, and prove that you have something of the naturalist in you by delighting in the detection of a new species. "You didn't know that it was new?" That explains your calmness. There must be a basis of knowledge before wonder can be felt—wonder being, as Bacon says, "broken knowledge." Learn, then, that hitherto only three species of fresh-water Polypes have been described: *Hydra viridis*, *Hydra fusca*, and *Hydra grisea*. We have now a fourth to swell the list; we will christen it *Hydra rubra*, and be as modest in our glory as we can. If any one puts it to us, whether we seriously attach importance to such trivialities as specific distinctions resting solely upon colour, or size, we can look profound, you know, and repudiate the charge. But this is a public and official attitude. In private, we can despise the distinctions established by others, but keep a corner of favouritism for our own.†

I remember once showing a bottle containing Polypes to a philosopher, who beheld them with great calmness. They appeared to him as insignificant as so many stems of duckweed; and lest you should be equally indifferent, I will at once inform you that these creatures will interest you as much as any that can be found in ponds, if you take the trouble of studying them. They can be cut into many pieces, and each piece will grow into a perfect Polype; they may be pricked, or irritated, and the irritated spot will bud a young Polype, as a plant buds; they may be turned inside out, and their skin will become a stomach, their stomach a skin. They have acute sensibility to light (towards which they always

\* TREMBLEY in his admirable work, *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire d'un genre de Polypes d'eau douce*, 1744, furnished science with the fullest and most accurate account of fresh-water Polypes; but it is a mistake to suppose that he was the original discoverer of this genus; old LAUWENHOEK had been before him.

† The editors of the *Annals of Natural History* append a note to the account I sent them of this new Polype, from which it appears that Dr. Gray found this very species and apparently in the same spot nearly thirty years ago. But the latest work of authority, VAN DER HOEVEN's *Handbook of Zoology*, only enumerates the three species.

move), and to the slightest touch; yet not a trace of a nervous tissue is to be found in them. They have powers of motion, and locomotion, yet their muscles are simply a network of large contractile cells. If the water in which they are kept be not very pure, they will be found infested with parasites; and quite recently I have noticed an animal, or vegetal, parasite—I know not which—forming an elegant sort of fringe to the tentacles: clusters of skittle-shaped bodies, too entirely transparent for any structure whatever to be made out, in active agitation, like leaves fluttering on a twig. Some day or other we may have occasion to treat of the Polypes in detail, and to narrate the amusing story of their discovery; but what has already been said will serve to sharpen your attention and awaken some curiosity in them.

Again and again the net sweeps among the weed, or dredges the bottom of the pond, bringing up mud, stones, sticks, with a fish, worms, molluscs, and tritons. The fish we must secure, for it is a stickleback—a pretty and interesting inhabitant of an aquarium, on account of its nest-building propensities. We are surprised at a fish building a nest, and caring for its young, like the tenderest of birds (and there are two other fishes, the Goramy and the Hassar, which have this instinct); but why not a fish, as well as a bird? The cat-fish swims about in company with her young, like a proud hen with her chickens; and the sun-fish hovers for weeks over her eggs, protecting them against danger.

The wind is so piercing, and my fingers are so benumbed, I can scarcely hold the brush. Moreover, continual stooping over the net makes the muscles ache unpleasantly, and suggests that each cast shall be the final one. But somehow I have made this resolution and broken it twenty times: either the cast has been unsuccessful, and one is provoked to try again, or it is so successful that, as *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, one is seduced again. Very unintelligible this would be to the passers-by, who generally cast contemptuous glances at us, when they find we are not fishing, but are only removing Nothings into a glass jar. One day an Irish labourer stopped and asked me if I were fishing for salmon. I quietly answered, "Yes." He drew near. I continued turning over the weed, occasionally dropping an invisible thing into the water. At last, a large yellow-bellied Triton was dropped in. He begged to see it; and seeing at the same time how alive the water was with tiny animals, became curious, and asked many questions. I went on with my work; his interest and curiosity increased; his questions multiplied; he volunteered assistance; and remained beside me till I prepared to go away, when he said seriously: "Och! then, and it's a fine thing to be able to name all God's creatures." Contempt had given place to reverence; and so it would be with others, could they check the first rising of scorn at what they do not understand, and patiently learn what even a roadside pond has of Nature's wonders.



## Curious, if True.

(EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM RICHARD WHITTINGHAM, ESQ.)

You were formerly so much amused at my pride in my descent from that sister of Calvin's, who married a Whittingham, Dean of Durham, that I doubt if you will be able to enter into the regard for my distinguished relation, that has led me to France, in order to examine registers and archives, which, I thought, might enable me to discover collateral descendants of the great reformer, with whom I might call cousins. I shall not tell you of my troubles and adventures in this research; you are not worthy to hear of them; but something so curious befell me one evening last August, that if I had not been perfectly certain I was wide awake, I might have taken it for a dream.

For the purpose I have named it was necessary that I should make Tours my head-quarters for a time. I had traced descendants of the Calvin family out of Normandy into the centre of France; but I found it was necessary to have a kind of permission from the bishop of the diocese before I could see certain family papers, which had fallen into the possession of the Church; and, as I had several English friends at Tours, I awaited the answer to my request to Monseigneur de —, at that town. I was ready to accept any invitation; but I received very few; and was sometimes a little at a loss what to do with my evenings. The *table d'hôte* was at five o'clock; I did not wish to go to the expense of a private sitting-room, disliked the dinnery atmosphere of the *salle à manger*, could not play either at pool or billiards, and the aspect of my fellow guests was unprepossessing enough to make me unwilling to enter into any tête-à-tête gambings with them. So I usually rose from table early, and tried to make the most of the remaining light of the August evenings in walking briskly off to explore the surrounding country; the middle of the day was too hot for this purpose, and better employed in lounging on a bench in the Boulevards, lazily listening to the distant band, and noticing with equal laziness the faces and figures of the women who passed by.

One Thursday evening, the 18th of August it was, I think, I had gone farther than usual in my walk, and I found that it was later than I had imagined when I paused to turn back. I fancied I could make a round; I had enough notion of the direction in which I was, to see that by turning up a narrow straight lane to my left I should shorten my way back to Tours. And so I believe I should have done, could I have found an outlet at the right place, but field-paths are almost unknown in that part of France, and my lane, stiff and straight as any street, and marked into terrible vanishing perspective by the regular row of poplars on each side, seemed interminable. Of course night came on, and I was in darkness. In England I might have had a chance of seeing a light in some cottage only a field or two off, and asking my way from the inhabitants; but here

I could see no such welcome sight; indeed, I believe French peasants go to bed with the summer daylight, so if there were any habitations in the neighbourhood I never saw them. At last—I believe I must have walked two hours in the darkness,—I saw the dusky outline of a wood on one side of the weariful lane, and, impatiently careless of all forest laws and penalties for trespassers, I made my way to it, thinking that if the worst came to the worst, I could find some covert—some shelter where I could lie down and rest, until the morning light gave me a chance of finding my way back to Tours. But the plantation, on the outskirts of what appeared to me a dense wood, was of young trees, too closely planted to be more than slender stems growing up to a good height, with scanty foliage on their summits. On I went towards the thicker forest, and once there I slackened my pace, and began to look about me for a good lair. I was as dainty as Lochiel's grandchild, who made his grandsire indignant at the luxury of his pillow of snow: this brake was too full of brambles, that felt damp with dew; there was no hurry, since I had given up all hope of passing the night between four walls; and I went leisurely groping about, and trusting that there were no wolves to be poked up out of their summer drowsiness by my stick, when all at once I saw a château before me, not a quarter of a mile off, at the end of what seemed to be an ancient avenue (now overgrown and irregular), which I happened to be crossing, when I looked to my right, and saw the welcome sight. Large, stately, and dark was its outline against the dusky night-sky; there were pepper-boxes and tourelles and what-not fantastically going up into the dim starlight. And more to the purpose still, though I could not see the details of the building that I was now facing, it was plain enough that there were lights in many windows, as if some great entertainment was going on.

"They are hospitable people at any rate," thought I. "Perhaps they will give me a bed. I don't suppose French propriétaires have traps and horses quite as plentiful as English gentlemen; but they are evidently having a large party, and some of their guests may be from Tours, and will give me a cast back to the Lion d'Or. I am not proud, and I am dog-tired. I am not above hanging on behind, if need be."

So, putting a little briskness and spirit into my walk, I went up to the door, which was standing open, most hospitably, and showing a large lighted hall, all hung round with spoils of the chase, armour, &c., the details of which I had not time to notice, for the instant I stood on the threshold a huge porter appeared, in a strange, old-fashioned dress, a kind of livery which well befitted the general appearance of the house. He asked me, in French (so curiously pronounced that I thought I had hit upon a new kind of *patois*), my name, and whence I came. I thought he would not be much the wiser, still it was but civil to give it before I made my request for assistance; so in reply I said—

"My name is Whittingham—Richard Whittingham, an English gentleman, staying at——." To my infinite surprise a light of pleased intelligence came over the giant's face; he made me a low bow, and

said (still in the same curious dialect) that I was welcome, that I was long expected.

"Long expected!" What could the fellow mean? Had I stumbled on a nest of relations by John Calvin's side, who had heard of my genealogical inquiries, and were gratified and interested by them? But I was too much pleased to be under shelter for the night to think it necessary to account for my agreeable reception before I enjoyed it. Just as he was opening the great heavy *battants* of the door that led from the hall to the interior, he turned round and said,—

"Apparently Monsieur le G<sup>é</sup>anquilleur is not come with you."

"No! I am all alone; I have lost my way,"—and I was going on with my explanation, when he, as if quite indifferent to it, led the way up a great stone staircase, as wide as many rooms, and having on each landing-place massive iron wickets, in a heavy framework; these the porter unlocked with the solemn slowness of age. Indeed, a strange, mysterious awe of the centuries that had passed away since this ch<sup>â</sup>teau was built came over me as I waited for the turning of the ponderous keys in the ancient locks. I could almost have fancied that I heard a mighty rushing murmur (like the ceaseless sound of a distant sea, ebbing and flowing for ever and for ever), coming forth from the great vacant galleries that opened out on each side of the broad staircase, and were to be dimly perceived in the darkness above us. It was as if the voices of generations of men yet echoed and eddied in the silent air. It was strange, too, that my friend the porter going before me, ponderously infirm, with his feeble old hands striving in vain to keep the tall flambeau he held steadily before him,—strange, I say, that he was the only domestic I saw in the vast halls and passages, or met with on the grand staircase. At length we stood before the gilded doors that led into the saloon where the family—or it might be the company, so great was the buzz of voices—was assembled. I would have remonstrated when I found he was going to introduce me, dusty and travel-smear'd, in a morning costume that was not even my best, into this grand *salon*, with nobody knew how many ladies and gentlemen assembled; but the obstinate old man was evidently bent upon taking me straight to his master, and paid no heed to my words.

The doors flew open, and I was ushered into a saloon curiously full of pale light, which did not culminate on any spot, nor proceed from any centre, nor flicker with any motion of the air, but filled every nook and corner, making all things deliciously distinct; different from our light of gas or candle, as is the difference between a clear southern atmosphere and that of our misty England.

At the first moment my arrival excited no attention, the apartment was so full of people, all intent on their own conversation. But my friend the porter went up to a handsome lady of middle age, richly attired in that antique manner which fashion has brought round again of late years, and, waiting first in an attitude of deep respect till her attention fell upon him, told her my name and something about me, as far as I could guess

from the gestures of the one and the sudden glance of the eye of the other.

She immediately came towards me with the most friendly actions of greeting, even before she had advanced near enough to speak. Then,—and was it not strange?—her words and accent were that of the commonest peasant of the country. Yet she herself looked high-bred, and would have been dignified had she been a shade less restless, had her countenance worn a little less lively and inquisitive expression. I had been poking a good deal about the old parts of Tours, and had had to understand the dialect of the people who dwelt in the *Marché au Vendredi* and similar places, or I really should not have understood my handsome hostess, as she offered to present me to her husband, a henpecked, gentlemanly man, who was more quaintly attired than she in the very extreme of that style of dress. I thought to myself that in France, as in England, it is the provincials who carry fashion to such an excess as to become ridiculous.

However, he spoke (still in the *patois*) of his pleasure in making my acquaintance, and led me to a strange uneasy easy-chair, much of a piece with the rest of the furniture, which might have taken its place without any anachronism by the side of that in the Hôtel Cluny. Then again began the clatter of French voices, which my arrival had for an instant interrupted, and I had leisure to look about me. Opposite to me sat a very sweet-looking lady, who must have been a great beauty in her youth I should think, and would be charming in old age, from the sweetness of her countenance. She was, however, extremely fat, and on seeing her feet laid up before her on a cushion, I at once perceived that they were so swollen as to render her incapable of walking, which probably brought on her excessive *embonpoint*. Her hands were plump and small, but rather coarse-grained in texture, not quite so clean as they might have been, and altogether not so aristocratic-looking as the charming face. Her dress was of superb black velvet, ermine-trimmed, with diamonds thrown all abroad over it.

Not far from her stood the least little man I had ever seen; of such admirable proportions no one could call him a dwarf, because with that word we usually associate something of deformity; but yet with the elfin look of shrewd, hard, worldly wisdom in his face that marred the impression which his delicate regular little features would otherwise have conveyed. Indeed, I do not think he was quite of equal rank with the rest of the company, for his dress was inappropriate to the occasion (and he apparently was an invited, while I was an involuntary guest); and one or two of his gestures and actions were more like the tricks of an uneducated rustic than anything else. To explain what I mean: his boots had evidently seen much service, and had been re-topped, re-heeled, re-soled to the extent of cobbler's powers. Why should he have come in them if they were not his best—his only pair? And what can be more ungentle than poverty? Then again he had an uneasy trick of putting his hand up to his throat, as if he expected to find something the matter with it; and

he had the awkward habit—which I do not think he could have copied from Dr. Johnson, because most probably he had never heard of him—of trying always to retrace his steps on the exact boards on which he had trodden to arrive at any particular part of the room. Besides, to settle the question, I once heard him addressed as *Monsieur Poucet*, without any aristocratic “*de*” for a prefix; and nearly every one else in the room was a *marquis* at any rate.

I say, “nearly every one;” for some strange people had the *entrée*; unless indeed they were like me benighted. One of the guests I should have taken for a servant, but for the extraordinary influence he seemed to have over the man I took for his master, and who never did anything without, apparently, being urged thereto by this follower. The master, magnificently dressed, but ill at ease in his clothes, as if they had been made for some one else, was a weak-looking, handsome man, continually sauntering about, and I almost guessed an object of suspicion to some of the gentlemen present, which, perhaps, drove him on the companionship of his follower, who was dressed something in the style of an ambassador’s *chasseur*; yet it was not a *chasseur*’s dress after all; it was something more thoroughly old-world; boots half way up his ridiculously small legs, which clattered as he walked along, as if they were too large for his little feet; and a great quantity of grey fur, as trimming to coat, court-mantle, boots, cap—everything. You know the way in which certain countenances remind you perpetually of some animal, be it bird or beast! Well, this *chasseur* (as I will call him for want of a better name) was exceedingly like the great Tom-cat that you have seen so often in my chambers, and laughed at almost as often for his uncanny gravity of demeanour. Grey whiskers has my Tom—grey whiskers had the *chasseur*: grey hair over-shadows the upper lip of my Tom—grey mustachios hid that of the *chasseur*. The pupils of Tom’s eyes dilate and contract as I had thought cats’ pupils only could do, until I saw those of the *chasseur*. To be sure, canny as Tom is, the *chasseur* had the advantage in the more intelligent expression. He seemed to have obtained most complete sway over his master or patron, whose looks he watched, and whose steps he followed with a kind of distrustful interest that puzzled me greatly.

There were several other groups in the more distant part of the saloon, all of the stately old school, all grand and noble, I conjectured from their bearing. They seemed perfectly well acquainted with each other, as if they were in the habit of meeting. But I was interrupted in my observations by the tiny little gentleman on the opposite side of the room coming across to take a place beside me. It is no difficult matter to a Frenchman to slide into conversation, and so gracefully did my pigmy friend keep up the character of the nation, that we were almost confidential before ten minutes had elapsed.

Now I was quite aware that the welcome which all had extended to me, from the porter up to the vivacious lady and meek lord of the castle, was intended for some other person. But it required either a degree of moral

courage, of which I cannot boast, or the self-reliance and conversational powers of a bolder and cleverer man than I, to undeceive people who had fallen into so fortunate a mistake for me. Yet the little man by my side insinuated himself so much into my confidence, that I had half a mind to tell him of my exact situation and to turn him into a friend and an ally.

"Madame is perceptibly growing older," said he, in the midst of my perplexity, glancing at our hostess.

"Madame is still a very fine woman," replied I.

"Now, is it not strange," continued he, lowering his voice, "how women almost invariably praise the absent, or departed, as if they were angels of light, while as for the present, or the living"—here he shrugged up his little shoulders, and made an expressive pause. "Would you believe it! Madame is always praising her late husband to monsieur's face; till, in fact, we guests are quite perplexed how to look: for you know, the late M. de Retz's character was quite notorious,—everybody has heard of him." All the world of Touraine, thought I, but I made an assenting noise.

At this instant, monsieur our host came up to me, and with a civil look of tender interest (such as some people put on when they inquire after your mother, about whom they do not care one straw) asked if I had heard lately how my cat was? "How my cat was!" What could the man mean? My cat! Could he mean the tailless Tom, born in the Isle of Man, and now supposed to be keeping guard against the incursions of rats and mice into my chambers in London? Tom is, as you know, on pretty good terms with some of my friends, using their legs for rubbing-posts without scruple, and highly esteemed by them for his gravity of demeanour, and wise manner of winking his eyes. But could his fame have reached across the Channel? However, an answer must be returned to the inquiry, as monsieur's face was bent down to mine with a look of polite anxiety; so I, in my turn, assumed an expression of gratitude, and assured him that, to the best of my belief, my cat was in remarkably good health.

"And the climate agrees with her?"

"Perfectly," said I, in a maze of wonder at this deep solicitude in a tailless cat who had lost one foot and half an ear in some cruel trap. My host smiled a sweet smile, and, addressing a few words to my little neighbour, passed on.

"How wearisome these aristocrats are!" quoth my neighbour with a slight sneer. "Monsieur's conversation rarely extends to more than two sentences to any one. By that time his faculties are exhausted, and he needs the refreshment of silence. You and I, monsieur, are at any rate indebted to our own wits for our rise in the world!"

Here again I was bewildered! As you know, I am rather proud of my descent from families which, if not noble themselves, are allied to nobility,—and as to my "rise in the world"—if I had risen, it would have been rather for balloon-like qualities than for mother-wit, to being unen-

cumbered with heavy ballast either in my head or my pockets. However, it was my cue to agree: so I smiled again.

"For my part," said he, "if a man does not stick at trifles, if he knows how to judiciously add to, or withhold facts, and is not sentimental in his parade of humanity, he is sure to do well; sure to affix a *de* or *von* to his name, and end his days in comfort. There is an example of what I am saying"—and he glanced furtively at the weak-looking master of the sharp, intelligent servant, whom I have called the *chasseur*.

"Monsieur le Marquis would never have been anything but a miller's son, if it had not been for the talents of his servant. Of course you know his antecedents?"

I was going to make some remarks on the changes in the order of the peerage since the days of Louis XVI.—going, in fact, to be very sensible and historical—when there was a slight commotion among the people at the other end of the room. Lacqueys in quaint liveries must have come in from behind the tapestry, I suppose (for I never saw them enter, though I sate right opposite to the doors), and were handing about the slight beverages and slighter viands which are considered sufficient refreshments, but which looked rather meagre to my hungry appetite. These footmen were standing solemnly opposite to a lady,—beautiful, splendid as the dawn, but—sound asleep in a magnificent settee. A gentleman who showed so much irritation at her ill-timed slumbers, that I think he must have been her husband, was trying to awaken her with actions not far removed from shakings. All in vain; she was quite unconscious of his annoyance, or the smiles of the company, or the automatic solemnity of the waiting footmen, or the perplexed anxiety of monsieur and madame.

My little friend sat down with a sneer as if his curiosity was quenched in contempt.

"Moralists would make an infinity of wise remarks on that scene," said he. "In the first place note the ridiculous position into which their superstitious reverence for rank and title puts all these people. Because monsieur is a reigning prince over some minute principality the exact situation of which no one has as yet discovered, no one must venture to take their glass of eau sucré till Madame la Princesse awakens; and, judging from past experience, those poor lacqueys may have to stand for a century before that happens. Next—always speaking as a moralist, you will observe—note how difficult it is to break off bad habits acquired in youth!"

Just then the prince succeeded, by what means I did not see, in awaking the beautiful sleeper. But at first she did not remember where she was, and looking up at her husband with loving eyes, she smiled and said:

"Is it you, my prince!"

But he was too conscious of the suppressed amusement of the spectators and his own consequent annoyance, to be reciprocally tender, and turned

away with some little French expression best rendered into English by "Pooh pooh, my dear!"

After I had had a glass of delicious wine of some unknown quality, my courage was in rather better plight than before, and I told my cynical little neighbour—whom I must say I was beginning to dislike—that I had lost my way in the wood, and had arrived at the château quite by mistake.

He seemed mightily amused at my story; said that the same thing had happened to himself more than once; and told me that I had better luck than he had had on one of these occasions, when, from his account, he must have been in considerable danger of his life. He ended his story by making me admire his boots, which he said he still wore, patched though they were, and all their excellent quality lost by patching,—because they were of such a first-rate make for long pedestrian excursions. "Though indeed," he wound up by saying, "the new fashion of railroads would seem to supersede the necessity for this description of boots."

When I consulted him as to whether I ought to make myself known to my host and hostess as a benighted traveller, instead of the guest whom they had taken me for, he exclaimed, "By no means! I hate such squeamish morality." And he seemed much offended by my innocent question, as if it seemed by implication to condemn something in himself. He was offended and silent; and just at this moment I caught the sweet, attractive eyes of the lady opposite,—that lady whom I named at first as being no longer in the bloom of youth, but as being somewhat infirm about the feet, which were supported on a raised cushion before her. Her looks seemed to say, "Come here, and let us have some conversation together;" and with a bow of silent excuse to my little companion, I went across to the lame old lady. She acknowledged my coming with the prettiest gesture of thanks possible; and half apologetically said, "It is a little dull to be unable to move about on such evenings as this; but it is a just punishment to me for my early vanities. My poor feet, that were by nature so small, are now taking their revenge for my cruelty in forcing them into such little slippers. . . . Besides, monsieur," with a pleasant smile, "I thought it was possible you might be weary of the malicious sayings of your little neighbour. He has not borne the best character in his youth, and such men are sure to be cynical in their old age."

"Who is he?" asked I, with English abruptness.

"His name is Poucet, and his father was, I believe, a wood-cutter, or charcoal-burner, or something of the sort. They do tell sad stories of connivance at murder, ingratitude, and obtaining money on false pretences—but you will think me as bad as he if I go on with my slanders. Rather let us admire the lovely lady coming up towards us, with the roses in her hand—I never see her without roses, they are so closely connected with her past history, as you are doubtless aware. Ah beauty!" said my companion to the lady drawing near to us, "it is like you to come to me, now that I can no longer go to you." Then turning to me, and gracefully drawing me into the conversation, she said, "You must know that although we never



met until we were both married, we have been almost like sisters ever since. There have been so many points of resemblance in our circumstances, and I think I may say in our characters. We had each two elder sisters—mine were but half-sisters, though—who were not so kind to us as they might have been."

"But have been sorry for it since," put in the other lady.

"Since we have married princes," continued the same lady, with an arch smile that had nothing of unkindness in it, "for we both have married far above our original stations in life; we are both unpunctual in our habits, and in consequence of this failing of ours we have both had to suffer mortification and pain."

"And both are charming," said a whisper close behind me. "My lord the marquis, say it—say, 'And both are charming.'"

"And both are charming," was spoken aloud by another voice. I turned, and saw the wily cat-like chasseur, prompting his master to make civil speeches.

The ladies bowed with that kind of haughty acknowledgment which shows that compliments from such a source are distasteful. But our trio of conversation was broken up, and I was sorry for it. The marquis looked as if he had been stirred up to make that one speech, and hoped that he would not be expected to say more; while behind him stood the chasseur, half impertinent and half servile in his ways and attitudes. The ladies, who were real ladies, seemed to be sorry for the awkwardness of the marquis, and addressed some trifling questions to him, adapting themselves to the subjects on which he could have no trouble in answering. The chasseur, meanwhile, was talking to himself in a growling tone of voice. I had fallen a little into the background at this interruption in a conversation which promised to be so pleasant, and I could not help hearing his words.

"Really, De Carabas grows more stupid every day. I have a great mind to throw off his boots, and leave him to his fate. I was intended for a court, and to a court I will go, and make my own fortune as I have made his. The emperor will appreciate my talents."

And such are the habits of the French, or such his forgetfulness of good manners in his anger, that he spat right and left on the parquetté floor.

Just then a very ugly, very pleasant-looking man, came towards the two ladies to whom I had lately been speaking, leading up to them a delicate fair woman dressed all in the softest white, as if she were *vouée au blanc*. I do not think there was a bit of colour about her. I thought I heard her making, as she came along, a little noise of pleasure, not exactly like the singing of a tea-kettle, nor yet like the cooing of a dove, but reminding me of each sound.

"Madame de Mioumiou was anxious to see you," said he, addressing the lady with the roses, "so I have brought her across to give you a pleasure!" What an honest good face! but oh! how ugly! And yet I liked his ugliness better than most persons' beauty. There was a look of pathetic acknowledgment of his ugliness, and a deprecation of your too

hasty judgment, in his countenance that was positively winning. The soft white lady kept glancing at my neighbour the chasseur, as if they had had some former acquaintance, which puzzled me very much, as they were of such different rank. However, their nerves were evidently strung to the same tune, for at a sound behind the tapestry, which was more like the scuttering of rats and mice than anything else, both Madame de Mioumiou and the chasseur started with the most eager look of anxiety on their countenances, and by their restless movements—madame's panting, and the fiery dilation of his eyes—one might see that commonplace sounds affected them both in a manner very different to the rest of the company. The ugly husband of the lovely lady with the roses now addressed himself to me.

"We are much disappointed," he said, "in finding that monsieur is not accompanied by his countryman—le grand Jean d'Angleterre; I cannot pronounce his name rightly"—and he looked at me to help him out.

"Le grand Jean d'Angleterre!" now who was le grand Jean d'Angleterre? John Bull? John Russell? John Bright?

"Jean—Jean"—continued the gentleman, seeing my embarrassment. "Ah, these terrible English names—'Jean de G é a n q u i l l e u r !'"

I was as wise as ever. And yet the name struck me as familiar, but slightly disguised. I repeated it to myself. It was mighty like John the Giant-killer, only his friends always call that worthy "Jack." I said the name aloud.

"Ah, that is it!" said he. "But why has he not accompanied you to our little reunion to-night?"

I had been rather puzzled once or twice before, but this serious question added considerably to my perplexity. Jack the Giant-killer had once, it is true, been rather an intimate friend of mine, as far as (printer's) ink and paper can keep up a friendship, but I had not heard his name mentioned for years; and for aught I knew he lay enchanted with King Arthur's knights, who lie entranced until the blast of the trumpets of four mighty kings shall call them to help at England's need. But the question had been asked in serious earnest by that gentleman, whom I more wished to think well of me than I did any other person in the room. So I answered respectfully that it was long since I had heard anything of my countryman; but that I was sure it would have given him as much pleasure as it was doing myself to have been present at such an agreeable gathering of friends. He bowed, and then the lame lady took up the word.

"To-night is the night when, of all the year, this great old forest surrounding the castle is said to be haunted by the phantom of a little peasant girl who once lived hereabouts; the tradition is that she was devoured by a wolf. In former days I have seen her on this night out of yonder window at the end of the gallery. Will you, ma belle, take monsieur to see the view outside by the moonlight (you may possibly see the phantom-child); and leave me to a little tête-à-tête with your husband?"

With a gentle movement the lady with the roses complied with the other's request, and we went to a great window, looking down on the forest, in which I had lost my way. The tops of the far-spreading and leafy trees lay motionless beneath us in that pale, wan light, which shows objects almost as distinct in form, though not in colour, as by day. We looked down on the countless avenues, which seemed to converge from all quarters to the great old castle; and suddenly across one, quite near to us, there passed the figure of a little girl, with the "capuchon" on, that takes the place of a peasant girl's bonnet in France. She had a basket on one arm, and by her, on the side to which her head was turned, there went a wolf. I could almost have said it was licking her hand, as if in penitent love, if either penitence or love had ever been a quality of wolves,—but though not of living, perhaps it may be of phantom wolves.

"There, we have seen her!" exclaimed my beautiful companion. "Though so long dead, her simple story of household goodness and trustful simplicity still lingers in the hearts of all who have ever heard of her; and the country-people about here say that seeing that phantom-child on this anniversary brings good luck for the year. Let us hope that we shall share in the traditionary good fortune. Ah! here is Madame de Retz—she retains the name of her first husband, you know, as he was of higher rank than the present." We were joined by our hostess.

"If monsieur is fond of the beauties of nature and art," said she, perceiving that I had been looking at the view from the great window, "he will perhaps take pleasure in seeing the picture." Here she sighed, with a little affectation of grief. "You know the picture I allude to," addressing my companion, who bowed assent, and smiled a little maliciously, as I followed the lead of madame.

I went after her to the other end of the saloon, noting by the way with what keen curiosity she caught up what was passing either in word or action on each side of her. When we stood opposite to the end wall, I perceived a full-length picture of a handsome peculiar-looking man, with—in spite of his good looks—a very fierce and scowling expression. My hostess clasped her hands together as her arms hung down in front, and sighed once more. Then, half in soliloquy, she said—

"He was the love of my youth; his stern yet manly character first touched this heart of mine. When—when shall I cease to deplore his loss!"

Not being acquainted with her enough to answer this question (if, indeed, it were not sufficiently answered by the fact of her second marriage), I felt awkward; and, by way of saying something, I remarked,—

"The countenance strikes me as resembling something I have seen before—in an engraving from an historical picture, I think; only, it is there the principal figure in a group: he is holding a lady by her hair, and threatening her with his scimitar, while two cavaliers are rushing up the stairs, apparently only just in time to save her life."

"Alas, alas!" said she, "you too accurately describe a miserable passage in my life, which has often been represented in a false light. The best of husbands"—here she sobbed, and became slightly inarticulate with her grief—"will sometimes be displeased. I was young and curious, he was justly angry with my disobedience—my brothers were too hasty—the consequence is, I became a widow!"

After due respect for her tears, I ventured to suggest some commonplace consolation. She turned round sharply:—

"No, monsieur: my only comfort is that I have never forgiven the brothers who interfered so cruelly, in such an uncalled-for manner, between my dear husband and myself. To quote my friend Monsieur Sganarelle—'Ce sont petites choses qui sont de temps en temps nécessaires dans l'amitié; et cinq ou six coups d'épée entre gens qui s'aiment ne font que ragailhardir l'affection.' You observe the colouring is not quite what it should be?"

"In this light the beard is of rather a peculiar tint," said I.

"Yes: the painter did not do it justice. It was most lovely, and gave him such a distinguished air, quite different from the common herd. Stay, I will show you the exact colour, if you will come near this flambeau!" And going near the light, she took off a bracelet of hair, with a magnificent clasp of pearls. It was peculiar, certainly. I did not know what to say; "His precious lovely beard!" said she. "And the pearls go so well with the delicate blue!"

Her husband, who had come up to us, and waited till her eye fell upon him before venturing to speak, now said, "It is strange Monsieur Ogre is not yet arrived!"

"Not at all strange," said she tartly. "He was always very stupid, and constantly falls into mistakes, in which he comes worse off; and it is very well he does, for he is a credulous and cowardly fellow. Not at all strange! If you will"—turning to her husband, so that I hardly heard her words, until I caught—"Then everybody would have their rights, and we should have no more trouble. Is it not, monsieur?" addressing me.

"If I were in England, I should imagine madame was speaking of the reform bill, or the millennium,—but I am in ignorance."

And just as I spoke, the great folding-doors were thrown open wide, and every one started to their feet to greet a little old lady, leaning on a thin black wand—and—

"Madame la Féemarraine," was announced by a chorus of sweet shrill voices.

And in a moment I was lying in the grass close by a hollow oak tree, with the slanting glory of the dawning day shining full in my face, and thousands of little birds and delicate insects piping and warbling out their welcome to the ruddy splendour.

## Life among the Lighthouses.

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A MINISTER OF STATE, whose duties brought him into constant attendance upon royalty, once made a memorandum in his diary to watch the king into a good humour, *that he might ask him for a Lighthouse*. It is probable that the wish of Lord Grenville (for it was he) was not to learn what living in a lighthouse would be like, but rather to realize the very considerable living to be got out of one.

Whether his lordship ever got what he desired, we do not know; but could he have foreseen the serious penalties the nation would have to pay for having the "well-beloved cousins and councillors" of its kings quartered in this free and easy way upon its mercantile marine, surely he would have been too generous to seek it. Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth were alive to the true policy in such matters, for he put the custody of such things into the charge of a chartered body, whose interests were made identical with the public welfare; and she, making her Lord High Admiral Howard surrender his authority in regard to beacons, buoys, marks and signs for the sea to their custody, gave the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House their first Act of Parliament, and set them forward upon an ever-widening career of usefulness, which has resulted in our channels being almost as well lighted as our streets.

Not but what among the proprietors of "private lights," as those not under the control of the Trinity House were called, there were men of sagacity, energy, and self-devotion. Men who were proud of the means whereby they lived, and took the same pleasure in having their lighthouse a credit to them that an opulent manufacturer does in having his mills up to the mark with all the most recent improvements. But the same motive did not exist in the one case as does in the other. If a manufacturer does not keep in the front rank as regards machinery, the character of his goods is degraded in the market. He must choose between spinning well or not at all. But with the private manufacturers of light for bewildered sailors the case was different: they were authorized to levy tolls on all vessels passing, using, or deriving benefit from the light in question; a certain range of distance appears to have been assumed within which the vessel was liable; and although at one lighthouse the oil might be bad, at another the candles unsnuffed, whilst at a third the coal fire would be reeking in its embers, still so long as the light was there the dues were chargeable.

Things came to a crisis at last. In districts where at the time when the king's good-humour had been availed of vessels from fishing-village to fishing-village crept round by twos and threes, the waters got crowded daily and hourly with ships of mighty tonnage, and every ton had to pay. It was difficult to tell what the recipients of the royal benevolence were making; but from the style in which their mere collectors thrived, it was

evidently something far too good to be talked about. It must have been very hard to have been insulted with an offer of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds for a barren rock in the ocean, nothing like that number of feet square, subjecting the proprietor to the necessity of making a pathetic rejoinder to the effect "that if he must sell, it must be for five hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and that would not pay him;" but a jury was appealed to, and four hundred and forty-five thousand pounds was carried off as the vested right in one lighthouse, with a heavy sigh that it was so little. Another leviathan of the deep realized three hundred thousand pounds; and if these were whales among the tritons, the tritons and the minnows too, all plethoric of their kind, fared well. The scale was freighted heavily with compulsory purchase-money before they were all bought out, and the shipping interest had to pay surplus light dues for many years before the official custodians of the lighthouse fund had got quit of their huge debt.

Even on these terms it was the right thing to do. When the lighthouse on the Smalls rock in the Bristol Channel was in private hands, the annual consumption of oil, which is another way of stating the annual amount of light produced, was as little as two hundred gallons; at this present time fifteen hundred gallons are burnt within the year. The dues payable in those days were twopence per ton, whilst now vessels pay at the rate of one halfpenny per ton over-sea, and one-sixteenth part of a penny per ton for coasting voyages, less an abatement in the latter cases of thirty-five per cent. But bad lighting, private proprietorship, public debt, and, to a great extent, even surplus light dues, have gone for ever, and lighthouses have got back to what Queen Elizabeth meant them to be—public trusts in public hands for public uses.

And yet it was private enterprise that built and rebuilt, and again rebuilt the Eddystone, and it was private courage that established that which will soon be a thing of the past, the strange wooden-legged Malay-looking barracoon of a lighthouse in the Bristol Channel, on a rock called the "Smalls."

The wooden structure at the Smalls was conceived originally by a Mr. Phillips, of Liverpool, a member of the Society of Friends. He set himself to establish "a great holy good to serve and save humanity," and even in this world he had his reward; for sixty years afterwards, when his representatives had to surrender it to the Trinity House, they got one hundred and seventy thousand pounds by way of compensation for it.

Like most sagacious men, he knew how to choose his instruments. At that time there resided in Liverpool a young man of the name of Whiteside, a maker of "violins, spinettes, and upright harpsichords," with a strongly marked mechanical genius.

In the summer of 1772, this young fiddle-maker found himself at Solva, twenty miles from the rock, with a gang of Cornish miners, who were to quarry sockets into the stone, into which it was originally intended that iron pillars should be soldered. The first essay was sufficiently appalling.

The surface of the rock is called twelve feet above the level of high water, that is, in smooth weather; but in tempestuous seas, and when the waves are rolling in from the south-west, it is as many feet below it. The party had landed from their cutter, and had got a long iron rod worked a few feet into the rock, when the weather suddenly got "dirty." The wind and the sea rose together, and the cutter had to sheer off lest she should be wrecked. The men on the rock clung, as best they might, to the half-fastened shaft, and a desperate struggle ensued between brute nature and that passive fortitude which is greater than brute nature,—all through the night into the morning, all through the day into the night again, until the third day, when the storm abated and they were saved.

Nothing daunted, it was agreed that it was just as well to know the worst. One hint was immediately taken, and rings and holding bars were let into various parts of the rock, to which the men could lash themselves and each other on similar occasions. It was soon found that iron pillars would not do, that they were not sufficiently elastic; and great pains were taken to find heart of oak that would be equal to resist the angry forces of the waters. That the present structure would stand for ever, may be doubted, except by a process analogous to the repair of the Irishman's stocking,—first a new foot, and then a fresh leg. Anyhow, it has been recently thought better to build a granite tower, which, once well done, may be said, humanly speaking, to be done for ever. The light will be exhibited at a greater elevation, which gives it an extended range, and the size of the lantern will admit of a larger and more powerful apparatus. The mode of procedure is of course very different from that adopted by Mr. Whiteside. Where formerly there was a poor fiddle-maker, with half-a-dozen Cornish miners, and a ship's carpenter or two, there is now a civil engineer, a clerk, thirty-eight granite masons, four carpenters, eight smiths, thirteen seamen, four bargemen, two miners and eight labourers; a commodious wharf, a steam vessel, a tender, and some barges. There may be nothing so pathetic or so heroic as that long cling of nine forlorn human creatures round the first iron bar; it would be shame to the engineer if it should be so; but there is real work to do, and it is being thoroughly well done.

The story of the present structure at the Eddystone has been told with quaint simplicity by the man who raised it. Smeaton had this advantage over Whiteside, that he had precursors in his work: but then the work was harder, and was done more enduringly. Whiteside's work at the Smalls is coming away in the course of a season or two; Smeaton's, at the Eddystone, is to remain the pattern lighthouse of the world for ever. The first Eddystone, built in 1696, was a strange affair—something like a Chinese pagoda, or a belvedere in some suburban tea-gardens, with open galleries and projecting cranes. The architect was Henry Winstanley, and he has depicted himself complacently fishing out of his kitchen window; but how he ever expected his queer mansion to stand the winter storms is simply a marvel. It was completed in 1699,\*

and it was destroyed in 1703. The necessity for repairs had taken him to the rock at the time, a dreadful storm set in on the 26th November, and the next morning there was nothing left of the lighthouse or its occupants but some of the large irons whereby the work had been fixed in the rock. A narrative of the occurrence, printed in the following year, states:—"It was very remarkable that, as we are informed, at the same time the lighthouse abovesaid was blown down, the model of it, in Mr. Winstanley's house at Littlebury, in Essex, above 200 miles from the lighthouse, fell down and was broke to pieces." Upon which, Smeaton shrewdly remarks: "This, however, may not appear extraordinary, if we consider, that the same general wind that blew down the lighthouse near Plymouth might blow down the model at Littlebury."

The next structure at the Eddystone, commenced in 1706, was a very different thing. Mr. John Rudyerd was doomed by fortune to be a silk mercer, and keep a shop on Ludgate Hill; but Nature had made him an engineer. Smeaton speaks with great admiration of many of his arrangements; and if the lighthouse had not been destroyed by fire, about forty-six years after its erection, there appears no reason why it should not have been standing to this day. While Winstanley's was all external ornament, with numberless nooks and angles for the wind and sea to gripe it by, Rudyerd's was a snug, smooth, solid cone, round which the sea might rage, but on which it could hardly fasten. But fire conquered what the water could not. Luckily for the keepers, it broke out in the very top of the lantern, and burnt downwards, and there was time to save the men, although one of them, looking upwards at the burning mass, not only got burnt on the shoulders and head with some molten lead, but while gazing upwards with his mouth open, received some of the liquid metal down his throat, and yet survived, to the incredulity of all Plymouth, for twelve days, when seven ounces of lead, "of a flat, oval form," was taken from his stomach.

The lessees of the Eddystone, in those days, seem to have been liberal-minded people. The tolls ceased with the extinction of the light, and could not be renewed until it was again exhibited. It was their apparent interest, therefore, to get a structure run up on the old model as quickly as possible. It was true it had been destroyed by fire, but a little modification of the old arrangements would probably have prevented such a calamity recurring, and it had proved itself stable and seaworthy. Nevertheless, they not only consulted the ablest engineer of the day, but submitted to the delay and extra cost involved in the adoption of his advice to build of stone and granite.

The point of most enduring interest connected with the present Eddystone is the peculiarity of its form, which is familiar, probably, to everybody in the kingdom, from the child, who has seen it in a magic-lantern, to the civil engineer who knows Smeaton's stately folio by heart. Until he built so, the form was almost unknown to us; and since he built so, all the ocean lighthouses have been modifications of it. It is interesting to con-



trast the reasoning of Mr. Alan Stevenson, the builder of the "Skerryvore," another of these deep-sea lamp-posts, as they have been called, off the western coast of Scotland,—with the *instincts* of Smeaton, so to speak, on the same subject. It may not be very edifying to the general reader to learn "that, as the stability of a sea-tower depends, *cæteris paribus*, on the lowness of its centre of gravity, the general notion of its form is that of a cone; but that, as the forces to which its several horizontal sections are opposed decrease towards its top in a rapid ratio, the solid should be generated by the revolution of some curve line convex to the axis of the tower, and gradually approaching to parallelism with it; and that this, in fact, is a general description of the Eddystone Tower, devised by Smeaton." Neither is it a thing likely to be remembered, without saying it over a good many times to oneself, that "the shaft of the Skerryvore pillar is a solid, generated by the revolution of a rectangular hyperbola about its asymptote as a vertical axis." But if we understand the respective narratives of the constructors rightly, Smeaton worked from analogy, and Stevenson from mathematical calculation. Smeaton tells us of his desire to make his lighthouse resemble the trunk of a stately tree, and he gives drawings both of a trunk and of a branch, to show how they start, the one from the ground, and the other from the main stem. He is also constantly recurring to the idea of the elasticity of stone, and he quotes a report from one of the keepers, that on one occasion "the house did shake as if a man had been up in a great tree." Certainly, the effect to the eye in looking at the Eddystone, corroborates the conception with which his mind was evidently possessed; it emerges from the sea; the curve of the natural rock is continued in a singularly felicitous manner; the Skerryvore is a fine shaft, but one sees that it has been stuck in a hole, thoroughly well fastened in, and (relying on its weight and coherence) likely to remain there till doomsday; but the Eddystone is homogeneous to the rock, as well as to itself; and gazing on it, one gets into the same train of contemplation as Topsy did upon her wickedness, and supposes it grew there. Nevertheless the Skerryvore is a noble structure, and the memoir of its construction by Mr. Stevenson is almost exhaustive of all that is at present known about lighthouses and lighthouse illumination.

And if these be the lighthouses, and the mode of life among those by whom they are builded, let us try to realize the daily work of those by whom the structures are inhabited. "You are to light the lamps every evening at sun-setting, and keep them constantly burning, bright and clear, till sun-rising." That is the first article of instructions to light-keepers, as may be seen by any visitors to a station. Whatever else happens, you are to do that. It may be you are isolated, through the long night-watches, twenty miles from land, fifty or a hundred feet above the level of the sea, with the winds and waves howling round you, and the sea-birds dashing themselves to death against the gleaming lantern, like giant-moths against a candle; or it may be a calm, voluptuous, moonlight night, the soft land-

airs laden with the perfumes of the highland heather or the Cornish gorse, tempting you to keep your watch outside the lantern, in the open gallery, instead of in your watch-room chair within; the Channel may be full of stately ships, each guided by your light, or the horizon may be bare of all sign of life, except, remote and far beneath you, the lantern of some fishing-boat at sea,—but, whatever may be going on outside, there is within for you the duty, simple and easy, by virtue of your moral method and orderly training, “to light the lamps every evening at sun-setting, and keep them constantly burning, bright and clear, till sun-rising.” You shall be helped to do this easily and well by abundant discipline, first, on probation, at head-quarters, where you shall gain familiarity with all your materials—lamps, oil, wicks, lighting apparatus, revolving machinery, and cleaning stores; you shall be looked at, and over, and through, by keen medical eyes, before you can be admitted to this service, lest, under the exceptional nature of your future life, you, not being a sound man, should break down, to the public detriment and your own; you shall be enjoined “to the constant habit of cleanliness and good order in your own person, and to the invariable exercise of temperance and morality in your habits and proceedings, so that, by your example, you may enforce, as far as lies in your power, the observance of the same laudable conduct by your wife and family.” You shall be well paid while you are hale and active, and well pensioned when you are past work; you shall be ennobled, by compulsion, into provident consideration for your helpmate and your children by an insurance on your life; but when all this is done for you, and the highest and completest satisfaction that can fall to the best of us on this side the grave—the sense of being useful to our fellows—is ordered for you in abundant measure, it all recurs to what, as regards the specialty of your life, is the be-all and the end-all of your existence, and this is the burden to the ballad of your story:—“You are to light the lamps every evening at sun-setting, and keep them constantly burning, bright and clear, till sun-rising.”

To do this implies a perpetual watch. “He whose watch is about to end is to trim the lamps and leave them burning in perfect order before he quits the lantern and calls the succeeding watch, and he who has the watch at sun-rise, when he has extinguished the lamps, is to commence all necessary preparations for the exhibition of the light at the ensuing sunset;” and, moreover, “no bed, sofa, or other article on which to recline, can be permitted, either in the lantern, or in the apartment under the lantern, known as the watch-room.”

Thus far we have a common denominator to the life of every light-keeper; but in other respects it varies much. At such stations as the Forelands or Harwich, where there are gardens to cultivate and plenty of land room for the men to stretch their legs and renovate themselves after the night watches; where visitors from neighbouring watering-places are constantly coming and going, to talk, to praise, to listen, and, perhaps, to see, it is all very well; but there are also places “remote, unfriended,

melancholy, slow," where the walk is limited to the circle of the gallery-railing, or the diameter of the lighthouse column; where the only incidents are the inspections of the committee, the visits of the district superintendent, or the monthly relief which takes the men back to shore. At these stations, when the sea is making fun of them, it sweeps up clean over the roof, and makes the lantern-glasses ring again, and in calmer weather the men may creep carefully out upon the rock to solace themselves with a little fishing; or if of more nervous temperament, may do it, as Winstanley did, with greater security from the kitchen window.

Not but what some people like that sort of life. Smeaton tells a story of a shoemaker who went out as light-keeper to the Eddystone because he did not like confinement, having found himself in effect a greater prisoner at his lapstone than he would be at the rock; but then Smeaton confesses a few pages farther on that at times the keepers have been so short of provisions as to be compelled to eat the candles.

In the old days of private proprietorship, when every owner had his system of management, and when the desire to make a profit set the aims of efficiency and economy into antagonism, exceptional cases of very terrible tragic significance occasionally occurred. For instance, here is a letter from the heroic fiddle-maker himself, dated "Smalls, 1st February, 1777," written in triplicate, put into a corked bottle, and that into a cask inscribed, "Open this, and you will find a letter:"—

"TO MR. WILLIAMS.

*"Smalls, February 1st, 1777.*

"SIR,—Being now in a most dangerous and distressed condition upon the Smalls, do hereby trust Providence will bring to your hand this, which prayeth for your immediate assistance to fetch us off the Smalls before the next spring, or we fear we shall perish; our water near all gone, our fire quite gone, and our house in a most melancholy manner. I doubt not but you will fetch us from here as fast as possible; we can be got off at some part of the tide almost any weather. I need say no more, but remain your distressed,

"Humble servant,

"HY. WHITESIDE.

"We were distressed in a gale of wind upon the 13th of January, since which have not been able to keep any light; but we could not have kept any light above sixteen nights longer for want of oil and candles, which make us murmur and think we are forgotten.

"ED. EDWARDS.

"GEO. ADAMS.

"JNO. PRICE.

"We doubt not but that whoever takes up this will be so merciful as to cause it to be sent to Thos. Williams, Esq., Trelethin, near St. David's, Wales."

Again, a quarter of a century later, the watch was kept by two keepers; and for four months the weather shut them off from all communication with the land. The method of talking by signals was not developed anywhere into the complete system it has now become, and does not appear to have been in use at all among the lighthouse people; but in the course of a week or two after the storm had set in, it was rumoured at several of the western ports that something was wrong at the Smalls. Passing vessels

reported that a signal of distress was out, but that was all they knew. Many attempts to approach the rock were made, but fruitlessly. The boats could not get near enough to hail, they could only return to make the bewildered agent and the anxious relatives of the keepers more bewildered and more anxious by the statement that there was always what seemed to be the dim figure of a man in one corner of the outside gallery, but whether he spoke or moved, or not, they could not tell. Night after night the light was watched for with great misgiving whether it would ever show again. But the light failed not. Punctually as the sun set it seemed to leave a fragment of its fire gleaming in the lantern glasses, which burnt there till it rose again, showing this much at least, that some one was alive at the Smalls; but whether both the men, or which, no anxious mother or loving wife could tell. Four months of this, and then, in calmer weather, a Milford boat brought into the agency at Solva one lightkeeper and one dead man.

What the living man had suffered can never now be known. Whether, when first he came distinctly to believe his comrade would die he stood in blank despair, or whether he implored him on his knees, in an agony of selfish terror, to live; whether when, perhaps for the first time in his life, he stood face to face, and so very close, to death, he thought of immediate burial, or whether he rushed at once to the gallery to shout out to the nearest sail, perhaps a mile away;—at what exact moment it was that the thought flashed across him that he must not bury the body in the sea, lest those on shore should question him as Cain was questioned for his brother, and he, failing to produce him, should be branded with Cain's curse and meet a speedier fate—is unrecorded. What he did was to make a coffin. He had been a cooper by trade, and by breaking up a bulk-head in the living room, he got the dead man covered in; then, with infinite labour he took him to the gallery and lashed him there. Perhaps with an instinctive wisdom he set himself to work, cleaned and re-cleaned his lamps, unpacked and packed his stores. Perhaps he made a point of walking resolutely up to the coffin three or four times a day, perhaps he never went near it, and even managed to look over it rather than at it, when he was scanning the whole horizon for a sail. In his desperation it may have occurred to him that as his light was a warning to keep yessels off, so its absence would speedily betray some ship to a dangerous vicinity to his forlornness, whose crew would be companions to him even though he had caused them to be wrecked. But this he did not do. No lives were risked to alleviate his desolation, but when he came on shore with his dead companion he was a sad, reserved, emaciated man, so strangely worn that his associates did not know him.

The immediate result of this sad occurrence was, that three men were always kept at the lighthouse, and this wise rule pertains in the public service.

Among the minor miseries of life at the Smalls would be such things as a storm, in which the central flooring was entirely displaced, the stove

thrown from its position "into the boiling surf below, and the time-piece hurled into a sleeping berth opposite the place it usually hung."

Midway between a rock lighthouse and a shore station, both as to structure and as to the experiences of life in it, is that mongrel breed amongst edifices, the Pile Lighthouse. There are many sands at the mouths of tidal rivers where the water is not deep enough, nor are the channels sufficiently wide to make a light-vessel suitable, and which yet need marking, and marking, too, at a spot where not only the ordinary foundations of masonry, but even the pile foundations used for many purposes, would be at fault. Here it is that two very ingenious plans have been of service. The one is to fit the lower extremity of piles with broad-flanged screws, something like the screw of a steam-vessel, and then setting them upright in the sand, screw them down with capstans worked from the decks of dumb lighters. These bottom piles once secured, the spider legs are bolted on to them, and the spider bodies on the top; a ladder draws up, and a boat swings ready to be lowered. The other mode of meeting the difficulty of mud or loose silt and sand, is by hollow cylinders, which, placed upright on the sand, have the air exhausted from the inside of them, and on the principle that nature abhors a vacuum (at all events in cylinders), the weight of the atmosphere on the sand outside forces it up into the exhausted receiver, and the pile sinks at a rate which, until one gets accustomed to it, is rather surprising. Here, as in the screw pile, the foundation once established, the superstructure, whether of straight shafts or spider legs, is only a matter of detail.

These, then, be the variations of lighthouse structure: rock light-houses, solitary giants rising from the ocean deeps; pile lighthouses, stuck about the shallow estuaries on long red legs, like so many flamingoes fishing; safer, but with less of dignity and more of ague;—and lastly, the real *bonâ fide* shore lighthouse, with its broad sweep of down, its neat cottages, and trim inclosures. If my Lord Grenville had had any thought of occupying the residence that he calculated to eliminate from the king's good-humour, we take it there is very little doubt on which class in the foregoing category he would have fixed his choice.

— The remaining contribution to the complement of the lighting service is the light-vessel. There are, unfortunately, too many outlying dangers on our coasts where it is either impossible to fix a lighthouse, or where, from the shifting character of the shoal, it is necessary to move the light from time to time. Of these the most notable are the Goodwin Sands. There are constantly propositions for lighthouses on the Goodwin; and some men, mortified that dry lands once belonging to the men of Kent should be water-wastes for ever, have proposed boldly to reclaim them, believing that the scheme would pay, not merely by the acreage added to the county, but by the buried treasures to be exhumed. At present they are marked with three light-vessels, one at each end and one in the middle. There are other floating stations still farther remote from land; and at one—the Seven Stones, between the Scilly Islands and the main—the vessel is in

forty fathoms water. These light-ships ride by chains of a peculiarly prepared and toughened iron; and in heavy weather the strain on the moorings is relieved by paying out fathom after fathom, until sometimes the whole cable (at the Seven Stones, 315 fathoms) is in the water. These vessels, of course, are manned by sailors, and the discipline is that of ship-board; but here, as on shore, the burden of the main story meets us at the first clause of the instructions—"You are to light the lamps every evening at sun-setting, and keep them constantly burning, bright and clear, till sun-rising," unless you break adrift, and then, if you have shifted your position before you could bring up with your spare anchor, you are to put them out and wait till you can be replaced.

Among the curiosities of lighthouse experience are these two. The one that it is an occupation in which the modern claim for feminine participation has been forestalled. There is at this moment a woman light-keeper, and as she retains her employment it may be inferred that she does her duty properly. The other is an odd fact, namely, that so far back as the last century the rationale of the cod-liver oil fashion was foreshadowed at the "Smalls." As in the wool-combing districts of Yorkshire, where the wool is dressed with oil, consumption and strumous affections of the like character are rare, so it is said that people going out to the "Smalls" as keepers, thin, hectic and emaciated, have returned plump, jocund, and robust, on account of living in an unctuous atmosphere, where every breath was laden with whale oil, and every meal might be enriched with fish.

The French, from economical reasons, early gave their attention to the use of seed oils, and the first developments of the moderator lamp of the drawing-room are exclusively French. There were many difficulties in the way of applying it to lighthouses until it had been greatly simplified, because the fact of the carcel lamp being a somewhat complicated piece of machinery was against its use in places where, if anything went wrong, it might be a month or two before the weather would admit of the light-keepers being relieved, and give them an opportunity of exchanging old lamps for new. The thing was done at last by a simple but very beautiful adjustment of the argand reservoir, under which the prime condition for all good combustion was attained, namely, that the oil just about to be burnt, should be rarefied and prepared for burning by the action of the heat of that which is at the moment being consumed. And so great is the quantity of oil used in the three kingdoms, that this change from sperm to rapeseed oil must have made a saving of many thousands a year.

But if oil from its portability and comparative simplicity has become the standard material for light in lighthouses, and has been the object of a thousand and one nice adaptations in regard to its preparation and the machinery by which it is consumed, the attention of very able men has been given to other sources of illumination.

One of these was known as the Bude light, and consisted of jets of oxygen introduced into the centre of oil wicks, producing an intense

combustion, which turned steel wire into fireworks, but requiring great management to avoid smoking<sup>a</sup> and charring. It was finally regarded as unsuitable on account of the manufacture of the gas and its niceties of chemical manipulation.

The Lime lights, of which there are several, are substantially the same in this, that oxygen and hydrogen gases have to be made (in the vicinity of gas-works, the common gas will do for the hydrogen) and are burnt together upon lime or some analogous preparation; and there is a magnificent adaptation of the Electric light at this moment at the South Foreland.

The first electric lights were galvanic. The light, developed between carbon points, was generated by a galvanic battery. Flickering, intermittent, and uncertain, the light was yet sufficiently astonishing, and when it came to be discovered that the residuum from the decomposition was valuable for making costly colours, "The Electric Power Light and Colour Company" offered to sell the mere light at a very low rate; but the difficulties in the way were insuperable, the manipulation of the batteries was somewhat nice and markedly unhealthy, the flickering was objectionable, and the light, though intense, was so extremely minute that the shadows of the framework of the lantern-glasses widened outwards in a way that would have covered the horizon seaward with broad bands of dark.

But the matter was not to stop here. In 1831 it had been discovered by Faraday that when a piece of soft iron surrounded by a metallic wire was passed by the poles of a magnet, an electric current was produced in the wire, which could be exalted so as to give a spark; and upon this hint an apparatus has been constructed, consisting of an accumulation of powerful magnets and iron cores with surrounding coils. This apparatus, driven by steam-engines, and fitted with a subtle ingenuity of resource always tending to simplicity that seems a marked feature in the mind of the patentee, is, as we have said, at this moment at work, and very glorious it is to the eye of the observer; a piece of sunlight poured out upon the night.

The chief point to be determined is its power over fogs. That any light will penetrate through some fogs is out of the question. The Sun himself can't do it. But the artificial light that can hold out longest and pierce the farthest is clearly the light at all costs for the turning points in the great ocean highways.

A success of this kind would create something of a révolution in a branch of lighthouse art on which a vast amount of ingenuity and even genius has been expended; that is, the apparatus by which the light should be exhibited. There may be divisions among scientific men as to the abstract nature and action of light, but sufficient of its secondary laws are known to make various arrangements in regard to the management of a generated light most valuable.

The old plan known in scientific nomenclature as the Catoptric system is by reflection.

Take a bowl of copper, something like a wash-hand basin, and having shaped it carefully into a parabolic curve, and then silvered and polished the interior, set it up on its side and introduce an argand lamp into it, so that the flame of the lamp shall be in true focus, and we have a reflecting apparatus. These may be multiplied in double and triple rows, and may be either placed upon flat faces, or curved to the circle, but a lamp in the centre of a reflector is the basis of the arrangement.

If a light were put upon a rock in the ocean without a reflector, it would be seen dimly, but all round. Dimly, because the light, spreading in all directions, would be weak and diluted, but visible all round because there would be nothing to obstruct it. But put this light into a twenty-one inch reflector, and we have two distinct consequences;—one that we obstruct the radiation of all the rays except those that escape from the mouth of the reflector; the other, that we reflect into the same direction as the rays that are escaping all those we have obstructed from their natural radiation.

A twenty-one inch reflector allows the rays issuing from it to diverge fifteen degrees. So that we have the light of the 360 degrees (the whole of the circle) gathered into fifteen (a twenty-fourth part of the circle). It does not quite follow that within that area the light will be twenty-four times as strong as if allowed to dissipate itself all round, because something must be allowed for absorption and waste; but we believe this allowance has been greatly overstated, and that where there are no mechanical difficulties in the way, the reflecting system is decidedly the best. Of course where it is necessary to light more than fifteen degrees of the circle, it will be necessary to use more reflectors, placing them side by side round a shaft, and if these are set into revolving motion, focus after focus of each reflector comes before the eye of the mariner, and the effect is all that can be desired.

The dioptric or refracting system of lighting is the reverse of this. In the reflector the light is caught into a basin and thrown out again. In the refracting system, in its passage through the glass prisms, it is bent up or down and falls full upon the eye of the mariner, instead of wasting itself among the stars or down among the rocks at the lighthouse foot. For light, falling upon glass at a certain angle, does not go straight on, but gets deflected and transmitted in an altered line, as it does through water. And here comes the weakness of the dioptric system, in close vicinity to its strength. It is true that prisms and lenses send the light in the direction which is desired, but they charge a toll for the transmission; the glass is thick, and somewhat of the nature of a sponge. If we write on blotting-paper the marks appear on the other side, but some of the ink has soaked sideways, and there is very little doubt, that when light is transmitted through glass, a good deal of it is absorbed and retained.

To those who have never seen a dioptric apparatus, or a diagram of one, it would be very difficult to make any written description intelligible. The



reader must imagine a central lamp, with three or four circular wicks, making up a core of light four inches across, and as many high. Round this, and on a level with it, at a distance of three feet from it, go belts of glass. From these belts, or panels, the light goes straight out to sea, but as there is a great quantity of light which goes up to the ceiling and down to the floor, rings of prisms are put above and below the main panels, and these catch the upper and lower light, and bend it out to sea, parallel to the main central beam. When a revolving light has to be made by the dioptric apparatus, the lenses are so constructed that the light, in going through them, is gathered up into the exact similitude of a ray, as it would leave the mouth of a reflector, and of course with the same result; the central lamp remains stationary, and the lenses move round it, and focus after focus, flash after flash, come upon the eye of the mariner. Both the systems admit of peculiar adaptations, and they have been occasionally combined into a hybrid apparatus, called Cata-dioptric.

This, then, is, in brief, the history of the development of the lighthouse system of the United Kingdom. We think it has fairly kept pace with the development of the mercantile marine. When there were coal fires at some lighthouses, and wax candles at others, the vessels that passed them, and were guided by them, were not such as modern shipwrights would look at with much complacency. But the age that has produced the *Great Eastern* can also point to the Skerryvore and the Bishop Rock lighthouses, to the Electric light, and to a first-class Lighting apparatus.

Whatever the future in store for the English lighthouse system, one thing is certain, that it cannot, and was never meant to supersede seaman-ship. No amount of lighting will dispense with the necessity for eyes, no extent of warning is so good as the capacity for grappling with a danger. The lighthouse authorities may cheer a sailor on his way with leading lights and beacon warnings, but he must still be a sailor to turn their warnings to account.

When Rudyard's Eddystone was building, Louis XIV. was at war with England, and a French privateer took the men at work upon the rock, and carried them to a French prison. When that monarch heard of it, he immediately ordered them to be released, and the captors to be put in their place; declaring that, though at enmity with England, he was not at war with mankind. Extremes meet. The most gorgeous monarch in Europe and the plain Quaker of Liverpool had one point in common;—they both agreed that the erection of a Lighthouse was "a great holy good, to serve and save humanity."

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LESSY'S SPECTACLES.





# Love the Widower.

## CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH MISS PRIOR IS KEPT AT THE DOOR.



**C**COURSE we all know who she was, the Miss Prior of Shrublands, whom papa and grand-mamma called to the unruly children. Years had passed since I had shaken the Beak Street dust off my feet. The brass plate of "Prior" was removed from the once familiar door, and screwed, for what I can tell, on to the late reprobate owner's coffin. A little eruption of mushroom-formed brass knobs I saw on the door-post when I passed by it last week, and CAFE DES AMBASSADEURS

was thereon inscribed, with three fly-blown blue teacups, a couple of coffee-pots of the well-known Britannia metal, and two freckled copies of the *Indépendance Belge* hanging over the window blind. Were those their Excellencies the Ambassadors at the door, smoking cheroots? Pool and Billiards were written on their countenances, their hats, their elbows. They may have been ambassadors down on their luck, as the phrase is. They were in disgrace, no doubt, at the court of her imperial majesty Queen Fortune. Men as shabby have retrieved their disgraces ere now, washed their cloudy faces, strapped their dingy waistcoats with cordons, and stepped into fine carriages from quarters not a whit more

reputable than the Café des Ambassadeurs. If I lived in the Leicester Square neighbourhood, and kept a café, I would always treat foreigners with respect. They may be billiard-markers now, or doing a little shady police business; but why should they not afterwards be generals and great officers of state? Suppose that gentleman is at present a barber, with his tongs and stick of fixtured for the mustachios, how do you know he has not his epaulettes and his *bâton de maréchal* in the same pouch? I see engraven on the second-floor bell, on my rooms, "Plugwell." Who can Plugwell be, whose feet now warm at the fire where I sate many a long evening? And this gentleman with the fur collar, the straggling beard, the frank and engaging leer, the somewhat husky voice, who is calling out on the door-step, "Step in, and 'ave it done. Your correct likeness, only one shilling"—is he an ambassador, too? Ah, no: he is only the *Chargé d'affaires* of a photographer who lives upstairs: no doubt where the little ones used to be. Law bless me! Photography was an infant, and in the nursery, too, when we lived in Beak Street.

Shall I own that, for old time's sake, I went upstairs, and "'ad it done"—that correct likeness, price one shilling? Would Some One (I have said, I think, that the party in question is well married in a distant island) like to have the thing, I wonder, and be reminded of a man whom she knew in life's prime, with brown curly locks, as she looked on the effigy of this elderly gentleman, with a forehead as bare as a billiard ball? As I went up and down that darkling stair, the ghosts of the Prior children peeped out from the banisters; the little faces smiled in the twilight: it may be wounds (of the heart) throbb'd and bled again,—oh, how freshly and keenly! How infernally I have suffered behind that door in that room—I mean that one where Plugwell now lives. Confound Plugwell! I wonder what that woman thinks of me as she sees me shaking my fist at the door? Do you think me mad, madam? I don't care if you do. Do you think when I spoke anon of the ghosts of Prior's children, I mean that any of them are dead? None are, that I know of. A great hulking Bluecoat boy, with fluffy whiskers, spoke to me not long since, in an awful bass voice, and announced his name as "Gus Prior." And "How's Elizabeth?" he added, nodding his bullet head. Elizabeth, indeed, you great vulgar boy! Elizabeth,—and, by the way, how long we have been keeping her waiting!

You see, as I beheld her, a heap of memories struck upon me, and I could not help chattering; when of course—and you are perfectly right, only you might just as well have left the observation alone: for I knew quite well what you were going to say—when I had much better have held my tongue. Elizabeth means a history to me. She came to me at a critical period of my life. Bleeding and wounded from the conduct of that other individual (by her present name of Mrs. O'D—her present O'D-ous name—I say, I will never—never call her)—desperately wounded and miserable on my return from a neighbouring capital, I went back to my lodgings in Beak Street, and there there grew up a strange intimacy between me and

my landlady's young daughter. I told her my story—indeed, I believe I told anybody who would listen. She seemed to compassionate me. She would come wistfully into my rooms, bringing me my gruel and things (I could scarcely bear to eat for awhile after—after that affair to which I may have alluded before)—she used to come to me, and she used to pity me, and I used to tell her all, and to tell her over and over again. Days and days have I passed tearing my heart out in that second-floor room which answers to the name of Plugwell now. Afternoon after afternoon have I spent there, and poured out my story of love and wrong to Elizabeth, showed her that waistcoat I told you of—that glove (her hand wasn't so very small either)—her letters, those two or three vacuous, meaningless letters, with “My dear sir, mamma hopes you will come to tea;” or, “If dear Mr. Batchelor *should* be riding in the Phoenix Park near the *Long Milestone*, about 2, my sister and I will be in the car, and,” &c.; or, “Oh, you kind man! the tickets (she called it *tickuts*—by heaven! she did) were too welcome, and the *bouquays* too lovely” (this word, I saw, had been operated on with a penknife. I found no faults, not even in her spelling—then); or—never mind what more. But more of this *puling*, of this *humbug*, of this *bad spelling*, of this infernal jilting, swindling, heartless hypocrisy (all her mother's doing, I own; for until he *got his place*, my rival was not so well received as I was)—more of this RUBBISH, I say, I showed Elizabeth, and she pitied me!

She used to come to me day after day, and I used to talk to her. She used not to say much. Perhaps she did not listen; but I did not care for that. On—and on—and on I would go with my prate about my passion, my wrongs, and despair; and untiring as my complaints were, still more constant was my little hearer's compassion. Mamma's shrill voice would come to put an end to our conversation, and she would rise up with an “Oh, bother!” and go away: but the next day the good girl was sure to come to me again, when we would have another repetition of our tragedy.

I daresay you are beginning to suppose (what, after all, is a very common case, and certainly *no conjuror* is wanted to make the guess) that out of all this crying and sentimentality, which a soft-hearted old fool of a man poured out to a young girl—out of all this whimpering and pity, something which is said to be akin to pity might arise. But in this, my good madam, you are utterly wrong. Some people have the small-pox twice, *I do not*. In my case, if a heart is broke, it's broke: if a flower is withered, it's withered. If I choose to put my grief in a ridiculous light, why not? Why do you suppose I am going to make a tragedy of such an old, used-up, battered, stale, vulgar, trivial, every-day subject as a jilt who plays with a man's passion, and laughs at him, and leaves him? Tragedy indeed! Oh, yes! poison—black-edged note-paper—Waterloo Bridge—one more unfortunate, and so forth! No: if she goes, let her go!—*si celeres quatit pennas*, I puff the what-d'ye-call away! But I'll have no *tragedy*, mind you!

Well! it must be confessed that a man desperately in love (as I fear I



must own I then was, and a good deal cut up by Glorvina's conduct) is a most selfish being: whilst women are so soft and unselfish that they can forget or disguise their own sorrows for awhile, whilst they minister to a friend in affliction. I did not see, though I talked with her daily, on my return from that accursed Dublin, that my little Elizabeth was pale and *distracted*, and sad, and silent. She would sit quite dumb whilst I chattered, her hands between her knees, or draw one of them over her eyes. She would say, "Oh, yes! Poor fellow—poor fellow!" now and again, as giving a melancholy confirmation of my dismal stories; but mostly she remained quiet, her head drooping towards the ground, a hand to her chin, her feet to the fender.

I was one day harping on the usual string. I was telling Elizabeth how, after presents had been accepted, after letters had passed between us (if her scrawl could be called letters, if my impassioned song could be so construed), after everything but the actual word had passed our lips—I was telling Elizabeth how, on one accursed day, Glorvina's mother greeted me on my arrival in Merrion Square, by saying, "Dear—dear Mr. Batchelor, we look on you quite as one of the family! Congratulate me—congratulate my child! Dear Tom has got his appointment as Recorder of Tobago; and it is to be a match between him and his cousin Glory."

"His cousin *What!*" I shriek with a maniac laugh.

"My poor Glorvina! Sure the children have been fond of each other ever since they could speak. I knew your kind heart would be the first to rejoice in their happiness!"

And so, say I—ending the story—I, who thought myself loved, was left without a pang of pity: I, who could mention a hundred reasons why thought Glorvina well disposed to me, was told she regarded me as an *uncle*! Were her letters such as nieces write? Who ever heard of an uncle walking round Merrion Square for hours of a rainy night, and looking up to a bedroom window, because his *niece*, forsooth, was behind it? I had set my whole heart on the cast, and this was the return I got for it. For months she cajoles me—her eyes follow me, her cursed smiles welcome and fascinate me, and at a moment, at the beck of another—she laughs at me and leaves me!

At this, my little pale Elizabeth, still hanging down, cries, "Oh, the villain! the villain!" and sobs so that you might have thought her little heart would break.

"Nay," said I, "my dear, Mr. O'Dowd is no villain. His uncle, Sir Hector, was as gallant an old officer as any in the service. His aunt was a Molloy, of Molloy's Town, and they are of excellent family, though, I believe, of embarrassed circumstances; and young Tom——"

"Tom?" cries Elizabeth, with a pale, bewildered look. "*His name wasn't Tom, dear Mr. Batchelor; his name was Woo-woo-illiam!*" and the tears begin again.

Ah, my child! my child! my poor young creature! and you, too, have felt the infernal stroke. You, too, have passed the tossing nights of pain

—have heard the dreary hours toll—have looked at the cheerless sunrise with your blank sleepless eyes—have woke out of dreams, mayhap in which the beloved was smiling on you, whispering love-words—oh! how sweet and fondly remembered! What!—your heart has been robbed, too, and your treasury is rifled and empty!—poor girl! And I looked in that sad face, and saw no grief there! You could do your little sweet endeavour to soothe my wounded heart, and I never saw yours was bleeding! Did you suffer more than I did, my poor little maid? I hope not. Are you so young, and is all the flower of life blighted for you? the cup without savour, the sun blotted, or almost invisible over your head? The truth came on me all at once: I felt ashamed that my own selfish grief should have made me blind to hers.

“What!” said I, “my poor child. Was it . . .?” and I pointed with my finger *downwards*.

She nodded her poor head.

I knew it was the lodger who had taken the first floor shortly after Slumley's departure. He was an officer in the Bombay Army. He had had the lodgings for three months. He had sailed for India shortly before I returned home from Dublin.

Elizabeth is waiting all this time—shall she come in? No, not yet. I have still a little more to say about the Priors.

You understand that she was no longer Miss Prior of Beak Street, and that mansion, even at the time of which I write, had been long handed over to other tenants. The captain dead, his widow with many tears pressed me to remain with her, and I did, never having been able to resist that kind of appeal. Her statements regarding her affairs were not strictly correct.—Are not women sometimes incorrect about money matters?—A landlord (not unjustly indignant) quickly handed over the mansion in Beak Street to other tenants. The Queen's taxes swooped down on poor Mrs. Prior's scanty furniture—on hers?—on mine likewise: on my neatly-bound college books, emblazoned with the effigy of Bonifacius, our patron, and of Bishop Budgeon, our founder; on my elegant Raphael Morghen prints, purchased in undergraduate days—(ye Powers! what *did* make us boys go tick for fifteen-guinea proofs of Raphael, Dying Stags, Duke of Wellington Banquets, and the like?); my harmonium, at which *SOME ONE* has warbled songs of my composition—(I mean the words, artfully describing my passions, my hopes, or my despair); on my rich set of Bohemian glass, bought on the Zeil, Frankfort O. M.; on my picture of my father, the late Captain Batchelor (Hopner), R.N., in white ducks, and a telescope, pointing, of course, to a tempest, in the midst of which was a naval engagement; on my poor mother's miniature, by old Adam Buck, in pencil and pink, with no waist to speak of at all; my tea and cream pots (bullion), with a hundred such fond knicknacks as decorate the chamber of a lonely man. I found all these household treasures in possession of the myrmidons of the law, and had to pay the Priors' taxes with this hand, before I could be reintegrated in my own property.

Mrs. Prior could only pay me back with a widow's tears and blessings (Prior had quitted ere this time a 'world where he had long ceased to be of use or ornament). The tears and blessings, I say, she offered me freely, and they were all very well. But why go on tampering with the tea-box, madam? Why put your finger—your finger?—your whole paw—in the jam-pot? And it is a horrible fact that the wine and spirit bottles were just as leaky after Prior's decease as they had been during his disreputable lifetime. One afternoon, having a sudden occasion to return to my lodgings, I found my wretched landlady in the very act of marauding sherry. She gave an hysterical laugh, and then burst into tears. She declared that since her poor Prior's death she hardly knew what she said or did. She may have been incoherent; she was; but she certainly spoke truth on *this* occasion.

I am speaking lightly—flippantly, if you please—about this old Mrs. Prior, with her hard, eager smile, her weazened face, her frowning look, her cruel voice; and yet, goodness knows, I could, if I liked, be serious as a sermonizer. Why, this woman had once red cheeks, and was well-looking enough, and told few lies, and stole no sherry, and felt the tender passions of the heart, and I daresay kissed the weak old beneficed clergyman her father very fondly and remorsefully that night when she took leave of him to skip round to the back garden-gate and run away with Mr. Prior. Maternal instinct she had, for she nursed her young as best she could from her lean breast, and went about hungrily, robbing and pilfering for them. On Sundays she furbished up that threadbare black silk gown and bonnet, ironed the collar, and clung desperately to church. She had a feeble pencil drawing of the vicarage in Dorsetshire, and *silhouettes* of her father and mother, which were hung up in the lodgings wherever she went. She migrated much: wherever she went she fastened on the gown of the clergyman of the parish; spoke of her dear father the vicar, of her wealthy and gifted brother the Master of Boniface, with a reticence which implied that Dr. Sargent might do more for his poor sister and her family, if he would. She plumed herself (oh! those poor moulting old plumes!) upon belonging to the clergy; had read a good deal of good sound old-fashioned theology in early life, and wrote a noble hand, in which she had been used to copy her father's sermons. She used to put cases of conscience, to present her humble duty to the Rev. Mr. Green, and ask explanation of such and such a passage of his admirable sermon, and bring the subject round so as to be reminded of certain quotations of Hooker, Beveridge, Jeremy Taylor. I think she had an old commonplace book with a score of these extracts, and she worked them in very amusingly and dexterously into her conversation. Green would be interested: perhaps pretty young Mrs. Green would call, secretly rather shocked at the coldness of old Dr. Brown, the rector, about Mrs. Prior. Between Green and Mrs. Prior money transactions would ensue: Mrs. Green's visits would cease: Mrs. Prior was an expensive woman to know. I remember Pye of Maudlin, just before he "went over," was perpetually in Mrs. Prior's back parlour

with little books, pictures, medals, &c. &c.—you know. They called poor Jack a Jesuit at Oxbridge; but one year at Rome I met him (with a half-crown shaved out of his head, and a hat as big as Don Basilio's); and he said, “My dear Batchelor, do you know that person at your lodgings? I think she was an artful creature! She borrowed fourteen pounds of me, and I forget how much of—seven, I think—of Barfoot, of Corpus, just—just before we were received. And I believe she absolutely got another loan from Pummel, to be able to get out of the hands of us Jesuits. Are you going to hear the Cardinal? Do—do go and hear him—everybody does: it's the most fashionable thing in Rome.” And from this I opine that there are slyboots in other communions besides that of Rome.

Now Mamma Prior had not been unaware of the love passages between her daughter and the fugitive Bombay captain. Like Elizabeth, she called Captain Walkingham “villain” readily enough; but, if I know woman's nature in the least (and I don't), the old schemer had thrown her daughter only too frequently in the officer's way, had done no small portion of the flirting herself, had allowed poor Bessy to receive presents from Captain Walkingham, and had been the manager and directress of much of the mischief which ensued. You see, in this humble class of life, unprincipled mothers *will* coax and wheedle and cajole gentlemen whom they suppose to be eligible, in order to procure an establishment for their darling children! What the Prioress did was done from the best motives of course. “Never—never did the monster see Bessy without me, or one or two of her brothers and sisters, and Jack and dear Ellen are as sharp children as any in England!” protested the indignant Mrs. Prior to me; “and if one of my boys had been grown up, Walkingham never would have dared to act as he did—the unprincipled wretch! My poor husband would have punished the villain as he deserved; but what could he do in his shattered state of health? Oh! you men,—you men, Mr. Batchelor! how *unprincipled* you are!”

• “Why, my good Mrs. Prior,” said I, “you let Elizabeth come to my room often enough.”

“To have the conversation of her uncle's friend, of an educated man, of a man so much older than herself! Of course, dear sir! Would not a mother wish every advantage for her child? and whom could I trust, if not you, who have ever been such a friend to me and mine?” asks Mrs. Prior, wiping her dry eyes with the corner of her handkerchief, as she stands by my fire, my monthly bills in hand,—written in her neat old-fashioned writing, and calculated with that prodigal liberality which she always exercised in compiling the little accounts between us. “Why, bless me!” says my cousin, little Mrs. Skinner, coming to see me once when I was unwell, and examining one of the just-mentioned documents,—“bless me! Charles, you consume more tea than all my family, though we are seven in the parlour, and as much sugar and butter,—well, it's no wonder you are bilious!”

"But then, my dear, I like my tea so *very* strong," says I; "and you take yours uncommonly mild. I have remarked it at your parties."

"It's a shame that a man should be robbed so," cried Mrs. S.

"How kind it is of you to cry thieves, Flora!" I reply.

"It's my duty, Charles!" exclaims my cousin. "And I should like to know who that great, tall, gawky red-haired girl in the passage is!"

Ah me! the name of the only woman who ever had possession of this heart was not Elizabeth; though I own I did think at one time that my little schemer of a landlady would not have objected if I had proposed to make Miss Prior Mrs. Batchelor. And it is not only the poor and needy who have this mania, but the rich, too. In the very highest circles, as I am informed by the best authorities, this match-making goes on. Ah woman—woman!—ah wedded wife!—ah fond mother of fair daughters! how strange thy passion is to add to thy titles that of mother-in-law! I am told, when you have got the title, it is often but a bitterness and a disappointment. Very likely the son-in-law is rude to you, the coarse, ungrateful brute! and very possibly the daughter rebels, the thankless serpent! And yet you will go on scheming: and having met only with disappointment from Louisa and her husband, you will try and get one for Jemima, and Maria, and down even to little Toddles coming out of the nursery in her red shoes! When you see her with little Tommy, your neighbour's child, fighting over the same Noah's ark, or clambering on the same rocking-horse, I make no doubt, in your fond silly head, you are thinking, "Will those little people meet some twenty years hence?" And you give Tommy a very large piece of cake, and have a fine present for him on the Christmas tree—you know you do, though he is but a rude, noisy child, and has already beaten Toddles, and taken her doll away from her, and made her cry. I remember, when I myself was suffering from the conduct of a young woman in—in a capital which is distinguished by a viceregal court—and from *her* heartlessness, as well as that of her relative, who I once thought would be *my* mother-in-law—shrieking out to a friend who happened to be spouting some lines from Tennyson's *Ulysses*:—"By George! Warrington, I have no doubt that when the young syrens set their green caps at the old Greek captain and his crew, waving and beckoning him with their white arms and glancing smiles, and wheedling him with their sweetest pipes—I make no doubt, sir, that *the mother syrens* were behind the rocks (with their dyed fronts and cheeks painted, so as to resist water), and calling out—'Now, Halcyone, my child, that air from the Pirata! Now, Glaukopia, dear, look well at that old gentleman at the helm! Bathykolpos, love, there's a young sailor on the maintop, who will tumble right down into your lap if you beckon him!' And so on—and so on." And I laughed a wild shriek of despair. For I, too, have been on the dangerous island, and come away thence, mad, furious, wanting a strait-waistcoat.

And so, when a white-armed syren, named Glorvina, was bedevilling me with her all too tempting ogling and singing, I did not see at the time, but now I know, that her artful mother was egging that artful child on.

## LOVEL THE WIDOWER.

How when the captain died, bailiffs and executors took possession of his premises, I have told in a previous page, nor do I care to enlarge much upon the odious theme. I think the bailiffs were on the premises before Prior's exit: but he did not know of their presence. If I had to buy them out, 'twas no great matter: only I say it *was* hard of Mrs. Prior to represent me in the character of Shylock to the Master of Boniface. Well—well! I suppose there are other gentlemen besides Mr. Charles Batchelor who have been misrepresented in this life. Sargent and I made up matters afterwards, and Miss Bessy was the cause of our coming together again. “Upon my word, my dear Batchelor,” says he one Christmas, when I went up to the old college, “I did not know how much my—ahem!—my family was obliged to you! My—ahem!—niece, Miss Prior, has informed me of various acts of—ahem!—generosity which you showed to my poor sister, and her still more wretched husband. You got my second—ahem!—nephew—pardon me if I forget his Christian name—into the what-d’you-call’em—Bluecoat school; you have been, on various occasions, of considerable pecuniary service to my sister’s family. A man need not take high university honours to have a good—ahem!—heart; and, upon my word, Batchelor, I and my—ahem!—wife, are sincerely obliged to you!”

“I tell you what, Master,” said I, “there *is* a point upon which you ought really to be obliged to me, and in which I have been the means of putting money into your pocket too.”

“I confess I fail to comprehend you,” says the Master, with his grandest air.

“I have got you and Mrs. Sargent a very good governess for your children, at the very smallest remuneration,” says I.

“Do you know the charges that unhappy sister of mine and her family have put me to already?” says the Master, turning as red as his hood.

“They have formed the frequent subject of your conversation,” I replied. “You have had Bessy as a governess . . .”

“A nursery governess—she has learned Latin, and a great deal more, since she has been in my house!” cries the Master.

“A nursery governess at the wages of a housemaid,” I continued, as bold as Corinthian brass.

“Does my niece, does my—ahem!—children’s governess, complain of my treatment in my college?” cries the Master.

“My dear Master,” I asked, “you don’t suppose I would have listened to her complaints, or, at any rate, have repeated them, until now?”

“And why now, Batchelor, I should like to know?” says the Master, pacing up and down his study in a fume, under the portraits of Holy Bonifacius, Bishop Budgeon, and all the defunct bigwigs of the college. “And why now, Batchelor, I should like to know?” says he.

“Because, though after staying with you for three years, and having improved herself greatly, as every woman must in your society, my dear

Master, Miss Prior is worth at least fifty guineas a year more than you give her, I would not have had her speak until she had found a better place."

"You mean to say she proposes to go away?"

"A wealthy friend of mine, who was a member of our college, by the way, wants a nursery governess, and I have recommended Miss Prior to him, at seventy guineas a year."

"And pray who's the member of my college who will give my niece seventy guineas?" asks the Master, fiercely.

"You remember Lovel, the gentleman-pensioner?"

"The sugar-baking man—the man who took you out of ga . . . ?"

"One good turn deserves another," says I, hastily. "I have done as much for some of your family, Sargent!"

The red Master, who had been rustling up and down his study in his gown and bands, stopped in his walk as if I had struck him. He looked at me. He turned redder than ever. He drew his hand over his eyes. "Batchelor," says he, "I ask your pardon. It was I who forgot myself—may heaven forgive me!—forgot how good you have been to my family, to my—ahem!—*humble* family, and—and how devoutly thankful I ought to be for the protection which they have found in you." His voice quite fell as he spoke; and of course any little wrath which I might have felt was disarmed before his contrition. We parted the best friends. He not only shook hands with me at the study door, but he actually followed me to the hall door, and shook hands at his lodge porch, *sub Jove*, in the quadrangle. Huckles, the tutor (Highlow Huckles we used to call him in our time), and Botts (Trumperian professor), who happened to be passing through the court at the time, stood aghast as they witnessed the phenomenon.

"I say, Batchelor," asks Huckles, "have you been made a marquis by any chance?"

"Why a marquis, Huckles?" I ask.

"Sargent never comes to his lodge-door with any man under a marquis," says Huckles, in a low whisper.

"Or a pretty woman," says that Botts (he *will* have his joke).

"Batchelor, my elderly Tiresias, are you turned into a lovely young lady *par hasard*?"

"Get along, you absurd Trumperian professor!" say I. But the circumstance was the talk not only in Computation Room that evening over our wine, but of the whole college. And further, events happened which made each man look at his neighbour with wonder. For that whole term Sargent did not ask our nobleman Lord Sackville (Lord Wigmore's son) to the lodge. (Lord W.'s father, you know, Duff, was baker to the college.) For that whole term he was rude but twice to Perks, the junior tutor, and then only in a very mild way; and what is more, he gave his niece a present of a gown, of his blessing, of a kiss, and a high character, when she went down;—and promised to put one of her young brothers to school—which promise, I need not say, he faithfully kept: for he has good principles,

Sargent has. He is rude: he is ill-bred: he is *but* beyond almost any man I ever knew: he is spoiled not a little by prosperity;—but he is magnanimous: he can own that he has been in the wrong; and oh me! what a quantity of Greek he knows!

Although my late friend the captain never seemed to do ought but spend the family money, his disreputable presence somehow acted for good in the household. “My dear husband kept our family together,” Mrs. Prior said, shaking her lean head under her meagre widow’s cap. “Heaven knows how I shall provide for these lambs now he is gone.” Indeed, it was not until after the death of that tipsy shepherd that the wolves of the law came down upon the lambs—myself included, who have passed the age of lambhood and mint sauce a long time. They came down upon our fold in Beak Street, I say, and ravaged it. What was I to do? Could I leave that widow and children in their distress? I was not ignorant of misfortune, and knew how to succour the miserable. Nay, I think, the little excitement attendant upon the seizure of my goods, &c., the insolent vulgarity of the low persons in possession—with one of whom I was very near coming to a personal encounter—and other incidents which occurred in the bereft household, served to rouse me, and dissipate some of the languor and misery under which I was suffering, in consequence of Miss Mulligan’s conduct to me. I know I took the late captain to his final abode. My good friends the printers of the *Museum* took one of his boys into their counting-house. A blue coat and a pair of yellow stockings were procured for Augustus; and seeing the Master’s children walking about in Boniface gardens with a glum-looking old wretch of a nurse, I bethought me of proposing to him to take his niece Miss Prior—and, heaven be good to me! never said one word to her uncle about Miss Bellenden and the Academy. I daresay I drew a number of long bows about her. I managed about the bad grammar pretty well, by lamenting that Elizabeth’s poor mother had been forced to allow the girl to keep company with ill-educated people: and added, that she could not fail to mend her English in the house of one of the most distinguished scholars in Europe, and one of the best-bred women. I did say so, upon my word, looking that half-bred stuck-up Mrs. Sargent gravely in the face; and I humbly trust, if that bouncer has been registered against me, the Recording Angel will be pleased to consider that the motive was good, though the statement was unjustifiable. But I don’t think it was the compliment: I think it was the temptation of getting a governess for next to nothing that operated upon Madam Sargent. And so Bessy went to her aunt, partook of the bread of dependence, and drank of the cup of humiliation, and ate the pie of humility, and brought up her odious little cousins to the best of her small power, and bowed the head of hypocrisy before the dowd her uncle, and the pompous little upstart her aunt. *She* the best-bred woman in England, indeed! She, the little vain skinflint!

Bessy’s mother was not a little loth to part with the fifty pounds a year which the child brought home from the Academy; but her departure



thence was inevitable. Some quarrel had taken place there, about which the girl did not care to talk. Some rudeness had been offered to Miss Bellenden, to which Miss Prior was determined not to submit: or was it that she wanted to go away from the scenes of her own misery, and to try and forget that Indian captain? Come, fellow-sufferer! Come, child of misfortune, come hither! Here is an old bachelor who will weep with thee tear for tear!

I protest here is Miss Prior coming into the room at last. A pale face, a tawny head of hair combed back, under a black cap: a pair of blue spectacles, as I live! a tight mourning dress, buttoned up to her white throat; a head hung meekly down: such is Miss Prior. She takes my hand when I offer it. She drops me a demure little curtsy, and answers my many questions with humble monosyllabic replies. She appeals constantly to Lady Baker for instruction, or for confirmation of her statements. What! have six years of slavery so changed the frank daring young girl whom I remember in Beak Street? She is taller and stouter than she was. She is awkward and high-shouldered, but surely she has a very fine figure.

"Will Miss Cecy and Master Popham have their teas here or in the schoolroom?" asks Bedford, the butler, of his master. Miss Prior looks appealingly to Lady Baker.

"In the sch——" Lady Baker is beginning.

"Here—here!" bawl out the children. "Much better fun down here: and you'll send us out some fruit and things from dinner, papa!" cries Cecy.

"It's time to dress for dinner," says her ladyship.

"Has the first bell rung?" asks Lovel.

"Yes, the first bell has rung, and grandmamma must go, for it always takes her a precious long time to dress for dinner!" cries Pop. And, indeed, on looking at Lady Baker, the connoisseur might perceive that her ladyship was a highly composite person, whose charms required very much care and arrangement. There are some cracked old houses where the painters and plumbers and puttyers are always at work.

"Have the goodness to ring the bell!" she says, in a majestic manner, to Miss Prior, though I think Lady Baker herself was nearest.

I sprang towards the bell myself, and my hand meets Elizabeth's there, who was obeying her ladyship's summons, and who retreats, making me the demurest curtsy. At the summons, enter Bedford the butler (he was an old friend of mine, too) and young Buttons, the page under that butler.

Lady Baker points to a heap of articles on a table, and says to Bedford: "If you please, Bedford, tell my man to give those things to Pinhorn, my maid, to be taken to my room."

"Shall not I take them up, dear Lady Baker?" says Miss Prior.

But Bedford, looking at his subordinate, says: "Thomas! tell Bulkeley, her ladyship's man, to take her ladyship's things, and give them to her ladyship's maid." There was a tone of sarcasm, even of parody, in Monsieur Bedford's voice; but his manner was profoundly grave and respectful. Drawing up her person, and making a motion, I don't know

whether of politeness or defiance, exit Lady Baker, followed by page, bearing handboxes, shawls, paper parcels, parasols—I know not what. Dear Popham stands on his head as grandmamma leaves the room. “Don’t be vulgar!” cries little Cecy (the dear child is always acting as a little Mentor to her brother). “I shall, if I like,” says Pop; and he makes faces at her.

“You know your room, Batch?” asks the master of the house.

“Mr. Batchelor’s old room—always has the blue room,” says Bedford, looking very kindly at me.

“Give us,” cries Lovel, “a bottle of that Sau : . .”

“ . . . Terne, Mr. Batchelor used to like. Château Yquem. All right!” says Mr. Bedford. “How will you have the turbot done you brought down?—Dutch sauce?—Make lobster into salad? Mr. Bonnington likes lobster salad,” says Bedford. Pop is winding up the butler’s back at this time. It is evident Mr. Bedford is a privileged person in the family. As he had entered it on my nomination several years ago, and had been ever since the faithful valet, butler, and major-domo of Lovel, Bedford and I were always good friends when we met.

“By the way, Bedford, why wasn’t the barouche sent for me to the bridge?” cries Lovel. “I had to walk all the way home, with a bat and stumps for Pop, with the basket of fish, and that handbox with my lady’s——”

“He—he!” grins Bedford.

“‘He—he!’ Confound you, why do you stand grinning there? Why didn’t I have the carriage, I say?” bawls the master of the house.

“You know, sir,” says Bedford. “She had the carriage.” And he indicated the door through which Lady Baker had just retreated.

“Then why didn’t I have the phaeton?” asks Bedford’s master.

“Your ma and Mr. Bonnington had the phaeton.”

“And why shouldn’t they, pray? Mr. Bonnington is lame: I’m at my business all day. I should like to know why they *shouldn’t* have the phaeton?” says Lovel, appealing to me. As we had been sitting talking together previous to Miss Prior’s appearance, Lady Baker had said to Lovel, “Your mother and Mr. Bonnington are coming to dinner of course, Frederick;” and Lovel had said, “Of course they are,” with a peevish bluster, whereof I now began to understand the meaning. The fact was, these two women were fighting for the possession of this child; but who was the Solomon to say which should have him? Not I. *Nenni*. I put my oar in no man’s boat. Give me an easy life, my dear friends, and row me gently over.

“You had better go and dress,” says Bedford sternly, looking at his master; “the first bell has rung this quarter of an hour. Will you have some 34?”

Lovel started up; he looked at the clock. “You are all ready, Batch, I see. I hope you are going to stay some time, ain’t you?” And he disappeared to array himself in his sables and starch. I was thus alone with Miss Prior, and her young charges, who resumed straightway their infantine gambols and quarrels.

"My dear Bessy!" I cry, holding out both hands, "I am heartily glad to—"

"*Né m'appellez que de mon nom paternel devant tout ce monde s'il vous plait, mon cher ami, mon bon protecteur!*" she says, hastily, in very good French, folding her hands and making a curtsy.

"*Oui, oui, oui! Parlez-vous Français? J'aime, tu aimes, il aime!*" cries out dear Master Popham. "What are you talking about? Here's the phaeton!" and the young innocent dashes through the open window on to the lawn, whither he is followed by his sister, and where we see the carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Bonnington rolling over the smooth walk.

Bessy advances towards me, and gives me readily enough now the hand she had refused anon.

"I never thought you would have refused it, Bessy," said I.

"Refuse it to the best friend I ever had!" she says, pressing my hand.

"Ah, dear Mr. Batchelor, what an ungrateful wretch I should be, if I did!"

"Let me see your eyes. Why do you wear spectacles? You never wore them in Beak Street," I say. You see I was very fond of the child. She had wound herself around me in a thousand fond ways. Owing to a certain Person's conduct my heart may be a ruin—a Persepolis, sir—a perfect Tadmor. But what then? May not a traveller rest under its shattered columns? May not an Arab maid repose there till the morning dawns and the caravan passes on? Yes, my heart is a Palmyra, and once a queen inhabited me (O Zenobia! Zenobia! to think thou shouldst have been led away captive by an O'D.) Now, I am alone, alone in the solitary wilderness. Nevertheless, if a stranger comes to me I have a spring for his weary feet, I will give him the shelter of my shade. Rest thy cheek awhile, young maiden, on my marble—then go thy ways, and leave me.

This I thought, or something to this effect, as in reply to my remark, "Let me see your eyes," Bessy took off her spectacles, and I took them up and looked at her. Why didn't I say to her, "My dear brave Elizabeth! as I look in your face, I see you have had an awful deal of suffering. Your eyes are inscrutably sad. We who are initiated, know the members of our Community of Sorrow. We have both been wrecked in different ships, and been cast on this shore. Let us go hand-in-hand, and find a cave and a shelter somewhere together." I say, why didn't I say this to her? She would have come, I feel sure she would. We would have been semi-attached as it were. We would have locked up that room in either heart where the skeleton was, and said nothing about it, and pulled down the party-wall and taken our mild tea in the garden. I live in Pump Court now. It would have been better than this dingy loneliness and a snuffy laundress who bullies me. But for Bessy? Well—well, perhaps better for her too.

I remember these thoughts rushing through my mind whilst I held the spectacles. What a number of other things too! I remember two canaries making a tremendous concert in their cage. I remember the voices

of the two children quarrelling on the lawn, the sound of the carriage-wheels grinding over the gravel; and then of a little old familiar cracked voice in my ear, with a "La, Mr. Batchelor! are you here?" And a sly face looks up at me from under an old bonnet.

"It is mamma," says Bessy.

"And I'm come to tea with Elizabeth and the dear children; and while you are at dinner, dear Mr. Batchelor, thankful—thankful for all mercies! And, dear ~~she~~! here is Mrs. Bonnington, I do declare! Dear madam, how well you look—not twenty, I declare! And dear Mr. Bonnington! Oh, sir! let me—let me, I *must* press your hand. What a sermon last Sunday! All Putney was in tears!"

And the little woman, flinging out her lean arms, seizes portly Mr. Bonnington's fat hand: as he and kind Mrs. Bonnington enter at the open casement. The little woman seems inclined to do the honours of the house. "And won't you go upstairs, and put on your cap? Dear me, what a lovely ribbon! How blue does become Mrs. Bonnington! I always say so to Elizabeth," she cries, peeping into a little packet which Mrs. Bonnington bears in her hand. After exchanging friendly words and greetings with me, that lady retires to put the lovely cap on, followed by her little jackal of an aide-de-camp. The portly clergyman surveys his pleased person in the spacious mirror. "Your things are in your old room—like to go in, and brush up a bit?" whispers Bedford to me. I am obliged to go, you see, though, for my part, I had thought, until Bedford spoke, that the ride on the top of the Putney omnibus had left me without any need of brushing; having aired my clothes, and given my young cheek a fresh and agreeable bloom.

My old room, as Bedford calls it, was that snug apartment communicating by double doors with the drawing-room, and whence you can walk on to the lawn out of the windows.

"Here's your books, here's your writing-paper," says Bedford, leading the way into the chamber. "Does sore eyes good to see *you* down here again, sir. You may smoke now. Clarence Baker smokes when he comes. Go and get some of that wine you like for dinner." And the good fellow's eyes beam kindness upon me as he nods his head, and departs to superintend the duties of his table. Of course you understand that this Bedford was my young printer's boy of former days. What a queer fellow! I had not only been kind to him, but he was grateful.

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## An Essay without End.

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To some reader, perhaps, an essay without end may appear odd, and opposed to the regular order of things; but if he will kindly imagine the line written on his gravestone—and it is an epitaph which my own ghost would regard with particular satisfaction—he will at once see that it is by no means singular. And whatever propriety there may be in its application to human life, extends to any process of thought; for thought, like life, is essential, without beginning and without end.

It is this which makes abstract reflection so unsatisfying. An abstract thought is a sort of disembodied spirit; and when matched with its kind, the result is generally a progeny of ghosts and chimeras—numerous, but incapable. In fact, we do not often get so much as that out of it. Abstract thought generally travels backward. Childless itself, it goes upon its own pedigree; and as that becomes mysterious in proportion as it is remote, we soon find ourselves in a company of shadows, too vast to contemplate and too subtle for apprehension.

Again it is with thought as it is with life (I should say “soul,” if the word had not been hackneyed out of all endurance—but then the poets have exhausted nature)—it must be married to something material before you can hope to get good fruit from it—capable of continuing the species. Luckily, anything will do. It seems to have been, foreseen from the creation that thought would scarcely prove prolific, unless it might be kindled at every sense and by every object in the world. Experience more than proves the justness of that foresight, and thus we have sermons in stones. By a bountiful provision, the human mind is capable of immediate and fruitful alliance with a bough, a brook, a cloud—all that the eye may see or the ear echo. It may be observed, too, that just as Sir Cassian Creme strengthens the blood of his ancient and delicate house by an alliance with his dairy-woman, so a cultivated mind may produce more vigorous progeny by intimacy with an atom than with any long-descended speculation on the Soul, say. Coleridge’s method of thinking is much to the purpose, and what came of it as a whole?

For amusement’s sake, let us carry theory into practice. Let us try what course of reflection we may get by contemplating the first natural object that comes to hand. The field is wide enough: there is Parnassus, and there is Holborn Hill. But there are too many squatters on the former eminence already, perhaps; and besides, a kind of Bedlam is said to have arisen about the base of it lately, beyond which few adventurers are known to proceed. Our aspirations are humble—we may choose the lesser hill.

“Alas, then!” says the dear reader, “we are to have some antiquarian reflections. Better Parnassus and Bedlam!”—Fear not. Providence, which

has otherwise been very good to me, gave me a Protestant mind; and while therein exists no disposition to adore St. Botolph's toes, or to worship St. Pancras's well-preserved tibia, I am equally unenthusiastic about Pope's nightcap, I don't care a fig for Queen Anne's farthings, and I would not go round the corner to behold the site of the Chelsea bunhouse. There is little, after all, in bricks, bones, and the coffins of men; but a glimpse into the lives of men, or into the eyes of nature—that is another thing.

The one may always be had in London, the other never could be had, were it not for Holborn Hill. Circumstances permitting, every city ought to be built on a hill; for reasons of morality, and therefore for reasons of state. No doubt, there is a certain agreeable monotony in levels, gentle gradients, and a perspicuous network of streets; they may even impose a wholesome contrast upon the minds of well-to-do citizens, who go "out of town." But what of the ill-to-do citizen, who never leaves its walls? Not only do the bare hard streets present to him no natural thing, but with strait lines of brick on every side, a stony plane at his feet, and a flat dull roof over all, he gets no hint of a natural thing; and all that is artificial in him is hardened and encouraged. But suppose the city streets wind up and down and round about a hill? Then by no devices of brick or stone can you keep out the country. Then Nature defies your macadamization and your chimney stacks; it is impossible to forget her, or to escape her religious gaze.

When did it occur to any ordinary person walking Bond Street, that once there had been turf there, and a running about of beetles? On the other hand, what man of any kind looks over the little Fleet valley to where Holborn Hill rises on the other side, without wondering how the houses came there—without feeling that they are only another sort of tents, pitched upon the earth for a time? "They, too, have to be struck," says he, "and there is everywhere wandering away!"

The result is, then, that he hits upon a reflection, which is, I do not say profound, but at the bottom of all profundity, so far as we have plumbed it. This reflection is to be found in the sap, fibre, and fruit of all morality, all law, philosophy, and religion. There is nothing like it to move the hearts of men; the heart it *cannot* move belongs to an atheist (which creature, and not the ape, as some have supposed, is the link between brutes and men), the heart which it *has not* moved, to one quite unawakened. For instance, those who fill the gaols; the society of thieves; the scum of the population, as it is termed, fermenting in alleys and poisoning the state. We have reformatories for the young of this breed, whom we endeavour to reclaim by reading, writing, and arithmetic—attendance at chapel, and book-keeping by double entry. But when you have put the young reprobate through all these exercises, you have only succeeded in making gravel walks in a wilderness; and though from those trim avenues you may scatter good seed enough, it perishes on the soil, or withers in a tangle of weeds. After all our labour and seed-scattering, we still complain that it is so hard to reach the heart. Now here we have the

best means of touching it, perhaps. Let there be found some Professor of Time and Eternity, skilled to show how the world goes—and *is going*: who should exhibit, as in a wizard's glass, the unending procession of human life. The Roman in his pride, a hundred million Romans in their pride—all perished; millions of elegant Greeks, with their elegant wives and mistresses, all perished; Attila's thundering hosts riding off the scene—vanished: the clatter of their spears, the fury of their eyes, the tossing of their shaggy hair, the cloud of thoughts that moved upon their faces—they and all that belonged to them.

Not that these personages make the most affecting groups in the series of dissolving views which illustrate the history of the world. I would rather confine myself to Holborn Hill, were I professor, in a penitentiary, of Time and Eternity; and between the period when it lay solitary in the moonlight, clothed with grass, crowned with trees, bitterns booming by the river below, while some wild mother lay under the branches singing to her baby in a tongue dead as herself now—from that time to the present there has been a very pretty striking of tents and wandering away. Quite enough for any professor's purpose. Quite enough, if impressed upon an ignorant vicious heart, to prepare it for a better—certainly for a more responsible life. Your young reprobate will never perceive his relations to his Creator, till he has discovered the relations of mankind to creation, and his own place among mankind. You desire him to contemplate the Future: he cannot do it till he is shown the Past.

There is a Scripture text apropos of this, which I have longed many a day to sermonize upon, but we are far enough from Holborn Hill already; and apart from moral and mental considerations, it is a sufficient reason for building cities in hilly places, if the hard-worked, captive people are thus kept in remembrance of the country, and its peace and health. This is a luxury as well as a good; delight to the senses, as well as medicine for the mind. Some of us love nature with a large and personal love. I am sure I do, for one. Thinking of her, immured in London as I am, I think also of that prisoner in the Bastille, who prayed Monseigneur for "some tidings of my poor wife, were it only her name upon a card." Were I a prisoner long, I should pray not only for that, but for some tidings of my mistress Nature, were it only her name in a leaf. And whereas some of us who have sweethearts go prowling about the dear one's house, searching through the walls for her, so at favourable opportunities I search for my mistress through the bricks and stones of Holborn Hill. In the noon of a midsummer day, with the roar of carts, waggons, Atlas and other omnibusses rattling in my ears, with that little bill of Timmins's on my mind, how have I seen it clad in green, the stream running in the hollow, and white dandelion tufts floating in the air. There a grasshopper chirped; a bee hummed, going his way; and countless small creatures, burrowing in the grass, buzzed and whirred like a company of small cotton-spinners with all their looms at work. Practically, there is no standing timber within several miles of the place; but if I have not seen trees where an

alamode beef business is supposed to be carried on, I am blind. I have seen trees, and heard the blackbird whistle.

There is much significance, under the circumstances, in hearing the blackbird whistle. It is a proof that to me there was perfect silence. The peculiarity of this animal is, that he *makes* silence. The more he whistles, the more still is all nature beside. It is not difficult to imagine him a sort of fugleman, herald, or black rod, going between earth and heaven in the interest of either. Take a case: an evening in autumn. About six o'clock there comes a shower of rain, a bountiful shower, all in shilling drops. The earth drinks and drinks, holding its breath; while the trees make a pleasant noise, their leaves kissing each other for joy. Presently the rain ceases. Drops fall one by one, lazily, from the satisfied boughs, and sink to the roots of the grass, lying there in store. Then the blackbird, already on duty in his favourite tree, sounds his bugle-note. "Attention!" sings he to the winds big and little; "the earth will return thanks." Whereupon there is a stillness deep as—no, not as death, but a silence so profound that it seems as if it were itself the secret of life, that profoundest thing. This your own poor carcase appears to recognize. The little life therein—not more than a quart pot full—knows the presence of the great ocean from which it was taken, and yearns. It stirs in its earthen vessel; you feel it moving in your very fingers; you may almost hear your right hand calling to the left, "I live! I live!" Silence proclaimed, thanksgiving begins. There is a sensation of the sound of ten thousand voices, and the swinging of ten thousand censers; besides the audible singing of birds, the humming of beetles, and the noise of small things which praise the Lord by rubbing their legs together.

This bird seems to take another important part in the scheme of nature, worth mentioning.

Everybody—everybody at least who has watched by a sick-bed—knows that days have their appointed time, and die as well as men. There is one awful minute in the twenty-four hours when the day palpably expires, and then there is a reach of utter vacancy, of coldness and darkness; and then a new day is born, and earth, reassured, throbs again. This is not a fancy; or if so, is it from fancy that so many people die in this awful hour ("between the night and the morning," nurses call it), or that sick men grow paler, fainter, more insensible? I think not. To appearance they are plainly washed down by the ebbing night, and plainly stranded so near the verge of death that its waters wash over them. Now, in five minutes, the sick man is floated away and is gone; or the new day comes, snatches him to its bosom, and bears him back to us; and we know that he will live. I hope I shall die between the night and the morning, so peacefully do we drift away then. But ah! blessed Morning, I am not ungrateful. That long-legged daughter of mine, aged eight at present, did you not bring her back to me in your mysterious way? At half-past two, we said, "Gone!" and began to howl. Three minutes afterward a breath swept over her limbs; five minutes afterward there was a blunk like



a reflected light upon her face; seven minutes, and whose eyes but hers should open, bright and pure as two blue stars? We had studied those stars; and read at a glance that our little one had again entered the House of Life.

Our baby's dying and her new birth is an exact type of the death and birth of the day. One description serves for both. As she sank away, fainting and cold, so night expires. This takes place at various times, according to the season; but generally about two o'clock in the morning in these latitudes. If you happen to be watching or working within doors, you may note the time by a coldness and shuddering in your limbs, and by the sudden waning of the fire, in spite of your best efforts to keep it bright and cheerful. Then a wind—generally not a very gentle one—sweeps through the streets—*once*: it does not return, but hurries straight on, leaving all calm behind it: that is the breath that passed over the child. Now a blush suffuses the East, and then open the violet eyes of the day, bright and pure as if there were no death in the world, nor sin. All which the blackbird seems to announce to the natural world below. The wind we spoke of warns him; whereupon he takes his head from under his wing, and keeps a steady look-out toward the East. As soon as the glory of the morning appears, he sings his soldierly song; as soon as he sings, smaller fowl wake and listen, and peep about quietly; when—there comes the day overhead, sailing in the topmost air, in the golden boat with the purple sails. And the little winds that blow in the sails—here come they, swooping over the meadows, scudding along hedgerows, bounding into the big trees, and away to fill those purple sails again, not only with a wind, but with a hundred perfumes, and airs heavy with the echoes of a hundred songs.\*

I wish I were a poet; you should have a description of all this in verses, and welcome. But if I were a musician! Let us see what we should do as musicians. First, you should hear the distant sound of a bugle, which sound should float away: that is one of the heralds of the morning, flying southward. Then another should issue from the eastern gates; and now the grand *reveillé* should grow, sweep past your ears (like the wind aforesaid), and go on, dying as it goes. When as it dies, my stringed instruments come in. These to the left of the orchestra break into a soft slow movement, the music swaying drowsily from side to side, as it were, with a noise like the rustling of boughs. It must not be much of a noise, however, for my stringed instruments to the right have begun the very song of the morning. The bows tremble upon the strings, like

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\* This paper was written a year ago. Mr. Mattieu Williams, in his book *Through Norway with a Knapsack*, has since confirmed my fancy that every day dies a natural death. In Scandinavia, there is a midnight sun; and Mr. Williams says that although the altitude of the sun is the same ten minutes before twelve as ten minutes after, there is a perceptible difference in atmospheric tone and colour—"the usual difference between evening and morning, sunset and sunrise; the light having a warmer tint before than after midnight."

the limbs of a dancer, who, a-tiptoe, prepares to bound into her ecstacy of motion. Away! The song soars into the air as if it had the wings of a kite. Here swooping, there swooping, wheeling upward, falling suddenly, checked, poised for a moment on quivering wings, and again away. It is waltz time, and you hear the Hours dancing to it. Then the horns. Their melody overflows into the air richly, like honey of Hybla; it wafts down in lazy gusts, like the scent of the thyme from that hill. So my stringed instruments to the left cease rustling, listen a little while, catch the music of those others, and follow it. Now for the rising of the lark! Henceforward it is a chorus, and he is the leader thereof. Heaven and earth agree to follow him. I have a part for the brooks—their notes drop, drop, drop, like his: for the woods—they sob like him. At length, nothing remains but to blow the hautboys; and just as the chorus arrives at its fulness, they come maundering in. They have a sweet old blundering “cow-song” to themselves—a silly thing, made of the echoes of all pastoral sounds. There’s a warbling waggoner in it, and his team jingling their bells. There’s a shepherd driving his flock from the fold, bleating; and the lowing of cattle.—Down falls the lark like a stone: it is time he looked for grubs. Then the hautboys go out, gradually; for the waggoner is far on his road to market; sheep cease to bleat and cattle to low, one by one; they are on their grazing ground, and the business of the day is begun. Last of all, the heavenly music sweeps away to waken more westerling lands, over the Atlantic and its whitening sails.

And to think this goes on every day, and every day has been repeated for a thousand years! Generally, though, we don’t like to think about that, as Mr. Kingsley has remarked, among others; for when he wrote, “Is it not a grand thought, the silence and permanence of nature amid the perpetual noise and flux of human life!—a grand thought, that one generation goeth and another cometh, and the earth abideth for ever?” he also meant, “Isn’t it a melancholy thought?” For my part, I believe this reflection to be the fount of all that melancholy which is in man. I speak in the broadest sense, meaning that whereas whenever you find a man you find a melancholy animal, this is the secret of his melancholy: The thought is so common and so old; it has afflicted so many men in so many generations with a sort of philosophical sadness, that it comes down to us like an hereditary disease, of which we have lost the origin, and almost the consciousness. It is an universal disposition to melancholy madness, in short. Savages who run wild in woods are not less liable to its influence than we who walk in civilized Pall Mall. On the contrary, a savage of any brains at all is the most melancholy creature in the world. Not Donizetti, nor Mendelssohn, nor Beethoven himself ever composed such sad songs as are drummed on tom-toms, or piped through reeds, or chanted on the prairies and lagoons of savage land. No music was ever conceived within the walls of a city so profoundly touching as that which Irish pipers and British harpers made before an arch was built in England. Now this bears out our supposition; for the savage with the tom-tom, the piper with his pipe,

the harper with his harp, lived always in sight of nature. Their little fussy lives and noisy works were ever in contrast with its silence and permanence; change and decay with the constant seasons and the everlasting hills. Who cannot understand the red man's reverence for inanimate nature read by this light—especially his reverence for the setting sun? For the night cometh, reminding him of his own little candle of an existence, while he knows that the great orb has risen upon a hundred generations of hunters, and will rise upon a hundred more. As for him and his works, his knife will be buried with him, and there an end of him and his works.

And we Europeans to-day are in the same case with regard to the silence and permanence of Nature, contrasted with the perpetual flux and noise of human life. Who thinks of his death without thinking of it? who thinks of it without thinking of his death? Mother, whose thoughts dwell about her baby in churchyard lying; Mary, of sister Margaret who died last year, or of John who was lost at sea, say first and last—"There the sea rolls, ever as ever; and rages and smiles, and surges and sighs just the same; and were you and I and the whole world to be drowned to-day, and all the brave ships to go down with standing sails, to-morrow there would not be a drop the more in the ocean, nor on its surface a smile the less. Doesn't the rain rain upon my baby's grave, and the sun shine upon it, as indifferent as if there were neither babies nor mothers in the world?" Why, this strain is to be found in all the poetry that ever was written. Walter Mapes may be quoted, with his, "I propose to end my days in a tavern drinking," but his and all such songs merely result from a wild effort to divorce this "grand thought" from the mind.

But we need not go to America for a red Indian, nor afield to the hills for illustration; that is to be found in the impression produced on many thoughtful minds by the contemplation of social life in any two periods. We behold Sir Richard Steele boozing unto maudlinness in purple velvet and a laced hat; Captain Mohock raging through Fleet Street with a drawn rapier; reprobate old duchesses and the damsels who were to be our grandmothers sitting in the same pew, and then looking about us, say—"Here we are again!—the duchess on the settee, Mohock lounging against the mantelpiece, Dick Steele hiccuping on the stairs in a white neckcloth. There they go through the little comedy of life, in ruffles and paste buckles; here go we in swallow-tails and patent leathers. Mohock married, and was henpecked: young Sanglant is to be married to-morrow. The duchess being dead, one of those demure little damsels takes up the tradition, and certain changes of costume having been accomplished, becomes another wicked old woman; and so it goes on. They die, and we die; and meanwhile the world goes steadily round. There is sowing and reaping, and there are select parties, and green peas in their season, and oh! this twopenny life!"

Mind you, I have other ideas. What is all this melancholy, at bottom, but stupidity and ingratitude? Are we miserable because He who made all beautiful things preserves them to us for ever? True, He has

set bounds to intellect, and to aspirations which, when they are most largely achieved, do not always work for pure and useful ends; true, He does not permit us to become too impious in our pride by giving eternity to the Parthenons and telegraphs that we make such a noise about; *but*, all that is really good, and beautiful, and profitable for man, is everlastingly his. The lovely world that Adam beheld is not only the same to-day, it is created and given to us anew every day. What have we said about morning, which is born again (for us, for little ones, the ignorant, the blind, who could not see at all yesterday) three hundred and sixty-five times in a year—every time as fresh, and new, and innocent as that which first dawned over Eden? Now, considering how much iniquity and blindness all the *nights* have fallen upon, I must think this a bountiful arrangement, and one which need not make us unhappy. I love to think the air I breathe through my open window is the same that wandered through Paradise before our first mother breathed; that the primroses which grow to-day in our dear old woods are such as decked the bank on which she slept before sin and death came into the world; and that our children shall find them, neither better nor worse, when our names are clean forgotten. And is it nothing that if we have all death, we have all youth?—brand-new affections and emotions—a mind itself a new and separate creation, as much as is any one star among the rest? In the heavens there is a tract of light called the Milky Way, which to the common eye appears no more than a luminous cloud. But astronomers tell us that this vast river of light is a universe, in which individual stars are so many that they are like the sands on the shore. We cannot see each grain of sand here on Brighton beach, we cannot see the separate stars of the Milky Way, nor its suns and great planets, with all our appliances; and yet each of those orbs has its path, rolling along on its own business—a world. On learning which we are bewildered with astonishment and awe. But here below is another shifting cloud, called “the human race.” Thousands of years it has swept over the earth in great tracts, coming and going. And this vast quicksand is made up of millions and millions of individual *I*’s, each a man, a separate, distinct creation; each travelling its path, which none other can travel; each bearing its own life, which is no other’s—a world. I think this ought to strike us with as much awe as that other creation. I think we ought to be filled with as much gratitude for our own planetary being as astonishment at the spectacle of any Milky Way whatever. And I only wish that we, the human race, shone in the eyes of heaven with the light of virtue like another Milky Way.

Created, then, so purely of ourselves, this is the result with regard to the natural world about us: that with our own feelings and affections, we *discover*, each for himself, all the glory of the universe. And therefore is nature eternal, unchangeable—that all men may know the whole goodness of God. Whose eyes but mine first saw the sun set? Some old Chaldean, some dweller in drowned Atlantis, imagined the feelings of Adam when he

first saw the sun go down; ever since when, this poetical imagining has been going about the world, and people have envied Adam that one grandest chance of getting a "sensation." Why, the Chaldean was Adam! I'm Adam! The sun was created with me, with you; and by and by, when we had got over the morning of infancy, we sat on a wall, in a field, on a hill, at our own little bedroom window, and our childish eyes being by that time opened, we saw the sun go down for the first time.

Nor are these pleasures and advantages confined to the external world, to the sensations it inspires, or the influence it exerts upon us. No human passion, no emotion, the fiercest or the tenderest, comes to us at second hand. The experience and observation of a thousand years, all the metaphysical, and poetical, and dramatic books that ever were written, cannot add a jot to the duration or intensity of any emotion of ours. They may exercise it, but they cannot form it, nor instruct it; nor, were they fifty times as many and as profound, could they dwarf it. It lies in our hearts an original creation, complete, alone: like my life and yours. Now see how this arrangement works. When, dear madam, your little Billy was born, all that wondering delight, that awful tremor of joy, which possessed the heart of the first mother, was *yours*. You may have seen a piece of sculpture called the First Cradle. There sits Eve, brooding over her two boys, rocking them backward and forward in her arms and on her knees—wondering, awe-full, breathless with joy, drowned in a new flood of love. "Ah!" says the tender, child-loving female spectator, "what would not one give to have been that first mother, to have made with one's arms the first cradle!" Ignorant soul! One would think, to hear her talk, that the gifts of heaven grow threadbare by course of time, and that in 1860 we have only the rags thereof! Don't believe it, for there is another side to the question! If the gifts and rewards of heaven are paid in new coin, minted for you, with your effigies stamped upon it, so are the punishments. The flight of Cain when Abel was killed—Bill Sykes's was every way as terrible; and any incipient poisoner who may happen to read this page may assure himself, that his new and improved process of murder—whatever advantages it may otherwise offer—is not specific against the torments of him who first shed blood: no, nor against any one of them.

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## *A Few Words on Junius and Macaulay.*

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THE "secret of Junius" has been kept until, like over-ripe wines, the subject has lost its flavour. Languid indeed is the disposition of mind in which any, except a few veterans who still prefer the old post-road to the modern railway, take up an essay or an article professing to throw new light on that wearisome mystery, or to add some hitherto unknown name to the ghostly crowd of candidates for that antiquated prize. And yet there is a deep interest about the inquiry, after all, to those who, from any special cause, are induced to overcome the feeling of satiety which it at first excites, and plunge into the controversy with the energy of their grandfathers. The real force and virulence of those powerful writings, unrivalled then, and scarcely equalled since, let critics say what they may; the strangeness of the fact that none of the quick-sighted, unscrupulous, revengeful men who surrounded Junius at the time of his writing, who brushed past him in the street, drank with him at dinner, sat opposite him in the office, could ever attain to even a probable conjecture of his identity; the irresistible character of the external evidence which fixes the authorship on Francis, contrasted with those startling internal improbabilities which make the Franciscan theory to this day the least popular, although the learned regard it as all but established—the eccentric, repulsive, "dour" character of Francis himself, and the kind of pertinacious longing which besets us to know the interior of a man who shuts himself up against his fellow-men in fixed disdain and silence :—these are powerful incentives, and produce an attraction, of which we are sometimes ourselves ashamed, towards the occupation of treading over and over again this often beaten ground of literary curiosity.

Never have I felt this more strongly; than when accident led me, a few years ago, into Leigh and Sotheby's sale-room, when the library of Sir Philip Francis was on view previous to auction. I know not whether any reader will sympathize with me in what I am about to say: but to me there is a solemn and rather oppressive feeling, which attends these exposures of books for sale, where the death is recent, and where the owner and

collector was a man of this world, taking an interest in the everyday literature which occupies myself and those around me. There stands his copy of a memoir of some one whom both he and I knew well—he had just had time to read it, as I see by the date, and with interest, as I judge by the pencil marks—in what mysteriously separate relation do he and I now respectively stand towards that common acquaintance? There is his copy of the latest volume of Travels—he had only accompanied the adventurer, I see, as far as the First Cataract—what matters now to him the problem of the Source of the Nile? There is his last unbound number of the *Quarterly*—he had studied it for many a year: at such a page, the paper-cutter rested from its work, the marginal notes ended, the influx of knowledge stopped, the chain of thought was snapped, the mental perceptions darkened. Can it be, that the active mind of our fellow-worker ceased then and there from that continuous exertion of so many years, and became that we wot not of—a living Intelligence, it may be, but removed into another sphere, with which its habitual region of labour—the cycle in which it moved and had its being—had no connection whatever? Must it be (as Charles Lamb so quaintly expresses it) that “knowledge now comes to him, if it comes at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?”

But I do not wish to dally, here and now, with fancies like these. I only introduced the subject, because Sir Philip Francis' library was a good deal calculated to suggest this class of thoughts. He was a great marginal note-maker. He criticized all that came under his eye, and especially what related to political events, even to his latest hour. And—singular enough, yet in accordance with much that we know of him, and with all that we must suppose, if Junius he was—he had avoided keeping up, in this way, his connection with the time in which his sinister and anonymous fame was achieved. So far as I remember, his books of the Junian period were little noted. He seemed to have exercised his memory and judgment on the records of Warren Hastings' trial, the French Revolution, the revolutionary war—not on those of Burke and Chatham.

This, however, is all by the way, and I must crave pardon for the digression. I lost myself, and wandered off, it seems, just when I was reminding the reader that the subsidiary features of the Junian controversy have now become much more interesting than the old question of authorship itself, and that it is an admirable exercise for the intellectual faculties to trace the way in which different lines of reasoning, wholly distinct and yet severally complete, converge towards the “Franciscan” conclusion. It was in this light, especially, that the subject appeared to captivate the mind of that great historical genius whom we have lost: whom we have just seen in the ample enjoyment of most rare faculties, the fulness of fame, and the height of fortune, committed to the soft arms of an euthanasia such as has rarely waited on man. The “Junian controversy” was with Macaulay an endless subject of ingenious talk. It suited certain peculiarities of his mind. As he was the very clearest of writers, so he was also,

in a special sense and manner, the most acute of reasoners. In limited, close historical argument—in the power to infer a third proposition from a second, a second from a first—the power to expand a fact, either proved or assumed as a trifling postulate, into a series of facts, with undeniable cogency—I think we must go far to find his equal.

If you gave Cuvier a tarsal bone, he constructed you, with unerring certainty, a humming-bird or an elephant. If you gave Macaulay a casual passage from a letter, he would divine, with strange precision, the circumstances of that letter: the occasion of its writing, the reason of its publication or non-publication, the way in which the writer was connected with some great event of the time, and in which the letter bore on that event. But his judgment of the character of the man, or character of the event, was another matter altogether, and tasked a different order of faculties, with which we are not now concerned. If we were to seek a rival to Macaulay in this peculiar province of clear and cogent reasoning from fact A to fact X, imparting to conjecture the force of truth, we should probably find him rather among lawyers than writers. In truth, the historian always retained, and to his great advantage, many of the mental habits, as well as many of the tastes and joyous recollections of the bar. He was at once the most Paleyan and the most forensic of historical inquirers. When he entered the arena of controversy, you might doubt whether he had donned his armour in the Senate House of Cambridge or the Assize Court of Lancaster. We may assume (as Coke assumed, lamentingly, of Bacon) that had he only stuck to the law he would have made a great lawyer. But it is open to doubt whether, as a judge, he would have done more of service by the marvellous lucidity with which he would have drawn out a series of circumstantial evidence before a jury, or more of harm by his tendency to force the various considerations attending a complicated case into conformity with his own too complete and too vivid ideal of that case.

There is no better way towards appreciating the intensity of this peculiar faculty in Macaulay, than to study the various controversies into which his essays and his history led him: both the few in which he vouchsafed a reply, and the many more in which he rested contented with his first statement—his issues with Dixon, Paget, the High Churchmen, the Scotch, the Quakers, and the like—and to contrast his method with that of his antagonists. They all beat the bush, more or less, and flounder in every variety of historical fallacy. They beg the question, frame "vicious processes" from their premisses, "pole" themselves on self-created dilemmas, commit, in short, every error which logicians denounce in their fantastic terminology—in Macaulay's reasoning, simply as such, you will never detect a flaw. His conclusion follows his premisses as surely and safely as "the night the day." You may agree with his antagonist, and not with him; but you will find that what you consider to be his error lies quite in another direction, and consists, not in misusing his own facts, but in ignoring or neglecting true and material facts adduced by his opponents. And beware, O young and ardent Reader, too readily pleased with seeing



a hole picked in a great man's coat, lest the triumphant crow, with which these opponents invariably trumpet their supposed victory, seduce you into premature acquiescence. By-and-by, when cooler and steadier, you may be inclined to conjecture that Macaulay's piercing instinct was right after all, and that the facts evoked against him are in reality either doubtful or immaterial to the argument.

It was, as I have said, this fondness and aptitude for following up with accuracy converging lines of evidence, which gave Macaulay so great an interest in the Junian controversy, and made him so ready to allude to it incidentally both in writing and conversation. He contributed, himself, two, at least, of the most remarkable collateral proofs which tend to fix the authorship on Francis—the curious error of the English War-office clerk about the rules of Irish pensions, in the correspondence with Sir William Draper—the personal hostility of the Francis family towards the Luttrells, which accounts for the savage treatment by Junius of such obscure offenders. And now, having used the great historian's name, somewhat unfairly, by way of shoeing-horn, to draw on a fresh chapter on the old controversy, let me place before you another singular instance of this class of collateral proofs, which, I believe, has not been made public before, but which greatly excited the curiosity of Macaulay, and which he would have followed out—if ever he had taken up the question again—with all the force of his inductive mind.

In one of the early letters of Woodfall's collection, under the signature "Bifrons" (April 23, 1768: vol. ii. p. 175, of Bohn's Edition), the writer, after accusing the Duke of Grafton of being a 'casuist,' proceeds as follows:—

"I am not deeply read in authors of that professed title: but I remember seeing Busenbaum, Suarez, Molina, and a score of other Jesuitical books, burnt at Paris, for their sound casuistry, by the hand of the common hangman."

I shall assume at once that Bifrons was the same writer as Junius. The general reasons for the assumption are familiar to those versed in the controversy. And even were those general grounds of identity less strong than they are, every one would allow that to prove that Francis was Bifrons, would go a long way towards proving him Junius.

A passage so pregnant with suggestion has of course provoked abundant comment: but all of the loosest description. No one seems to have taken the pains to follow out for himself a hint pointing to conclusions of so much importance, both negative and affirmative.

• Mr. W. H. Smith, the recent editor of the *Grenville Papers*, thus presses it into the service of his theory, attributing the authorship of Junius to Lord Temple:

"The ceremony here alluded to probably took place in or about the year 1782, when the disputes between the King of France and his parliaments, relative to the Jesuits, had arrived at the highest point of acrimony. Several burnings of obnoxious and prohibited books and writings are described by cotemporary authorities at this time; and as Lord Temple,

then Richard Grenville, was in France, and chiefly at Paris, from the autumn of 1731 to the spring of 1733, he had, consequently, many opportunities of witnessing the ceremonies of the burning of 'scores of Jesuitical books' by the common hangman, as described by Junius."—(*Introductory notes relating to the authorship of Junius*, p. cxliv.)

Mr. Smith is scarcely so familiar with the details of French as of English history. No doubt books were publicly burnt in Paris about the time he mentions: but the books were Jansenist, not Jesuit: the letters concerning the Miracles of M. de Paris, the *Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques*, and the like—not the works of the Casuists. In 1732, the Jesuits were the executioners: their turn, as victims, came a generation later.

A writer, who endeavours to establish a claim for Lord Lyttelton, is nearer the mark: but, unluckily, just misses it:—

"We may assume," says he, "that this burning took place in 1764, as it was in that year that Choiseul suppressed the Jesuits. Thomas Lyttelton was on the continent during the whole of 1764, and for part of the time resided at Paris."

The burning of books, so accurately described by Bifrons, took place beyond a doubt, as we shall presently see, on August the 7th, 1761. Now this date raises a curious question, which is indicated, but in a very careless manner, by Mr. Wade (in his notes to Junius, Bohn's edition):—

"It may be doubted, indeed, whether Bifrons was an Englishman, or even an Irishman: he certainly could not have been a British subject in 1761, unless he was a prisoner of war: for in that year we were at war with France. But if a prisoner of war, how unlikely that he could be at Paris to witness an *auto-da-fé* of heretical works: he would have been confined in the interior of the kingdom, not left at large to indulge his curiosity in the capital."

Now, assuming (as all these writers do), that Bifrons-Junius actually saw what he says he saw, how does the circumstance bear on the claims of the several candidates?

What was Lyttelton in August, 1761? An Eton boy, enjoying his holidays.

Where was Lord Temple? At Stowe (see the *Grenville Letters*) cabaling with Pitt.

Where was Burke? At Battersea, preparing to join Gerard Hamilton in Ireland.

Where were Burke the younger, Lord George Sackville, and the rest of the illustrious persons implicated in some people's suspicions? Not in Paris, we may safely answer, without pursuing our inquiry farther.

But it is undoubtedly possible that Bifrons-Junius, after all, did not himself see the *auto-da-fé* in question: he may have heard of it, or read of it, and may have described himself as a witness for effect, by way of a flourish, or even by way of false lure to throw inquirers off the scent.

It would then only remain to inquire, in what way, by what association of ideas, Bifrons-Junius came to give so circumstantial a description, and in

so prominent a manner, of an occurrence which had passed in a time of war, almost unmarked by the English public, and which had excited in England but very little attention or interest since?

Now let us see how either supposition bears on the "Franciscan theory."

Francis was a very young clerk in Mr. Pitt's department (which answered to the Foreign Office of these days) in 1759. In that year he accompanied Lord Kinnoul on his special mission to Portugal. His lordship returned in November, 1760, with all his staff, and the youthful Francis (in all probability) returned to his desk at the same time.

He was certainly at work in the same office between October, 1761, and August 1763; for he says of himself (*Parl. Debates*, xxii. 97), that he "possessed Lord Egremont's favour in the Secretary of State's Office." That nobleman came into office in October, 1761, and died in August, 1763. In the latter year Francis was removed to the War Office, where he remained until 1772.

Where was he in August, 1761?

According to all reasonable presumption, at work in Pitt's department.

And yet Lady Francis, in that Biographical account of her husband which was published by Lord Campbell—an account evidently incorrect in some details, yet authentic in striking particulars, as might be expected from a lady's reminiscences of what she heard from an older man—says, "*He was at the Court of France in Louis XV.'s time, when the Jesuits were driven out by Madame de Pompadour.*"

This, it will be at once allowed, is a strange instance of coincidence between Bifrons and the lady. The more striking, because the particulars of disagreement show that the two stories do not come from the same source. But how can we account for either story? How came Francis to be in Paris—if in Paris he were—in time of war?

With a view to solve this question to my own satisfaction, I once consulted the State Paper Office. It happens that during the summer of 1761, Mr. Hans Stanley was in Paris, on a diplomatic mission, to negotiate terms of peace with Choiseul. He failed in that object—some folks thought Mr. Pitt never meant he should succeed—and returned home in September of that year. His correspondence with Pitt, as Secretary of State, is preserved in the office aforesaid. He seems to have had the ordinary staff of assistants from Pitt's department: but I could not find any record of their names. His despatches are entirely confined to the subject of the negotiation on which he was engaged, with one exception. He seems, for some reason or other, to have taken much interest in the affair of the Jesuits. On August 10, he writes at length on the whole of that matter. To his despatch is annexed a careful *précis*, in Downing Street language, of the history of the Jesuits' quarrel with the parliament: evidently drawn up by one of his subordinates. Enclosed in this *précis* is the original printed *Arrêt de la Cour du Parlement, du 6 Août, 1761, condamnant Molina, de Justitiâ et Jure; Suarez, Defensio Fidei Catholicæ; Busenbaum, Theologia Moralis; and several other books of the same class, to be lacérés et*

*brûlés en la cour du Palais.* And a MS. note at the foot of the *Arrêt* states that the books were burnt on the 7th accordingly.

Thus much, therefore, is all but certain ; some member of Mr. Stanley's mission, or other confidential subordinate, was present in the *Cour du Palais* when that *arrêt* was executed, and reported it to his principal, who reported it to Mr. Pitt: and Francis was at that time a clerk in Pitt's office, which was in constant communication with Stanley's mission. We do not know the names of the individual clerks who were attached to that mission, or passed backwards and forwards between Paris and London in connection with it. But we do know that Francis had been twice employed in a similar way (to accompany General Bligh's expedition to Cherbourg, and Lord Kinnoul's mission to Portugal). Evidently, therefore, he was very likely to be thus employed again. He may then assuredly have witnessed with his own bodily eyes what no Englishman, unconnected with that mission, could well have witnessed: may have stood on the steps of the *Palais de Justice*, watched the absurd execution taking place in the courtyard below, and treasured up the details as food for his sarcastic spirit; or (to take the other supposition) he may have read at his desk in the office that curious despatch of Mr. Stanley's; may have retained it in his tenacious memory; and, writing a few years afterwards, may have thought proper, for the sake of effect, to represent himself as an eye-witness of what he only knew by reading.

All this I once detailed to Macaulay, who, as I have said, was much interested by the argument, and took an eager part in discussing it. But one circumstance (I said) perplexed me, and seemed to interfere with the probabilities of the case. How came Junius, whose excessive fear of detection betrays itself throughout so much of his correspondence, and led him to employ all manner of shifts and devices for the sake of concealment, to give the public, as if in mere bravado, such a key to his identity as this little piece of autobiography affords?

The answer is plain, replied Macaulay on the instant, with one of those electric flashes of rapid perception which seemed in him to pass direct from the brain to the eye. The letter of Bifrons is one of Junius's earliest productions—its date, half-a-year before the formidable signature of Junius was adopted at all. The first letter so signed is dated in *November*, 1768. In *April*, the writer had neither earned his fame, nor incurred his personal danger. A mere unknown scatterer of abuse, he could have little or no fear of directing inquiry towards himself.

But (he added) I much prefer your first supposition to your second. It is not only the most picturesque, but it is really the most probable. And unless the contrary can be shown, I shall believe in the actual presence of the writer at the burning of the books. Remember, this fact explains what otherwise seems inexplicable, Lady Francis's imperfect story, that her husband "*was at the court of France when Madame de Pompadour drove out the Jesuits.*" Depend on it, you have caught Junius in the fact. Francis was *there*.

# William Hogarth :

PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER.

*Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.*



## II.—MR. GAMBLE'S APPRENTICE.

How often have I envied those who—were not my envy dead and buried—would now be sixty years old ! I mean the persons who were born at the commencement of the present century, and who saw its glories evolved each year with a more astonishing grandeur and brilliance, till they culminated in that universal “transformation scene” of ’15. For the appreciation of things began to dawn on me only in an era of internecine frays and feuds :—theological controversies, reform agitations, corporation squabbles, boroughmongering debates, and the like : a time of sad seditions and unwholesome social misunderstandings ; Captain Rock shooting tithe-proctors in Ireland yonder ; Captain Swing burning hayricks here ; Captains Ignorance and Starvation wandering up and down, smashing machinery, demolishing toll-bars, screeching out “Bread or blood !” at the carriage-windows of the nobility and gentry going to the drawing-room, and otherwise, proceeding the wretchedest of ways for the redress of their grievances. Surely, I thought, when I began to think at all, I was born in the worst of times. Could that stern nobleman, whom the mob hated, and hooted, and pelted—could the detested “Nosey,” who was beset by a furious crowd in the Minories, and would have been torn off his horse, perchance slain, but for the timely aid of Chelsea Pensioners and City Marshalsmen,—and who was compelled to screen his palace windows with iron shutters from onslaughts of Radical macadamites—could *he* be that grand Duke Arthur, Conqueror and Captain, who had lived through so much glory, and had been so much adored an idol ? Oh, to have been born in 1800 ! At six, I might just have remembered the mingled exultation and passionate grief of Trafalgar ; have seen the lying in state at Greenwich, the great procession, and the trophied car that bore the mighty admiral’s remains to his last home beneath the dome of Paul’s. I might have heard of the crowning of the great usurper of Gaul : of his putting away his Creole wife, and taking an emperor’s daughter ; of his congress at Erfurt,—and Talma, his tragedian, playing to a pit full of kings ; of his triumphal march to Moscow, and dismal melting away—he and his hosts—therefrom ; of his last defeat and spectral appearance among us—a wan, fat, captive man, in a battered cocked hat, on the poop of an English war-ship in Plymouth Sound—just before his transportation to the rock appointed to him to eat his heart upon. I envied the nurse who told upon her fingers the names of the famous victories of the British army under WELLINGTON in Spain ; Vimieira, Talavera, Vittoria, Salamanca, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Fuentes d’Onore,







MR. GAMBLE'S APPRENTICE.





—*mille e tre*; in fine—at last, WATERLOO. Why had I not lived in that grand time, when the very history itself was acting? Strong men there were who lived before Agamemnon; but for the accident of a few years, I might have seen, at least, Agamemnon in the flesh. 'Tis true, I knew then only about the rejoicings and fireworks, the bell-rings, and thanksgiving sermons, the Extraordinary Gazettes, and peerages and ribbons bestowed in reward for those deeds of valour. I do not remember that I was told anything about Walcheren, or about New Orleans; about the trade driven by the cutters of gravestones, or the furnishers of funeral urns, broken columns, and extinguished torches; about the sore taxes, and the swollen national debt. So I envied; and much disdained the piping times of peace descended to me; and wondered if the same soldiers I saw or heard about, with scarcely anything more to do than lounge on Brighton Cliff, hunt up surreptitious whisky-stills, expectorate over bridges, and now and then be lapidated at a contested election, could be the descendants of the heroes who had swarmed into the bloody breach at Badajos, and died, shoulder to shoulder, on the plateau of Mont St. Jean.

Came 1848, with its revolutions, barricades, states of siege, movements of vast armies, great battles and victories, with their multiplied hecatombs of slain even; but they did not belong to us; victors and vanquished were aliens; and I went on envying the people who had heard the Tower guns fire, and joybells ring, who had seen the fireworks, and read the Extraordinary Gazettes during the first fifteen years of the century! Was I never to live in the history of England? Then, as you all remember, came the great millennium or peace year '51. Did not sages deliberate as to whether it would not be better to exclude warlike weapons from the congress of industry in Hyde Park? By the side of Joseph Paxton with his crystal verge there seemed to stand a more angelic figure, waving wide her myrtle wand, and striking universal peace through sea and land. It was to be, we fondly imagined, as the immortal blind man of Cripplegate sang:—

“ No war or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around:  
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,  
The Look'd chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood,  
The trumpet spake not to the arm'd throng;  
And kings sate still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their Sovereign Lord was by.”

O blind man! it was but for an instant. The trodden grass had scarcely begun to grow again where nave and transept had been, when the wicked world was all in a blaze; and then the very minstrels of peace began to sharpen swords and heat shot red-hot about the Holy Places; and then the Guards went to Gallipoli, and farther on to Bulgaria, and farther on to Old Fort; and the news of the Alma, Inkermann, Balaklava, the

Redan, the Tchernaya, the Mamelon, the Malakhoff came to us, hot and hot, and we were all living in the history of England. And lo! it was very much like the history of any other day in the year—or in the years that had gone before. The movements of the allied forces were discussed at breakfast, over the sipping of coffee, the munching of muffins, and the chipping of eggs. Newspaper-writers, parliament-men, club-orators took official bungling or military mismanagement as their cue for the smart leader of the morrow, the stinging query to Mr. Secretary at the evening sitting, or the bow-window exordium in the afternoon; and then everything went on pretty much as usual. We had plenty of time and interest to spare for the petty police case, the silly scandal, the sniggering joke of the day. The cut of the coat and the roasting of the mutton, the non-adhesiveness of the postage-stamp, or the misdemeanors of the servant-maid, were matters of as relative importance to us as the great and gloomy news of battle and pestilence from beyond sea. At least I lived in actual history, and my envy was cured for ever.

I have often thought that next to Aselepiades, the comic cynic,\* Buonaparte Smith was the greatest philosopher that ever existed. B. Smith was by some thought to have been the original of Jeremy Diddler. He was an inveterate borrower of small sums. On a certain Wednesday in 1821, *un sien-ami* accosted him. Says the friend: "Smith, have you heard that Buonaparte is dead?" To which retorts the philosopher: "Buonaparte be——!" but I disdain to quote his irreverent expletive—"Buonaparte be somethinged. *Can you lend me ninepence?*" What was the history of Europe or its eventualities to Buonaparte Smith? The immediate possession of three-fourths of a shilling was of far more importance to him than the death of that tremendous exile in his cyrie in the Atlantic Ocean, thousands of miles away. Thus, too, I daresay it was with a certain small philosopher, who lived through a very exciting epoch of the history of England: I mean LITTLE BOY HOGARTH. It was his fortune to see the first famous fifteen years of the eighteenth century, when there were victories as immense as Salamanca or Waterloo; when there was a magnificent parallel to Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, existent, in the person of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. I once knew a man who had lived in Paris, and throughout the Reign of Terror, in a second floor of the Rue St. Honoré.

\* According to Tertullian, Aselepiades, the comic cynic, advocated riding on cow-back as the most healthful, and especially the most independent means of locomotion in the world; for, said he, she goes so slowly that she can never get tired. Wherever there is a field, there is her banquet; *and you may live on her milk all the way*. But I think that the most economical and the merriest traveller on record was the Giant Hurtali (though the Rabbins will have that it was Og, King of Basan), who sat astride the roof of Noah's ark à la cockhorse, steering that great galleon with his gigantic legs, getting his washing for nothing, and having his victuals handed up to him through the chimney.—See *Menage* and *Le Puffetier: l'Arche de Noë*, c. 25.

"What did you do?" I asked, almost breathlessly, thinking to hear of tumbrils, Carmagnoles, gibbet-lanterns, conventions, *poissarde*-revolts, and the like. "*Eh! parbleu,*" he answered, "*je m'occupais d'ornithologie.*" This philosopher had been quietly birdstuffing while royalty's head was rolling in the gutter; and Carrier was drowning his hundreds at Nantes. To this young Hogarth of mine, what may Marlborough and his great victories, Anne and her "silver age" of poets, statesmen, and essayists, have been? Would the War of the Succession assist young William in learning his accidence? Would their High Mightinesses of the States-General of the United Provinces supply him with that fourpence he required for purchases of marbles or sweetmeats? What had Marshal Tallard to do with his negotiations with the old woman who kept the apple-stall at the corner of Ship Court? What was the Marquis de Guiscard's murderous penknife compared with that horn-handled, three-bladed one, which the Hebrew youth in Duke's Place offered him at the price of twentypence, and which he could not purchase, *faute de quoi*? At most, the rejoicings consequent on the battles of Blenheim or Ramillies, or Oudenarde or Malplaquet, might have saved William from a whipping promised him for the morrow; yet, even under those circumstances, it is painful to reflect that staying out too late to see the fireworks, or singeing his clothes at some blazing fagot, might have brought upon him on that very morrow a castigation more unmerciful than the one from which he had been prospectively spared.

Every biographer of Hogarth that I have consulted—and I take this opportunity to return my warmest thanks to the courteous book distributor at the British Museum who, so soon as he sees me enter the Reading Room, proceeds, knowing my errand, to overwhelm me with folios, and heap up barricades of eighteenth century lore round me—every one of the biographers, Nichols, Steevens, Ireland, Trusler, Phillips, Cunningham, the author of the article "Thornhill," in the *Biographia Britannica*—the rest are mainly copyists from one another, often handing down blunders and perpetuating errors—every Hogarthian Dryasdust makes a clean leap from the hero's birth and little schoolboy noviciate to the period of his apprenticeship to Ellis Gamble the silversmith. Refined Mr. Walpole, otherwise very appreciative of Hogarth, flirting over the papers he got from Vertue's widow, indites some delicate manuscript for the typographers of his private press at Strawberry Hill, and tells us that the artist, whom he condescends to introduce into his *Anecdotes of Painting*, was bound apprentice to a "mean engraver of arms upon plate." I see nothing mean in the calling which Benvenuto Cellini (they say), and Marc Antonio Raimondi (it is certain), perhaps Albert Dürer, too, followed for a time. I have heard of great artists who did not disdain to paint dinner plates, soup tureens, and apothecary's jars. Not quite unknown to the world is one Raffaele Sanzio d'Urbino, who designed tapestry for the Flemish weavers, or a certain Flaxman, who was of great service to Mr. Wedgwood, when he

began to think that platters and pipkins might be brought to serve some very noble uses. Horace Walpole, cleverest and most refined of *dilettanti*—who could, and did say the coarsest of things in the most elegant of language—you were not fit to be an Englishman. Fribble, your place was in France. Putative son of Orford, there seems sad ground for the scandal that some of Lord Fanny's blood flowed in your veins; and that Carr, Lord Hervey, was your real papa. You might have made a collection of the great King Louis's shoes, the heels and soles of which were painted by Vandermeulen with pictures of Rhenish and Palatinate victories. *Mignon* of arts and letters, you should have had a *petite maison* at Monceaux or at the Roule. Surrounded by your *abbés au petit collet*, teacups of *pâte tendre*, fans of chicken-skin painted by Leleux or Lantara, jewelled snuff-boxes, handsome chocolate girls, gems and intaglios, the brothers to those in the Museo Borbonico at Naples, *che non si mostrano alle donne*, you might have been happy. You were good enough to admire Hogarth, but you didn't quite understand him. He was too vigorous, downright, virile for you; and upon my word, Horace Walpole, I don't think you understood anything belonging to England—nor her customs, nor her character, nor her constitution, nor her laws. I don't think that you would have been anywhere more in your element than in France, to make epigrams and orange-flower water, and to have your head cut off in that unsparing harvest of '93, with many more noble heads of corn as clever and as worthless for any purpose of human beneficence as yours, Horace.

For you see, this poor Old Bailey schoolmaster's son—this scion of a line of north-country peasants and swineherds, had in him pre-eminently that which scholiast Warton called the “*ἦθος*,” the strong sledge-hammer force of Morality, not given to Walpole—not given to you, fribbles of the present as of the past—to understand. He was scarcely aware of the possession of this quality himself, Hogarth; and when Warton talked pompously of the *Ethos* in his works, the painter went about with a blank, bewildered face, asking his friends what the doctor meant, and half-inclined to be angry lest the learned scholiast should be quizzing him. It is in the probabilities, however, that William had some little Latin. The dominie in Ship Court did manage to drum some of his grammar disputations into him, and to the end of his life William Hogarth preserved a seemly reverence for classical learning. Often has his etching-needle scratched out some old Roman motto or wise saw upon the gleaming copper. A man need not flout and sneer at the classics because he knows them not. He need not declare Parnassus to be a molehill, because he has lost his alpenstock and cannot pay guides to assist him in that tremendous ascent. There is no necessity to gird at Pyrrha, and declare her to be a worthless jade, because she has never braided her golden hair for you. Of Greek I imagine W. H. to have been destitute; unless, with that ingenious special pleading, which has been made use of to prove that Shakspeare was a lawyer, apothecary, Scotchman, conjuror, poacher, scrivener, courtier—

what you please—we assume that Hogarth was a Hellenist because he once sent, as a dinner invite to a friend, a card on which he had sketched a knife, fork, and paste, and these words, “Come and Eta Beta Pi.” No wonder the “ἩΕΟΣ” puzzled him. He was not deeply learned in anything save human nature, and of this knowledge even he may have been half unconscious, thinking himself to be more historical painter than philosopher. He never was a connoisseur. He was shamefully disrespectful to the darkened daubs which the picture-quacks palmed on the curious of the period as genuine works of the old masters. He painted “Time smoking a pipe,” and did not think much of the collection of Sir Luke Schaub. His knowledge of books was defective; although another scholiast (not Warton) proved, in a most learned pamphlet, that he had illustrated, *sans le savoir*, above five hundred passages in Horace, Virgil, Juvenal, and Ovid. He had read Swift. He had illustrated and evidently understood Hudibras. He was afraid of Pope, and only made a timid, bird-like, solitary dash at him in one of his earliest *charges*; and, curiously, Alexander the Great of Twickenham seemed to be afraid of Hogarth, and shook not the slightest drop of his gall vial over him. What a quarrel it might have been between the arimonic little scorpion of “Twitnam,” and the sturdy bluebottle of Leicester Fields! Imagine Pope *versus* Hogarth, pencil against pen; not when the painter was old and feeble, half but not quite doting indeed, as when he warred with Wilkes and Churchill, but in the strength and pride of his, swingeing satire. Perhaps William and Alexander respected one another; but I think there must have been some tacit “hit me and I’ll hit you” kind of rivalry between them, as between two cocks of two different schools who meet now and then on the public promenades—meet with a significant half-smile and a clenching of the fist under the cuff of the jacket.

To the end of his life Hogarth could not spell; at least, his was not the orthography expected from educated persons in a polite age. In almost the last plate he engraved; the famous portrait of Churchill as a Bear, the “lies,” with which the knots of Bruin’s club are inscribed, are all “lyes.” This may be passed over, considering how very lax and vague were our orthographical canons not more than a century ago, and how many ministers, divines, poets—nay, princes, and crowned heads, and nabobs—permitted themselves greater liberties than “lye” for “lie” in the Georgian era. At this I have elsewhere hinted, and I think the biographers of Hogarth are somewhat harsh in accusing him of crass ignorance, when he only wrote as My Lord Keeper, or as Lady Betty, or as his grace the Archbishop was wont to write. Hogarth, too, was an author. He published a book—to say nothing of the manuscript notes of his life he left. The whole structure, soul, and strength of the *Analysis of Beauty* are undoubtedly his; although he very probably profited by the assistance—grammatical as well as critical—of some of the clerical dignitaries who loved the good man. That he did so has been positively asserted; but it

is forestalling matters to trot out an old man's hobby, when our beardless lad is not bound 'prentice yet. I cannot, however, defend him from the charges of writing "militia," "milicia," "Prussia," "Prusia"—why didn't he hazard "Prooshia" at once?—"knuckles," "nuckles"—oh, fie!—"Chalcedonians," "Calcidonians;" "pity," "pitty;" and "volumes," "volumns." It is somewhat strange that Hogarth himself tells us that his first graphic exercise was to "draw the alphabet with great correctness." I am afraid that he never succeeded in writing it very correctly. He hated the French too sincerely to care to learn *their* language; and it is not surprising that in the first shop card he engraved for his master there should be in the French translation of Mr. Gamble's style and titles a trifling pleonasm: "bijoux," instead of "bijoux."

No date of the apprenticeship of Hogarth is anywhere given. We must fix it by internal evidence. He was out of his time in the South Sea Bubble year, 1720. On the 29th of April† in the same year, he started in business for himself. The neatness and dexterity of the shop card he executed for his master forbid us to assume that he was aught but the most industrious of apprentices. The freedom of handling, the bold sweep of line, the honest incisive play of the graver manifested in this performance could have been attained by no Thomas Idle; and we must, therefore, in justice grant him his full seven years of 'prentice servitude. Say then that William Hogarth was bound apprentice to Mr. Ellis Gamble,‡ at the Golden Angel, in Cranbourn Street, Leicester Fields, in the winter of the year of our Lord, Seventeen hundred and twelve. He began to engrave arms and cyphers on tankards, salvers, and spoons, at just about the time that it occurred to a sapient legislature to cause certain heraldic hieroglyphics surmounted by the Queen's crown, and encircled by the words "One halfpenny," to be engraven on a metal die, the which being the first newspaper stamp ever known to our grateful British nation, was forthwith impressed on every single half-sheet of printed matter issued as a newspaper or a periodical. "Have you seen the new red stamp?" writes his reverence Doctor

\* This "Prusia" occurred in the dedication of the "March to Finchley" to Frederick the Great. His friends quizzed him a good deal about the error, and he undertook to correct it by hand in every proof of the plate sold. But he soon grew tired of making the mark ~ with a pen over the single s, and at last had the offensive "Prusia" burnished out of the copper, and the orthodox "Prussia" substituted. But even then the quizzers were not tired, and showed him a Prussian thaler bearing Frederick's effigy, and the legend of which spoke of him as *Borussie Rex*. 'Twas the story of the old man and his donkey over again.

† Till the legislature deprives the people of their "eleven days," I am using the old-style calendar.

‡ I have seen it somewhere stated that Gamble was a "silver-smith of eminence," residing on or near Snow Hill. "*Cela n'empêche pas*," as the Hanoverian Queen on her death-bed said to her repentant husband. I see no reason why Gamble should not have been originally of Snow Hill, and have emigrated before 1720 to the Court end of the town.

Swift. Grub Street is forthwith laid desolate. Down go *Observers*, *Examiners*, *Meddles*, *Flying Posts*, and other diurnals, and the undertakers of the *Spectator* are compelled to raise the price of their entertaining miscellany.

One of the last head Assay Masters at Goldsmith Hall told one of Hogarth's biographers, when a very—very old man, that he himself had been 'prentice in Cranbourn Street, and that he remembered very well William serving his time to Mr. Gamble. The register of the boy's indenture should also surely be among the archives of that sumptuous structure behind the Post Office, where the worthy goldsmiths have such a sideboard of massy plate, and give such jovial banquets to ministers and city magnates. And, doubt it not, Ellis Gamble was a freeman, albeit, ultimately, a dweller at the West-end, and dined with his Company when the goldsmiths entertained the ministers and magnates of those days. Yes, gentles; ministers, magnates, kings, czars, and princes were their guests, and King Charles the Second did not disdain to get tipsy with Sir Robert Viner, Lord Mayor and Alderman, at Guildhall. The monarch's boon companion got so fond of him as to lend him, *dit-on*, enormous sums of money. More than that, he set up a brazen statue of the royal toper in the Stocks flower-market at the meeting of Lombard Street and the Poultry. Although it must be confessed that the effigy had originally been cast for John Sobieski trampling on the Turk. The Polish hero had a Carlovianian periwig given to him, and the prostrate and miscreant Moslem was "improved" into Oliver Cromwell. [Mem.:—A pair of correctional stocks having given their name to the flower-market; on the other hand, may not the market have given *its* name to the pretty, pale, red flowers, very dear to Cockneys, and called "stocks?"]

How was William's premium paid when he was bound 'prentice? Be it remembered that silver-plate engraving, albeit Mr. Walpole of Strawberry Hill calls it "mean," was a great and cunning art and mystery. These engravers claimed to descend in right line from the old ciseleurs and workers in niello of the middle ages. Benvenuto, as I have hinted, graved as well as modelled. Marc Antonio flourished many a cardinal's hat and tassels on a *bicchière* before he began to cut from Raffaele and Giulio Romano's pictures. The engraver of arms on plate was the same artist who executed delightful arabesques and damascenings on suits of armour of silver and Milan steel. They had cabalistic secrets, these workers of the precious, these producers of the beautiful. With the smiths, "back-hammering" and "boss-beating" were secrets;—parcel-gilding an especial mystery; the bluish-black composition for niello a recipe only to be imparted to adepts. With the engravers, the "cross-hatch" and the "double cypher," as I cursorily mentioned at the end of the last chapter, were secrets. A certain kind of cross-hatching went out with Albert Durer, and had since been as undiscoverable as the art of making the *real* ruby tint in glass. No beggar's brat, no parish *protégé*, could be apprenticed to this delicate, artistic, and responsible calling. For in graving deep,



tiny spirals of gold and silver curl away from the trenchant tool, and there is precious ullage in chasing and burnishing—spirals and ullage worth money in the market. Ask the Jews in Duke's Place, who sweat the guineas in horschair bags, and clip the Jacobuses, and rasp the new-milled money with tiny files, if there be not profit to be had from the minutest surplusage of gold and silver.

Goldsmiths and silversmiths were proud folk. They pointed to George Heriot, King James's friend, and the great things he did. They pointed to the peerage. Did not a Duke of Beaufort, in 1683, marry a daughter of Sir Josiah Child, goldsmith and banker? Was not Earl Tydney, his son, half-brother to Dame Elizabeth Howland, mother of a Duchess of Bedford, one of whose daughters married the Duke of Bridgewater, another, the Earl of Essex? Was not Sir William Ward, goldsmith, father to Humble Ward, created Baron Ward by Charles I.? and from him springs there not the present Lord Dudley and Ward? O you grand people who came over with the Conqueror, where would you be now without your snug city marriages, your comfortable alliances with Cornhill and Chepe? Leigh of Stoneleigh comes from a lord mayor of Queen Bess's time. Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, married an alderman's daughter two years ere Hogarth was apprenticed. The ancestor to the Lords Clifton was agent to the London Adventurers in Oliver's time, and acquired his estate in their service. George the Second's Earl of Rockingham married the daughter of Sir Henry Furnese, the money-lender and stock-jobber. The great Duke of Argyll and Greenwich married a lord mayor's niece. The Earl of Denbigh's ancestor married the daughter of Basil Firebrace, the wine merchant. Brewers, money-scriveners, Turkey merchants, Burgomasters of Utrecht's daughters,—all these married blithely into the *haute pairie*. If I am wrong in my genealogics, 'tis Daniel Defoe who is to blame, not I; for that immortal drudge of literature is my informant. Of course such marriages never take place now. Alliances between the *sacs et parchemins* are never heard of. Mayfair never meets the Mansion House, nor Botolph Lane Belgravia, save at a Ninth of November banquet. I question if I am not inopportune, and impertinent even, in hinting at the dukes and belted earls who married the rich citizens' daughters, were it not that by-and-by 'prentice Hogarth will paint some scenes from a great life drama full of Warton's  $\eta\theta\omicron\varsigma$ , called *Marriage à la Mode*. Ah! those two perspectives seen through the open windows! In the first, the courtyard of the proud noble's mansion; in the last, busy, mercantile London Bridge: court and city, city and court, and which the saddest picture!

Dominie Hogarth had but a hard time of it, and must have been pinched in a gruesome manner to make both ends meet. That dictionary of his, painfully compiled, and at last with infinite care and labour completed, brought no grist to the mill in Ship Court. The manuscript

was placed in the hands of a bookseller, who did what booksellers often do when one places manuscripts in their hands. He let it drop. "The booksellers," writes Hogarth himself, "used my father with great cruelty." In his loving simplicity he tells us that many of the most eminent and learned persons in England, Ireland, and Scotland, wrote encomiastic notices of the erudition and diligence displayed in the work, but all to no purpose. I suppose the bookseller's final answer was similar to that Hogarth has scribbled in the Manager Rich's reply to Tom Rakewell, in the prison scene:—"Sir, I have read your play, and it will not *do*." A dreadful, heartrending trade was average authorship, even in the "silver age" of Anna Augusta. A lottery, if you will: the prizewinners secretaries of state, ambassadors, hangers-on to dukes and duchesses, gentlemen ushers to baby princesses, commissioners of hackney coaches or plantations; but innumerable possessors of blanks. Walla Billa! they were in evil case. For them the garret in Grub or Monmouth Street, or in Moorfields; for them the Welshwoman dunning for the milkscore; for them the dirty bread flung disdainfully by bookselling wretches like Curll.\* For them the shrewish landlady, the broker's man, the catchpole, the dedication addressed to my lord, and which seldom got beyond his lacquey;—hold! let me mind my Hogarth and his silver-plate engraving. Only a little may I touch on literary woes when I come to the picture of the *Distressed Poet*. For the rest, the calamities of authors have been food for the commentaries of the wisest and most eloquent of their more modern brethren, and my bald philosophizings thereupon can well be spared.

But this premium, this indenture money, this 'prentice fee for young William: *unde derivatur?* In the beginning, as you should know, this same 'prentice fee was but a sort of "sweetener," peace-offering, or *pot de vin* to the tradesman's wife. The 'prentice's mother slipped a few pieces into madam's hand when the boy put his finger on the blue seal. The money was given that mistresses should be kind to the little lads; that they should see that the trenchers they scraped were not quite bare, nor the blackjacks they licked quite empty; that they should give an eye to the due combing and soaping of those young heads, and now and then extend a matronly ægis, lest Tommy or Billy should have somewhat more cuffing and cudgelling than was quite good for them. By degree this gift money grew to be demanded as a right; and by-and-by comes thrifty Master Tradesman, and pops the broad pieces into his till, calling them premium. Poor little shopkeepers in this "silver age" will take a 'prentice from the parish for five pounds, or from an acquaintance that is broken, for nothing perhaps, and will teach him the great arts and mysteries of sweeping out the shop, sleeping under the counter, fetching his master from the tavern or the mughouse when a customer comes in, or waiting at table; but a rich silversmith or mercer will have as much as a thousand pounds with an apprentice. There is value received on either side. The master is, and generally feels, bound to teach his apprentice *everything* he knows, else, as worthy Master Defoe puts it, it is "somewhat like Laban's

usage to Jacob, viz. keeping back the beloved Rachel, whom he served seven years for, and putting him off with a blear-eyed Leah in her stead;" and again, it is "sending him into the world like a man out of a ship set ashore among savages, who, instead of feeding him, are indeed more ready to eat him up and devour him." You have little idea of the state, pomp, and circumstance of a rich tradesman, when the eighteenth century was young. Now-a-days, when he becomes affluent, he sells his stock and good-will, emigrates from the shop-world, takes a palace in Tyburnia or a villa at Florence, and denies that he has ever been in trade at all. Retired tailors become country squires, living at "Places" and "Priories." Enriched ironmongers and their families saunter about Pau, and Hombourg, and Nice, passing for British Brahmins, from whose foreheads the yellow streak has never been absent since the earth first stood on the elephant, and the elephant on the tortoise, and the tortoise on nothing that I am aware of, save the primeval mud from which you and I, and the Great Mogul, and the legless beggar trundling himself along in a gocart, and all humanity, sprang. But then, Anna D. G., it was different. The tradesman was nothing away from his shop. In it he was a hundred times more ostentatious. He may have had his country box at Hampstead, Highgate, Edmonton, Edgeware; but his home was in the city. Behind the hovel stuffed with rich merchandise, sheltered by a huge timber bulk, and heralded to passers by an enormous sheet of iron and painters' work—his Sign—he built often a stately mansion, with painted ceilings, with carved wainscoting or rich tapestry and gilt leather-work, with cupboards full of rich plate, with wide staircases, and furniture of velvet and brocade. To the entrance of the noisome *cul-de-sac*, leading to the carved and panelled door (with its tall flight of steps) of the rich tradesman's mansion, came his coach—yes, madam, his coach, with the Flanders mares, to take his wife and daughters for an airing. In that same mansion, behind the hovel of merchandise, uncompromising Daniel Defoe accuses the tradesman of keeping servants in blue liveries richly laced, like unto the nobility's. In that same mansion the tradesman holds his Christmas and Shrovetide feasts, the anniversaries of his birthday and his wedding-day, all with much merrymaking and junketing, and an enormous amount of eating and drinking. In that same mansion, in the fulness of time and trade, he dies; and in that same mansion, upon my word, *he lies in state*,—yes, in state: on a *lit de parade*, under a plumed tester, with flambeaux and sconces, with blacks and weepers, with the walls hung with sable cloth, et cætera, et cætera, et cætera.\* 'Tis not only "Vulture Hopkins" whom a "thousand lights

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\* "Let it be interred after the manner of the country, and the laws of the place, and the *dignity of the person*. And Ælian tells us that excellent persons were buried in purple, and men of an ordinary fortune had their graves only trimmed with branches of olive and mourning flowers." So Bishop Taylor in *Holy Dying*. The tide of feeling in this age of ours sets strongly against mortuary pomp; yet should we remember that with the old pomps and obsequies of our forefathers much real charity was mingled. All the money was not spent in wax-tapers and grim feasting. At the death of a wealthy

attend" to the tomb, but very many wealthy tradesmen are so buried, and with such pomp and ceremony. Not till the mid-reign of George the Third did this custom expire.

[I should properly in a footnote, but prefer in brackets, to qualify the expression "hovel," as applied to London tradesmen's shops at this time, 1712-20. The majority, indeed, merit no better appellation: the windows oft-times are not glazed, albeit the sign may be an elaborate and even artistic performance, framed in curious scroll-work, and costing not unfrequently a hundred pounds. The exceptions to the structural poverty of the shops themselves are to be found in the toymen's—mostly in Fleet Street,—and the pastrycooks'—mainly in Leadenhall. There is a mania for toys; and the toyshop people realize fortunes. Horace Walpole bought his toy-villa at Strawberry Hill—which he afterwards improved into a Gothic doll's-house—of a retired *Marchand de Joujoux*. The toy-merchants dealt in other wares besides playthings. They dealt in coggled dice. They dealt in assignations and *billet-doux*. They dealt in masks and dominos. Counsellor Silvertongue may have called at the toyshop coming from the Temple, and have there learnt what hour the countess would be at Heidegger's masquerade. Woe to the wicked city! Thank Heaven we can go and purchase Noah's arks and flexible acrobats for our children now, without rubbing shoulders with Counsellor Silvertongue or Lord Fanny Sporus, on their bad errands. Frequented as they were by rank and fashion, the toyshops threw themselves into outward decoration. Many of these shops were kept by Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, and it has ever been the custom of that fantastic nation to gild the outside of pills, be the inside ever so nauseous. Next in splendour to the toyshops were the pastrycooks. Such a bill as can be seen of the charges for fresh furnishing one of these establishments about Twelfth Night time! "Sash windows, all of looking-glass plates; the walls of the shop lined up with galley-tiles in panels, finely painted in forest-work and figures; two large branches of candlesticks; three great glass lanterns; twenty-five sconces against the wall; fine large silver salvers to serve sweetmeats; large high stands of rings for jellies; painting the ceiling, and gilding the lanterns, the sashes, and the carved work!" Think of this, Master Brook! What be your *Cafés des Mille Colonnes*, your *Véfours*, your *Vérys*, your *Maisons-dorées*, after this magnificence? And at what sum, think you, does the stern censor, crying out against it meanwhile as wicked luxury and extravagance, estimate this Arabian Nights' pastrycookery? At three hundred pounds sterling! Grant that the sum represents six hundred of our money. The Lorenzos the Magnificent, of Cornhill and Regent Street, would think little of as many thousands for the building and ornamentation

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citizen, hundreds of poor men and women had complete suits of mourning given to them; and the fragments of the "funeral baked meats" furnished forth scores of pauper tables before evensong. Lazarus had his portion when Dives passed away. Now, who profits by a funeral beyond half a dozen lacqueys, and Messrs. Tressel and Hatchment, the undertakers?

of their palaces of trade. Not for selling tarts or toys though. The tide has taken a turn ; yet some comfortable reminiscences of the old celebrity of the city toy and tart shops linger between Temple Bar and Leadenhall. Farley, you yet delight the young. Holt, Birch, Button, Purssell, at your sober warehouses the most urbane and beautiful young ladies—how pale the pasty exhalations make them!—yet dispense the most delightful of indigestions.]

So he must have scraped this apprenticeship money together, Dominie Hogarth: laid it by, by cheeseparing from his meagre school fees, borrowed it from some rich scholar who pitied his learning and his poverty, or perhaps become acquainted with Ellis Gamble, who may have frequented the club held at the "Eagle and Child," in the little Old Bailey. "A wonderful turn for linning has my son," I think I hear Dominie Hogarth cry, holding up some precocious cartoon of William's. "I doubt not, sir, that were he to study the humanities of the Italian bustos, and the just rules of Jesuit's perspective, and the anatomies of the learned Albinus, that he would paint as well as Signor Verrio, who hath lately done that noble piece in the new hall Sir Christopher hath built for the blue-coat children in Newgate Street." "Plague on the Jesuits," answers honest (and supposititious) Mr. Ellis Gamble. "Plague on all foreigners and papists, good-man Hogarth. If you will have your lad draw bustos and paint ceilings, forsooth, you must get one of the great court lords to be his patron, and send him to Italy, where he shall learn not only the cunningness of linning, but to dance, and to dice, and to break all the commandments, and to play on the viol-di-gamby. But if you want to make an honest man and a fair tradesman of him, Master Hogarth, and one who will be a loyal subject to the Queen, and hate the French, you shall e'en bind him 'prentice to me; and I will be answerable for all his concernments, and send him to church and catechize, and all at small charges to you." Might not such a conversation have taken place? I think so. Is it not very probable that the lad Hogarth being then some fourteen years old, was forthwith combed his straightest, and brushed his fleatest, and his bundle or his box of needments being made up by the hands of his loving mother and sisters, despatched westward, and with all due solemnity of parchment and blue seal, bound 'prentice to Mr. Ellis Gamble? I am sure, by the way in which he talks of the poor old Dominie and the dictionary, that he was a loving son. I know he was a tender brother. Good Ellis Gamble—the lad being industrious, quick, and dexterous of hand—must have allowed him to earn some journeyman's wages during his 'prentice-time; for that probation being out, he set not only himself, but his two sisters, Mary and Ann, up in business. They were in some small hosiery line, and William engraved a shop-card for them, which did not, I am afraid, prosper with these unsubstantial spinsters, any more than did the celebrated lollipop emporium established in *The House with the Seven Gables*. One sister survived him, and to her, by his will, he left an annuity of eighty pounds.

Already have I spoken of the Leicester Square gold and silver smith's style and titles. It is meet that you should peruse them in full:—



So to Cranbourn Street, Leicester Fields, is William Hogarth bound for seven long years. Very curious is it to mark how old trades and old types of inhabitants linger about localities. They were obliged to pull old Cranbourn Street and Cranbourn Alley quite down before they could get rid of the silversmiths, and even now I see them sprouting forth again round about the familiar haunt; the latest ensample thereof being in the shop of a pawnbroker—of immense wealth, I presume, who, gorged and fevered by multitudes of unredeemed pledges, has suddenly astonished New Cranbourn Street with plate-glass windows, overflowing with plate, jewellery, and trinkets; buhl cabinets, gilt consoles, suits of armour, antique china, Pompadour clocks, bronze monsters, and other articles of *virtù*. But don't you remember Hamlet's in the dear old Dædalean, bonnet-building Cranbourn Alley days?—that long low shop whose windows seemed to have no end, and not to have been dusted for centuries; those dim vistas of dish-covers, coffee biggins and centre-pieces. You must think of Croesus when you speak of the reputed wealth of Hamlet. His stock was said to be worth millions. Seven watchmen kept guard over it every night. Half the aristocracy were in his debt. Royalty itself had gone credit for plate and jewellery at Hamlet's. Rest his bones, poor old gentleman, if he be departed. He took to building and came to grief. His shop is no more, and his name is but a noise.

In our time, Cranbourn Street and Cranbourn Alley were dingy labyrinths of dish-covers, bonnets, boots, coffee-shops, and cutlers; but what must the place have been like in Hogarth's time? We can have no realizable conception; for late in George the Third's reign, or early in George the Fourth's, the whole *pâté* of lanes and courts between Leicester Square and St. Martin's Lane had become so shamefully rotten and decayed, that they half tumbled, and were half pulled down. The labyrinth was rebuilt; but, to the shame of the surveyors and architects of the noble landlord, on the same labyrinthine principle of mean and shabby tenements. You see, rents are rents, little fishes eat sweet, and many a little makes a mickle. Since that period, however, better ideas of architectural economy have prevailed; and, although part of the labyrinth remains, there has still been erected a really handsome thoroughfare from Leicester Square to Long Acre. As a sad and natural consequence, the shops don't let, while the little tenements in the alleys that remain are crowded; but let us hope that the example of the feverish pawnbroker who has burst out in an eruption of jewellery and art fabrics, may be speedily followed by other professors of *bricabrac*.

Gay's *Trivia*, in miniature, must have been manifest every hour in the day in Hogarth's Cranbourn Alley. Fights for the wall must have taken place between fops. Sweeps and small coalmen must have interfered with the "nice conduct of a clouded cane." The beggars must have swarmed here: the blind beggar, and the lame beggar, the stump-in-the-bowl, and the woman bent double; the beggar who blew a trumpet—the impudent varlet!—to announce his destitution;—the beggar with a beard like unto Belisarius, the beggar who couldn't eat cold meat, the beggar who had been to Ireland and the Seven United Provinces—was this "Philip in the tub" that W. H. afterwards drew?—the beggar in the blue apron, the leathern cap, and the wen on his forehead, who was supposed to be so like the late Monsieur de St. Evremonde, Governor of Duck Island; not forgetting the beggar in the ragged red coat and the black patch over his eye, who by his own showing had been one of the army that swore so terribly in Flanders, and howled Tom D'Urfey's song, "The Queene's old souldiers, and the ould souldiers of the Queene." Then there was the day watchman, who cried the hour when nobody wanted to hear it, and to whose "half-past one," the muddy goose that waddled after him, cried "quack." And then there must have been the silent mendicant, of whom Mr. *Spectator* says (1712), "He has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the bounty of the people for no other merit than the homage due to his manner of signifying to them that he wants a subsidy."\* Said I not truly that the old types *will* linger in the old locali-

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\* I can't resist the opportunity here to tell a story of a Beggar, the more so, that it made me laugh, and was told me by an Austrian officer; and Austrian officers are not the most laughter-compelling people in the world. My informant happened to alight one day at some post town in Italy, and was at once surrounded by the usual swarm of beggars, who, of course, fought for the honour (and profit) of carrying his

ties? What is this silent mendicant but the "serious poor young man" we have all seen standing mute on the edge of the kerb, his head down-cast, his hands meekly folded before him; himself attired in speckless but shabby black, and a spotless though frayed white neckerchief?

Mixed up among the beggars, among the costermongers and hucksters who lounge or brawl on the pavement, undeterred by fear of barrow-impounding policemen; among the varlets who have "young lambs to sell"—they have sold those sweet cakes since Elizabeth's time;—among the descendants and progenitors of hundreds of "Tiddy Dolls," and "Colly Molly Puffs;" among bailiffs prowling for their prey, and ruffian cheats and gamesters from the back-waters of Covent Garden; among the fellows with hares-and-tabors, the matchsellers, the maskersellers—for in this inconceivable period ladies and gentlemen wanted vizors at twelve o'clock at noon—be it admitted, nevertheless, that the real "quality" ceased to wear them about the end of William's reign.—among the tradesmen, wigs awry, and apron-girt, darting out from their shops to swallow their matutinal pint of wine, or dram of strong waters; among all this *tohu-bohu*, this Galimatias of small industries and small vices, chairmen come swaggering and jolting along with the gilded sedans between poles; and lo! the periwigged, Mechlin-laced, gold-embroidered beau hands out Belinda, radiant, charming, powdered, patched, fanned, perfumed, who is come to Cranbourn Alley to choose new diamonds. And more beaux' shins are wounded by more whalebone petticoats, and Sir Fopling Flutter treads on Anamanta's brocaded *queue*; and the heavens above are almost shut out by the great projecting, clattering signs. Conspicuous among them is the "Golden Angel," kept by Ellis Gamble.

Mark, too, that Leicester Fields were then as now the favourite resort of foreigners. Green Street, Bear Street, Castle Street, Panton Street, formed a district called, as was a purlien in Westminster too, by the Sanctuary, "Petty France." Theodore Gardelle, the murderer, lived about Leicester Fields. Legions of high-dried Mounseers, not so criminal as he, but peaceable, honest, industrious folk enough, peered out of the garret windows of Petty France with their blue, bristly gills, red nightcaps, and filthy indoor gear. They were always cooking hideous messes, and

baggage. Equally, of course, each beggar took a separate portion of the *impedimenta*—one a hat-box, one an umbrella, and so on—so that each would claim a separate reward. At the expenditure of much patience, and some small change, the traveller had at last paid each extortionate impostor that which was not due to him; when there approached a reverend, but ragged-looking man, with a long white beard, and who, with an indescribable look of dirty dignity, held out his hand like the rest. The traveller had remarked that this patriarch had stood aloof during the squabble for the luggage, and had moved neither hand nor foot in pretending to carry it. Naturally, before the traveller disbursed more coin, he briefly desired the man with the white beard to define his claim. The reply was, I think, incomparable for cool and dignified impudence. The patriarch drew himself up to his full height, placed his right hand on his breast, and in slow and solemn accents made answer:—"Ed anche io sono stato presente." "I, too, was present!" Sublime beggar!



made the already unwholesome atmosphere intolerable with garlic. They wrought at water-gilding, clock-making, sign-painting, engraving for book illustrations—although in this department the Germans and Dutch were dangerous rivals. A very few offshoots from the great Huguenot colony in Spitalfields were silk-weavers. There were then as now many savoury tasting and unsavoury-smelling French ordinaries; and again, then as now, some French washerwomen and clearstarchers. But the dwellers in Leicester Fields slums and in Soho were mainly Catholics frequenting the Sardinian ambassador's chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. French hairdressers and perfumers lived mostly under Covent Garden Piazza, in Bow Street and in Long Acre. Very few contrived to pass Temple Bar. The citizens appeared to have as great a horror of them as of the players, and so far as they could, by law, banished them their bounds, rigorously. French dancing, fencing, and posture masters, and quack doctors, lived at the court end of the town, and kept, many of them, their coaches. Not a few of the grinning, fantastic French community were spies of the magnificent King Louis. Sunday was the Frenchmen's great day, and the Mall in St. James's park their favourite resort and fashionable promenade. It answered for them all the purposes which the old colonnade of the Quadrant was wont to serve, and which the flags of Regent Street serve now. On Sunday the blue, bristly gills were clean shaven, the red nightcaps replaced by full-bottomed wigs, superlatively curled and powdered. The filthy indoor gear gave way to embroidered coats of gay colours, with prodigious cuffs, and the skirts stiffened with buckram. Lacquer-hilted swords stuck out behind them. Paste buckles glittered in their shoon. Glass rings bedecked their lean paws. They held their *tricornes* beneath their arms, flourished their canes and inhaled their snuff with the best beaux on town. We are apt to laugh at the popular old caricatures of the French Mounseer, and think those engravings unkind, unnatural, and overdrawn; but just shave me this bearded, moustached, braided and be-ringed Jules, Gustave, or Adolphe who comes swaggering to-day from the back of Sherrard Street or Marylebone Street, round by the County Fire Office into Regent Street; shave me the modern Mounseer quite clean, clap a periwig on his head, a *chapeau bras* beneath his arm, a sword by his side; clothe his shrunken limbs in eighteenth century costume; or better, see the French comedian in some old comedy at the *Français* or the *Odéon*, and you will cry out at once: "There is the Mounseer whom Hogarth, Gilray, Bunbury, and Rowlandson drew." And yet I owe an apology, here, to the Mounseers; for it was very likely some courteous, albeit grimacing denizen of Petty France who supplied our Hogarth with the necessary French translation of the gold and silver smith's style and titles to engrave on his shop-card.

I am to be pardoned, I hope, for lingering long in Leicester Fields. I shall have to return to the place often, for William Hogarth much affected it. In Leicester Fields he lived years afterwards when he was celebrated and prosperous. Where Pagliano's Hôtel is now, had he his house, the

sign, the "Golden Head," and not the "Painter's Head," as I have elsewhere put it. There he died. There his widow lived for many—many years afterwards, always loving and lamenting the great artist and good man, her husband. It was about Leicester Fields too—nay, unless I mistake, in Cranbourn Alley itself, that old nutcracker-faced Nollekens the sculptor pointed out William to Northcote the painter. "There," he cried, "see, there's Hogarth." He pointed to where stood a little stout-faced sturdy man in a sky-blue coat, who was attentively watching a quarrel between two street boys. It was Mr. Mulready's "Wolf and the Lamb" story a little before its time. The bigger boy oppressed the smaller; whereupon Hogarth patted the diminutive victim on the head, and gave him a coin, and said with something like a naughty word that he wouldn't stand it, if he was the small boy: no, not he.

Seven years at cross-hatch and double cypher. Seven years turning and re-turning salvers and tankards on the leathern pad, and every month and every year wielding the graver and burnisher with greater strength and dexterity. What legions of alphabets, in double cypher, he must have "drawn with great correctness;" what dictionary loads of Latin and Norman-French mottoes he must have flourished beneath the coats of arms! Oh, the scutcheons he must have blazoned in the symbolism of lines! Blank for argent, dots for or, horizontal for azure, vertical for gules, close-chequer for sable. The griffins, the lions, the dragons, rampant, couchant, regardant, langued, gorged, he must have drawn! The chevrons, the fesses, the sinoples of the first! He himself confesses that his just notions of natural history were for a time vitiated by the constant contemplation and delineation of these fabulous monsters, and that when he was out of his time he was compelled to unlearn all his heraldic zoology. To the end his dogs were very much in the "supporter" style, and the horses in the illustrations in *Hudibras* strongly resemble hippogriffs.

He must have been studying, and studying hard, too, at drawing, from the round and plane during his 'prentice years. Sir Godfrey Kneller had a kind of academy at his own house in 1711; but Sir James Thornhill did not establish his till long after Hogarth had left the service of Ellis Gable. Hogarth tells us that as a boy he had access to the studio of a neighbouring painter. Who may this have been? Francis Hoffmann; Hubertz; Hülzberg, the warden of the Lutheran Church in the Savoy; Samuel Moore of the Custom House? Perhaps his earliest instructor was some High Dutch etcher of illustrations living eastwards to be near the booksellers in Paternoster Row; or perhaps the "neighbouring painter" was an artist in tavern and shop signs. Men of no mean proficiency wrought in that humble but lucrative line of emblematic art in Anna's "silver age."

That Hogarth possessed considerable graphic powers when he engraved Ellis Gable's shop-card, you have only to glance at the angel holding the palm above the commercial announcement, to be at once convinced. This figure, however admirably posed and draped, *may* have been copied

from some foreign frontispiece. The engraving, however, as an example of pure line, is excellent. We are left to wonder whether it was by accident or by design of quaint conceit that the right hand of the angel has a finger too many.

Of Hogarth's adventures during his apprenticeship, with the single exception of his holiday excursion to Highgate, when there was a battle-royal in a suburban public-house, and when he drew a capital portrait of one of the enraged combatants, the Muse is dumb. He led, very probably, the life of nineteen-twentieths of the London 'prentices of that period: only he must have worked harder and more zealously than the majority of his fellows. Concerning the next epoch of his life the Muse deigns to be far more explicit, and, -I trust, will prove more eloquent on your worshippers' behalf. I have done with the mists and fogs that envelop the early part of my hero's career, and shall be able to trace it now year by year until his death.

## M a b e l.

In the sunlight:—

Little Mab, the keeper's daughter, singing by the brooklet's side,  
With her playmates singing carols of the gracious Easter-tide;  
And the violet and the primrose make sweet incense for the quire,  
In the springlight, when the rosebuds hide the thorns upon the briar.

### II.

In the lamplight:—

With a proud defiant beauty, Mab, the fallen, flaunts along,  
Speaking sin's words, wildly laughing, she who sang that Paschal song,  
And a mother lies a-dying in the cottage far away,  
And a father cries to Heaven, "Thou hast said, '*I will repay.*'"

### III.

In the moonlight:—

By the gravestone in the churchyard, Mabel, where her mother sleeps,  
Like the tearful saint of Magdala, an Easter vigil keeps:—  
There, trailing cruel thorns, storm-drenched, plaining with piteous bleat,  
The lost lamb (so her mother prayed) and the Good Shepherd meet.

S. R. H.

## Studies in Animal Life.

"Authentic tidings of invisible things;  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And central peace subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation."—THE EXCURSION.

### CHAPTER III.

A garden wall, and its traces of past life—Not a breath perishes—A bit of dry moss and its inhabitants—The "Wheel-bearers"—Resuscitation of Rotifers: drowned into life—Current belief that animals can be revived after complete desiccation—Experiments contradicting the belief—Spallanzani's testimony—Value of biology as a means of culture—Classification of animals: the five great types—Criticism of Cuvier's arrangement.

PLEASANT, both to eye and mind, is an old garden wall, dark with age, gray with lichens, green with mosses of beautiful hues and fairy elegance of form: a wall shutting in some sequestered home, far from "the din of murmurous cities vast:" a home where, as we fondly, foolishly think, Life must needs throb placidly, and all its tragedies and pettinesses be unknown. As we pass alongside this wall, the sight of the overhanging branches suggests an image of some charming nook; or our thoughts wander about the wall itself, calling up the years during which it has been warmed by the sun, chilled by the night airs and the dews, and dashed against by the wild winds of March: all of which have made it quite another wall from what it was when the trowel first settled its bricks. The old wall has a past, a life, a story; as Wordsworth finely says of the mountain, it is "familiar with forgotten years." Not only are there obvious traces of age in the crumbling mortar and the battered brick, but there are traces, not obvious, except to the inner eye, left by every ray of light, every raindrop, every gust. Nothing perishes. In the wondrous metamorphosis momentarily going on everywhere in the universe, there is *change*, but no *loss*.

Let you should imagine this to be poetry, and not science, I will touch on the evidence that every beam of light, or every breath of air, which falls upon an object, permanently affects it. In photography we see the effect of light very strikingly exhibited; but perhaps you will object that this proves nothing more than that light acts upon an iodized surface. Yet in truth light acts upon, and more or less alters, the structure of every object on which it falls. Nor is this all. If a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if, when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although our senses can detect no difference; for if we breathe again upon it, the surface will be moist everywhere except on the spot previously sheltered

by the wafer, which will now appear as a spectral image on the surface. Again and again we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral wafer reappears. This experiment succeeds after a lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper, on which a key has been laid, be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will again appear. In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectres of many different objects which may have been laid on in succession will, on warming, emerge in their proper order.\*

This is equally true of our bodies, and our minds. We are involved in the universal metamorphosis. Nothing leaves us wholly as it found us. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, mingles with our being and modifies it. There are cases on record of ignorant women, in states of insanity, uttering Greek and Hebrew phrases, which in past years they had heard their masters utter, without of course comprehending them. These tones had long been forgotten: the traces were so faint that under ordinary conditions they were invisible; but the traces were there, and in the intense light of cerebral excitement they started into prominence, just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.

If a garden wall can lead our vagabond thoughts into such speculations as these, surely it may also furnish us with matter for our Studies in Animal Life? Those patches of moss must be colonies. Suppose we examine them? I pull away a small bit, which is so dry that the dust crumbles at a touch; this may be wrapped in a piece of paper—dirt and all—and carried home. Get the microscope ready, and now attend.

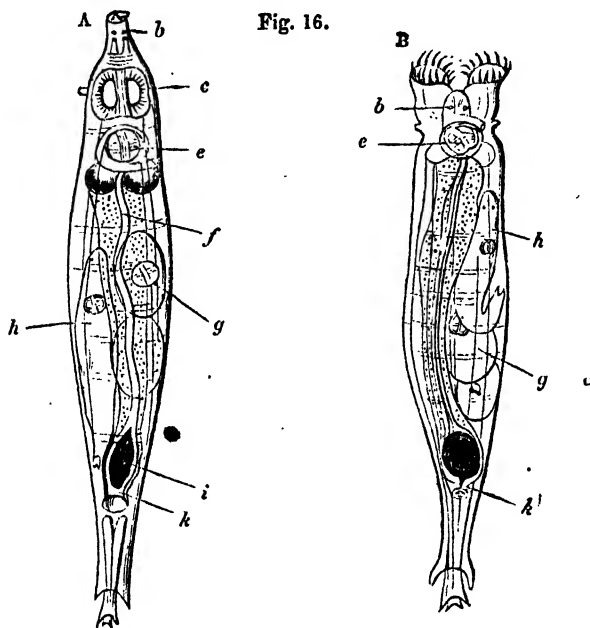
I moisten a fragment of this moss with distilled water. Any water will do as well, but the use of distilled water prevents your supposing that the animals you are about to watch were brought in it, and were not already in the moss. I now squeeze the bit between my fingers, and a drop of the contained water—somewhat turbid with dirt—falls on the glass slide, which we may now put on the microscope stage. A rapid survey assures us that there is no animal visible. The moss is squeezed again; and this time little yellowish bodies of an irregular oval are noticeable among the particles of dust and moss. Watch one of these, and presently you will observe a slow bulging at one end, and then a bulging at the other end. The oval has elongated itself into a form not unlike that of a fat caterpillar, except that there is a tapering at one end. Now a forked tail is visible; this fixes on to the glass, while the body sways to and fro. Now the head is drawn in—as if it were

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\* DEAFER: *Human Physiology*, p. 288.

swallowed—and, suddenly, in its place are unfolded two broad membranes, having each a circle of waving *cilia*. The lifeless oval has become a living animal! You have assisted at a resuscitation, not from death by drowning, but by drying: the animal has been drowned into life! The unfolded membranes, with their *cilia*, have so much the appearance of wheels that the name of “Wheel-bearer” (*Rotifera*) or “Wheel Animalcule” has been given to the animal.\*

The Rotifera (also—and more correctly—called *Rotatoria*) form an interesting study. Let us glance at their organization:—



ROTIFER VULGARIS. A, with the wheels drawn in (at c). B, with wheels expanded; b, eye spots; c, jaws and teeth; f, alimentary canal; g, embryo; h, embryo further developed; i, water-vascular system; k, vent.

There are many different kinds of Rotifers, varying very materially in size and shape; the males, as was stated in the last chapter, being more imperfectly organized than the females. They may be seen either swimming rapidly through the water by means of the vibratile *cilia* called “wheels,” because the optical effect is very much that of a toothed-wheel; or crawling along the side of the glass, fastening to it by the head, and then curving the body till the tail is brought up to the spot, which is then fastened on by the tail, and the head is set free. They may also be seen fastened to a weed, or the glass, by the tail, the body waving to and fro, or thrusting itself straight out, and setting the wheels in active motion. In this attitude the aspect of the jaws is very striking. Leuwenhoek mistook it for the pulsation of a heart, which its incessant rhythm much

resembles. The tail, and the upper part of the body, have a singular power of being drawn out, or drawn in, like the tube of a telescope. There is sometimes a shell, or carapace, but often the body is covered only with a smooth firm skin, which, however, presents decided indications of being segmented.

The first person who described these Rotifers was the excellent old Leuwenhoek; \* and his animals were got from the gutter of a house-top. Since then, they have been minutely studied, and have been shown to be, not Infusoria, as Ehrenberg imagined, but Crustacea.† Your attention is requested to the one point which has most contributed to the celebrity of these creatures—their power of resuscitation. Leuwenhoek described—what you have just witnessed, namely—the slow resuscitation of the animal (which seemed as dry as dust, and might have been blown about like any particle of dust,) directly a little moisture was brought to it. Spallanzani startled the world with the announcement that this process of drying and moistening—of killing and reviving—could be repeated fifteen times in succession; so that the Rotifer, whose natural term of life is about eighteen days, might, it was said, be dried and kept for years, and at any time revived by moisture. That which seems now no better than a grain of dust will suddenly awaken to the energetic life of a complex organism, and may again be made as dust by evaporation of the water.

This is very marvellous: so marvellous that a mind, trained in the cultivated caution of science, will demand the evidence on which it is based. Two months ago I should have dismissed the doubt with the assurance that the evidence was ample and rigorous, and the fact indisputable. For not only had the fact been confirmed by the united experience of several investigators: it had stood the test of very severe experiment. Thus in 1842, M. Doyère published experiments which seemed to place it beyond scepticism. Under the air-pump he set some moss, together with vessels containing sulphuric acid, which would absorb every trace of moisture. After leaving the moss thus for a week, he removed it into an oven, the temperature of which was raised to 300° Fahrenheit. Yet even this treatment did not prevent the animals from resuscitating when water was added.

In presence of testimony like this, doubt will seem next to impossible. Nevertheless, my own experiments leave me no choice but to doubt. Not having witnessed M. Doyère's experiment, I am not prepared to say wherein its fallacy lies; but that there is a fallacy, seems to me capable of decisive proof. In M. Pouchet's recent work ‡ I first read a distinct denial of the pretended resuscitation of the Rotifers; this denial was the more

\* LEUWENHOEK: *Select Works*, ii. p. 210. His figures, however, are very incorrect.

† See LEYDIG: *Ueber den Bau und die systematische Stellung der Räderthiere*, in SIENHOLD und KÖLLIKER'S *Zeitschrift*, vi., and *Ueber Hydatina Senta*, in MÜLLER'S *Archiv*: 1857.

‡ POUCHET: *Hétérogénie, ou Traité de la Génération Spontanée*, 1859, p. 463.

startling to me, because I had myself often witnessed the reawakening of these dried animals. Nevertheless, whenever a doubt is fairly started, we have not done justice to it until we have brought it to the test of experiment; accordingly I tested this, and quickly came upon what seems to me the source of the general misconception. Day after day experiments were repeated, varied, and controlled, and with results so unvarying that hesitation vanished; and as some of these experiments are of extreme simplicity, you may verify what I say with little trouble. Squeeze a drop from the moss, taking care that there is scarcely any dirt in it; and, having ascertained that it contains Rotifers, or Tardigrades,\* alive and moving, place the glass-slide under a bell-glass, to shield it from currents of air, and there allow the water to evaporate slowly, but completely, by means of chloride of calcium, or sulphuric acid, placed under the bell-glass; or, what is still simpler, place a slide with the live animals on the mantelpiece when a fire is burning in the grate. If on the day following you examine this perfectly dry glass, you will see the contracted bodies of the Rotifers, presenting the aspect of yellowish oval bodies; but attempt to resuscitate them by the addition of a little fresh water, and you will find that they do not revive, as they revived when dried in the moss: they sometimes swell a little, and elongate themselves, and you imagine this is a commencement of resuscitation; but continue watching for two or three days, and you will find it goes no further. Never do these oval bodies become active crawling Rotifers; never do they expand their wheels, and set the œsophagus at work. No: the Rotifer once *dried* is dead, and dead for ever.

But if, like a cautious experimenter, you vary and control the experiment, and beside the glass-slide place a watch-glass containing Rotifers with dirt, or moss, you will find that the addition of water to the contents of the watch-glass will often (not always) revive the animals. What you cannot effect on a glass-slide without dirt, or with very little, you easily effect in a watch-glass with dirt, or moss; and if you give due attention you will find that in each case the result depends upon the quantity of the dirt. And this leads to a clear understanding of the whole mystery; this reconciles the conflicting statements. The reason why Rotifers ever revive is, because they have not been *dried*—they have not lost by evaporation that small quantity of water which forms an *integral constituent of their tissues*; and it is the presence of dirt, or moss, which prevents this complete evaporation. No one, I suppose, believes that the Rotifer actually revives after once being dead. If it has a power of remaining in a state of suspended animation, like that of a frozen frog, it can do so only on the condition that its *organism* is not destroyed; and destroyed it would be, if the water

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\* The *Tardigrade*, or microscopic *Sloth*, belongs to the order of *Arachnida*, and is occasionally found in moss, stagnant ponds, &c. I have only met with four specimens in all my investigations, and they were all found in moss. SPALLANZANI described and figured it (very badly), and M. Doyère has given a fuller description in the *Annales des Sciences*, 2nd series, vols. xiv. xvii. and xviii.



were removed from its tissues: for, strange as it may seem, water is not an *accessory*, but a *constituent element* of every tissue; and this cannot be replaced *mécanically*—it can only be replaced by *vital processes*. Every one who has made microscopic preparations must be aware that when once a tissue is desiccated, it is spoiled: it will not recover its form and properties on the application of water; because the water was not originally worked into the web by a mere process of imbibition—like water in a sponge—but by a molecular process of assimilation, like albumen in a muscle. Therefore, I say, that desiccation is necessarily death; and the Rotifer which revives cannot have been desiccated. This being granted, we have only to ask, What prevents the Rotifer from becoming completely dried? Experiment shows that it is the presence of dirt, or moss, which does this. The whole marvel of the Rotifer's resuscitation, therefore, amounts to this:—that if the water in which it lives be evaporated, the animal passes into a state of suspended animation, and remains so, as long as its *own water* is protected from evaporation.

I am aware that this is not easily to be reconciled with M. Doyère's experiments, since the application of a temperature so high as 300° Fahr. (nearly a hundred degrees above boiling water) must, one would imagine, have completely desiccated the animals, in spite of any amount of protecting dirt. It is possible that M. Doyère may have mistaken that previously-noted swelling-up of the bodies, on the application of water, for a return to vital activity. If not, I am at a loss to explain the contradiction; for certainly in my experience a much more moderate desiccation—namely, that obtained by simple evaporation over a mantelpiece, or under a large bell-glass—*always* destroyed the animals, if little or no dirt were present.

The subject has recently been brought before the French Academy of Sciences by M. Davaine, whose experiments\* lead him to the conclusion that those Rotifers which habitually live in ponds will not revive after desiccation: whereas those which live in moss always do so. I believe the explanation to be this: the Rotifers living in ponds are dried without any protecting dirt, or moss, and that is the reason they do not revive.

After having satisfied myself on this point, I did what perhaps would have saved me some trouble if thought of before. I took down Spallanzani, and read his account of his celebrated experiments. To my surprise and satisfaction, it appeared that he had accurately observed the same facts, but curiously missed their real significance. Nothing can be plainer than the following passage: "But there is one condition indispensable to the resurrection of wheel-animals: it is absolutely necessary that there should be a certain quantity of sand; without it they will not revive. One day I had two wheel-animals traversing a drop of water about to evaporate, which contained very little sand. Three quarters of an hour after evaporation they were dry and motionless. I moistened them with water to

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\* DAVAINÉ in *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, 1858, x. p. 335.

revive them; but in vain, notwithstanding that they were immersed in water many hours. Their members swelled to thrice the original size, but they remained motionless. To ascertain whether the fact was accidental, I spread a portion of sand, containing animals, on a glass slide, and waited till it became dry in order to wet it anew. The sand was carelessly scattered on the glass, so as to be a thin covering on some parts, and on others in a very small quantity: here the animals did not revive: but all that were in those parts with abundance of sand revived.\* He further says that if sand be spread out in considerable quantities in some places, much less in others, and very little in the rest, on moistening it the revived animals will be numerous in the first, less numerous in the second, and none at all in the third.

It is not a little remarkable that observations so precise as these should have for many years passed unregarded, and not led to the true explanation of the mystery. Perhaps an inherent love of the marvellous made men greedily accept the idea of resuscitation, and indisposed them to attempt an explanation of it. Spallanzani's own attempt is certainly not felicitous. He supposes that the dust prevents the lacerating influence of the air from irritating and injuring the animals. And this explanation is accepted by his Translator.

[Since the foregoing remarks were in type, M. Gavarret has published (*Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, 1859, xi. p. 315) the account of his experiments on Rotifers and Tardigrades, in which he found that after subjecting the moss to a desiccation the most complete according to our present means, the animals revived after twenty-four hours' immersion of the moss in water. This result seems flatly to contradict the result I arrived at; but only seems to contradict it, for in my experiments the animals, not the moss, were subjected to desiccation. Nevertheless, I confess that my confidence was shaken by experiments so precise, and performed by so distinguished an investigator, and I once more resumed the experiments, feeling persuaded that the detection of the fallacy, wherever it might be, would be well worth the trouble. The results of these controlling experiments are all I can find room for here:—*Whenever the animals were completely separated from the dirt, they perished*; in two cases there was a very little dirt—a mere film, so to speak—in the watch-glass, and glass-cell, and this, slight as it was, sufficed to protect two out of eight, and three out of ten Rotifers, which revived on the second day; the others did not revive even on the third day after their immersion. In one instance, a thin covering-glass was placed over the water on the slide, and the evaporation of the water seemed complete, yet this glass-cover sufficed to protect a Rotifer, which revived in three hours.

If we compare these results with those obtained by M. Davaine, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that it is only when the desiccation of

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\* SPALLANZANI: *Tracts on the Natural History of Animals and Vegetables*: Translated by Dalyell, ii. p. 129.

the Rotifers is prevented by the presence of a small quantity of moss, or of dirt—between the particles of which they find shelter—that they revive on the application of water. And even in the severe experiments of M. Doyère and M. Gavarret, *some* of the animals must have been thus protected; and I call particular attention to the fact that, although some animals revived, others always perished. But if the organization of the Rotifer, or Tardigrade, is such that it can withstand desiccation—if it only needs the fresh applications of moisture to restore its activity—all, or almost all, the animals experimented on ought to revive; and the fact that only some revive leads us to suspect that these have not been desiccated—a suspicion which is warranted by direct experiments. I believe, then, that the discrepancy amounts to this: investigators who have desiccated the moss containing animals, find some of the animals revive on the application of moisture; but those who desiccate the animals themselves, will find no instances of revival.]

The time spent on these Rotifers will not have been misspent if it has taught us the necessity of caution in all experimental inquiries. Although Experiment is valuable—nay, indispensable—as a means of interrogating Nature, it is constantly liable to mislead us into the idea that we have rightly interrogated, and rightly interpreted the replies; and this danger arises from the complexity of the cases with which we are dealing, and our proneness to overlook, or disregard, some seemingly trifling condition—a trifle which may turn out of the utmost importance. The one reason why the study of Science is valuable as a means of culture, over and above its own immediate objects, is that in it the mind learns to *submit* to realities, instead of thrusting its fignments in the place of realities—endeavours to ascertain accurately what the order of Nature *is*, and not what it ought to be, or might be. The one reason why, of all sciences, Biology is pre-eminent as a means of culture, is, that owing to the great complexity of all the cases it investigates, it familiarizes the mind with the necessity of attending to *all* the conditions, and it thus keeps the mind alert. It cultivates caution, which, considering the tendency there is in men to “anticipate Nature,” is a mental tonic of inestimable worth. I am far from asserting that biologists are more accurate reasoners than other men; indeed, the mass of crude hypothesis which passes unchallenged by them, is against such an idea. But whether its advantages be used or neglected, the truth nevertheless is, that Biology, from the complexity of its problems, and the necessity of incessant verification of its details, offers greater advantages for culture than any other branch of science.

I have once or twice mentioned the words Mollusc and Crustacean, to which the reader unfamiliar with the language of Natural History will have attached but vague ideas; and although I wanted to explain these, and convey a distinct conception of the general facts of Classification, it would have then been too great an interruption. So I will here make an opportunity, and finish the chapter with an indication of the five Types, or plans of structure, under one of which every animal is classed. Without

being versed in science, you discern at once whether the book before you is mathematical, physical, chemical, botanical, or physiological. In like manner, without being versed in Natural History, you ought to know whether the animal before you belongs to the Vertebrata, Mollusca, Articulata, Radiata, or Protozoa.

A glance at the contents of our glass vases will yield us samples of each of these five divisions of the animal kingdom. We begin with this Triton. It is a representative of the VERTEBRATE division, or sub-kingdom.



MALE TRITON, OR WATER-NEWT.

You have merely to remember that it possesses a backbone and an internal skeleton, and you will at once recognize the cardinal character which makes this Triton range under the same general head as men, elephants, whales, birds, reptiles, or fishes. All these, in spite of their manifold differences, have this one character in common:—they are all backboned; they have all an internal skeleton; they are all formed according to one general type. In all vertebrate animals the skeleton is found to be identical in plan. Every bone in the body of a triton has its corresponding bone in the body of a man, or of a mouse; and every bone preserves the same connection with other bones, no matter how unlike may be the various limbs in which we detect its presence. Thus, widely as the arm of a man differs from the fin of a whale, or the wing of a bird, or the wing of a bat, or the leg of a horse, the same number of bones, and the same connections of the bones, are found in each. A fin is one modified form of the typical limb; an arm is another; a wing another. That which is true of the limbs, is also true of all the organs; and it is on this ground that we speak of the vertebrate type. From fish to man one common plan of structure prevails; and the presence of a backbone is the index by which to recognize this plan.

The Triton has been wriggling grotesquely in our grasp while we have made him our text, and, now he is restored to his vase, plunges to the bottom with great satisfaction at his escape. This water-snail, crawling slowly up the side of the vase, and cleaning it of the green growth of microscopic plants, which he devours, shall be our representative of the second great division—the MOLLUSCA. I cannot suggest any obvious character so distinctive as a backbone, by which the word Mollusc may at once call up an idea of the type which prevails in the group. It won't do to say "shell-fish," because many molluscs have no shells, and many animals which have shells are not molluscs. The name was originally bestowed on account of the softness of the animals. But they are not softer than worms, and much less so than jelly-fish. You may know that snails and slugs, oysters and cuttlefish, are molluscs; but if you want some one character by which the type may be remembered, you must fix on the imperfect symmetry of the mollusc's organs. \* I say *imperfect* symmetry, because it is an error, though a common one, to speak of the mollusc's body not being *bilateral*—that is to say, of its not being composed of two symmetrical halves. A vertebrate animal may be divided lengthwise, and each half will closely resemble the other; the backbone forms, as it were, an *axis*, on either side of which the organs are disposed; but the mollusc is said to have no such axis, no such symmetry. I admit the absence of an axis, but I deny the total absence of symmetry. Many of its organs are as symmetrical as those of a vertebrate animal—*i.e.* the eyes, the feelers, the jaws—and the gills in Cuttlefish, Eolids, and Pteropods; while, on the other hand, several organs in the vertebrate animal are as *unsymmetrical* as any of those in the mollusc, *i.e.* the liver, spleen, pancreas, stomach, and intestines.\* As regards bilateral structure, therefore, it is only a question of degree. The vertebrate animal is not entirely symmetrical, nor is the mollusc entirely unsymmetrical. But there is a characteristic disposition of the nervous system peculiar to molluscs: it neither forms an *axis* for the body—as it does in the Vertebrata and Articulata—nor a *centre*—as it does in the Radiata—but is altogether irregular and unsymmetrical. This will be intelligible from the following diagram of the nervous systems of a Mollusc and an insect, with which that of a Star-fish may be compared (Fig. 18). Here you perceive how the nervous centres, and the nerves which issue from them, are irregularly disposed in the molluscs, and symmetrically in the insect.

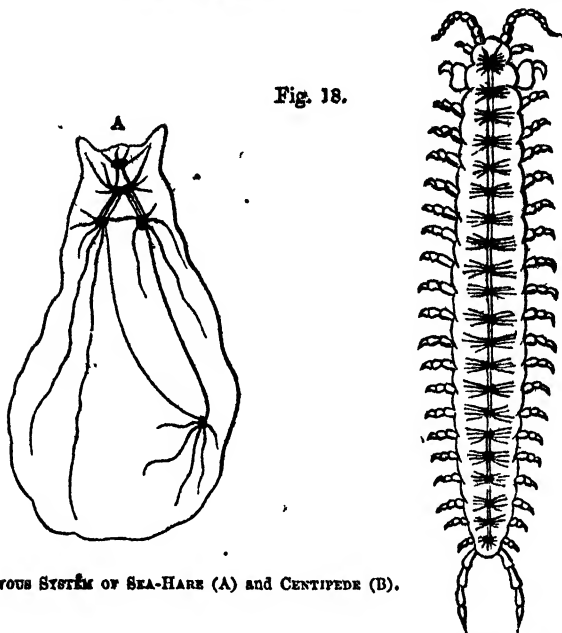
But the recognition of a mollusc will be easier when you have learned to distinguish it from one of the ARTICULATA, forming the third great division,—the third animal Type. Of these, our vases present numerous representatives: prawns, beetles, water-spiders, insect-larvæ, entomostraca,

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\* In some cases of monstrosity, these organs are transposed, the liver being on the left, and the pancreas on the right side. It was in allusion to a case of this kind, then occupying the attention of Paris, that MOLINIER made his *Médecin malgré Lui* describe the heart as on the right side, the liver on the left; on the mistake being noticed, he replies: "Oui, autrefois; mais nous avons changé tout cela."

and worms. There is a very obvious character by which these may be recognized: they have all bodies composed of numerous segments, and

Fig. 18.



NERVOUS SYSTEM OF SEA-HARE (A) and CENTIPEDE (B).

their limbs are *jointed*, and they have mostly an *external* skeleton from which their limbs are developed. Sometimes the segments of their bodies are numerous, as in the centipede, lobster, &c.; sometimes several segments are fused together, as in the crab; and sometimes, as in worms, they are indicated by slight markings or depressions of the skin, which give the appearance of little rings, and hence the worms have been named *Annelida*, or *Annulata*, or *Annulosa*. In these last-named cases the segmental nature of the type is detected in the fact that the worms grow, segment by segment; and also in the fact that in most of them each segment has its own nerves, heart, stomach, &c.—each segment is, in fact, a zooid.\*

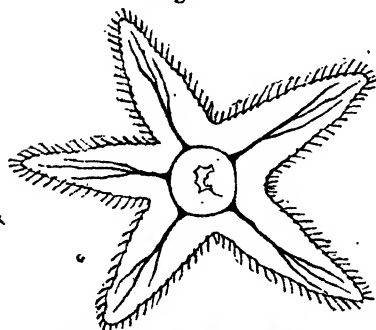
Just as we recognize a vertebrate by the presence of a backbone and internal skeleton, we recognize an articulate by its jointed body and external skeleton. In both, the nervous system forms the axis of the body. The Mollusc, on the contrary, has no skeleton, internal or external;† and its nervous system does not form an axis. As a rule, both vertebrates and articulates have limbs—although there are exceptions in serpents, fishes, and worms. The Molluscs have no limbs. Backboneless,—jointed,—and non-jointed,—therefore, are the three leading characteristics of the three types.

\* The term *zooid* was explained in our last.

† In the cuttlefish there is the commencement of an internal skeleton in the cartilage-plates protecting the brain.

Let us now glance at the fourth division—the *RADIATA*,—so called because of the disposition of the organs round a centre, which is the mouth. Our fresh-water vases afford us only one representative of this type—the *Hydra*, or fresh-water Polype, whose capture was recorded in the last chapter. Is it not strange that while *all* the *Radiata* are aquatic, not a single terrestrial representative having been discovered, only one should be found in fresh water? Think of the richness of the seas, with their hosts of Polypes, Actiniæ, Jelly-fish, Star-fishes, Sea-urchins, Sea-pens (*Pennatulæ*), Lily-stars (*Comatulæ*), and Sea-cucumbers (*Holothuriæ*), and then compare the poverty of rivers, lakes, and ponds, reduced to their single representative, the *Hydra*. The radiate structure may best be exhibited by this diagram of the nervous system of the Star-fish.\*

Fig. 19.



NERVOUS SYSTEM OF STAR-FISH.

Cuvier, to whom we owe this classification of the animal kingdom into four great divisions, would have been the first to recognize the chaotic condition in which he left this last division, and would have acquiesced in the separation of the *PROTOZOA*, which has since been made. This fifth division includes many of the microscopic animals known as *Infusoria*; and receives its name from the idea that these simplest of all animals represent, as it were, the beginnings of life.†

But Cuvier's arrangement is open to a more serious objection. The state of science in his day excused the imperfection of classing the *Infusoria* and parasites under the *Radiata*; but it was owing, I conceive, to an unphilosophical view of morphology, that he placed the molluscs next to the *Vertebrata*, instead of placing the *Articulata* in that position. He was secretly determined by the desire to show that there are four very distinct types, or plans of structure, which cannot by any transitions be brought under one law of development. Lamarck and Geoffroy St. Hilaire maintained the idea of unity of composition throughout the animal kingdom;—in other words, that all the varieties of animal forms were produced by successive modifications: and several of the German naturalists maintained that the *vertebrata* in their embryonic stages passed through forms which were permanent in the lower animals. This idea Cuvier always opposed. He held that the four types were altogether distinct; and by his arrangement of them, their distinctness certainly appears much greater than would be the case on

\* It is right to add, that there are serious doubts entertained respecting the claim of a star-fish to the possession of a nervous system at all; but the radiate structure is represented in the diagram; as it also is, very clearly, in a *Sea-anemone*.

† *Protozoa*, from *proton*, first, and *zoon*, animal.

another arrangement. But without discussing this question here, it is enough to point out the fact of the enormous superiority in intelligence, in sociality, and in complexity of animal functions, which insects and spiders exhibit, when compared with the highest of the molluscs, to justify the removal of the mollusca, and the elevation of the articulata to the second place in the animal hierarchy. Nor is this all. If we divide animals into four groups, these four naturally dispose themselves into two larger groups: the first of these, comprising Vertebrata and Articulata, is characterized by a *nervous axis* and a *skeleton*; the second, comprising Mollusca and Radiata, is characterized by the absence of both nervous axis and skeleton. It is obvious that a bee much more closely resembles a bird, than any mollusc resembles any vertebrate. If there are many and important differences between the vertebrate and articulate types, there are also many and important resemblances; if the nervous axis is *above* the viscera, and forms the dorsal line of the vertebrate, whereas it is *underneath* the viscera, and forms the ventral line in the articulate, it is, nevertheless, in both, the axis of the body, and in both it sends off nerves to supply symmetrical limbs; in both it has similar functions. And while the articulata thus approach in structure the vertebrate type, the mollusca are not only removed from that type by many diversities, but a number of them have such affinities with the Radiate type, that it is only in quite recent days that the whole class of Polyzoa (or Bryozoa, as they are also called) has been removed from the Radiata, and ranged under the Mollusca.

To quit this topic, and recur once more to the five divisions, we have only the broad outlines of the picture in Vertebrata, Mollusca, Articulata, Radiata, and Protozoa; but this is a good beginning, and we can now proceed to the further sub-divisions. Each of these five sub-kingdoms is divided into Classes; these again into Orders; these into Families; these into Genera; these into Species; and these finally into Varieties. Thus suppose a dwarf terrier is presented to us with a request that we should indicate its various titles in the scheme of classification: we begin by calling it a vertebrate; we proceed to assign its Class as the mammalian; its Order is obviously that of the carnivora; its Family is that of the fox, wolf, jackal, &c., named *Canidae*; its Genus is, of course, that of *Canis*; its Species, terrier; its Variety, dwarf-terrier. Inasmuch as all these denominations are the expressions of scientific research, and not at all arbitrary or fanciful, they imply an immense amount of labour and sagacity in their establishment; and when we remember that naturalists have thus classed upwards of half a million of distinct species, it becomes an interesting inquiry,—What has been the guiding principle of this successful labour? on what basis is so large a superstructure raised? This question we shall answer in the next chapter.



# Framley Parsonage.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SUNDAY MORNING.

It was, perhaps, quite as well on the whole for Mark Robarts, that he did not go to that supper party. It was eleven o'clock before they sat down, and nearly two before the gentlemen were in bed. It must be remembered that he had to preach, on the coming Sunday morning, a charity sermon on behalf of a mission to Mr. Harold Smith's islanders; and, to tell the truth, it was a task for which he had now very little inclination.

When first invited to do this, he had regarded the task seriously enough, as he always did regard such work, and he completed his sermon for the occasion before he left Framley; but, since that, an air of ridicule had been thrown over the whole affair, in which he had joined without much thinking of his own sermon, and this made him now heartily wish that he could choose a discourse upon any other subject.

He knew well that the very points on which he had most insisted, were those which had drawn most mirth from Miss Dunstable and Mrs. Smith, and had oftenest provoked his own laughter; and how was he now to preach on those matters in a fitting mood, knowing, as he would know, that those two ladies would be looking at him, would endeavour to catch his eye, and would turn him into ridicule as they had already turned the lecturer?

In this he did injustice to one of the ladies, unconsciously. Miss Dunstable, with all her aptitude for mirth, and we may almost fairly say for frolic, was in no way inclined to ridicule religion or anything which she thought to appertain to it. It may be presumed that among such things she did not include Mrs. Proudie, as she was willing enough to laugh at that lady; but Mark, had he known her better, might have been sure that she would have sat out his sermon with perfect propriety.

As it was, however, he did feel considerable uneasiness; and in the morning he got up early with the view of seeing what might be done in the way of emendation. He cut out those parts which referred most specially to the islands,—he rejected altogether those names over which they had all laughed together so heartily,—and he inserted a string of general remarks, very useful, no doubt, which he flattered himself would rob his sermon of all similarity to Harold Smith's lecture. He had, perhaps, hoped, when writing it, to create some little sensation; but now he would be quite satisfied if it passed without remark.

But his troubles for that Sunday were destined to be many. It had been arranged that the party at the hotel should breakfast at eight, and start at half-past eight punctually, so as to enable them to reach Chaldicotes in ample time to arrange their dresses before they went to church. The

church stood in the grounds, close to that long formal avenue of lime-trees, but within the front gates. Their walk therefore, after reaching Mr. Sowerby's house, would not be long.

Mrs. Proudie, who was herself an early body, would not hear of her guest—and he a clergyman—going out to the inn for his breakfast on a Sunday morning. As regarded that Sabbath-day journey to Chaldicotes, to that she had given her assent, no doubt with much uneasiness of mind; but let them have as little desecration as possible. It was, therefore, an understood thing that he was to return with his friends; but he should not go without the advantage of family prayers and family breakfast. And so Mrs. Proudie on retiring to rest gave the necessary orders, to the great annoyance of her household.

To the great annoyance, at least, of her servants! The bishop himself did not make his appearance till a much later hour. He in all things now supported his wife's rule; in all things now, I say; for there had been a moment, when in the first flush and pride of his episcopacy other ideas had filled his mind. Now, however, he gave no opposition to that good woman with whom Providence had blessed him; and in return for such conduct that good woman administered in all things to his little personal comforts. With what surprise did the bishop now look back upon that unholy war which he had once been tempted to wage against the wife of his bosom?

Nor did any of the Miss Proudies show themselves at that early hour. They, perhaps, were absent on a different ground. With them Mrs. Proudie had not been so successful as with the bishop. They had wills of their own which became stronger and stronger every day. Of the three with whom Mrs. Proudie was blessed one was already in a position to exercise that will in a legitimate way over a very excellent young clergyman in the diocese, the Rev. Optimus Grey; but the other two, having as yet no such opening for their powers of command, were perhaps a little too much inclined to keep themselves in practice at home.

But at half-past seven punctually Mrs. Proudie was there, and so was the domestic chaplain; so was Mr. Robarts, and so were the household servants,—all excepting one lazy recreant. "Where is Thomas?" said she of the Argus eyes, standing up with her book of family prayers in her hand. "So please you, ma'am, Tummas be bad with the tooth-ache." "Tooth-ache!" exclaimed Mrs. Proudie; but her eye said more terrible things than that. "Let Thomas come to me before church." And then they proceeded to prayers. These were read by the chaplain, as it was proper and decent that they should be; but I cannot but think that Mrs. Proudie a little exceeded her office in taking upon herself to pronounce the blessing when the prayers were over. She did it, however, in a clear, sonorous voice, and perhaps with more personal dignity than was within the chaplain's compass.

Mrs. Proudie was rather stern at breakfast, and the vicar of Framley felt an unaccountable desire to get out of the house. In the first place she

was not dressed with her usual punctilious attention to the proprieties of her high situation. It was evident that there was to be a further toilet before she sailed up the middle of the cathedral choir. She had on a large loose cap with no other strings than those which were wanted for tying it beneath her chin, a cap with which the household and the chaplain were well acquainted, but which seemed ungracious in the eyes of Mr. Robarts after all the well-dressed holiday doings of the last week. She wore also a large, loose, dark-coloured wrapper, which came well up round her neck, and which was not buoyed out, as were her dresses in general, with an under mechanism of petticoats. It clung to her closely, and added to the inflexibility of her general appearance. And then she had encased her feet in large carpet slippers, which no doubt were comfortable, but which struck her visitor as being strange and unsightly.

"Do you find a difficulty in getting your people together for early morning-prayers?" she said, as she commenced her operations with the teapot.

"I can't say that I do," said Mark. "But then we are seldom so early as this."

"Parish clergymen should be early, I think," said she. "It sets a good example in the village."

"I am thinking of having morning prayers in the church," said Mr. Robarts.

"That's nonsense," said Mrs. Proudie, "and usually means worse than nonsense. I know what that comes to. If you have three services on Sunday and domestic prayers at home, you do very well." And so saying she handed him his cup.

"But I have not three services on Sunday, Mrs. Proudie."

"Then I think you should have. Where can the poor people be so well off on Sundays as in church? The bishop intends to express a very strong opinion on this subject in his next charge; and then I am sure you will attend to his wishes."

To this Mark made no answer, but devoted himself to his egg.

"I suppose you have not a very large establishment at Framley?" asked Mrs. Proudie.

"What, at the parsonage?"

"Yes; you live at the parsonage, don't you?"

"Certainly—well; not very large, Mrs. Proudie; just enough to do the work, make things comfortable, and look after the children."

"It is a very fine living," said she; "very fine. I don't remember that we have anything so good ourselves,—except it is Plumstead, the archdeacon's place. He has managed to butter his bread pretty well."

"His father was bishop of Barchester."

"Oh, yes, I know all about him. Only for that he would barely have risen to be an archdeacon, I suspect. Let me see; yours is 800*l.*, is it not, Mr. Robarts? And you such a young man! I suppose you have insured your life highly."

"Pretty well, Mrs. Proudie."

"And then, too, your wife had some little fortune, had she not? We cannot all fall on our feet like that; can we, Mr. White?" and Mrs. Proudie in her playful way appealed to the chaplain.

Mrs. Proudie was an imperious woman; but then so also was Lady Lufton; and it may therefore be said that Mr. Roberts ought to have been accustomed to feminine domination; but as he sat there munching his toast he could not but make a comparison between the two. Lady Lufton in her little attempts sometimes angered him; but he certainly thought, comparing the lay lady and the clerical together, that the rule of the former was the lighter and the pleasanter. But then Lady Lufton had given him a living and a wife, and Mrs. Proudie had given him nothing.

Immediately after breakfast Mr. Roberts escaped to the Dragon of Wantly, partly because he had had enough of the matutinal Mrs. Proudie, and partly also in order that he might hurry his friends there. He was already becoming fidgety about the time, as Harold Smith had been on the preceding evening, and he did not give Mrs. Smith credit for much punctuality. When he arrived at the inn he asked if they had done breakfast, and was immediately told that not one of them was yet down. It was already half-past eight, and they ought to be now under weigh on the road.

He immediately went to Mr. Sowerby's room, and found that gentleman shaving himself. "Don't be a bit uneasy," said Mr. Sowerby. "You and Smith shall have my phaeton, and those horses will take you there in an hour. Not, however, but what we shall all be in time. We'll send round to the whole party and ferret them out." And then Mr. Sowerby having evoked manifold aid with various peals of the bell sent messengers, male and female, flying to all the different rooms.

"I think I'll hire a gig and go over at once," said Mark. "It would not do for me to be late, you know."

"It won't do for any of us to be late; and it's all nonsense about hiring a gig. It would be just throwing a sovereign away, and we should pass you on the road. Go down and see that the tea is made, and all that; and make them have the bill ready; and, Roberts, you may pay it too, if you like it. But I believe we may as well leave that to Baron Borneo—eh?"

And then Mark did go down and make the tea, and he did order the bill; and then he walked about the room, looking at his watch, and nervously waiting for the footsteps of his friends. And as he was so employed, he bethought himself whether it was fit that he should be so doing on a Sunday morning; whether it was good that he should be waiting there, in painful anxiety, to gallop over a dozen miles in order that he might not be too late with his sermon; whether his own snug room at home, with Fanny opposite to him, and his bairns crawling on the floor, with his own preparations for his own quiet service, and the

warm pressure of Lady Lufton's hand when that service should be over, was not better than all this.

He could not afford not to know Harold Smith, and Mr. Sowerby, and the Duke of Omnium, he had said to himself. He had to look to rise in the world, as other men did. But what pleasure had come to him as yet from these intimacies? How much had he hitherto done towards his rising. To speak the truth he was not over well pleased with himself, as he made Mrs. Harold Smith's tea and ordered Mr. Sowerby's mutton chops on that Sunday morning.

At a little after nine they all assembled; but even then he could not make the ladies understand that there was any cause for hurry; at least Mrs. Smith, who was the leader of the party, would not understand it. When Mark again talked of hiring a gig, Miss Dunstable indeed said that she would join him; and seemed to be so far earnest in the matter that Mr. Sowerby hurried through his second egg in order to prevent such a catastrophe. And then Mark absolutely did order the gig; whereupon Mrs. Smith remarked that in such case she need not hurry herself; but the waiter brought up word that all the horses of the hotel were out, excepting one pair neither of which could go in single harness. Indeed, half of their stable establishment was already secured by Mr. Sowerby's own party.

"Then let me have the pair," said Mark, almost frantic with delay.

"Nonsense, Roberts; we are ready now. He won't want them, James. Come, Supplehouse, have you done?"

"Then I am to hurry myself, am I?" said Mrs. Harold Smith. "What changeable creatures you men are! May I be allowed half a cup more tea, Mr. Roberts?"

Mark, who was now really angry, turned away to the window. There was no charity in these people, he said to himself. They knew the nature of his distress, and yet they only laughed at him. He did not, perhaps, reflect that he had assisted in the joke against Harold Smith on the previous evening.

"James," said he, turning to the waiter, "let me have that pair of horses immediately, if you please."

"Yes, sir; round in fifteen minutes, sir: only Ned, sir, the postboy, sir; I fear he's at his breakfast, sir; but we'll have him here in less than no time, sir!"

But before Ned and the pair were there, Mrs. Smith had absolutely got her bonnet on, and at ten they started. Mark did share the phaeton with Harold Smith, but the phaeton did not go any faster than the other carriages. They led the way, indeed, but that was all; and when the vicar's watch told him that it was eleven, they were still a mile from Chaldicotes' gate, although the horses were in a lather of steam; and they had only just entered the village when the church bells ceased to be heard.

"Come, you are in time, after all," said Harold Smith. "Better time than I was last night." Roberts could not explain to him that the entry of

a clergyman into church, of a clergyman who is going to assist in the service, should not be made at the last minute, that it should be staid and decorous, and not done in scrambling haste, with running feet and scant breath.

"I suppose we'll stop here, sir," said the postilion, as he pulled up his horses short at the church-door, in the midst of the people who were congregated together ready for the service. But Mark had not anticipated being so late, and said at first that it was necessary that he should go on to the house; then, when the horses had again begun to move, he remembered that he could send for his gown, and as he got out of the carriage he gave his orders accordingly. And now the other two carriages were there, and so there was a noise and confusion at the door—very unseemly, as Mark felt it; and the gentlemen spoke in loud voices, and Mrs. Harold Smith declared that she had no prayer-book, and was much too tired to go in at present;—she would go home and rest herself, she said. And two other ladies of the party did so also, leaving Miss Dunstable to go alone;—for which, however, she did not care one button. And then one of the party, who had a nasty habit of swearing, cursed at something as he walked in close to Mark's elbow; and so they made their way up the church as the absolution was being read, and Mark Roberts felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. If his rising in the world brought him in contact with such things as these, would it not be better for him that he should do without rising?

His sermon went off without any special notice. Mrs. Harold Smith was not there, much to his satisfaction; and the others who were did not seem to pay any special attention to it. 'The subject had lost its novelty, except with the ordinary church congregation, the farmers and labourers of the parish; and the "quality" in the squire's great pew were content to show their sympathy by a moderate subscription. Miss Dunstable, however, gave a ten-pound note, which swelled up the sum total to a respectable amount—for such a place as Chaldicotes.

"And now I hope I may never hear another word about New Guinea," said Mr. Sowerby, as they all clustered round the drawing-room fire after church. "That subject may be regarded as having been killed and buried; eh, Harold?"

"Certainly murdered last night," said Mrs. Harold, "by that awful woman, Mrs. Proudie."

"I wonder you did not make a dash at her and pull her out of the arm-chair," said Miss Dunstable. "I was expecting it, and thought that I should come to grief in the scrimmage."

"I never knew a lady do such a brazen-faced thing before," said Miss Kerrigy, a travelling friend of Miss Dunstable's.

"Nor I—never; in a public place, too," said Dr. Easyman, a medical gentleman, who also often accompanied her.

"As for brass," said Mr. Supplehouse, "she would never stop at anything for want of that. It is well that she has enough, for the poor bishop is but badly provided."

"I hardly heard what it was she did say," said Harold Smith; "so I could not answer her, you know. Something about Sundays, I believe."

"She hoped you would not put the South Sea islanders up to Sabbath travelling," said Mr. Sowerby.

"And specially begged that you would establish Lord's-day schools," said Mrs. Smith; and then they all went to work and picked Mrs. Proudie to pieces, from the top ribbon of her cap down to the sole of her slipper.

"And then she expects the poor parsons to fall in love with her daughters. That's the hardest thing of all," said Miss Dunstable.

But, on the whole, when our vicar went to bed he did not feel that he had spent a profitable Sunday.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### GATHERUM CASTLE.

ON the Tuesday morning Mark did receive his wife's letter and the ten-pound note, whereby a strong proof was given of the honesty of the post-office people in Bassetshire. That letter, written as it had been in a hurry, while Robin post-boy was drinking a single mug of beer,—well, what of it if it was half filled a second time?—was nevertheless eloquent of his wife's love and of her great triumph.

"I have only half a moment to send you the money," she said, "for the postman is here waiting. When I see you I'll explain why I am so hurried. Let me know that you get it safe. It is all right now, and Lady Luston was here not a minute ago. She did not quite like it; about Gatherum Castle I mean; but you'll hear *nothing about it*. Only remember that *you must dinè* at Framley Court on Wednesday week. *I have promised for you*. You will: won't you, dearest? I shall come and fetch you away if you attempt to stay longer than you have said. But I'm sure you won't. God bless you, my own one! Mr. Jones gave us the same sermon he preached the second Sunday after Easter. Twice in the same year is too often. God bless you! The children *are quite well*. Mark sends a big kiss.—Your own F."

Robarts, as he read this letter and crumpled the note up into his pocket, felt that it was much more satisfactory than he deserved. He knew that there must have been a fight, and that his wife, fighting loyally on his behalf, had got the best of it; and he knew also that her victory had not been owing to the goodness of her cause. He frequently declared to himself that he would not be afraid of Lady Luston; but nevertheless these tidings that no reproaches were to be made to him afforded him great relief.

On the following Friday they all went to the duke's, and found that the bishop and Mrs. Proudie were there before them; as were also sundry other people, mostly of some note, either in the estimation of the world at large or of that of West Bassetshire. Lord Bonnerges was there, an old man

who would have his own way in everything, and who was regarded by all men—apparently even by the duke himself—as an intellectual king, by no means of the constitutional kind,—as an intellectual emperor rather, who took upon himself to rule all questions of mind without the assistance of any ministers whatever. And Baron Brawl was of the party, one of her Majesty's puisne judges, as jovial a guest as ever entered a country house; but given to be rather sharp withal in his jovialities. And there was Mr. Green Walker, a young but rising man, the same who lectured not long since on a popular subject to his constituents at the Crewe Junction. Mr. Green Walker was a nephew of the Marchioness of Hartletop, and the Marchioness of Hartletop was a friend of the Duke of Omnium's. Mr. Mark Robarts was certainly elated when he ascertained who composed the company of which he had been so earnestly pressed to make a portion. Would it have been wise in him to forego this on account of the prejudices of Lady Lufton?

As the guests were so many and so great the huge front portals of Gatherum Castle were thrown open, and the vast hall adorned with trophies—with marble busts from Italy and armour from Wardour Street,—was thronged with gentlemen and ladies, and gave forth unwonted echoes to many a footstep. His grace himself, when Mark arrived there with Sowerby and Miss Dunstable—for in this instance Miss Dunstable did travel in the phaeton while Mark occupied a seat in the dicky—his grace himself was at this moment in the drawing-room, and nothing could exceed his urbanity.

"O Miss Dunstable," he said, taking that lady by the hand, and leading her up to the fire, "now I feel for the first time that Gatherum Castle has not been built for nothing."

"Nobody ever supposed it was, your grace," said Miss Dunstable. "I am sure the architect did not think so when his bill was paid." And Miss Dunstable put her toes up on the fender to warm them with as much self-possession as though her father had been a duke also, instead of a quack doctor.

"We have given the strictest orders about the parrot," said the duke—

"Ah! but I have not brought him after all," said Miss Dunstable.

"And I have had an aviary built on purpose,—just such as parrots are used to in their own country. Well, Miss Dunstable, I do call that unkind. Is it too late to send for him?"

"He and Dr. Easyman are travelling together. The truth was, I could not rob the doctor of his companion."

"Why? I have had another aviary built for him. I declare, Miss Dunstable, the honour you are doing me is shorn of half its glory. But the poodle—I still trust in the poodle."

"And your grace's trust shall not in that respect be in vain. Where is he, I wonder?" And Miss Dunstable looked round as though she expected that somebody would certainly have brought her dog in after her. "I



declare I must go and look for him,—only think if they were to put him among your grace's dogs,—how his morals would be destroyed!"

"Miss Dunstable, is that intended to be personal?" But the lady had turned away from the fire, and the duke was able to welcome his other guests.

This he did with much courtesy. "Sowerby," he said, "I am glad to find that you have survived the lecture. I can assure you I had fears for you."

"I was brought back to life after considerable delay by the administration of tonics at the Dragon of Wantly. Will your grace allow me to present to you Mr. Robarts, who on that occasion was not so fortunate. It was found necessary to carry him off to the palace, where he was obliged to undergo very vigorous treatment."

And then the duke shook hands with Mr. Robarts, assuring him that he was most happy to make his acquaintance. He had often heard of him since he came into the county; and then he asked after Lord Lufton, regretting that he had been unable to induce his lordship to come to Gatherum Castle.

"But you had a diversion at the lecture, I am told," continued the duke. "There was a second performer, was there not, who almost eclipsed poor Harold Smith?" And then Mr. Sowerby gave an amusing sketch of the little Proudie episode.

"It has, of course, ruined your brother-in-law for ever as a lecturer," said the duke, laughing.

"If so we shall feel ourselves under the deepest obligations to Mrs. Proudie," said Mr. Sowerby. And then Harold Smith himself came up, and received the duke's sincere and hearty congratulations on the success of his enterprise at Barchester.

Mark Robarts had now turned away, and his attention was suddenly arrested by the loud voice of Miss Dunstable who had stumbled across some very dear friends in her passage through the rooms, and who by no means hid from the public her delight upon the occasion.

"Well—well—well!" she exclaimed, and then she seized upon a very quiet-looking, well-dressed, attractive young woman who was walking towards her, in company with a gentleman. The gentleman and lady, as it turned out, were husband and wife. "Well—well—well! I hardly hoped for this." And then she took hold of the lady and kissed her enthusiastically, and after that grasped both the gentleman's hands, shaking them stoutly.

"And what a deal I shall have to say to you!" she went on. "You'll upset all my other plans. But, Mary my dear, how long are you going to stay here? I go—let me see—I forget when, but it's all put down in a book upstairs. But the next stage is at Mrs. Proudie's. I shan't meet you there, I suppose. And now, Frank, how's the governor?"

The gentleman called Frank declared that the governor was all right—"mad about the hounds, of course, you know."

"Well, my dear, that's better than the hounds being mad about him, like the poor gentleman they've put into a statue. But talking of hounds, Frank, how badly they manage their foxes at Chaldicotes! I was out hunting all one day ——"

"You out hunting!" said the lady called Mary.

"And why shouldn't I go out hunting? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Proudie was out hunting, too. But they didn't catch a single fox; and, if you must have the truth, it seemed to me to be rather slow."

"You were in the wrong division of the county," said the gentleman called Frank.

"Of course I was. When I really want to practise hunting I'll go to Greshamsbury; not a doubt about that."

"Or to Boxall hill," said the lady; "you'll find quite as much zeal there as at Greshamsbury."

"And more discretion, you should add," said the gentleman.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Miss Dunstable; "your discretion indeed! But you have not told me a word about Lady Arabella."

"My mother is quite well," said the gentleman.

"And the doctor? By-the-by, my dear, I've had such a letter from the doctor; only two days ago. I'll show it you upstairs to-morrow. But mind, it must be a positive secret. If he goes on in this way he'll get himself into the Tower, or Coventry, or a blue-book, or ~~some~~ dreadful place."

"Why; what has he said?"

"Never you mind, Master Frank: I don't mean to show you the letter, you may be sure of that. But if your wife will swear three times on a poker and tongs that she won't reveal, I'll show it to her. And so you're quite settled at Boxall hill, are you?"

"Frank's horses are settled; and the dogs nearly so," said Frank's wife; "but I can't boast much of anything else yet."

"Well, there's a good time coming. I must go and change my things now. But Mary, mind you get near me this evening; I have such a deal to say to you." And then Miss Dunstable marched out of the room.

All this had been said in so loud a voice that it was, as a matter of course, overheard by Mark Roberts—that part of the conversation of course I mean which had come from Miss Dunstable. And then Mark learned that this was young Frank Gresham of Boxall hill, son of old Mr. Gresham of Greshamsbury. Frank had lately married a great heiress; a greater heiress, men said, even than Miss Dunstable; and as the marriage was hardly as yet more than six months old the Barsetshire world was still full of it.

"The two heiresses seem to be very loving, don't they?" said Mr. Supplehouse. "Birds of a feather flock together, you know. But they did say some little time ago that young Gresham was to have married Miss Dunstable himself."

‘Miss Dunstable! why she might almost be his mother,’ said Mark.

‘That makes but little difference. He was obliged to marry money, and I believe there is no doubt that he did at one time propose to Miss Dunstable.’

‘I have had a letter from Lufton,’ Mr. Sowerby said to him the next morning. ‘He declares that the delay was all your fault. You were to have told Lady Lufton before he did anything, and he was waiting to write about it till he heard from you. It seems that you never said a word to her ladyship on the subject.’

‘I never did, certainly. My commission from Lufton was to break the matter to her when I found her in a proper humour for receiving it. If you knew Lady Lufton as well as I do, you would know that it is not every day that she would be in a humour for such tidings.’

‘And so I was to be kept waiting indefinitely because you two between you were afraid of an old woman! However I have not a word to say against her, and the matter is settled now.’

‘Has the farm been sold?’

‘Not a bit of it. The dowager could not bring her mind to suffer such profanation for the Lufton acres, and so she sold five thousand pounds out of the funds and sent the money to Lufton as a present;—sent it to him without saying a word, only hoping that it would suffice for his wants. I wish I had a mother I know.’

Mark found it impossible at the moment to make any remark upon what had been told him, but he felt a sudden qualm of conscience and a wish that he was at Framley instead of at Gatherum Castle at the present moment. He knew a good deal respecting Lady Lufton’s income and the manner in which it was spent. It was very handsome for a single lady, but then she lived in a free and open-handed style; her charities were noble; there was no reason why she should save money, and her annual income was usually spent within the year. Mark knew this, and he knew also that nothing short of an impossibility to maintain them would induce her to lessen her charities. She had now given away a portion of her principal to save the property of her son—her son, who was so much more opulent than herself,—upon whose means, too, the world made fewer effectual claims.

And Mark knew, too, something of the purpose for which this money had gone. There had been unsettled gambling claims between Sowerby and Lord Lufton, originating in affairs of the turf. It had now been going on for four years, almost from the period when Lord Lufton had become of age. He had before now spoken to Robarts on the matter with much bitter anger, alleging that Mr. Sowerby was treating him unfairly, nay, dishonestly—that he was claiming money that was not due to him; and then he declared more than once that he would bring the matter before the Jockey Club. But Mark, knowing that Lord Lufton was not clear-sighted in these matters, and believing it to be impossible that Mr. Sowerby should actually endeavour to defraud his friend, had smoothed down the

young lord's anger, and recommended him to get the case referred to some private arbiter. All this had afterwards been discussed between Robarts and Mr. Sowerby himself, and hence had originated their intimacy. The matter was so referred, Mr. Sowerby naming the referee; and Lord Lufton, when the matter was given against him, took it easily. His anger was over by that time. "I've been clean done among them," he said to Mark, laughing; "but it does not signify; a man must pay for his experience. Of course, Sowerby thinks it all right; I am bound to suppose so." And then there had been some further delay as to the amount, and part of the money had been paid to a third person, and a bill had been given, and heaven and the Jews only know how much money Lord Lufton had paid in all; and now it was ended by his handing over to some wretched villain of a money-dealer, on behalf of Mr. Sowerby, the enormous sum of five thousand pounds, which had been deducted from the means of his mother, Lady Lufton!

Mark, as he thought of all this, could not but feel a certain animosity against Mr. Sowerby—could not but suspect that he was a bad man. Nay, must he not have known that he was very bad? And yet he continued walking with him through the duke's grounds, still talking about Lord Lufton's affairs, and still listening with interest to what Sowerby told him of his own.

"No man was ever robbed as I have been," said he. "But I shall win through yet, in spite of them all. But those Jews, Mark"—he had become very intimate with him in these latter days—"whatever you do, keep clear of them. Why, I could paper a room with their signatures; and yet I never had a claim upon one of them, though they always have claims on me!"

I have said above that this affair of Lord Lufton's was ended; but it now appeared to Mark that it was not *quite* ended. "Tell Lufton, you know," said Sowerby, "that every bit of paper with his name has been taken up, except what that ruffian Tozer has. Tozer may have one bill, I believe,—something that was not given up when it was renewed. But I'll make my lawyer Gumption get that up. It may cost ten pounds or twenty pounds, not more. You'll remember that when you see Lufton, will you?"

"You'll see Lufton in all probability before I shall."

"Oh, did I not tell you? He's going to Framley Court at once; you'll find him there when you return."

"Find him at Framley!"

"Yes; this little *cadeau* from his mother has touched his filial heart. He is rushing home to Framley to pay back the dowager's hard moidores in soft caresses. I wish I had a mother; I know that."

And Mark still felt that he feared Mr. Sowerby, but he could not make up his mind to break away from him.

And there was much talk of politics just then at the castle. Not that the duke joined in it with any enthusiasm. He was a whig—a huge mountain of a colossal whig—all the world knew that. No opponent would

have dreamed of tampering with his whiggery, nor would any brother whig have dreamed of doubting it. But he was a whig who gave very little practical support to any set of men, and very little practical opposition to any other set. He was above troubling himself with such sublunar matters. At election time he supported, and always carried, whig candidates; and in return he had been appointed lord lieutenant of the county by one whig minister, and had received the Garter from another. But these things were matters of course to a Duke of Omnium. He was born to be a lord lieutenant and a knight of the Garter.

But not the less on account of his apathy, or rather quiescence, was it thought that Gatherum Castle was a fitting place in which politicians might express to each other their present hopes and future aims, and concoct together little plots in a half-serious and half-mocking way. Indeed it was hinted that Mr. Supplehouse and Harold Smith, with one or two others, were at Gatherum for this express purpose. Mr. Fothergill, too, was a noted politician, and was supposed to know the duke's mind well; and Mr. Green Walker, the nephew of the marchioness, was a young man whom the duke desired to have brought forward. Mr. Sowerby also was the duke's own member, and so the occasion suited well for the interchange of a few ideas.

The then prime minister, angry as many men were with him, had not been altogether unsuccessful. He had brought the Russian war to a close, which, if not glorious, was at any rate much more so than Englishmen at one time had ventured to hope. And he had had wonderful luck in that Indian mutiny. It is true that many of those even who voted with him would declare that this was in no way attributable to him. Great men had risen in India and done all that. Even his minister there, the governor whom he had sent out, was not allowed in those days any credit for the success which was achieved under his orders. There was great reason to doubt the man at the helm. But nevertheless he had been lucky. There is no merit in a public man like success!

But now, when the evil days were well nigh over, came the question whether he had not been too successful. When a man has nailed fortune to his chariot-wheels he is apt to travel about in rather a proud fashion. There are servants who think that their masters cannot do without them; and the public also may occasionally have some such servant. What if this too successful minister were one of them!

And then a discreet, commonplace, zealous member of the Lower House does not like to be jeered at, when he does his duty by his constituents and asks a few questions. An all-successful minister who cannot keep his triumph to himself, but must needs drive about in a proud fashion, laughing at commonplace zealous members—laughing even occasionally at members who are by no means commonplace, which is outrageous!—may it not be as well to ostracize him for awhile?

"Had we not better throw in our shells against him?" says Mr. Harold Smith.

"Let us throw in our shells, by all means," says Mr. Supplehouse, mindful as Juno of his despised charms. And when Mr. Supplehouse declares himself an enemy, men know how much it means. They know that that much-belaboured head of affairs must succumb to the terrible blows which are now in store for him. "Yes, we will throw in our shells." And Mr. Supplehouse rises from his chair with gleaming eyes. "Has not Greece as noble sons as him? ay, and much nobler, traitor that he is. We must judge a man by his friends," says Mr. Supplehouse; and he points away to the East, where our dear allies the French are supposed to live, and where our head of affairs is supposed to have too close an intimacy.

They all understand this, even Mr. Green Walker. "I don't know that he is any good to any of us at all, now," says the talented member for the Crewe Junction. "He's a great deal too uppish to suit my book; and I know a great many people that think so too. There's my uncle——"

"He's the best fellow in the world," said Mr. Fothergill, who felt, perhaps, that that coming revelation about Mr. Green Walker's uncle might not be of use to them; "but the fact is one gets tired of the same man always. One does not like partridge every day. As for me, I have nothing to do with it myself; but I would certainly like to change the dish."

"If we're merely to do as we are bid, and have no voice of our own, I don't see what's the good of going to the shop at all," said Mr. Sowerby.

"Not the least use," said Mr. Supplehouse. "We are false to our constituents in submitting to such a dominion."

"Let's have a change, then," said Mr. Sowerby. "The matter's pretty much in our own hands."

"Altogether," said Mr. Green Walker. "That's what my uncle always says."

"The Manchester men will only be too happy for the chance," said Harold Smith.

"And as for the high and dry gentlemen," said Mr. Sowerby, "it's not very likely that they will object to pick up the fruit when we shake the tree."

"As to picking up the fruit, that's as may be," said Mr. Supplehouse. Was he not the man to save the nation; and if so, why should he not pick up the fruit himself? Had not the greatest power in the country pointed him out as such a saviour? What though the country at the present moment needed no more saving, might there not nevertheless be a good time coming? Were there not rumours of other wars still prevalent—if indeed the actual war then going on was being brought to a close without his assistance, by some other species of salvation? He thought of that country to which he had pointed, and of that friend of his enemies, and remembered that there might be still work for a mighty saviour. The public mind was now awake, and understood what it was about. When a man gets into his head an idea that the public voice calls for him, it is astonishing how great becomes his trust in the wisdom of the public. Vox

*populi vox Dei.* "Has it not been so always?" he says to himself, as he gets up and as he goes to bed. And then Mr. Supplehouse felt that he was the master mind there at Gatherum Castle, and that those there were all puppets in his hand. It is such a pleasant thing to feel that one's friends are puppets, and that the strings are in one's own possession. But what if Mr. Supplehouse himself were a puppet?

Some months afterwards; when the much-belaboured head of affairs was in very truth made to retire, when unkind shells were thrown in against him in great numbers, when he exclaimed, "*Et tu, Brute!*" till the words were stereotyped upon his lips, all men in all places talked much about the great Gatherum Castle confederation. The Duke of Omnium, the world said, had taken into his high consideration the state of affairs, and seeing with his eagle's eye that the welfare of his countrymen at large required that some great step should be initiated, he had at once summoned to his mansion many members of the Lower House, and some also of the House of Lords,—mention was here especially made of the all-venerable and all-wise Lord Boanerges; and men went on to say that there, in deep conclave, he had made known to them his views. It was thus agreed that the head of affairs, whig as he was, must fall. The country required it, and the duke did his duty. This was the beginning, the world said, of that celebrated confederation, by which the ministry was overturned, and—as the *Goody Twoshoes* added,—the country saved. But the *Jupiter* took all the credit to itself; and the *Jupiter* was not far wrong. All the credit was due to the *Jupiter*—in that, as in everything else.

In the meantime the Duke of Omnium entertained his guests in the quiet princely style, but did not condescend to have much conversation on politics either with Mr. Supplehouse or with Mr. Harold Smith. And as for Lord Boanerges, he spent the morning on which the above-described conversation took place in teaching Miss Dunstable to blow soap-bubbles on scientific principles.

"Dear, dear!" said Miss Dunstable, as sparks of knowledge came flying in upon her mind. "I always thought that a soap-bubble was a soap-bubble, and I never asked the reason why. One doesn't, you know, my lord."

"Pardon me, Miss Dunstable," said the old lord, "one does; but nine hundred and ninety-nine do not."

"And the nine hundred and ninety-nine have the best of it," said Miss Dunstable. "What pleasure can one have in a ghost after one has seen the phosphorus rubbed on?"

"Quite true, my dear lady. 'If ignorance be bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' It all lies in the 'if.'"

Then Miss Dunstable began to sing:—

"'What tho' I trace each herb and flower  
That sips the morning dew—'

—you know the rest, my lord."

Lord Boanerges did know almost everything, but he did not know that; and so Miss Dunstable went on:—

“ ‘Did I not own Jehovah’s power  
How vain were all I knew.’ ”

“ Exactly, exactly, Miss Dunstable,” said his lordship; “ but why not own the power and trace the flower as well? perhaps one might help the other.”

Upon the whole I am afraid that Lord Boanerges got the best of it. But then that is his line. He has been getting the best of it all his life.

It was observed by all that the duke was especially attentive to young Mr. Frank Gresham, the gentleman on whom and on whose wife Miss Dunstable had seized so vehemently. This Mr. Gresham was the richest commoner in the county, and it was rumoured that at the next election he would be one of the members for the East Riding. Now the duke had little or nothing to do with the East Riding, and it was well known that young Gresham would be brought forward as a strong conservative. But nevertheless, his acres were so extensive and his money so plentiful that he was worth a duke’s notice. Mr. Sowerby also was almost more than civil to him, as was natural, seeing that this very young man by a mere scratch of his pen could turn a scrap of paper into a bank-note of almost fabulous value.

“ So you have the East Barsetshire hounds at Boxall hill; have you not?” said the duke.

“ The hounds are there,” said Frank. “ But I am not the master.”

“ Oh! I understood —— ”

“ My father has them. But he finds Boxall hill more central than Greshamsbury. The dogs and horses have to go shorter distances.”

“ Boxall hill is very central.”

“ Oh, exactly! ”

“ And your young gorse coverts are doing well? ”

“ Pretty well—gorse won’t thrive everywhere I find. I wish it would.”

“ That’s just what I say to Fothergill; and then where there’s much woodland you can’t get the vermin to leave it.”

“ But we haven’t a tree at Boxall hill,” said Mrs. Gresham.

“ Ah, yes; you’re new there, certainly; you’ve enough of it at Greshamsbury in all conscience. There’s a larger extent of wood there than we have; isn’t there, Fothergill? ”

Mr. Fothergill said that the Greshamsbury woods were very extensive, but that, perhaps, he thought——

“ Oh, ah! I know,” said the duke. “ The Black Forest in its old days was nothing to Gatherum woods, according to Fothergill. And then again, nothing in East Barsetshire could be equal to anything in West Barsetshire. Isn’t that it; eh, Fothergill? ”

Mr. Fothergill professed that he had been brought up in that faith and intended to die in it.

“ Your exotics at Boxall hill are very fine, magnificent! ” said Mr. Sowerby.



"I'd sooner have one full-grown oak standing in its pride alone," said young Gresham, rather grandiloquently, "than all the exotics in the world."

"They'll come in due time," said the duke.

"But the due time won't be in my days. And so they're going to cut down Chaldicotes forest; are they, Mr. Sowerby?"

"Well, I can't tell you that. They are going to disforest it. I have been ranger since I was twenty-two, and I don't yet know whether that means cutting down."

"Not only cutting down, but rooting up," said Mr. Fothergill.

"It's a murderous shame," said Frank Gresham; "and I will say one thing, I don't think any but a whig government would do it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed his grace. "At any rate I'm sure of this," he said, "that if a conservative government did do so, the whigs would be just as indignant as you are now."

"I'll tell you what you ought to do, Mr. Gresham," said Sowerby: "put in an offer for the whole of the West Barsetshire crown property; they will be very glad to sell it."

"And we should be delighted to welcome you on this side of the border," said the duke.

Young Gresham did feel rather flattered. There were not many men in the county to whom such an offer could be made without an absurdity. It might be doubted whether the duke himself could purchase the Chase of Chaldicotes with ready money; but that he, Gresham, could do so—he and his wife between them—no man did doubt. And then Mr. Gresham thought of a former day when he had once been at Gatherum Castle. He had been poor enough then, and the duke had not treated him in the most courteous manner in the world. How hard it is for a rich man not to lean upon his riches! harder, indeed, than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.

All Barsetshire knew—at any rate all West Barsetshire—that Miss Dunstable had been brought down in those parts in order that Mr. Sowerby might marry her. It was not surmised that Miss Dunstable herself had had any previous notice of this arrangement, but it was supposed that the thing would turn out as a matter of course. Mr. Sowerby had no money, but then he was witty, clever, good-looking, and a member of parliament. He lived before the world, represented an old family, and had an old place. How could Miss Dunstable possibly do better? She was not so young now, and it was time that she should look about her.

The suggestion as regarded Mr. Sowerby was certainly true, and was not the less so as regarded some of Mr. Sowerby's friends. His sister, Mrs. Harold Smith, had devoted herself to the work, and with this view had run up a dear friendship with Miss Dunstable. The bishop had intimated, nodding his head knowingly, that it would be a very good thing. Mrs. Proudie had given in her adherence. Mr. Supplehouse had been made to understand that it must be a case of "Paws off" with him,

as long as he remained in that part of the world ; and even the duke himself had desired Fothergill to manage it.

"He owes me an enormous sum of money," said the duke who held all Mr. Sowerby's title-deeds, "and I doubt whether the security will be sufficient."

"Your grace will find the security quite sufficient," said Mr. Fothergill; "but nevertheless it would be a good match."

"Very good," said the duke. And then it became Mr. Fothergill's duty to see that Mr. Sowerby and Miss Dunstable became man and wife as speedily as possible.

Some of the party, who were more wide awake than others, declared that he had made the offer ; others, that he was just going to do so ; and one very knowing lady went so far at one time as to say that he was making it at that moment. Bets also were laid as to the lady's answer, as to the terms of the settlement, and as to the period of the marriage,—of all which poor Miss Dunstable of course knew nothing.

Mr. Sowerby, in spite of the publicity of his proceedings, proceeded in the matter very well. He said little about it to those who joked with him, but carried on the fight with what best knowledge he had in such matters. But so much it is given to us to declare with certainty, that he had not proposed on the evening previous to the morning fixed for the departure of Mark Roberts.

During the last two days Mr. Sowerby's intimacy with Mark had grown warmer and warmer. He had talked to the vicar confidentially about the doings of these bigwigs now present at the castle, as though there were no other guest there with whom he could speak in so free a manner. He confided, it seemed, much more in Mark than in his brother-in-law, Harold Smith, or in any of his brother members of parliament, and had altogether opened his heart to him in this affair of his anticipated marriage. Now Mr. Sowerby was a man of mark in the world, and all this flattered our young clergyman not a little. . .

On that evening before Roberts went away Sowerby asked him to come up into his bedroom when the whole party was breaking up, and there got him into an easy-chair while he, Sowerby, walked up and down the room.

"You can hardly tell, my dear fellow," said he, "the state of nervous anxiety in which this puts me."

"Why don't you ask her and have done with it? She seems to me to be fond of your society."

"Ah, it is not that only ; there are wheels within wheels ;" and then he walked once or twice up and down the room, during which Mark thought that he might as well go to bed.

"Not that I mind telling you everything," said Sowerby. "I am infernally hard up for a little ready money just at the present moment. It may be, and indeed I think it will be, the case that I shall be ruined in this matter for the want of it."

"Could not Harold Smith give it you?"

"Ha, ha, ha! you don't know Harold Smith. Did you ever hear of his lending a man a shilling in his life?"

"Or-Supplehouse?"

"Lord love you! You see me and Supplehouse together here, and he comes and stays at my house, and all that; but Supplehouse and I are no friends. Look you here, Mark. I would do more for your little finger than for his whole hand, including the pen which he holds in it. Fothergill indeed might—but then I know Fothergill is pressed himself at the present moment. It is deuced hard, isn't it? I must give up the whole game if I can't put my hand upon 400*l.* within the next two days."

"Ask her for it, herself."

"What, the woman I wish to marry! No, Mark, I'm not quite come to that. I would sooner lose her than that."

Mark sat silent, gazing at the fire and wishing that he was in his own bedroom. He had an idea that Mr. Sowerby wished him to produce this 400*l.*; and he knew also that he had not 400*l.* in the world, and that if he had he would be acting very foolishly to give it to Mr. Sowerby. But nevertheless he felt half fascinated by the man, and half afraid of him.

"Lufston owes it to me to do more than this," continued Mr. Sowerby; "but when Lufston is not here?"

"Why, he has just paid five thousand pounds for you."

"Paid five thousand pounds for me! Indeed he has done no such thing: not a sixpence of it came into my hands. Believe me, Mark, you don't know the whole of that yet. Not that I mean to say a word against Lufston. He is the soul of honour; though so deucedly dilatory in money matters. He thought he was right all through that affair, but no man was ever so confoundedly wrong. Why, don't you remember that that was the very view you took of it yourself?"

"I remember saying that I thought he was mistaken."

"Of course he was mistaken. And dearly the mistake cost me. I had to make good the money for two or three years. And my property is not like his. I wish it were."

"Marry Miss Dunstable, and that will set it all right for you."

"Ah! so I would if I had this money. At any rate I would bring it to the point. Now, I tell you what, Mark; if you'll assist me at this strait I'll never forget it. And the time will come round when I may be able to do something for you."

"I have not got a hundred, no, not fifty pounds by me in the world."

"Of course you've not. Men don't walk about the streets with 400*l.* in their pockets. I don't suppose there's a single man here in the house with such a sum at his bankers', unless it be the duke."

"What is it you want then?"

"Why, your name to be sure. Believe me, my dear fellow, I would

not ask you really to put your hand into your pocket to such a tune as that. Allow me to draw on you for that amount at three months. Long before that time I shall be flush enough." And then, before Mark could answer, he had a bill stamp and pen and ink out on the table before him, and was filling in the bill as though his friend had already given his consent.

"Upon my word, Sowerby, I had rather not do that."

"Why! what are you afraid of?"—Mr. Sowerby asked this very sharply. "Did you ever hear of my having neglected to take up a bill when it fell due?" Robarts thought that he had heard of such a thing; but in his confusion he was not exactly sure, and so he said nothing.

"No, my boy; I have not come to that. Look here: just you write, 'Accepted, Mark Robarts,' across that, and then you shall never hear of the transaction again;—and you will have obliged me for ever."

"As a clergyman it would be wrong of me," said Robarts.

"As a clergyman! Come, Mark! If you don't like to do as much as that for a friend, say so; but don't let us have that sort of humbug. If there be one class of men whose names would be found more frequent on the backs of bills in the provincial banks than another, clergymen are that class. Come, old fellow, you won't throw me over when I am so hard pushed."

Mark Robarts took the pen and signed the bill. It was the first time in his life that he had ever done such an act. Sowerby then shook him cordially by the hand, and he walked off to his own bedroom a wretched man.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE VICAR'S RETURN.

THE next morning Mr. Robarts took leave of all his grand friends with a heavy heart. He had lain awake half the night thinking of what he had done and trying to reconcile himself to his position. He had not well left Mr. Sowerby's room before he felt certain that at the end of three months he would again be troubled about that 400*l*. As he went along the passage all the man's known antecedents crowded upon him much quicker than he could remember them when seated in that armchair with the bill stamp before him, and the pen and ink ready to his hand. He remembered what Lord Lufton had told him—how he had complained of having been left in the lurch; he thought of all the stories current through the entire county as to the impossibility of getting money from Chaldicotes; he brought to mind the known character of the man, and then he knew that he must prepare himself to make good a portion at least of that heavy payment.

Why had he come to this horrid place? Had he not everything at home at Framley which the heart of man could desire? No; the heart of

man can desire deaneries—the heart, that is, of the man vicar; and the heart of the man dean can desire bishoprics; and before the eyes of the man bishop does there not loom the transcendental glory of Lambeth? He had owned to himself that he was ambitious; but he had to own to himself now also that he had hitherto taken but a sorry path towards the object of his ambition.

On the next morning at breakfast-time, before his horse and gig arrived for him, no one was so bright as his friend Sowerby. “So you are off, are you?” said he.

“Yes, I shall go this morning.”

“Say everything that’s kind from me to Lufton. I may possibly see him out hunting; otherwise we shan’t meet till the spring. As to my going to Framley, that’s out of the question. Her ladyship would look for my tail, and swear that she smelt brimstone. By-bye, old fellow!”

The German student when he first made his bargain with the devil felt an indescribable attraction to his new friend; and such was the case now with Robarts. He shook Sowerby’s hand very warmly, said that he hoped he should meet him soon somewhere, and professed himself specially anxious to hear how that affair with the lady came off. As he had made his bargain—as he had undertaken to pay nearly half-a-year’s income for his dear friend, ought he not to have as much value as possible for his money? If the dear friendship of this flash member of Parliament did not represent that value, what else did do so? But then he felt, or fancied that he felt, that Mr. Sowerby did not care for him so much this morning as he had done on the previous evening. “By-bye,” said Mr. Sowerby, but he spoke no word as to such future meetings, nor did he even promise to write. Mr. Sowerby probably had many things on his mind; and it might be that it behoved him, having finished one piece of business, immediately to look to another.

The sum for which Robarts had made himself responsible—which he so much feared that he would be called upon to pay, was very nearly half-a-year’s income; and as yet he had not put by one shilling since he had been married. When he found himself settled in his parsonage, he found also that all the world regarded him as a rich man. He had taken the dictum of all the world as true, and had set himself to work to live comfortably. He had no absolute need of a curate; but he could afford the 70*l.*—as Lady Lufton had said rather injudiciously; and by keeping Jones in the parish he would be acting charitably to a brother clergyman, and would also place himself in a more independent position. Lady Lufton had wished to see her pet clergyman well-to-do and comfortable; but now, as matters had turned out, she much regretted this affair of the curate. Mr. Jones, she said to herself, more than once, must be made to depart from Framley.

He had given his wife a pony-carriage, and for himself he had a saddle-horse, and a second horse for his gig. A man in his position, well-to-do as he was, required as much as that. He had a footman also, and a

gardener, and a groom. The two latter were absolutely necessary, but about the former there had been a question. His wife had been decidedly hostile to the footman; but, in all such matters as that, to doubt is to be lost. When the footman had been discussed for a week it became quite clear to the master that he also was a necessary.

As he drove home that morning he pronounced to himself the doom of that footman, and the doom also of that saddle-horse. They at any rate should go. And then he would spend no more money in trips to Scotland; and above all, he would keep out of the bedrooms of impoverished members of parliament at the witching hour of midnight. Such resolves did he make to himself as he drove home; and bethought himself wearily how that 400*l.* might be made to be forthcoming. As to any assistance in the matter from Sowerby,—of that he gave himself no promise.

But he almost felt himself happy again as his wife came out into the porch to meet him, with a silk shawl over her head, and pretending to shiver as she watched him descending from his gig.

"My dear old man," she said, as she led him into the warm drawing-room with all his wrappings still about him, "you must be starved." But Mark during the whole drive had been thinking too much of that transaction in Mr. Sowerby's bedroom to remember that the air was cold. Now he had his arm round his own dear Fanny's waist; but was he to tell her of that transaction? At any rate he would not do it now, while his two boys were in his arms, rubbing the moisture from his whiskers with their kisses. After all, what is there equal to that coming home?

"And so Lufton is here. I say, Frank, gently old boy,"—Frank was his eldest son—"you'll have baby into the fender."

"Let me take baby; it's impossible to hold the two of them, they are so strong," said the proud mother. "Oh, yes, he came home early yesterday."

"Have you seen him?"

"He was here yesterday, with her ladyship; and I lunched there to-day. The letter came, you know, in time to stop the Merediths. They don't go till to-morrow, so you will meet them after all. Sir George is wild about it, but Lady Lufton would have her way. You never saw her in such a state as she is."

"Good spirits, eh?"

"I should think so. All Lord Lufton's horses are coming and he's to be here till March."

"Till March!"

"So her ladyship whispered to me. She could not conceal her triumph at his coming. He's going to give up Leicestershire this year altogether. I wonder what has brought it all about?" Mark knew very well what had brought it about; he had been made acquainted, as the reader has also, with the price at which Lady Lufton had purchased her son's visit. But no one had told Mrs. Roberts that the mother had made her son a present of five thousand pounds.

"She's in a good humour about everything now," continued Fanny ; "so you need say nothing at all about Gatherum Castle."

"But she was very angry when she first heard it ; was she not ?"

"Well, Mark, to tell the truth she was ; and we had quite a scene there up in her own room up-stairs,—Justinia and I. She had heard something else that she did not like at the same time ; and then—but you know her way. She blazed up quite hot."

"And said all manner of horrid things about me."

"About the duke she did. You know she never did like the duke ; and for the matter of that, neither do I. I tell you that fairly, Master Mark !"

"The duke is not so bad as he's painted."

"Ah, that's what you say about another great person. However, he won't come here to trouble us, I suppose. And then I left her, not in the best temper in the world ; for I blazed up too, you must know."

"I am sure you did," said Mark, pressing his arm round her waist.

"And then we were going to have a dreadful war, I thought ; and I came home and wrote such a doleful letter to you. But what should happen when I had just closed it, but in came her ladyship—all alone, and——. But I can't tell you what she did or said, only she behaved beautifully ; just like herself too ; so full of love and truth and honesty. There's nobody like her, Mark ; and she's better than all the dukes that ever wore—whatever dukes do wear."

"Horns and hoofs ; that's their usual apparel, according to you and Lady Lufton," said he, remembering what Mr. Sowerby had said of himself.

"You may say what you like about me, Mark, but you shan't abuse Lady Lufton. And if horns and hoofs mean wickedness and dissipation, I believe it's not far wrong. But get off your big coat and make yourself comfortable." And that was all the scolding that Mark Roberts got from his wife on the occasion of his great iniquity.

"I will certainly tell her about this bill transaction," he said to himself ; "but not to-day ; not till after I have seen Lufton."

That evening they dined at Framley Court, and there they met the young lord ; they found also Lady Lufton still in high good humour. Lord Lufton himself was a fine bright-looking young man ; not so tall as Mark Roberts, and with perhaps less intelligence marked on his face ; but his features were finer, and there was in his countenance a thorough appearance of good humour and sweet temper. It was, indeed, a pleasant face to look upon, and dearly Lady Lufton loved to gaze at it.

"Well, Mark, so you have been among the Philistines?" that was his lordship's first remark. Roberts laughed as he took his friend's hands, and bethought himself how truly that was the case ; that he was, in very truth, already "himself in bonds under Philistian yoke." Alas, alas, it is very hard to break asunder the bonds of the latter-day Philistines. When a Samson does now and then pull a temple down about their ears, is he not sure to be engulfed in the ruin with them? There is no horseleech that sticks so fast as your latter-day Philistine.

"So you have caught Sir George, after all," said Lady Lufton, and that was nearly all she did say in allusion to his absence. There was afterwards some conversation about the lecture, and from her ladyship's remarks, it certainly was apparent that she did not like the people among whom the vicar had been lately staying; but she said no word that was personal to him himself, or that could be taken as a reproach. The little episode of Mrs. Proudie's address in the lecture-room had already reached Framley, and it was only to be expected that Lady Lufton should enjoy the joke. She would affect to believe that the body of the lecture had been given by the bishop's wife; and afterwards when Mark described her costume at that Sunday morning breakfast-table, Lady Lufton would assume that such had been the dress in which she had exercised her faculties in public.

"I would have given a five-pound note to have heard it," said Sir George.

"So would not I," said Lady Lufton. "When one hears of such things described so graphically as Mr. Robarts now tells it, one can hardly help laughing. But it would give me great pain to see the wife of one of our bishops place herself in such a situation. For he is a bishop after all."

"Well, upon my word, my lady, I agree with Meredith," said Lord Lufton.—"It must have been good fun. As it did happen, you know,—as the church was doomed to the disgrace, I should like to have heard it."

"I know you would have been shocked, Ludovic."

"I should have got over that in time, mother. It would have been like a bull fight I suppose, horrible to see no doubt, but extremely interesting—And Harold Smith, Mark; what did he do all the while?"

"It didn't take so very long, you know," said Robarts.

"And the poor bishop," said Lady Meredith; "how did he look? I really do pity him."

"Well, he was asleep, I think."

"What, slept through it all?" said Sir George.

"It awakened him; and then he jumped up and said something."

"What, out loud too?"

"Only one word or so."

"What a disgraceful scene!" said Lady Lufton. "To those who remember the good old man who was in the diocese before him it is perfectly shocking. He confirmed you, Ludovic, and you ought to remember him. It was over at Barchester, and you went and lunched with him afterwards."

"I do remember; and especially this, that I never ate such tarts in my life, before or since. The old man particularly called my attention to them, and seemed remarkably pleased that I concurred in his sentiments. There are no such tarts as those going in the palace now, I'll be bound."

"Mrs. Proudie will be very happy to do her best for you if you will go and try," said Sir George.

"I beg that he will do no such thing," said Lady Lufton, and that was the only severe word she said about any of Mark's visitings.



As Sir George Meredith was there, Robarts could say nothing then to Lord Lufton about Mr. Sowerby and Mr. Sowerby's money affairs; but he did make an appointment for a *tête-à-tête* on the next morning.

"You must come down and see my nags, Mark; they came to-day. The Merediths will be off at twelve, and then we can have an hour together." Mark said he would, and then went home with his wife under his arm.

"Well, now, is not she kind?" said Fanny, as soon as they were out on the gravel together.

"She is kind; kinder than I can tell you just at present. But did you ever know anything so bitter as she is to the poor bishop? And really the bishop is not so bad."

"Yes; I know something much more bitter; and that is what she thinks of the bishop's wife. And you know, Mark, it was so unladylike, her getting up in that way. What must the people of Barchester think of her?"

"As far as I could see the people of Barchester liked it."

"Nonsense, Mark; they could not. But never mind that now. I want you to own that she is good." And then Mrs. Robarts went on with another long eulogy on the dowager. Since that affair of the pardon-begging at the parsonage Mrs. Robarts hardly knew how to think well enough of her friend. And the evening had been so pleasant after the dreadful storm and threatenings of hurricanes; her husband had been so well received after his lapse of judgment; the wounds that had looked so sore had been so thoroughly healed, and everything was so pleasant. How all of this would have been changed had she had known of that little bill!

At twelve the next morning the lord and the vicar were walking through the Framley stables together. Quite a commotion had been made there, for the larger portion of these buildings had of late years seldom been used. But now all was crowding and activity. Seven or eight very precious animals had followed Lord Lufton from Leicestershire, and all of them required dimensions that were thought to be rather excessive by the Framley old-fashioned groom. My lord, however, had a head man of his own who took the matter quite into his own hands.

Mark, priest as he was, was quite worldly enough to be fond of a good horse; and for some little time allowed Lord Lufton to descant on the merit of this four-year-old filly, and that magnificent Rattlebones colt, out of a Mousetrap mare; but he had other things that lay heavy on his mind, and after bestowing half an hour on the stud, he contrived to get his friend away to the shrubbery walks.

"So you have settled with Sowerby," Robarts began by saying.

"Settled with him; yes, but do you know the price?"

"I believe that you have paid five thousand pounds."

"Yes, and about three before; and that in a matter in which I did not really owe one shilling. Whatever I do in future, I'll keep out of Sowerby's grip."

"But you don't think he has been unfair to you."

"Mark, to tell you the truth I have banished the affair from my mind, and don't wish to take it up again. My mother has paid the money to save the property, and of course I must pay her back. But I think I may promise that I will not have any more money dealings with Sowerby. I will not say that he is dishonest, but at any rate he is sharp."

"Well, Lufton; what will you say when I tell you that I have put my name to a bill for him, for four hundred pounds."

"Say; why I should say——; but you're joking; a man in your position would never do such a thing."

"But I have done it."

Lord Lufton gave a long low whistle.

"He asked me the last night that I was there, making a great favour of it, and declaring that no bill of his had ever yet been dishonoured."

Lord Lufton whistled again. "No bill of his dishonoured! Why the pocket-books of the Jews are stuffed full of his dishonoured papers! And you have really given him your name for four hundred pounds?"

"I have certainly."

"At what date?"

"Three months."

"And have you thought where you are to get the money?"

"I know very well that I can't get it; not at least by that time. The bankers must renew it for me, and I must pay it by degrees. That is, if Sowerby really does not take it up."

"It is just as likely that he will take up the national debt."

Robarts then told him about the projected marriage with Miss Dunstable, giving it as his opinion that the lady would probably accept the gentleman.

"Not at all improbable," said his lordship, "for Sowerby is an agreeable fellow; and if it be so, he will have all that he wants for life. But his creditors will gain nothing. The duke, who has his title-deeds, will doubtless get his money, and the estate will in fact belong to the wife. But the small fry, such as you, will not get a shilling."

Poor Mark! He had had an inkling of this before; but it had hardly presented itself to him in such certain terms. It was, then, a positive fact, that in punishment for his weakness in having signed that bill he would have to pay, not only four hundred pounds, but four hundred pounds with interest, and expenses of renewal, and commission, and bill stamps. Yes; he had certainly got among the Philistines during that visit of his to the duke. It began to appear to him pretty clearly that it would have been better for him to have relinquished altogether the glories of Chaldicotes and Gatherum Castle.

And now, how was he to tell his wife?

## Sir Joshua and Holbein.

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LONG ago discarded from our National Gallery, with the contempt logically due to national or English pictures,—lost to sight and memory for many a year in the Ogygian seclusions of Marlborough House—there have re-appeared at last, in more honourable exile at Kensington, two great pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two, with others; but these alone worth many an entanglement among the cross-roads of the West, to see for half-an-hour by spring sunshine:—the *Holy Family*, and the *Graces*, side by side now in the principal room. Great, as ever was work wrought by man. In placid strength, and subtlest science, unsurpassed;—in sweet felicity, incomparable.

If you truly want to know what good work of painter's hand is, study those two pictures from side to side, and miss no inch of them (you will hardly, eventually, be inclined to miss one): in some respects there is no execution like it; none so open in the magic. For the work of other great men is hidden in its wonderfulness—you cannot see how it was done. But in Sir Joshua's there is no mystery: it is all amazement. No question but that the touch was so laid; only that it *could* have been so laid, is a marvel for ever. So also there is no painting so majestic in sweetness. He is lily-accepted: his power blossoms, but burdens not. All other men of equal dignity paint more slowly; all others of equal force paint less lightly. Tintoret lays his line like a king marking the boundaries of conquered lands; but Sir Joshua leaves it as a summer wind its trace on a lake; he could have painted on a silken veil, where it fell free, and not bent it.

Such at least is his touch when it is life that he paints: for things lifeless he has a severer hand. If you examine that picture of the *Graces* you will find it reverses all the ordinary ideas of expedient treatment. By other men flesh is firmly painted, but accessories lightly. Sir Joshua paints accessories firmly,\* flesh lightly;—nay, flesh not at all, but spirit. The wreath of flowers he feels to be material; and gleam by gleam strikes fearlessly the silver and violet leaves out of the darkness. But the three maidens are less substantial than rose petals. No flushed nor frosted tissue that ever faded in night wind is so tender as they; no hue may reach, no line measure, what is in them so gracious and so fair. Let the hand move softly—itsself as a spirit; for this is Life, of which it touches the imagery.

“And yet——”

Yes: you do well to pause. There is a “yet” to be thought of. I

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\* As showing gigantic power of hand, joined with utmost accuracy and rapidity, the folds of drapery under the breast of the Virgin are, perhaps, as marvellous a piece of work as could be found in any picture, of whatever time or master.

did not bring you to these pictures to see wonderful work merely, or womanly beauty merely. I brought you chiefly to look at that Madonna, believing that you might remember other Madonnas, unlike her; and might think it desirable to consider wherein the difference lay:—other Madonnas not by Sir Joshua, who painted Madonnas but seldom. Who perhaps, if truth must be told, painted them never: for surely this dearest pet of an English girl, with the little curl of lovely hair under her ear, is *not* one.

Why did not Sir Joshua—or could not—or would not Sir Joshua—paint Madonnas? neither he, nor his great rival-friend Gainsborough? Both of them painters of women, such as since Giorgione and Correggio had not been; both painters of men, such as had not been since Titian. How is it that these English friends can so brightly paint that particular order of humanity which we call “gentlemen and ladies,” but neither heroes, nor saints, nor angels? Can it be because they were both country-bred boys, and for ever after strangely sensitive to courtliness? Why, Giotto also was a country-bred boy. Allegri’s native Correggio, Titian’s Cadore, were but hill villages; yet these men painted, not the court, nor the drawing-room, but the Earth: and not a little of Heaven besides: while our good Sir Joshua never trusts himself outside the park palings. He could not even have drawn the strawberry girl, unless she had got through a gap in them—or rather, I think, she must have been let in at the porter’s lodge, for her strawberries are in a pottle, ready for the ladies at the Hall. Giorgione would have set them, wild and fragrant, among their leaves, in her hand. Between his fairness, and Sir Joshua’s May-fairness, there is a strange, impassable limit—as of the white reef that in Pacific isles encircles their inner lakelets, and shuts them from the surf and sound of sea. Clear and calm they rest, reflecting fringed shadows of the palm-trees, and the passing of fretted clouds across their own sweet circle of blue sky. But beyond, and round and round their coral bar, lies the blue of sea and heaven together—blue of eternal deep.

You will find it a pregnant question, if you follow it forth, and leading to many others, not trivial, Why it is, that in Sir Joshua’s girl, or Gainsborough’s, we always think first of the Ladyhood; but in Giotto’s, of the Womanhood? Why, in Sir Joshua’s hero, or Vandyck’s, it is always the Prince or the Sir whom we see first; but in Titian’s, the man.

Not that Titian’s gentlemen are less finished than Sir Joshua’s; but their gentlemanliness\* is not the principal thing about them; their manhood absorbs, conquers, wears it as a despised thing. Nor—and this is another stern ground of separation—will Titian make a gentleman of every

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\* The reader must observe that I use the word here in a limited sense, as meaning only the effect of careful education, good society, and refined habits of life, on average temper and character. Of deep and true gentlemanliness—based as it is on intense sensibility and sincerity, perfected by courage, and other qualities of race; as well as of that union of insensibility with cunning, which is the essence of vulgarity, I shall have to speak at length in another place.

one he paints. He will make him so if he is so, not otherwise; and this not merely in general servitude to truth, but because in his sympathy with deeper humanity, the courtier is not more interesting to him than any one else. "You have learned to dance and fence; you can speak with clearness, and think with precision; your hands are small, your senses acute, and your features well-shaped. Yes: I see all this in you, and will do it justice. You shall stand as none but a well-bred man could stand; and your fingers shall fall on the sword-hilt as no fingers could but those that knew the grasp of it. But for the rest, this grisly fisherman, with rusty cheek and rope-frayed hand, is a man as well as you, and might possibly make several of you, if souls were divisible. His bronze colour is quite as interesting to me, Titian, as your paleness, and his hoary spray of stormy hair takes the light as well as your waving curls. Him also I will paint, with such picturesqueness as he may have; yet not putting the picturesqueness first in him, as in you I have not put the gentlemanliness first. In him I see a strong human creature, contending with all hardship: in you also a human creature, uncontending, and possibly not strong. Contention or strength, weakness or picturesqueness, and all other such accidents in either, shall have due place. But the immortality and miracle of you—this clay that burns, this colour that changes—are in truth the awful things in both: these shall be first painted—and last."

With which question respecting treatment of character we have to connect also this further one: How is it that the attempts of so great painters as Reynolds and Gainsborough are, beyond portraiture, limited almost like children's. No domestic drama—no history—no noble natural scenes, far less any religious subject:—only market carts; girls with pigs; woodmen going home to supper; watering-places; grey cart-horses in fields, and such like. Reynolds, indeed, once or twice touched higher themes,—“among the chords his fingers laid,” and recoiled: wisely; for, strange to say, his very sensibility deserts him when he leaves his courtly quiet. The horror of the subjects he chose (Cardinal Beaufort and Ugolino) showed inherent apathy: had he felt deeply, he would not have sought for this strongest possible excitement of feeling,—would not willingly have dwelt on the worst conditions of despair—the despair of the ignoble. His religious subjects are conceived even with less care than these. Beautiful as it is, this Holy Family by which we stand has neither dignity nor sacredness, other than those which attach to every group of gentle mother and ruddy babe; while his Faiths, Charities, or other well-ordered and emblem-fitted virtues are even less lovely than his ordinary portraits of women.

It was a faultful temper, which, having so mighty a power of realization at command, never became so much interested in any fact of human history as to spend one touch of heartfelt skill upon it;—which, yielding momentarily to indolent imagination, ended, at best, in a Puck, or a Thais; a Mercury as Thief, or a Cupid as Linkboy. How wide the in-

terval between this gently trivial humour, guided by the wave of a feather, or arrested by the enchantment of a smile,—and the habitual dwelling of the thoughts of the great Greeks and Florentines among the beings and the interests of the eternal world!

In some degree it may indeed be true that the modesty and sense of the English painters are the causes of their simple practice. All that they did, they did well, and attempted nothing over which conquest was doubtful. They knew they could paint men and women: it did not follow that they could paint angels. Their own gifts never appeared to them so great as to call for serious question as to the use to be made of them. "They could mix colours and catch likeness—yes; but were they therefore able to teach religion, or reform the world? To support themselves honourably, pass the hours of life happily, please their friends, and leave no enemies, was not this all that duty could require, or prudence recommend? Their own art was, it seemed, difficult enough to employ all their genius: was it reasonable to hope also to be poets or theologians? Such men had, indeed, existed; but the age of miracles and prophets was long past; nor, because they could seize the trick of an expression, or the turn of a head, had they any right to think themselves able to conceive heroes with Homer, or gods with Michael Angelo."

Such was, in the main, their feeling: wise, modest, unenvious, and unambitious. Meaner men, their contemporaries or successors, fazed of high art with incoherent passion; arrogated to themselves an equality with the masters of elder time, and declaimed against the degenerate tastes of a public which acknowledged not the return of the Heraclidæ. But the two great—the two only painters of their age—happy in a reputation founded as deeply in the heart as in the judgment of mankind, demanded no higher function than that of soothing the domestic affections; and achieved for themselves at last an immortality not the less noble, because in their lifetime they had concerned themselves less to claim it than to bestow.

Yet, while we acknowledge the discretion and simple-heartedness of these men, honouring them for both: and the more when we compare their tranquil powers with the hot egotism and hollow ambition of their inferiors: we have to remember, on the other hand, that the measure they thus set to their aims was, if a just, yet a narrow one; that amiable discretion is not the highest virtue, nor to please the frivolous, the best success. There is probably some strange weakness in the painter, and some fatal error in the age, when in thinking over the examples of their greatest work, for some type of culminating loveliness or veracity, we remember no expression either of religion or heroism, and instead of reverently naming a Madonna di San Sisto, can only whisper, modestly, "Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens."

The nature of the fault, so far as it exists in the painters themselves, may perhaps best be discerned by comparing them with a man who

went not far beyond them in his general range of effort, but who did all his work in a wholly different temper—Hans Holbein.

The first great difference between them is of course in completeness of execution. Sir Joshua's and Gainsborough's work, at its best, is only magnificent sketching; giving indeed, in places, a perfection of result unattainable by other methods, and possessing always a charm of grace and power exclusively its own: yet, in its slightness addressing itself, purposefully, to the casual glance, and common thought—eager to arrest the passer-by, but careless to detain him; or detaining him, if at all, by an unexplained enchantment, not by continuance of teaching, or development of idea. But the work of Holbein is true and thorough; accomplished, in the highest as the most literal sense, with a calm entireness of unaffected resolution, which sacrifices nothing, forgets nothing, and fears nothing.

In the portrait of the Hausmann George Gyzen,\* every accessory is perfect with a fine perfection: the carnations in the glass vase by his side—the ball of gold, chased with blue enamel, suspended on the wall—the books—the steelyard—the papers on the table, the seal-ring, with its quartered bearings,—all intensely there, and there in beauty of which no one could have dreamed that even flowers or gold were capable, far less parchment or steel. But every change of shade is felt, every rich and rubied line of petal followed; every subdued gleam in the ~~so~~ blue of the enamel and bending of the gold touched with a hand whose patience of regard creates rather than paints. The jewel itself was not so precious as the rays of enduring light which form it, and flash from it, beneath that errorless hand. The man himself, what he was—not more; but to all conceivable proof of sight—in all aspect of life or thought—not less. He sits alone in his accustomed room, his common work laid out before him; he is conscious of no presence, assumes no dignity, bears no sudden or superficial look of care or interest, lives only as he lived—but for ever.

The time occupied in painting this portrait was probably twenty times greater than Sir Joshua ever spent on a single picture, however large. The result is, to the general spectator, less attractive. In some qualities of force and grace it is absolutely inferior. But it is inexhaustible. Every detail of it wins, retains, rewards the attention with a continually increasing sense of wonderfulness. It is also wholly true. So far as it reaches, it contains the absolute facts of colour, form, and character, rendered with an unaccuseable faithfulness. There is no question respecting things which it is best worth while to know, or things which it is unnecessary to state, or which might be overlooked with advantage. What of this man and his house were visible to Holbein, are visible to us: we may despise if we will; deny or doubt, we shall not; if we care to know anything concerning them, great or small,

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\* Museum of Berlin.

so much as may by the eye be known is for ever knowable, reliable, indisputable.

Respecting the advantage, or the contrary, of so great earnestness in drawing a portrait of an uncelebrated person, we raise at present no debate: I only wish the reader to note this quality of earnestness, as entirely separating Holbein from Sir Joshua,—raising him into another sphere of intellect. For here is no question of mere difference in style or in power, none of minuteness or largeness. It is a question of Entireness. Holbein is *complete* in intellect: what he sees, he sees with his whole soul: what he paints, he paints with his whole might. Sir Joshua sees partially, slightly, tenderly—catches the flying lights of things, the momentary glooms: paints also partially, tenderly, never with half his strength; content with uncertain visions, insecure delights; the truth not precious nor significant to him, only pleasing; falsehood also pleasurable, even useful on occasion—must, however, be discreetly touched, just enough to make all men noble, all women lovely: “we do not need this flattery often, most of those we know being such; and it is a pleasant world, and with diligence—for nothing can be done without diligence—every day till four” (says Sir Joshua)—“a painter’s is a happy life.”

Yes: and the Isis, with her swans, and shadows of Windsor Forest, is a sweet stream, touching her shores softly. The Rhine at Basle is of another temper, stern and deep, as strong, however bright its face: winding far through the solemn plain, beneath the slopes of Jura, tufted and steep: sweeping away into its regardless calm of current the waves of that little brook of St. Jakob, that bathe the Swiss Thermopylæ;\* the low village nestling beneath a little bank of sloping fields—its spire seen white against the deep blue shadows of the Jura pines.

Gazing on that scene day by day, Holbein went his own way, with the earnestness and silent swell of the strong river—not unconscious of the awe, nor of the sanctities of its life. The snows of the eternal Alps giving forth their strength to it; the blood of the St. Jakob brook poured into it as it passes by—not in vain. He also could feel his strength coming from white snows far off in heaven. He also bore upon him the purple stain of the earth sorrow. A grave man, knowing what steps of men keep truest time to the chanting of Death. Having grave friends also;—the same singing heard far off, it seems to me, or, perhaps, even low in the room, by that family of Sir Thomas More; or mingling with the hum of bees in the meadows outside the towered wall of Basle; or making the words of the book more tuneable, which meditative Erasmus looks upon. Nay, that same soft Death-music is on the lips even of Holbein’s Madonna.

\* Of 1,200 Swiss, who fought by that brookside, ten only returned. The battle checked the attack of the French, led by Louis XI. (then Dauphin) in 1444; and was the first of the great series of efforts and victories which were closed at Nancy by the death of Charles of Burgundy.



Who, among many, is the Virgin you had best compare with the one before whose image we have stood so long.

Holbein's is at Dresden, companioned by the Madonna di San Sisto; but both are visible enough to you here, for, by a strange coincidence, they are (at least so far as I know) the only two great pictures in the world which have been faultlessly engraved.

The received tradition respecting the Holbein Madonna is beautiful; and I believe the interpretation to be true. A father and mother have prayed to her for the life of their sick child. She appears to them, her own Christ in her arms. She puts down her Christ beside them,—takes their child into her arms instead. It lies down upon her bosom, and stretches its hand to its father and mother, saying farewell.

This interpretation of the picture has been doubted, as nearly all the most precious truths of pictures have been doubted, and forgotten. But even supposing it erroneous, the design is not less characteristic of Holbein. For that there are signs of suffering on the features of the child in the arms of the Virgin, is beyond question; and if this child be intended for the Christ, it would not be doubtful to my mind, that, of the two—Raphael and Holbein—the latter had given the truest aspect and deepest reading of the early life of the Redeemer. Raphael sought to express His power only; but Holbein His labour and sorrow.

There are two other pictures which you should remember together with this (attributed, indeed, but with no semblance of probability, to the elder Holbein, none of whose work, preserved at Basle, or elsewhere, approaches in the slightest degree to their power), the St. Barbara and St. Elizabeth.\* I do not know among the pictures of the great sacred schools any at once so powerful, so simple, so pathetically expressive of the need of the heart that conceived them. Not ascetic, nor quaint, nor feverishly or fondly passionate, nor wrapt in withdrawn solemnities of thought. Only entirely true—entirely pure. No depth of glowing heaven beyond them—but the clear sharp sweetness of the northern air: no splendour of rich colour, striving to adorn them with better brightness than of the day: a gray glory, as of moonlight without mist, dwelling on face and fold of dress;—all faultless-fair. Creatures they are, humble by nature, not by self-condemnation; merciful by habit, not by tearful impulse; lofty without consciousness; gentle without weakness; wholly in this present world, doing its work calmly; beautiful with all that holiest life can reach—yet already freed from all that holiest death can cast away.

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\* Pinacothek of Munich.

## A Changeling.

A LITTLE changeling Spirit  
Crept to my arms one day :  
I had no heart or courage  
To drive the child away.

So all day long I soothed her  
And hushed her on my breast ;  
And all night long her wailing  
Would never let me rest.

I dug a grave to hold her,  
A grave both dark and deep :  
I covered her with violets,  
And laid her there to sleep.

I used to go and watch there,  
Both night and morning too,  
It was my tears, I fancy,  
That kept the violets blue.

I took her up : and once more  
I felt the clinging hold,  
And heard the ceaseless wailing  
That wearied me of old.

I wandered and I wandered  
With my burden on my breast.  
Till I saw a church door open,  
And entered in to rest.

In the dim, dying daylight,  
Set in a flowery shrine,  
I saw the kings and shepherds  
Adore a Child divine.

I knelt down there in silence ;  
And on the Altar-stone  
I laid my wailing burden,  
And came away,—alone.

And now that little Spirit  
That sobbed so all day long,  
Is grown a shining Angel,  
With wings both wide and strong.

She watches me from heaven,  
With loving, tender care,  
And one day, she has promised  
That I shall find her there.

A. A. P

# Love the Widower.

## CHAPTER III.

### IN WHICH I PLAY THE SPY.



THE room to which Bedford conducted me I hold to be the very pleasantest chamber in all the mansion of Shrublands. To lie on that comfortable, cool bachelor's bed there, and see the birds hopping about on the lawn; to peep out of the French window at early morning, inhale the sweet air, mark the dewy bloom on the grass, listen to the little warblers

performing their chorus, step forth in your dressing-gown and slippers, pick a strawberry from the bed, or an apricot in its season; blow one, two, three, just half-a-dozen puffs of a cigarette, hear the venerable towers of Putney toll the hour of six (three hours from breakfast, by consequence), and pop back into bed again with a favourite novel, or review, to set you off (you see I am not malicious, or I could easily insert here the name of some twaddler against whom I have a grudgekin): to pop back into bed again, I say, with a book which sets you off into that dear invaluable second sleep, by which health, spirits, appetite are so prodigiously improved:—all these I hold to be most cheerful and harmless pleasures, and have partaken of them often at Shrublands with a grateful heart. That heart may have had its griefs, but is yet susceptible of enjoyment and consolation. That bosom may have been lacerated, but is not therefore and henceforward a stranger to comfort. After a certain affair in Dublin—nay, very soon







‘WHERE THE SUGAR GOES.’



after, three months after—I recollect remarking to myself: “Well, thank my stars, I still have a relish for 34 claret.” Once at Shrublands I heard steps pacing overhead at night, and the feeble but continued wail of an infant. I wakened from my sleep, was sulky, but turned and slept again. Biddlecombe the barrister I knew was the occupant of the upper chamber. He came down the next morning looking wretchedly yellow about the cheeks, and livid round the eyes. His teething infant had kept him on the march all night, and Mrs. Biddlecombe, I am told, scolds him frightfully besides. He munched a shred of toast, and was off by the omnibus to chambers. I chipped a second egg; I may have tried one or two other nice little things on the table (Strasbourg pâté I know I never can resist, and am convinced it is perfectly wholesome). I could see my own sweet face in the mirror opposite, and my gills were as rosy as any broiled salmon. “Well—well!” I thought, as the barrister disappeared on the roof of the coach, “he has *domus* and *placens uxor*—but is she *placens*? *Placetne* to walk about all night with a roaring baby? Is it pleasing to go to bed after a long hard day’s work, and have your wife nagnagging you because she has not been invited to the Lady Chancelloress’s *soirée*, or what not? Suppose the Glorvina whom you loved so had been yours? Her eyebrows looked as if they could scowl; her eyes as if they could flash with anger. Remember what a slap she gave the little knife-boy for upsetting the butter-boat over her tabinet. Suppose *parvulus auld*, a little Batchelor, your son, who had the toothache all night in your bedroom?” These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind as I helped myself to the comfortable meal before me. “I say, what a lot of muffins you’re eating!” cried innocent Master Lovel. Now the married, the wealthy, the prosperous Biddlecombe only took his wretched scrap of dry toast. “Aha!” you say, “this man is consoling himself after his misfortune.” O churl! and do you grudge me consolation? “Thank you, dear Miss Prior. Another cup, and plenty of cream, if you please.” Of course, Lady Baker was not at table when I said, “Dear Miss Prior,” at breakfast. Before her ladyship I was as mum as a mouse. Elizabeth found occasion to whisper to me during the day in her demure way: “This is a very rare occasion. Lady B. never allows me to breakfast alone with Mr. Lovel, but has taken her extra nap, I suppose, because you and Mr. and Mrs. Biddlecombe were here.”

Now it may be that one of the double doors of the room which I inhabited was occasionally open, and that Mr. Batchelor’s eyes and ears are uncommonly quick, and note a number of things which less observant persons would never regard or discover; but out of this room, which I occupied for some few days, now and subsequently, I looked out as from a little ambush upon the proceedings of the house, and got a queer little insight into the history and characters of the personages round about me. The two grandmothers of Lovel’s children were domineering over that easy gentleman, as women—not grandmothers merely, but sisters, wives, aunts, daughters, when the chance is given them—will domineer. Ah!



Glorvina, what a grey mare you might have become had you chosen Mr. Batchelor for your consort! (But this I only remark with a parenthetic sigh.) The two children had taken each the side of a grandmamma, and whilst Master Pop was declared by his maternal grandmother to be a Baker all over, and taught to despise sugar-baking and trade, little Cecilia was Mrs. Bonnington's favourite, repeated Watts's hymns with fervent precocity, declared that she would marry none but a clergyman; preached infantine sermons to her brother and maid about worldliness; and somewhat wearied me, if the truth must be told, by the intense self-respect with which she regarded her own virtues. The old ladies had that love for each other, which one may imagine that their relative positions would engender. Over the bleeding and helpless bodies of Lovel and his worthy and kind stepfather, Mr. Bonnington, they skirmished, and fired shots at each other. Lady B. would give hints about second marriages, and second families, and so forth, which of course made Mrs. Bonnington wince. Mrs. B. had the better of Lady Baker, in consequence of the latter's notorious pecuniary irregularities. *She* had never had recourse to her son's purse, she could thank Heaven. She was not afraid of meeting any tradesman in Putney or London: she had never been ordered out of the house in the late Cecilia's lifetime: *she* could go to Boulogne and enjoy the *fresh air* there. This was the terrific whip she had over Baker. Lady B., I regret to say, in consequence of the failure of remittances, had been locked up in prison, just at a time when she was in a state of violent quarrel with her late daughter, and good Mr. Bonnington had helped her out of durance. How did I know this? Bedford, Lovel's factotum, told me: and how the old ladies were fighting like two cats.

There was one point on which the two ladies agreed. A very wealthy widower, young still, good-looking and good-tempered, we know can sometimes find a dear woman to console his loneliness, and protect his motherless children. From the neighbouring Heath, from Wimbledon, Roehampton, Barnes, Mortlake, Richmond, Esher, Walton, Windsor, nay, Reading, Bath, Exeter, and Penzance itself, or from any other quarter of Britain, over which your fancy may please to travel, families would have come ready with dear young girls to take charge of that man's future happiness: but it is a fact that these two dragons kept all women off from their ward. An unmarried woman, with decent good looks, was scarce ever allowed to enter Shrublands gate. If such an one appeared, Lovel's two mothers sallied out, and crunched her hapless bones. Once or twice he dared to dine with his neighbours, but the ladies led him such a life that the poor creature gave up the practice, and faintly announced his preference for home. "My dear Batch," says he, "what do I care for the dinners of the people round about? Has any one of them got a better cook or better wine than mine? When I come home from business, it is an intolerable nuisance to have to dress and go out seven or eight miles to cold *entrées*, and loaded claret, and sweet port. I can't stand it, sir. I won't stand it" (and he stamps his foot in a resolute manner). "Give

me an easy life, a wine-merchant I can trust, and my own friends, by my own fireside. Shall we have some more? We can manage another bottle between us three, Mr. Bonnington?"

"Well," says Mr. Bonnington, winking at the ruby goblet, "I am sure I have no objection, Frederick, to another bo——"

"Coffee is served, sir," cries Bedford, entering.

"Well—well, perhaps we have had enough," says worthy Bonnington.

"We *have* had enough; we all drink too much," says Lovel, briskly. "Come into coffee?"

We go to the drawing-room. Fred and I, and the two ladies, sit down to a rubber, whilst Miss Prior plays a piece of Beethoven to a slight warbling accompaniment from Mr. Bonnington's handsome nose, who has fallen asleep over the newspaper. During our play, Bessy glides out of the room—a grey shadow. Bonnington awakens up when the tray is brought in. Lady Baker likes that good old custom: it was always the fashion at the Castle, and she takes a good glass of negus too; and so do we all; and the conversation is pretty merry, and Fred Lovel hopes I shall sleep better to-night, and is very facetious about poor Biddlecombe, and the way in which that eminent Q.C. is henpecked by his wife.

From my bachelor's room, then, on the ground floor; or from my solitary walks in the garden, whence I could oversee many things in the house; or from Bedford's communications to me, which were very friendly, curious, and unreserved; or from my own observation, which I promise you can see as far into the mill-stones of life as most folks', I grew to find the mysteries of Shrublands no longer mysterious to me; and like another *Diable Boiteux*, had the roofs of a pretty number of the Shrublands rooms taken off for me.

For instance, on that very first day of my stay, whilst the family were attiring themselves for dinner, I chanced to find two secret cupboards of the house unlocked, and the contents unveiled to me. Pinhorn, the children's maid, a giddy little flirting thing in a pink ribbon, brought some articles of the toilette into my worship's apartment, and as she retired did not shut the door behind her. I might have thought that pert little head had never been made to ache by any care; but ah! black care sits behind the horseman, as Horace remarks, and not only behind the horseman, but behind the footman; and not only on the footman, but on the buxom shoulders of the lady's maid. So with Pinhorn. You surely have remarked respecting domestic servants that they address you in a tone utterly affected and unnatural—adopting, when they are amongst each other, voices and gestures entirely different to those which their employers see and hear. Now, this little Pinhorn, in her occasional intercourse with your humble servant, had a brisk, quick, fluttering toss of the head, and a frisky manner, no doubt capable of charming some persons. As for me, ancillary allurements have, I own, had but small temptations. If Venus brought me a bedroom candle, and a jug of hot-water—I should

give her sixpence, and no more. Having, you see, given my all to one woman—Psha! never mind *that* old story.—Well, I daresay this little creature may have been a flirt, but I took no more notice of her than if she had been a coal-scuttle.

Now, suppose she *was* a flirt. Suppose, under a mask of levity, she hid a profound sorrow. Do you suppose she was the first woman who ever has done so? Do you suppose because she has fifteen pounds a year, her tea, sugar, and beer, and told fibs to her masters and mistresses, she had not a heart? She went out of the room, absolutely coaxing and leering at me as she departed, with a great counterpane over her arm; but in the next apartment I heard her voice quite changed, and another changed voice too—though not so much altered—interrogating her. My friend Dick Bedford's voice, in addressing those whom Fortune had pleased to make his superiors, was gruff and brief. He seemed to be anxious to deliver himself of his speech to you as quickly as possible; and his tone always seemed to hint, "There—there is my message, and I have delivered it; but you know perfectly well that I am as good as you." And so he was, and so I always admitted: so even the trembling, believing, flustering, suspicious Lady Baker herself admitted, when she came into communication with this man. I have thought of this little Dick as of Swift at Sheen hard by, with Sir William Temple: or Spartacus when he was as yet the servant of the fortunate Roman gentleman who owned him. Now if Dick was intelligent, obedient, useful, only not rebellious, with his superiors, I should fancy that amongst his equals he was by no means pleasant company, and that most of them hated him for his arrogance, his honesty, and his scorn of them all.

But women do not always hate a man for scorning and despising them. Women do not revolt at the rudeness and arrogance of us their natural superiors. Women, if properly trained, come down to heel at the master's bidding, and lick the hand that has been often raised to hit them. I do not say the brave little Dick Bedford ever raised an actual hand to this poor serving girl, but his tongue whipped her, his behaviour trampled on her, and she cried, and came to him whenever he lifted a finger. Psha! Don't tell *me*. If you want a quiet, contented, orderly home, and things comfortable about you, that is the way you must manage your women.

Well, Bedford happens to be in the next room. It is the morning-room at Shrublands. You enter the dining-room from it, and they are in the habit of laying out the dessert there, before taking it in for dinner. Bedford is laying out his dessert as Pinhorn enters from my chamber, and he begins upon her with a sarcastic sort of grunt, and a "Ho! suppose you've been making up to B., have you?"

"Oh, Mr. Bedford, *you* know very well who it is I cares for!" she says, with a sigh.

"Bother!" Mr. B. remarks.

"Well, Richard then!" (here she weeps.)

"Leave go my 'and!—leave go my a-hand, I say!" (What *could* she have been doing to cause this exclamation?)

"Oh, Richard, it's not your *'and* I want—it's your ah-ah-art, Richard!"

"Mary Pinhorn," exclaims the other, "what's the use of going on with this game? You know we couldn't be a-happy together—you know your ideers ain't no good, Mary. It ain't your fault. I don't blame you for it, my dear. Some people are born clever, some are born tall: I ain't tall."

"Oh, you're tall enough for me, Richard!"

Here Richard again found occasion to cry out: "*Don't*, I say! Suppose Baker was to come in and find you squeezing of my hand in this way? I say, some people are born with big brains, Miss Pinhorn, and some with big figures. Look at that ass Bulkeley, Lady B.'s man! He is as big as a Life-guardsmen, and he has no more education, nor no more ideas, than the beef he feeds on."

"La! Richard, whatever do you mean?"

"Pooh! How should *you* know what I mean? Lay them books straight. Put the volumes together, stupid! and the papers, and get the table ready for nussery tea, and don't go on there mopping your eyes and making a fool of yourself, Mary Pinhorn!"

"Oh, your heart is a stone—a stone—a stone!" cries Mary, in a burst of tears. "And I wish it was hung round my neck, and I was at the bottom of the well, and—there's the hupstairs bell!" with which signal I suppose Mary disappeared, for I only heard a sort of grunt from Mr. Bedford; then the clatter of a dish or two, the wheeling of chairs and furniture, and then came a brief silence, which lasted until the entry of Dick's subordinate Buttons, who laid the table for the children's and Miss Prior's tea.

So here was an old story told over again. Here was love unrequited, and a little passionate heart wounded and unhappy. My poor little Mary! As I am a sinner, I will give thee a crown when I go away, and not a couple of shillings, as my wont has been. Five shillings will not console thee much, but they will console thee a little. Thou wilt not imagine that I bribe thee with any privy thought of evil? Away! *Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück—ich habe—geliebt!*

At this juncture I suppose Mrs. Prior must have entered the apartment, for though I could not hear her noiseless step, her little cracked voice came pretty clearly to me with a "Good afternoon, Mr. Bedford! O dear me! what a many—many years we have been acquainted. To think of the pretty little printer's boy who used to come to Mr. Batchelor, and see you grown such a fine man!"

*Bedford.* "How? I'm only five foot four."

*Mrs. P.* "But such a fine figure, Bedford! You are—now indeed you are! Well, you are strong and I am weak. You are well, and I am weary and faint."

*Bedford.* "The tea's a-coming directly, Mrs. Prior."

*Mrs. P.* "Could you give me a glass of water first—and perhaps a little sherry in it, please. Oh, thank you. How good it is! How it revives a poor old wretch!—And your cough, Bedford? How is your cough? I have brought you some lozenges for it—some of Sir Henry Halford's own prescribing for my dear husband, and——"

*Bedford* (abruptly). "I must go—never mind the cough now, Mrs. P."

*Mrs. Prior.* "What's here? almonds and raisins, macaroons, preserved apricots, biscuits for dessert—and—la bless the man! how you startled me!"

*Bedford.* "DON'T! Mrs. Prior: I beg and implore of you, keep your hands out of the dessert. I can't stand it. I *must* tell the governor if this game goes on."

*Mrs. P.* "Ah! Mr. Bedford, it is for my poor—poor child at home: the doctor recommended her apricots. Ay, indeed, dear Bedford; he did, for her poor chest!"

*Bedford.* "And I'm blest if you haven't been at the sherry-bottle again! Oh, Mrs. P., you drive me wild—you do. I can't see Lovel put upon in this way. You know it's only last week I whopped the boy for stealing the sherry, and 'twas you done it."

*Mrs. Prior* (passionately). "For a sick child, Bedford. What won't a mother do for her sick child!"

*Bedford.* "Your children's always sick. You're always taking things for 'em. I tell you, by the laws, I won't and mustn't stand it, Mrs. P."

*Mrs. Prior* (with much spirit). "Go and tell your master, Bedford! Go and tell tales of me, sir. Go and have me dismissed out of this house. Go and have my daughter dismissed out of this house, and her poor mother brought to disgrace."

*Bedford.* "Mrs. Prior—Mrs. Prior! you *have* been a-taking the sherry. A glass I don't mind: but you've been a-bringing that bottle again."

*Mrs. P.* (whimpering). "It's for Charlotte, Bedford! my poor delicate angel of a Shatty! she's ordered it, indeed she is!"

*Bedford.* "Confound your Shatty! I can't stand it, I mustn't, and won't, Mrs. P!"

Here a noise and clatter of other persons arriving interrupted the conversation between Lovel's major-domo and the mother of the children's governess, and I presently heard master Pop's voice saying, "You're going to tea with us, Mrs. Prior?"

*Mrs. P.* "Your kind dear grandmammas have asked me, dear Master Popham."

*Pop.* "But you'd like to go to dinner best, wouldn't you? I daresay you have doocid bad dinners at your house. Haven't you, Mrs. Prior?"

*Cissy.* "Don't say doocid. Its a naughty word, Popham!"

*Pop.* "I *will* say doocid. Doo-oo-oocid! There! And I'll say worse words too, if I please, and you hold *your* tongue. What's there for tea? jam for tea? strawberries for tea? muffins for tea? That's it: straw-

berries and muffins for tea! And we'll go into dessert besides: that's prime. I say, Miss Prior?"

*Miss Prior.* "What do you say, Popham?"

*Pop.* "Shouldn't you like to go into dessert?—there's lots of good things there,—and have wine? Only when grandmamma tells her story about—about my grandfather and King George the what-d'ye-call-'em: King George the Fourth——"

*Cis.* "Ascended the throne 1820; died at Windsor 1830."

*Pop.* "Bother Windsor! Well, when she tells that story, I can tell you *that* ain't very good fun."

*Cis.* "And it's rude of you to speak in that way of your grandmamma, Pop!"

*Pop.* "And you'll hold *your* tongue, Miss! And I shall speak as I like. And I'm a man, and I don't want any of your stuff and nonsense. I say, Mary, give us the marmalade!"

*Cis.* "You have had plenty to eat, and boys oughtn't to have so much."

*Pop.* "Boys may have what they like. Boys can eat twice as much as women. There, I don't want any more. Anybody may have the rest."

*Mrs. Prior.* "What nice marmalade! I know some children, my dears, who——"

*Miss P.* (imploringly). "Mamma, I beseech you——"

*Mrs. P.* "I know three dear children who very—very seldom have nice marmalade and delicious cake."

*Pop.* "I know whom you mean: you mean Augustus, and Frederick, and Fanny—your children? Well, they shall have marmalade and cake."

*Cis.* "Oh, yes, I will give them all mine."

*Pop.* (who speaks, I think, as if his mouth was full). "I won't give 'em mine: but they can have another pot, you know. You have always got a basket with you; you know you have, Mrs. Prior. You had it the day you took the cold fowl."

*Mrs. P.* "For the poor blind black man! Oh; how thankful he was to his dear young benefactors! He is a man and a brother, and to help him was most kind of you, dear Master Popham!"

*Pop.* "That black beggar my brother? He ain't my brother!"

*Mrs. P.* "No, dears, you have both the most lovely complexions in the world."

*Pop.* "Bother complexions! I say, Mary, another pot of marmalade."

*Mary.* "I don't know, Master Pop——"

*Pop.* "I *will* have it, I say. If you don't, I'll smash everything, I will."

*Cis.* "Oh, you naughty, rude boy!"

*Pop.* "Hold your tongue, stupid! I will have it, I say."

*Mrs. P.* "Do humour him, Mary, please. And I'm sure my dear children at home will be better for it."

*Pop.* "There's your basket. Now put this cake in, and this bit of butter, and this sugar on the top of the butter. Hurray! hurray! Oh, what jolly fun! Here's some cake—no, I think I'll keep that; and, Mrs. Prior, tell Gus, and Fanny, and Fred, I sent it to 'em, and they shall never want for anything, as long as Frederick Popham Baker Lovel, Esquire, can give it them. Did Gus like my gray greatcoat that I didn't want?"

*Miss P.* "You did not give him your new greatcoat?"

*Pop.* "It was beastly ugly, and I did give it him; and I'll give him this if I choose. And don't you speak to me; I'm going to school, and I ain't going to have no governesses soon."

*Mrs. Prior.* "Ah, dear child! what a nice coat it is; and how well my poor boy looks in it!"

*Miss Prior.* "Mother, mother! I implore you—mother!"

*Mr. Lovel enters.* "So the children at high tea! How d'ye do, Mrs. Prior? I think we shall be able to manage that little matter for your second boy, Mrs. Prior."

*Mrs. Prior.* "Heaven bless you,—bless you, my dear, kind benefactor! Don't prevent me, Elizabeth: I *must* kiss his hand. There!"

And here the second bell rings, and I enter the morning-room, and can see Mrs. Prior's great basket popped cunningly under the table-cloth. Her basket?—her *porte-manteau*, her *porte-bouteille*, her *porte-gâteau*, her *porte-pantalon*, her *porte-butin* in general. Thus I could see that every day Mrs. Prior visited Shrublands she gleaned greedily of the harvest. Well, Boaz was rich, and this ruthless Ruth was hungry and poor.

At the welcome summons of the second bell, Mr. and Mrs. Bonnington also made their appearance; the latter in the new cap which Mrs. Prior had admired, and which she saluted with a nod of smiling recognition: "Dear madam, it is lovely—I told you it was," whispers Mrs. P., and the wearer of the blue ribbons turned her bonny, good-natured face towards the looking-glass, and I hope saw no reason to doubt Mrs. Prior's sincerity. As for Bonnington, I could perceive that he had been taking a little nap before dinner,—a practice by which the appetite is improved, I think, and the intellect prepared for the bland prandial conversation.

"Have the children been quite good?" asks papa, of the governess.

"There are worse children, sir," says Miss Prior, meekly.

"Make haste and have your dinner; we are coming into dessert!" cries Pop.

"You would not have us go to dine without your grandmother?" papa asks. Dine without Lady Baker, indeed! I should have liked to see him go to dinner without Lady Baker.

Pending her ladyship's arrival, papa and Mr. Bonnington walk to the open window, and gaze on the lawn and the towers of Putney rising over the wall.

"Ah, my good Mrs. Prior," cries Mrs. Bonnington, "those grandchildren of mine are sadly spoiled."

"Not by *you*, dear madam," says Mrs. Prior, with a look of commiseration. "Your dear children at home are, I am sure, perfect models of goodness. Is Master Edward well, ma'am? and Master Robert, and Master Richard, and dear, funny little Master William? Ah, what blessings those children are to you! If a certain wilful little nephew of theirs took after them!"

"The little naughty wretch!" cried Mrs. Bonnington; "do you know, Prior, my grandson Frederick—(I don't know why they call him Popham in this house, or why he should be ashamed of his father's name)—do you know that Popham spilt the ink over my dear husband's hands, which he keeps in his great dictionary, and fought with my Richard, who is three years older than Popham, and actually beat his own uncle!"

"Gracious goodness!" I cried; "you don't mean to say, ma'am, that Pop has been laying violent hands upon his venerable relative?" I feel ever so gentle a pull at my coat. Was it Miss Prior who warned me not to indulge in the sarcastic method with good Mrs. Bonnington?

"I don't know why you call my poor child a venerable relative," Mrs. B. remarks. "I know that Popham was very rude to him; and then Robert came to his brother, and that graceless little Popham took a stick, and my husband came out, and do you know Popham Lovel actually kicked Mr. Bonnington on the shins, and butted him like a little naughty rein; and if you think such conduct is a subject for ridicule—I *don't*, Mr. Batchelor!"

"My dear—dear lady!" I cried, seizing her hand; for she was going to cry, and in woman's eye the unanswerable tear always raises a deuce of a commotion in my mind. "I would not for the world say a word that should willingly vex you; and as for Popham, I give you my honour, I think nothing would do that child so much good as a good whipping."

"He is spoiled, madam; we know by *whom*," says Mrs. Prior. "Dear Lady Baker! how that red does become your ladyship." In fact, Lady B. sailed in at this juncture, arrayed in ribbons of scarlet; with many brooches, bangles, and other gimcracks ornamenting her plenteous person. And now her ladyship having arrived, Bedford announced that dinner was served, and Lovel gave his mother-in-law an arm, whilst I offered mine to Mrs. Bonnington to lead her to the adjoining dining-room. And the pacable kind soul speedily made peace with me. And we ate and drank of Lovel's best. And Lady Baker told us her celebrated anecdote of George the Fourth's compliment to her late dear husband, Sir George, when his Majesty visited Ireland. Mrs. Prior and her basket were gone when we repaired to the drawing-room: having been hunting all day, the hungry mother had returned with her prey to her wide-mouthed birdskins. Elizabeth looked very pale and handsome, reading at her lamp. And whist and the little tray finished the second day at Shrublands.

I paced the moonlit walk alone when the family had gone to rest; and smoked my cigar under the tranquil stars. I had been some thirty hours in the house, and what a queer little drama was unfolding itself



before me! What struggles and passions were going on here—what *certamina* and *motus animorum*! Here was Lovel, this willing horse; and what a crowd of relations, what a heap of luggage had the honest fellow to carry! How that little Mrs. Prior was working, and scheming, and tacking, and flattering, and fawning, and plundering, to be sure! And that serene Elizabeth, with what consummate skill, art, and prudence, had she to act, to keep her place with two such rivals reigning over her. And Elizabeth not only kept her place, but she actually was liked by those two women! Why, Elizabeth Prior, my wonder and respect for thee increase with every hour during which I contemplate thy character! How is it that you live with those lionesses, and are not torn to pieces? What sophs of flattery do you cast to them to appease them? Perhaps I do not think my Elizabeth brings up her two children very well, and, indeed, have seldom become acquainted with young people more odious. But is the fault hers, or is it Fortune's spite? How, with these two grandmothers spoiling the children alternately, can the governess do better than she does? How has she managed to lull their natural jealousy? I will work out that intricate problem, that I will, ere many days are over. And there are other mysteries which I perceive. There is poor Mary breaking her heart for the butler. That butler, why does he connive at the rogueries of Mrs. Prior? Ha! herein lies a mystery, too; and I vow I will penetrate it ere long. So saying, I fling away the butt-end of the fragrant companion of my solitude, and enter into my room by the open French window just as Bedford walks in at the door. I had heard the voice of that worthy domestic warbling a grave melody from his pantry window as I paced the lawn. When the family goes to rest, Bedford passes a couple of hours in study in his pantry, perusing the newspapers and the new works, and forming his opinion on books and politics. Indeed I have reason to believe that the letters in the *Putney Herald* and *Mortlake Monitor*, signed "A Voice from the Basement," were Mr. Bedford's composition.

"Come to see all safe for the night, sir, and the windows closed before you turn in," Mr. Dick remarks. "Best not leave 'em open, even if you are asleep inside—catch cold—many bad people about. Remember Bromley murder!—Enter at French windows—you cry out—cut your throat—and there's a fine paragraph for papers next morning!"

"What a good voice you have, Bedford," I say; "I heard you warbling just now—a famous bass, on my word!"

"Always fond of music—sing when I'm cleaning my plate—learned in Old Beak Street. *She* used to teach me," and he points towards the upper floors.

"What a little chap you were then!—when you came for my proofs for the *Museum*," I remark.

"I ain't a very big one now, sir; but it ain't the big ones that do the best work," remarks the butler.

"I remember Miss Prior saying that you were as old as she was."

"Hm! and I scarce came up to her—eh—elbow." (Bedford had constantly to do battle with the aspirates. He conquered them, but you could see there was a struggle.)

"And it was Miss Prior taught you to sing?" I say, looking him full in the face.

He dropped his eyes—he could not bear my scrutiny. I knew the whole story now.

"When Mrs. Lovel died at Naples, Miss Prior brought home the children, and you acted as courier to the whole party?"

"Yes, sir," says Bedford. "We had the carriage, and of course poor Mrs. L. was sent home by sea, and I brought home the young ones, and—and the rest of the family. I could say, *Avanti! avanti!* to the Italian postilions, and ask for *des chevaux*, when we crossed the Halps—the Alps,—I beg your pardon, sir."

"And you used to see the party to their rooms at the inns, and call them up in the morning, and you had a blunderbuss in the rumble to shoot the robbers?"

"Yes," says Bedford.

"And it was a pleasant time?"

"Yes," says Bedford, groaning, and hanging down his miserable head.

"Oh, yes, it was a pleasant time."

He turned away; he stamped his foot; he gave a sort of imprecation; he pretended to look at some books, and dust them with a napkin which he carried. I saw the matter at once. "Poor Dick!" says I.

"It's the old—old story," says Dick. "It's you and the Irish girl over again, sir. I'm only a servant, I know; but I'm a——. Confound it!" And here he stuck his fists into his eyes.

"And this is the reason you allow old Mrs. Prior to steal the sherry and the sugar?" I ask.

"How do you know that?—you remember how she prigged in Beak Street?" asks Bedford, fiercely.

"I overheard you and her just before dinner," I said.

"You had better go and tell Lovel—have me turned out of the house. That's the best thing that can be done," cries Bedford again, fiercely, stamping his feet.

"It is always my custom to do as much mischief as I possibly can, Dick Bedford," I say, with fine irony.

He seizes my hand. "No, you're a trump—everybody knows that; beg pardon, sir; but you see I'm so—so—dash!—miserable, that I hardly know whether I'm walking on my head or my heels."

"You haven't succeeded in touching her heart, then, my poor Dick?" I said.

Dick shook his head. "She has no heart," he said. "If she ever had any, that fellar in India took it away with him. She don't care for anybody alive. She likes me as well as any one. I think she appreciates me, you see, sir; she can't 'elp it—I'm blest if she can. She

knows I am a better man than most of the chaps that come down here,—I am, if I wasn't a servant. If I were only an apothecary—like that grinning jackass who comes here from Barnes in his gig, and wants to marry her—she'd have me. She keeps him on, and encourages him—she can do that cleverly enough. And the old dragon fancies she is fond of him. Psha! Why am I making a fool of myself?—I am only a servant. Mary's good enough for me; *she'll* have me fast enough. I beg your pardon, sir; I am making a fool of myself; I ain't the first, sir. Good-night, sir; hope you'll sleep well." And Dick departs to his pantry and his private cares, and I think, "Here is another victim who is writhing under the merciless arrows of the universal torturer."

"He is a very singular person," Miss Prior remarked to me, as, next day, I happened to be walking on Putney Heath by her side, while her young charges trotted on and quarrelled in the distance. "I wonder where the world will stop next, dear Mr. Batchelor, and how far the march of intellect will proceed! Any one so free, and easy, and cool, as this Mr. Bedford I never saw. When we were abroad with poor Mrs. Lovel, he picked up French and Italian in quite a surprising way. He takes books down from the library now: the most abstruse works—works that *I* couldn't pretend to read, I'm sure. Mr. Bonnington says he has taught himself history, and Horace in Latin, and algebra, and I don't know what besides. He talked to the servants and tradespeople at Naples much better than *I* could, I assure you." And Elizabeth tosses up her head heavenwards, as if she would ask of yonder skies how such a man could possibly be as good as herself.

She stepped along the Heath—slim, stately, healthy, tall—her firm, neat foot treading swiftly over the grass. She wore her blue spectacles, but I think she could have looked at the sun without the glasses and without wincing. That sun was playing with her tawny, wavy ringlets, and scattering gold-dust over them.

"It is wonderful," said I, admiring her, "how these people give themselves airs, and try to imitate their betters!"

"Most extraordinary!" says Bessy. She had not one particle of humour in all her composition. I think Dick Bedford was right; and she had no heart. Well, she had famous lungs, health, appetite, and with these one may get through life not uncomfortably.

"You and Saint Cecilia got on pretty well, Bessy?" I ask.

"Saint who?"

"The late Mrs. L."

"Oh, Mrs. Lovel:—yes. What an odd person you are! I did not understand whom you meant," says Elizabeth the downright.

"Not a good temper, I should think? She and Fred fought?"

"*He* never fought."

"I think a little bird has told me that she was not averse to the admiration of our sex?"

"I don't speak ill of my friends, Mr. Batchelor!" replies Elizabeth the prudent.

"You must have difficult work with the two old ladies at Shrublands?"

Bessy shrugs her shoulders. "A little management is necessary in all families," she says. "The ladies are naturally a little jealous one of the other; but they are both of them not unkind to me in the main; and I have to bear no more than other women in my situation. It was not all pleasure at Saint Boniface, Mr. Batchelor, with my uncle and aunt. I suppose all governesses have their difficulties; and I must get over mine as best I can, and be thankful for the liberal salary which your kindness procured for me, and which enables me to help my poor mother and my brothers and sisters."

"I suppose you give all your money to her?"

"Nearly all. They must have it; poor mamma has so many mouths to feed."

"And *notre petit cœur*, Bessy?" I ask, looking in her fresh face.

"Have we replaced the Indian officer?"

Another shrug of the shoulder. "I suppose we all get over those follies, Mr. Batchelor. I remember somebody else was in a sad way too,"—and she looks askance at the victim of Glorvina. "*My folly* is dead and buried long ago. I have to work so hard for mamma, and my brothers and sisters, that I have no time for such nonsense."

Here a gentleman in a natty gig, with a high-trotting horse, came spanking towards us over the common, and with my profound knowledge of human nature, I saw at once that the servant by the driver's side was a little doctor's boy, and the gentleman himself was a neat and trim general practitioner.

He stared at me grimly, as he made a bow to Miss Bessy. I saw jealousy and suspicion in his aspect.

"Thank you, dear Mr. Drencher," says Bessy, "for your kindness to mamma and our children. You are going to call at Shrublands? Lady Baker was indisposed this morning. She says when she can't have Dr. Piper, there's nobody like you." And this artful one smiles blandly on Mr. Drencher.

"I have got the workhouse, and a case at Roehampton, and I shall be at Shrublands *about two*, Miss Prior," says that young doctor, whom Bedford had called a grinning jackass. He laid an eager emphasis on the *two*. Go to! I know what two and two mean as well as most people, Mr. Drencher! Glances of rage he shot at me from out his gig. The serpents of that miserable *Æsculapius* unwound themselves from his rod, and were gnawing at his swollen heart!

"He has a good practice, Mr. Drencher?" I ask, sly rogue as I am.

"He is very good to mamma and our children. His practice with *them* does not profit him much," says Bessy.

"And I suppose our walk will be over before two o'clock?" remarks that slyboots who is walking with Miss Prior.

"I hope so. Why, it is our dinner-time; and this walk on the Heath does make one so hungry!" cries the governess.

"Bessy Prior," I said, "it is my belief that you no more want spectacles than a cat in the twilight." To which she replied, that I was such a strange, odd man, she really could not understand me.

We were back at Shrublands at two. Of course we must not keep the children's dinner waiting: and of course Mr. Drencher drove up at five minutes past two, with his gig-horse all in a lather. I who knew the secrets of the house was amused to see the furious glances which Bedford darted from the sideboard, or as he served the doctor with cutlets. Drencher, for his part, scowled at me. I, for my part, was easy, witty, pleasant, and I trust profoundly wicked and malicious. I bragged about my aristocratic friends to Lady Baker. I trumped her old-world stories about George the Fourth at Dublin with the latest dandified intelligence I had learned at the club. That the young doctor should be dazzled and disgusted was, I own, my wish; and I enjoyed his rage as I saw him choking with jealousy over his victuals.

But why was Lady Baker sulky with me? How came it, my fashionable stories had no effect upon that polite matron? Yesterday at dinner she had been gracious enough: and turning her back upon those poor simple Bonningtons, who knew nothing of the *beau monde* at all, had condescended to address herself specially to me several times with an "I need not tell *you*, Mr. Batchelor, that the Duchess of Dorsetshire's maiden name was De Bobus;" or, "You know very well that the etiquette at the Lord Lieutenant's balls, at Dublin Castle, is for the wives of baronets to—" &c. &c.

Now whence, I say, did it arise that Lady Baker, who had been kind and familiar with me on Sunday, should on Monday turn me a shoulder as cold as that lamb which I offered to carve for the family, and which remained from yesterday's quarter? I had thought of staying but two days at Shrublands. I generally am bored at country-houses. I was going away on the Monday morning, but Lovel, when he and I and the children and Miss Prior breakfasted together before he went to business, pressed me to stay so heartily and sincerely that I agreed, gladly enough, to remain. I could finish a scene or two of my tragedy at my leisure; besides, there were one or two little comedies going on in the house which inspired me with no little curiosity.

Lady Baker growled at me, then, during lunch-time. She addressed herself in whispers and hints to Mr. Drencher. She had in her own man Bulkeley, and bullied him. She desired to know whether she was to have the barouche or not: and when informed that it was at her ladyship's service, said it was a great deal too cold for the open carriage, and that she would have the brougham. When she was told that Mr. and Mrs. Bonnington had impounded the brougham, she said she had no idea of people taking other people's carriages: and when Mr. Bedford remarked that her ladyship had her choice that morning, and had chosen the

barouche, she said, "I didn't speak to you, sir; and I will thank you not to address me until you are spoken to!" She made the place so hot that I began to wish I had quitted it.

"And pray, Miss Prior, where is Captain Baker to sleep," she asked, "now that the ground-floor room is engaged?"

Miss Prior meekly said, "Captain Baker would have the pink room."

"The room on my landing-place, without double doors? Impossible! Clarence is always smoking. Clarence will fill the whole house with his smoke. He shall *not* sleep in the pink room. I expected the ground-floor room for him, which—a—this gentleman persists in not vacating." And the dear creature looked me full in the face.

"This gentleman smokes, too, and is so comfortable where he is, that he proposes to remain there," I say, with a bland smile.

"Haspic of plovers' eggs, sir," says Bedford, handing a dish over my back. And he actually gave me a little dig, and growled, "Go it—give it her."

"There is a capital inn on the Heath," I continue, peeling one of my opal favourites. "If Captain Baker must smoke, he may have a room there."

"Sir! my son does not live at inns," cries Lady Baker.

"Oh, grandma! Don't he though? And wasn't there a row at the Star and Garter; and didn't Pa pay uncle Clarence's bill there, though?"

"Silence, Popham. Little boys should be seen and not heard," says Cissy. "Shouldn't little boys be seen and not heard, Miss Prior?"

"They shouldn't insult their grandmothers. O my Cecilia—my Cecilia!" cries Lady Baker, lifting her hand.

"You shan't hit me! I say, you shan't hit me!" roars Pop, starting back, and beginning to square at his enraged ancestress. The scene was growing painful. And there was that rascal of a Bedford choking with suppressed laughter at the sideboard. Bulkeley, her ladyship's man, stood calm as fate; but young Buttons burst out in a guffaw; on which, I assure you, Lady Baker looked as savage as Lady Macbeth.

"Am I to be insulted by my daughter's servants?" cries Lady Baker. "I will leave the house this instant."

"At what hour will your ladyship have the barouche?" says Bedford, with perfect gravity.

If Mr. Drencher had whipped out a lancet and bled Lady B. on the spot, he would have done her good. I shall draw the curtain over this sad—this humiliating scene. Drop, little curtain! on this absurd little act.

## The National Gallery Difficulty Solved.

Just half a century ago, the pictures now in the Dulwich Gallery were offered to the Government as the commencement of a National Gallery, by Sir Francis Bourgeois, who had been a soldier, but became a painter, and was subsequently elected Royal Academician. He inherited these pictures, which Stanislaus, king of Poland, had purposed to form the nucleus of a national collection in that country. But the Government refused the proffered gift. The thoughts of England were then turned not to pictures, but in very different directions. The little four-paged broad-sheets of *The Times* brought their morning news of the victories of Wellington in Spain and Napoleon's invasion of Russia; of war declared against England by America; of the Prime Minister's assassination in the House of Commons; of bread riots, when corn was not to be bought until landlords had secured their eighty shillings a quarter; of the insanity of George the Third and the regency of his unpopular son. There was no inclination in such times to think of National Galleries of Art.

After ten years of peace, with Napoleon at St. Helena, Peterloo riots suppressed, and Thistlewood hanged, George the Fourth was making his investments in Dutch paintings, Goutier cabinets and Sèvres porcelain, and the government (Sir Charles Long says), prompted by the king, induced the House of Commons, in 1824, to vote fifty-seven thousand pounds for the purchase of thirty-eight pictures collected by Mr. Angerstein, the banker. Thus began our National Collection of Pictures. These were shown to the public in a small, dingy, ill-lighted house on the south side of Pall Mall, until 1833, when it was proposed to erect a special building for them. The site chosen was in Trafalgar Square, on which had stood the "King's Mews," where, from the days of the Plantagenets, the royal falcons had been kept and "mewed" or moulted their feathers. In our own time, Mr. Cross's lions and wild beasts from Exeter 'Change have been lodged there; there, also, the first exhibitions of machinery were held, and the public records were eaten by rats in these "Mews," which were pulled down to make way for the present National Gallery.

From its first conception to the present time, no building has ever been a more lively subject for public criticism than this unlucky National Gallery. Poor Mr. Wilkins, the architect, was sorely perplexed with conditions. The building was not to intercept the view of St. Martin's portico; it must not infringe on the barrack space in the rear; the public must have one right of way through it, and the Guards another; the old

columns of Carlton House were to be used up; and true faith in architecture insisted on having porticos, dome, and cupolas; moreover, the building, by no means too large for a National Gallery, was to be shared with the Royal Academy. With such instructions, Mr. Wilkins prepared his plans and estimates. The building was to cost 50,000*l.*, but no architect is to be bound by his estimate; and judging from late instances, the public got well out of this job in having to pay only 76,867*l.*

The structure was scarcely occupied before it was discovered to be much too small. The National Gallery had no space to display its additional purchases and bequests, and the Royal Academy found itself obliged to close its schools of art whenever its annual exhibition was open. For these inconveniences parliaments and governments have been for nearly twenty years trying to find a remedy. In 1840, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Hume, and others, forming *one* House of Commons Committee, "after careful deliberation, unanimously concurred in the opinion" that the present National Gallery should be enlarged and improved. In 1850, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Hume, and others, constituting *another* Commons Committee, reported that they could not "recommend that any expenditure should be at present incurred for the purpose of increasing the accommodation of a National Gallery on the present site," and "were not prepared to state that the preservation of the pictures and convenient access for the purpose of study and improvement of taste would not be better secured in a gallery farther removed from the smoke and dust of London."

The result of this recommendation was to instigate architects and *dilettanti* to bore an ungrateful public, year after year, with different solutions of the vexed question. A few specimens of them may be amusing. One suggestion was to put a third story on the top of the Greek porticos and columns of the British Museum, and invite the public to climb a hundred stairs to get to the picture gallery; another was to pull down Burlington House, which Sir William Chambers characterizes as "one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe," and turn out the Royal Society. The "ring" in Hyde Park, and the inner circle of the Regent's Park, were in turn recommended as eligible sites for a picture gallery; it was proposed to convert Marlborough House and St. James's Palace into a great National Gallery; also to pull down Kensington Palace—a favourite idea with *The Times* and "H. B." My Lord Elcho proposed to build on the site of the Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park, and the Duke of Somerset, when First Commissioner of Works, caused one plan to be prepared for appropriating a part of Kensington Gardens in the Bayswater Road, and a second for erecting a building opposite the Kensington Road. Finally, the House of Commons voted 167,000*l.*, and the Prince Consort added to that sum the surplus of the Exhibition of 1851, with which was bought the land opposite and outside Hyde Park, at Kensington Gore,—a site the government had previously commenced negotiations for with the same object, and failed to secure. The House of Commons, however, rejected



the plan for removing the National Gallery to this site ; and the present conclusion seems to be that the pictures will remain where they are.

Is it possible to render the structure in Trafalgar Square suitable for a National Picture Gallery ? And, if so, how is this desirable object to be effected ? We submit, for the consideration of our readers, a very practical answer to these questions.

But first, let us take a view of the extent of the national possessions in pictures. Since the nation acquired the thirty-eight pictures of Mr. Angerstein, its possessions have increased above twenty-five fold : and they would probably have been even much larger, had suitable arrangements been made to exhibit them. To Sir George Beaumont, the Rev. Holwell Carr, Mr. Coningham, and others, the nation is indebted for many fine pictures of the older masters ; whilst to Sir John Soane, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Jacob Bell, and Mr. Sheepshanks the country owes its numerous and choice selection of the works of British artists. The collection of his own paintings and drawings bequeathed by the great landscape painter, J. M. W. Turner, would fill a gallery of itself ; and in a few years, Chantrey's bequest of 2,000*l.* a year to buy modern works will come into operation.

It would be a misappropriation of these artistic treasures to accumulate them all in one gallery, fatiguing the visitor with acres of painted canvas. As national possessions, it would be out of all reason that the metropolis alone should monopolize the enjoyment of them. Since the formation of the National Gallery, the State has aided in the erection of picture-galleries in Dublin and Edinburgh. Even if the principle of centralization were admitted, it would be impossible to find any centre of London equally accessible to its three millions of inhabitants. In the abstract, *the* central spot would be Smithfield ; but no one would be bold enough to say that the public would frequent that spot in greater numbers than they do Trafalgar Square.

The wise and liberal course of dealing with the national pictures would be to render them as useful as possible to *the whole of the United Kingdom* ; to retain in the metropolis a selection, and to circulate the others wherever localities shall provide suitable accommodation for the reception and exhibition of pictures. It would be more useful and interesting that there should be a change of pictures in the provincial localities than fixed collections.\* The idea of circulation is not new. The public, of its own accord, brings together exhibitions of modern pictures every year in the large towns ; and choice works of the old masters, lent by their possessors, and sent from mansions in all parts of the kingdom, are every year entrusted to the managers of the British Institution in

\* Mr. T. Fairbairn is usefully striving to establish a public Gallery of Art at Manchester ; but however rich it may become in local resources, specimens of Beato Angelicos, Raffaelles, and the like, successively introduced, for a season, from time to time, would have a very beneficial influence on the tastes of the visitors.

Pall Mall. There could be no real administrative difficulties in the State's dealing with the national pictures in the same way. Of course, legislative powers to remove antiquated obstructions must be obtained, and a proper authority, directly responsible to Parliament, instead of being screened through different Boards of Trustees, would have to be created.

In the metropolis, the head-quarters for the old masters should be at the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. The British School might remain where it is now well displayed, at South Kensington. On the South of London, there is already the Dulwich Gallery; whilst on the north side in Finsbury or Islington, and on the east in Victoria Park, suitable suburban galleries, with accommodation for schools of Art, might be erected at a cost not exceeding 3,000*l.* each. Besides the two metropolitan galleries of Dublin and Edinburgh, excellent accommodation for exhibiting and receiving pictures is provided in connection with the Schools of Art at Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, Bristol, Wolverhampton, &c. And in all future buildings for schools of Art, towards the cost of which the State is asked to contribute, such aid will only be given upon the condition that provision is made for a suitable exhibiting room.

With these views, the first practical point is to decide what shall be done to supply the present deficiencies of the building in Trafalgar Square. Although Parliament and various administrations have often changed their minds about the locality of the National Gallery, it may be assumed that the present decision is to retain it in Trafalgar Square. Proposals have been discussed for gaining more space by turning out the Royal Academy;\* which, from its creation, has been housed at the public expense:—not a very large contribution towards its gratuitous teaching

\* So much doubt and ignorance exist on the subject of the tenure by which the Royal Academy holds its premises, that the official answer of Henry Howard, the Keeper, has been exhumed from parliamentary records to remove them. Mr. Howard says:—

“There are no expressed conditions on which the apartments at Somerset House were originally bestowed on the Royal Academy. The Royal Academy of Arts took possession of the apartments which they occupy in Somerset House, in April 1780, by virtue of a letter from the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury to the Surveyor General, directing him to deliver over to the Treasurer of the Royal Academy, all the apartments allotted to his Majesty's said Academy in the new buildings at Somerset House, which are to be appropriated to the uses specified in the several plans of the same heretofore settled.”

“The Royal Academy received these apartments as a gift from their munificent founder, George the Third; and it has always been understood by the members that his Majesty, when he gave up to the government his palace of old Somerset House (where the Royal Academy was originally established), stipulated that apartments should be erected for that establishment in the new building. The Royal Academy remained in the old palace till those rooms were completed which had been destined for their occupation; plans of which had been submitted to their approval, and signed by the president, council, and officers.”

of young artists. Last year Mr. Disraeli invited the Royal Academy to transport itself to Burlington House; but it is said that the present government have not renewed the offer of that site. If it can be shown that much better as well as increased accommodation, can be found for the National Pictures, without displacing the Royal Academy, and without necessitating the expenditure of 200,000*l.* for the purchase of ground and St. Martin's workhouse, or incurring the cost of removing the barracks, it would seem to be a waste of public money to adopt such measures. Besides, it would not be very convenient for art-students to attend the schools of the Royal Academy in Piccadilly, nor for the public to visit its exhibitions there. Nor should the advantage to the students of their contiguity to the pictures of the old masters be overlooked.

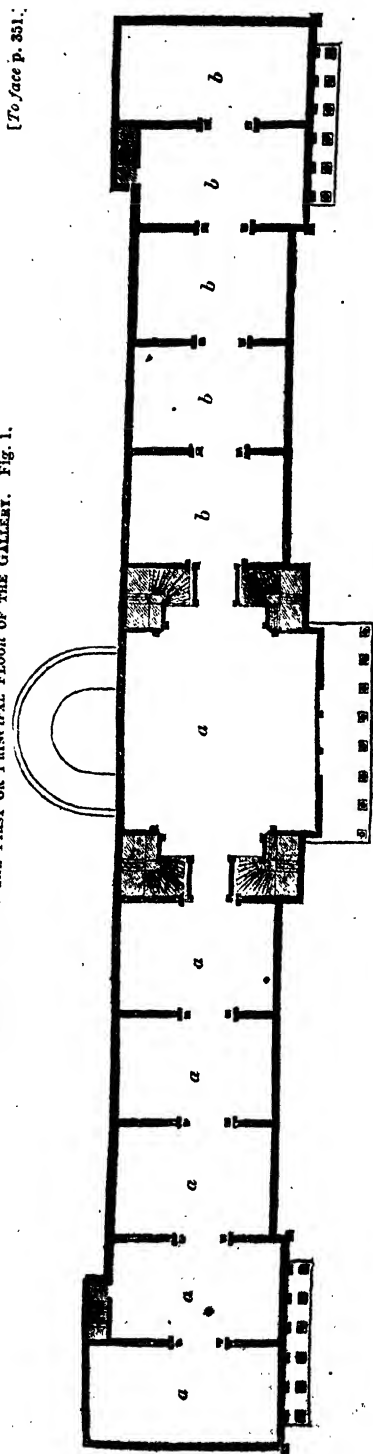
Our proposal, therefore, is to keep both National Gallery and Royal Academy where they now are, and to demonstrate, with the aid of the ingenious constructor of the new Gallery at South Kensington—which for its lighting both by day and night may fairly challenge any other gallery in Europe—how this may be done. The reader, if sufficiently curious, may find on the votes of the House of Commons of last year, in the month of March, a notice as follows:—"22<sup>o</sup> die Martis 1859:—9. Mr. Adderley. National Gallery. Address for copies of plans and estimates for the alteration of the National Gallery, prepared by Captain Fowke, R.E., and submitted to the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education."

Owing to a change of Ministry, or some other cause, these plans were not published, but only talked about. The *Cornhill Magazine*, in laying them before the public, invites discussion and consideration of their merits.

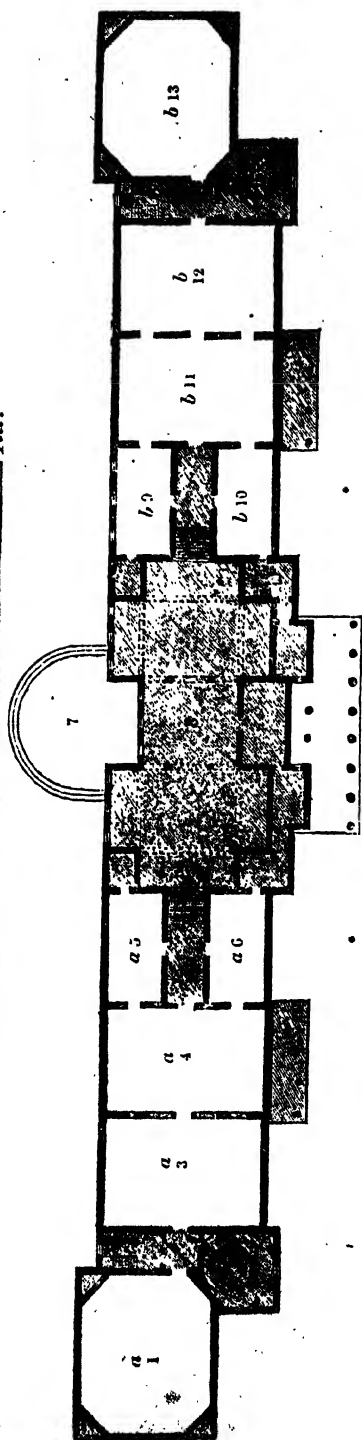
The defects of the present building are many, and are thus summed up by Captain Fowke: "The first object of the building ought to be the proper exhibition of pictures, but by its present arrangements the valuable top-lighted space (*the picture space par excellence*) to the extent of 8,000 square feet, out of the entire area of 22,000 square feet, is thrown away upon the central hall and passages. The tinted portion on the plan (Fig. 2) shows at a glance the wasted space. The interior of the building is not worthy of the purposes to which it is applied, the entrance-hall being large and unimposing, whilst the approach to the galleries, up a dark stair enclosed between two walls, is singularly wanting in dignity. The communications from room to room are small, and unfitted for the reception of great crowds. There is no space of sufficient dimensions for the proper exhibition of the largest class of pictures. Another point, which must strike every one who has visited continental galleries, is the want of any *tribune*, or great central point for the reception of the choicest works. The absence of this gives the National Gallery the air of a mere set of rooms, which seem to require to be in some way connected with one another, and with one grand focussing point to give them the unity of a great gallery."



PROPOSED PLAN OF THE FIRST OR PRINCIPAL FLOOR OF THE GALLERY. Fig. 1.



Scale of  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch = 20 Feet.



PRESENT PLAN OF GALLERY. Fig. 2

The two accompanying plans of the first-floors show how the existing building may, at a comparatively small cost, be altered so as to remove the objections stated, while at the same time its accommodation will be largely increased (Figs. 1 and 2). To begin with the entrance. It will be seen from the section (Fig. 3), that the floor of the present picture galleries is 23 feet 6 inches above the foot pavement of the street. If the floor of the central hall then be raised to this level, there will be sufficient height for an entrance-hall under the additional gallery; that is, keeping the floor of the entrance-hall three inches above the pavement, and allowing one foot for the thickness of the floor of the gallery above, there will be a clear height of 22 feet 3 inches for a noble entrance-hall. By removing the present external steps, the entrance from the street will be at each side under the present portico floor, the flagging of which will be replaced by a light glass and iron ceiling, so constructed as not to be seen from the square in front; the space under the portico will then form a well-lighted vestibule to the hall. The hall will be carried back into the present Royal Academy sculpture-room, from the enlarged skylight of which, and from a series of windows over the floor of the portico in front, it would be amply lighted. The apsidal end under the skylight would afford a good position for the few pieces of sculpture belonging to the National Collection. By this arrangement the visitor may at once step from a carriage across the pavement into a warm hall, instead of having to ascend a flight of steps, and in rainy weather get wet before he reaches even the portico.

Four staircases, each stair eight feet wide, will lead from either side of this hall to the galleries above; of which the central one would consist of a tribune, or *salon carré*, of nobler proportions than that at the Louvre. From a deep recess at the sides of this tribune, openings would lead each way into an uninterrupted series of rooms, and by bringing the doorways of these rooms into one line, and increasing them to twelve feet in width, an effective vista the entire length of the building (450 feet) would be obtained, which might be decorated with columns and arches, as in similar openings in the galleries of the Vatican. (See Fig. 5.)

By bringing the retired portion of the wings forward to the line of their projecting front, and throwing each wing into two good rooms in line with those above named, it will then be seen that the entire top-lighted area of the building is made available, with the exception of the small spaces actually occupied by the stairs. The saving in space, in square feet, will be apparent from the following table of the floor areas of the top-lighted part of the building as it is at present, and as now proposed:—

	Total area.	Picture space top-lighted.	Space lost.
As at present (including Royal Academy) -	22,540	14,090	8,450
As proposed - - -	28,560	22,488	1,071

From which it appears that while at present the lost space is three-fifths of that reserved for exhibition, in the proposed plan the loss would be

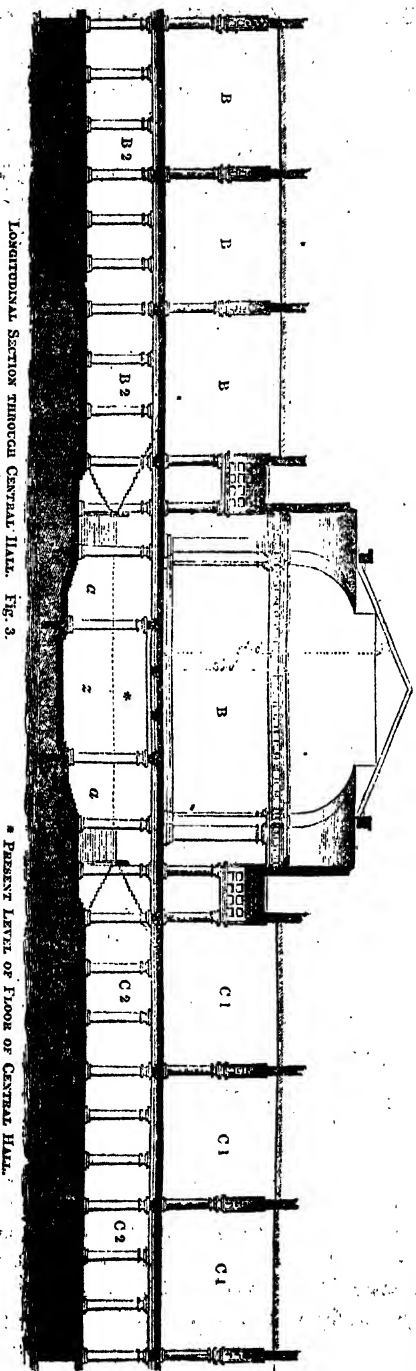
reduced to one twenty-second part of the available space; the exhibition area being increased by more than one-half its present quantity.



VIEW OF INTERIOR OF NATIONAL GALLERY AS PROPOSED. Fig. 5.

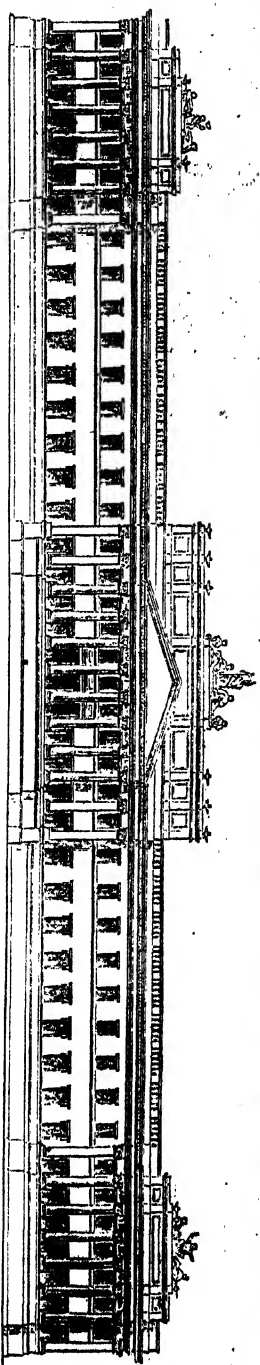
In measuring the superficial contents of wall space for hanging pictures in the present and proposed galleries, the same proportion holds good. The hanging space in the present National Gallery is 10,000 square feet, which would be increased to 20,000 square feet, whilst the 10,000 square feet of the Royal Academy would be increased 10,194 square feet.

On the lower floor, the only room now available for exhibition is that in which the Turner drawings are stored away—a room containing 900 square feet of floor area; and from the unfortunate circumstance, not to say absurd arrangement of the entrance *being down a descending* and dark stair, the public impression has been that the lower rooms were merely a superior kind of cellars. The public will recollect the dismal impression which the Vernon pictures made in these rooms.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION THROUGH CENTRAL HALL. FIG. 3.

\* PRESENT LEVEL OF FLOOR OF CENTRAL HALL.



REVISED ELEVATION. FIG. 4.





By the arrangement proposed, a space of 3,300 square feet will be available for exhibiting drawings of the old masters; and these rooms will be entered at once from the entrance-hall, by an *ascending* staircase, by which the disagreeable impression above alluded to would be avoided.

The proposed changes would also greatly benefit both the exhibitions and the schools of the Royal Academy. They would increase and improve the exhibiting space; giving five large rooms, instead of seven small ones, as at present: two large rooms being obtained by the suppression of four small ones. (See Figs. 1 and 2.) The Royal Academy, at present, has a room appropriated to sculpture, which has long been designated "the Cellar," and in which works are deposited, rather than exhibited: the loss of such a room is almost a gain. Next, it would lose the dark little octagon room; which, after many efforts to make it a room for exhibition, has lapsed into the condition of an ante-room, containing a few prints. The other two rooms suppressed by the new plan are the two small side rooms at present appropriated to the architectural drawings and the miniatures; though they are confessedly far too small for their purpose.

The distribution of the increased space available for the exhibitions of the Royal Academy might be as follows:—The first great room at the top of the new staircase might be devoted to the sculptors; visitors would then pass through it, and examine the works of sculpture, instead of having to diverge to a "cellar," as at present, or quitting the Exhibition without seeing the sculpture, as many do. As the entrance would be in the centre of the building, and lighted from the top, the sculpture might be arranged in two noble semicircles, forming a grand art entrance into the collections, and giving that importance to the sculpture which it deserves. The sculptors would thus at least double the number of their visitors. From this room the visitors would proceed into the next, where the space on the left might be devoted to architectural drawings, and that on the right to miniatures and water-colour paintings. These works, especially the architectural, would be appropriately placed, and the miniatures and pictures in water-colours would gain in richness by being viewed after the colourless marbles, and before the eye had become accustomed to the fuller richness of the paintings in oil. After thus greatly improving the exhibitions of sculpture, architecture, and water-colour paintings, there would still remain the same amount of exhibiting space as at present for oil pictures. Thus far the change is clearly a great gain to all the exhibitors.

The advantages that would accrue to the students of the Royal Academy have now to be considered, and are, perhaps, even still more important. It is hardly known to the world outside that in the schools of the Royal Academy almost all the rising artists of the country receive a free education in art. At present, however, the schools are subject to the disadvantage of being closed during the months when the exhibition is open. This has long been deplored, equally by the students and acade-

micians, but it was unavoidable, since the rooms used for exhibition are those also used as schools of art. By the new arrangements of the plan of the lower story, three excellent rooms may be provided which could be used *throughout the year* without interruption: the first as an antique school, the second as a life school, the third as a painting school; and thus there would be no necessity to close these schools during nearly five months in the year. In order to give the schools the advantage of an uninterrupted north light, it would be desirable that the Royal Academy should occupy the west end of the building, and the National Gallery the east. The National Gallery would not be prejudiced in the least by this change, as all the galleries are lighted from the top. The rooms below, if used for the exhibition of the drawings of the old masters, as proposed, would be lighted quite sufficiently from windows at the side, as the best authorities prescribe a light not too glaring, since drawings are liable to fade, if exposed to too much light.

As will be seen from the elevation (Fig. 4), the alterations of the exterior of the building are of no great extent, the principal being (in addition to that already described in the wings) the removal of the central and two secondary domes, and the substitution of an attic story, carried over the central portion of the building; the general effect of which would be improved by the removal of the small secondary four-column porticos. If any one will stand in the front of the building, which is only 450 feet in length, he will be able to count no less than thirteen different fronts, none of them differing much in extent; the composition is thus broken up, the unity and mass of the building are lost, and the repose and dignity which should characterize an important public edifice are entirely wanting. By the proposed arrangement, the whole façade would be thrown into an imposing centre, with two massive wings connected with it by unbroken curtains. That impression of meanness and want of height, produced by the puny and meagre dome and insignificant cupolas, would be removed by the substitution of the attic, which would have the effect of elevating the entire mass of the building.

In the proposed alterations it is presumed that there would be no difficulty in closing up the two passages which lead from the square to Duke's Court and to the barracks; though if it were thought desirable, one or both of these could be retained. The entrance to these passages is now effected by an ascending flight of ten steps; by simply reversing this arrangement and substituting a descending flight, the passages could be carried through the building below the floor of the present lower rooms.

The estimated cost of the entire alteration is under 84,000*l.*, which has been verified by a responsible builder; but to provide for additional decorations and contingencies a sum of (say) 50,000*l.* might be allowed; and even this, to accomplish the objects proposed, would be a moderate and justifiable outlay, which the public would scarcely grudge for such

results; and the Royal Academy might not object to share the expense, as they would participate in the advantages of the improvements.

These alterations and improvements, moreover, could be effected without closing the Gallery for a day.

By using the entrance under the western side portico as a temporary entrance for the public, the centre part could be finished without interfering with the National Gallery, and by moving the pictures into the portion completed (a work of a few hours) the wing might be in like manner finished, the public being then admitted through the new entrance-hall.

Briefly to sum up, the advantages to be gained are—

1. The whole of the top-lighted space will be utilized.
2. The lower floors will also be made available for exhibition and schools.
3. The means of access and of internal communication will be improved.
4. The picture space for the National Gallery will be doubled, without disturbing the Royal Academy.
5. The space available for exhibiting drawings, &c. will be increased about fourfold.
6. The appearance of the building both externally and internally will be improved.
7. The whole alteration can be completed within six months, and without moving a single picture out of the building, or closing the National Gallery to the public for a single day.
8. The cost of the entire work would not exceed 50,000/.

Any other plan than the above will delay the settlement of this vexed question interminably, and will lead to an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds; whereas the adoption of the present proposal, coupled with the principle of local circulation rather than metropolitan centralization, will promote a taste for art throughout the United Kingdom, and enlist the sympathies and assistance of all in the conservation and extension of a National Collection of Pictures, thus rendered accessible to the population of the most remote districts.

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## A Winter Wedding-Party in the Woods.

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"I'm sorry for the lasses' disappointment, wife, but they *can't* go. It would be madness to think of it. The phaeton would be broken to bits, if the grey mare could do the distance, in such weather, which she couldn't; and if we were to send into Winton to ask, there's not one of the inns would let a chaise go out of the yard after last night's fall of snow."

For two or three minutes there was a blank silence round the breakfast table; Anne's eyes grew tearfully bright, Sophy looked rebellious, and I began to experience a painful difficulty in swallowing as I stared out of the window at the hopeless prospect of a great drift, which levelled the garden hedge with the fields beyond, and went sloping up in a snowy undulation to the brow of the Langhill.

"If a phaeton can't pull through the snow, how will Cousin Mary get to church to be married?" proposed Sophy.

"She'll ride as your father and mother did on the same occasion, Miss."

"I wore a plum-coloured cloth habit, faced with velvet, and sugar-loaf buttons, and a hat with a gold band on it," said Mrs. Preston. "I believe, father, it was a morning to the full as bad as this, was our wedding; and yet didn't all the folks come over from Appley Moor? To be sure they did, every one of them!"

"And the road from Appley Moor to Rookwood Grange is worse than the road we should have to go, isn't it, mother?" insinuated Sophy.

"Couldn't be worse than Binks' Wold," replied her father; and to spare himself any further aggravation from our faces of reproach and mortification, he marched away, after his ample breakfast, out of the room, and out of the house. Mrs. Preston disappeared also, and we three young ones were left alone to bewail our disappointment.

And a cruel disappointment it was; perhaps more cruel to me than to my school-friends, for I was a town-bred girl, only staying my Christmas holidays at Ripstone Farm, and never in my life had I been to any entertainment more exciting than a breaking-up dance all of girls. The wedding at the Grange was known of before I came, and so I had been sent from home provided with crisp white muslin, tucked ever so high, with rose-coloured bows and sash; and only the Saturday previous, Anne's and Sophy's new frocks had come from the dressmaker's, by the Winton carrier, and had been pronounced, with their sky-blue trimmings, so pretty, so *sweetly* pretty! When Mr. Preston had said we could not go to the wedding-party, my first thought had been of my frock, and when we came to compare notes, Anne's and Sophy's regrets proved to have taken the same direction. With one consent we adjourned up-stairs, to indulge the luxury of woe over our sacrificed finery, but that mournful exercise palling upon us fast, Sophy and I found our way, by a swept foot-path, into the garden, where the two boys of the family were constructing a snow-man of grand proportions. Shovels were proposed to us to help, and

we were cavalierly dismissed to find them in the tool-house for ourselves, when we unexpectedly met the foreman at the door. Sophia told him how that, on account of the snow, we could not go to the wedding-party at the Grange, and appealed to him if it were really and truly out of the question to attempt it.

"Impossible, Miss Sophy, quite impossible for the pheyton an' grey mear, but *I* could get yo there," replied foreman, with a confidential wag of his head.

"How, John, how?"

"Why, Miss, I'll tell 'ee. I' th' broad-wheeled wagon wi' fower hosses, an' a tilt over-head. Put a matruss an' plenty o' rugs iv' th' insoide, an' yo'd goa' as cosy as cosy could be. Long Tom to lead, an' me to foller."

"I'll ask father if we mayn't?" cried Sophy, and away she flew in search of him.

In a few minutes she came speeding back, clapping her hands, and announcing that he would see about it; so in we ran to tell Anne.

"When father says he'll see about anything he means it shall be done," replied Anne; "let us go and begin packing our frocks!"

And so it was decided that we should go to the wedding-party after all! We were in exuberant spirits at our early dinner, for at two o'clock we were to start. John and Tom were fixing the tilt upon the wagon then, and the horses were eating double feeds of corn in preparation for the work that was before them. We had full ten miles to go, and Mr. Preston thought it might be done by six o'clock, when we should have plenty of time to get warmed, and make ourselves grand before tea, at seven.

"And I expect you'll bring us word you've each found a beau; you too, Miss Poppy," said the farmer, addressing me.

"I think Cousin Joseph will just suit her," cried Sophy.

"As you lasses always go by the rule of contraries, perhaps he will. He's as tall as a house-end, and as thin as a whipping-post, Miss Poppy. Do you think you'll match?"

I did not like the allusion to my own brevity of stature, and determined to hate the lanky Joseph on the spot.

Dinner was a mere fiction for us that day, and when we were free to quit the table, away we scampered to be swathed up. About Sophy and Anne I cannot undertake to speak; but for myself, I know I could not stir a limb for weight of cloaks, skirts, boots, and comforters, when I was finished off in the hall, and yet I was in a breathless state of eagerness to be in the wagon, and experiencing the delicious sensations of actually setting off. There were, of course, twenty little things to be done at the last—the lanterns to be fitted with fresh candles; the great wooden mallets to be found, to stop the wheels from slipping down hill when the horses had to rest going up, and a bottle of rum-and-water, to be mixed for the refreshment of Jehn and Long Tom on the way.

The wagon looked quite pictorial, as I remember it, standing in the slanting, winterly sunshine, with the team of ponderous black horses which

no other farmer in the district could match, and the water-proof tilt used to cover the loads of corn when they were carried to the miller at Winton, set upon an arched framework, and closed like curtains, back and front. Inside, the wagon was made comfortable with a mattress and a supply of pillows and blankets, amongst which we were charged to go to sleep as we were returning home in the morning. Sophy was the first to set foot on the step, but her father stopt her.

"Let's have you in dry-shod, at all events—lift them in at the back, John;" and accordingly, like three bundles of hay, we were hoisted under the tilt, received our final messages, cautions, and counsels; after which all was made secure in the rear, to shut out the wind, only a peep-hole being allowed us in front, over the horses' broad backs. Then wagoner cracked his long whip, uttered a hoarse gee-whon, and the heavy procession moved slowly off across the home-pastures.

What a merry trio we were under the tilt; how we laughed, and chattered, and sang! and only a dozen years ago! Lord! what a change a dozen years can make amongst the liveliest of us!

It was, I cannot deny it, a cold and tedious journey. Before one-half of it was accomplished the pale sunshine had faded from the snow, and the gray twilight was coming down upon the hills under a leaden vault of sky which promised another storm before the morning. Long Tom plodded patiently on at the leader's head, now cracking his whip, now cheering his horses forward with a gruff encouragement, but never vouchsafing a word to anybody else. Foreman was more sociably disposed; he took brief rides on the shafts and the front of the wagon, and from time to time put his broad brown face in at the opening of the tilt, and inquired how we were getting on. Before it grew dark, there was a pretty long stoppage for a consultation, and Anne and Sophy were taken into council. John was spokesman, and addressed himself to Sophy, who was the imperative mood of the Preston family, and ruled many things both in-doors and out at Ripstone Farm, though she was only the younger daughter.

"We've split, Long Tom and me, Miss Sophy, and I want to know what you says, and Miss Anne. There's two ways to Rookwood, and Tom's for going by t' Scaur, but I votes for Binks' Wold:—it's a stiffish pull, but it's safest. Now, if we goes by t' Scaur, an' we finds a drift across t' lollow, as most likelings we should, turn back we must; we couldn't haul through it nohow—an' there's Dimple Quarries—I never likes passing them quarries after dark."

"Binks' Wold, John," pronounced Sophy, imperially; "we'll have nothing to say to the Scaur or the Quarries after daylight. We should not be worth picking up, Tom, if you drove us over the cliff."

Long Tom did not attempt to argue the point, but cracked his whip sharply, and again the horses moved on; more slowly now than before, for the road, such as it was, wound circuitously up-hill for nearly half a mile. Four times during the ascent we stopped to breathe the horses, but at last John, looking in on us, announced in mysterious terms that "we had

brokken t' neck o' t' journey, an' should be at the Grange i' no time." I could not resist the temptation to crawl to the opening, and look out; Anne and Sophy joining me. There we were on the crest of Binks' Wold: far as eye could see, one undulation of snow; the black horses, with their heads a little turned from the road, smoking in the frosty air, like four masked-furnaces. Long Tom, with his lantern, stood at the leader's head, throwing a grotesque shadow across the whitened road, and John clumped up and down, with his pipe in his mouth, to warm his nose, as he said.

Foreman's "no time" proved to be full an hour and a half; and in that dusky interval, spite of our excited anticipations, we all began to feel drowsy. At last, Sophy declared, yawning, that we must be nearly there; and, looking out, she announced the tower of Rookwood Church, where Cousin Mary was married in the morning; upon which, we all brisked up, and became excessively wide-awake. The Grange was only a mile and a quarter further, and as Sophy held the tilt open, by-and-by we could see it; three long ruddy shining windows on the ground floor, and two in the chamber story, peeping out from amongst the great white trees. Another ten minutes, and we stopped at the gate; but before we stopped, we saw the house door opened, and, against the bright glow within, half a dozen or more dark figures appeared coming out to meet us.

"Capital, lasses! we were beginning to think Uncle Preston wouldn't let you come!" cried a jolly voice.

"He would have had hard work to keep some of us, Cousin David," responded Sophy, and, having extricated her limbs from some of her most cumbrous swathements, she proffered herself to be lifted out first.

I thought I was going to be forgotten, and carted away to the stables, for when Sophy and Anne were gone, the noisy group marched back to the house in double quick time, and the door was just being shut when Sophy shrieked out, "Cousin David, you've not brought in Poppy!" and the young giant tore down the path, pulled me out of the wagon, much bedazed and on the verge of tears, carried me roughly off, and plumped me down on my feet in the midst of the sonorous gathering, crying, in a voice enough to blow a house-roof off, "Who's this little body?"

The Babel that ensued for the next ten minutes, when everybody spoke at once to everybody else, each in a voice big enough for ten, united to the pricking sensation which I now began to experience in coming out of the frost into a thoroughly heated house, finished the prostration of my faculties, and I remember nothing more until I found myself with Anne, Sophy, and two strangers in a large bedroom, where a fire of logs blazed in the grate, and a wide-mouthed damsel was unpacking our white frocks. "Well, Cousin Mary, good luck to you!" cried Sophy, kissing the taller of the two strangers very heartily; "and you got all safely married this morning, I suppose?"

I looked, and beheld the bride. Never, to my recollection, had I seen a bride before, and I romantically anticipated a glorified vision, quite distinct in appearance from all other womankind; but I only beheld a large



young person, plump, fair, and ruddy, with eyes of a soft expression as she stood on the hearth with the light shining up into them, and a quantity of very wavy dark hair, which the wind in the hall had blown all off her face: an uncommonly pretty, attractive, loveable face it was; but it was only a woman's after all, and she talked something about tea-cakes! I believe I was disappointed.

The bride's sister was Kate; younger and livelier, at present, than Mary, though not so handsome. She was Sophy's peculiar friend amongst the cousins, and the pair now betook themselves for private conversation and the decorative process to Kate's room. Mary and Anne had some low-voiced chat apart, to which I was carefully deaf; but, when their secrets were told, Mary, chancing to look round, saw me fumbling, with benumbed fingers, at buttons and hooks and eyes, and took me under hand immediately, hugging me up in her warm arms, with the exclamation, that the little mite was half frozen. I found her very nice and comfortable then; better by far than anything more angelic and exalted.

We were not long in arranging ourselves, and then Sophy and Kate being routed out from their retreat, we formed a procession downstairs; Mary and Anne arm-in-arm, and I under Mary's other wing, and Sophy and Kate in an affectionate feminine entanglement behind. All the cousins got up and roared at us again, in those big voices of theirs, chorussed by various guests, and put us into the warmest seats; mine being a footstool by Mary at one side of the fire-place, where I felt most cosily arranged for getting toasted, and seeing everybody. And there were plenty of people to see. It was a very long room in which we were, having on one side the three windows which we had seen shining from the road, and seats in them where the girls had stowed themselves in knots, the red curtains making a background for their figures, which was as pictorial as need be. The men folk were mostly young, and mostly sons of Anak, like the cousins, but there were a few elders, contemporaries of Mary's father, who was a white-haired, handsome old man; and there were also several matronly women, mothers of the occupants of the window-seats, and of the young men their brothers. Everybody called everybody else by his or her Christian name in the most friendly way, and it was not until the evening was half over that I began to find out who was who, for such a ceremony as introduction seemed quite unheard of. To be sure, Sophy brought up a long rail of a boy to me who seemed to have a difficulty with his arms, and said significantly, "Poppy, this is Cousin Joseph; now, Joseph, you are to be polite to Miss Poppy;" but no civilities ensued, and my attention was called away by hearing Mary say in a soft, half-laughing tone, "George, look at your boots." She must have meant something else, for glancing at the person whom she addressed, I saw that he had turned his trousers up to come out into the snow when we arrived, and that he was now sitting with them stretched out before him in that inappropriate arrangement. He coolly stooped and put them right; and then looked at Mary, and smiled.

"Who is it?" whispered I.

"It's George!" said she, and blushed a little, from which I guessed George must be the bridegroom — George Standish, whose name and description Sophy had given me before we came; and given very accurately. He was tall, but not so tall as the cousins, and broad-shouldered, but he would never carry anything like their weight. Then he had blue-black hair, beard, and brows, and a clever-looking face; very broad and white as to the forehead, and very brown as to all below it. I had heard him praised as a most kind and skilful country surgeon, and the best rider 'cross country in that or any ten parishes of the Wolds, and he looked as if both encomiums must be true. It was quite a love-match, everybody said. Mary might have married more money, but she preferred George, like a wise woman. Two of her ancient aspirants were present and pointed out to me by Sophy: old Mr. Jewson, of Harghill Farm, who was rich enough to have kept her a carriage if she would have taken him for that; and young Philip Murgatroyd, a man with a fierce face, who might have been a melodramatic villain, but was not—only a young farmer with innovating ideas:

The unsuppressed noise did not cease for a moment, and I saw the wide-mouthed damsel at the door thrice announce tea as ready before she made herself heard by her mistress; but once heard, a simultaneous hungry movement took place, and Cousin David came and roared at me, "Now, little Miss Poppy, we will go in together, and you shall sit by me." So I rose up, proposing to stiffen my back and lay my hand lightly on the young giant's arm, as we had been laboriously taught to do at dancing-school, when I felt that powerful masculine member encircling me behind, and I saw the biggest boots that had ever met my eyes break into an uncouth step to which I was perforce compelled to keep a measure with my own toes in the air; they only alighted once, and that was on one of the boots aforesaid, which they would have delighted to crush into mummy if they had been able.

Finally I was landed breathless and shaken, like a kitten that a terrier has had in its mouth for frolic rather than mischief, in a chair very broad in the beam, which I was expected to share in part with my big cavalier, for, long as was the table, each individual of the company took up so much room that hardly was there found accommodation for all. But at last everybody was shaken into place, and the business of the hour began. And a most weighty business it was. My eyes have never since beheld such a tea; a cold sirloin of beef, ham boiled and ham frizzled, game pie and game roast, and every kind of tart and cake that the ingenuity of cook with unlimited materials could devise. Cousin David swiftly supplied me with provisions for a week, and then Cousin Joseph, who happened to be on the other side of me, hospitably wished to add more, on which Cousin David leant across and said, "No poaching on my manor, Master Joseph; attend you to your left-hand neighbour. Now, Miss Poppy, I am going to give you a pretty little wing of this partridge,"—which he did, and then took the rest of the bird to his own share.

It vanished quickly, as did an extensive miscellaneous collection of the other good things, and notwithstanding continuous relays from the kitchen, the table presently showed signs of devastation. The bride and bridegroom, Anne, and Sophy, were out of my sight, but directly opposite, with Cousin Kate dividing them, were two young men, one fair, florid, and with curly pate, called Dick, the other dark, with long, straight, black hair, and a most lugubrious countenance, called Bob Link. Yet if that lugubrious countenance had not much signs of mirth in itself, it was the cause of mirth in others, for he never opened his lips but all those within hearing of him laughed. Bob Link was a medical student with Mr. Standish, and, as Cousin David explained, a regular wag.

Tea was a prolonged ceremony, and was only ended by the shrill sound of a violin, when somebody cried, "Come!" and again Cousin David executed his *pas de terrier*, with me in his hand, down the broad stone passage until we came to the Grange kitchen, which was a vast place with an open rafted roof, now hidden under garlands of Christmas green, and a white flagged floor which was cleared for a dance. It looked so bright and gay! Such a mighty fire of logs roared in the chimney, wide as an ordinary room, with cushioned settles in its arched recess; the great dresser glittered with metal trenchers and tankards, glinting back sparkles of light from the little oil lamps which had been ingeniously mixed amongst the evergreens where they shone like glowworms.

My young toes tingled to begin, and when the fiddles and other instruments of music tuned up in a frolicsome country dance, the swains began to pick out favourite partners. The bride and bridegroom stood top couple, and I don't know who came next, for while I was hoping and fearing whether anybody would ask me, Cousin David arrived and spun me up to the end of a long rank of girls. The fiddles started, and Sophy shrieked out frantically, "Now, Poppy, Poppy, be ready! It's hands across and back again, down the middle and up again—Cousin Mary and David, and you and George Standish!" and then away we went!

We shall never dance a country dance like that again! Cousin David emulated his royal Hebrew namesake, and I should have thought him a delightful partner if he would not quite so often have made me do my steps on nothing. That was glorious exercise for a frosty winter's evening, and made all our cheeks rosy and all our eyes bright.

When that set was finished, curly Mr. Dick came and asked me to dance the next with him, which I did, and then to the tune of "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife, and merrily danced the Quaker," Bob Link was my partner. That medical youth had missed his vocation in not going as clown to a circus, for the grotesquerie of his actions, and the inimitable solemnity of his visage, kept everybody in roars of laughter all through his performance, and we never had to meet and take hold of hands that he did not address me with some absurd speech that made me peal out just like the rest. I never sat out once. It was great fun. We had the "Lancers," in which everybody was perfect, and common quadrilles, and

sarabandes, and one or two tried a waltz, but country dances were the favourites, and there the elders joined in. Uncle and Aunt Preston danced, and old Mr. Jewson, who chose me for his partner, and took snuff at intervals, through the set, and nodded his wig at me, but never spoke.

Just before supper somebody called out for a game of forfeits, and "My Lady's Toilet" was fixed upon. Do you know how to play "Lady's Toilet?" It is an old-fashioned game that all our revered grandmothers played at, though exploded in polite society now, but I daresay it still survives at wold weddings. And this is the way of it. Each person in the company chooses the name of some article of a lady's dress, and all sit round the room in order except one, who stands in the middle with a trencher which he begins to spin on the floor, singing out monotonously—

"My lady went to her toilet,  
In her chamber so pretty and neat,  
And said to her damsel Oyclet,  
'Bring me my bracelet, sweet.'"

And then the person called Bracelet must dash in and catch the trencher before it ceases to spin, on the penalty of a forfeit, which may be glove, handkerchief or what not. All the forfeits are kept until the close of the game, and then the penalties are exacted.

This part of the game is generally considered the most amusing, for the penalties, as at Rookwood Grange, are generally the most whimsical and ridiculous that can be devised. Bob Link was elected to the office of sentencer on this occasion, and when I saw what he inflicted, I began to quake for myself, as I remembered the one white glove of mine that lay in the confiscated heap before him. He took up a silk handkerchief and began—"Here is a thing, and a very pretty thing, whose, let me know, is this pretty thing?" Curly Mr. Dick acknowledged it, whereupon he was ordered to lie flat on the floor and repeat the following absurd lines:—

"Here lies the length of a long, lazy lubber,  
And here must he lie  
Till the lass he loves best comes and kisses him."

There seemed every chance of his continuing to decorate the floor all night, for in spite of his touching and laughable appeals, of course no one went near him; so, at last, up he sprang, and catching Cousin Kate, he kissed her; Kate not testifying any reliable signs of wrath, but only knitting her brows, while her eyes and lips laughed. Then lanky Cousin Joseph was ordered to "bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the lass he loved best," all of which ceremonies he performed before one and the same person—namely, Cousin Sophy, who was unfeignedly indignant therat—Cousin Joseph always testified for her a foutish but most sincere and humble admiration. Another young man had to sing a song, which he did in the dolefullest manner, ending each verse with an unsupported chorus of "If we fall, we'll get up again, we always did yet!" which was every word of the ditty that I could distinguish. Then I saw my own poor little glove drawn out, and Mr. Bob Link repeated

his incantation—"Here is a thing, and a very pretty thing, whose, let me know, is this pretty thing?" and when I quivered out that it was mine, he said, "Oh! little Miss Poppy, it is yours, is it? Well, then, you must stand in the middle of the kitchen, under that green bush you see hanging down, and spell *opportunity* with Mr. David——" I thought I could do *that*, being well up in dictation-class at school, so when Cousin David laughing took me off to the public station, where the penalty was to be performed, I began breathlessly—"O-p op, p-o-r por;" when he cried, "No, no, that's wrong; I must teach you," and bending down his face, he was actually proposing to kiss me between each syllable, when I flung up one of my little paws and clutched his hair, ducked my own head down, finished the word, broke loose, and scurried back to my place in much less time than it has taken me to record the feat, while Cousin David, in the midst of a shout of laughter, cried out: "You little vixen!" while I asseverated vehemently, "I spelt it, I spelt it, I spelt it!" in answer to an outcry, that it would not do, and I must go back again. I would not do that, however, and Cousin David came and sat down by me feeling his nose reproachfully, and saying, "She *scratches!*" and I had scratched him, and I was glad of it; but Curly Dick said it was all for love, and that he had seen me hide the handful of hair I had torn off David's pate, that I might carry it off home to have it made into a locket.

Before the forfeits were well paid, supper was ready, and in spite of my ill-usage, Cousin David would be my cavalier again; he was a good-humoured young giant, very like his sister Mary, and I began to feel a little triumphant over him, in spite of his size, after my recent exploit, and when he talked, I talked again in my little way, except when I was listening to the healths being drunk, and thanks returned, after the country fashion at marriage festivities. Cousin Mary was in her place, with George Standish beside her, and I saw her give a little start and blush when "Mr. and Mrs. George Standish were coupled together, but of all the fun to me old Mr. Jewson was now the greatest. He never raised his glass to his lips, which he did pretty frequently, without giving utterance to a *sentence*: "May the man never grow fat who wears two faces under one hat!" or something of a similar character, and on the name of an individual, who was not popular in the district, being mentioned, he drank again, prefacing it with, "Here's a porcupine saddle and a high trotting horse to that fellow!" to which several responded with gruff "Amens!"

Supper did not last so long as tea, and when it was over, some one said Cousin Mary and George Standish were going home, and when most of us returned to the kitchen and parlour, they disappeared; Mary going upstairs with her mother, sister, and cousins to make ready. But we watched the start from one of the windows, where we had drawn the curtains back. The moon was up, and the wind had broken and scattered the clouds, so we saw them mount their horses, for they had three miles to ride, and David and Joseph were to set them part of the way. In the midst of a chorus of "good-byes," and "God bless you, Marys," they

rode away, Mary never looking up, that I could see, from the moment her husband had lifted her into the saddle; but I don't think she was crying. Her mother cried, though, but not long; the duties of hostess soon dried her tears, and she was busy trying to set us all dancing again, while Curly Dick marched up and down the room, trolling out a love-song in the mellowest voice I ever remember to have heard.

There were more dances, and more games, and then the cousins returned frosty-faced and livelier than ever to join us, and so we went on and on, the hours slipping by uncounted, until a message came from Long Tom that our time was up, and he was wanting to take his horses home.

So there was the re-swathing against the cold to be done, and then our grand team came creaking to the gate, and the dark figures poured out into the snow again; our hands were shaken, and the cousins all kissed in a cousinly way, as good-nights were said. Then Cousin Joseph lifted Sophy into the wagon, and somebody else, who had been very constant all night at Anne's elbow, did the same kindness for her, and Cousin David, before I was aware, had hold of me.

"Now, Miss Poppy, you're going to give me a kiss, I know," said he persuasively, to which I responded, "No, I was not." "Then I shan't let you go without;" and immediately he took unfair advantage of his strength to the extortion of half-a-dozen, and then put me carefully into the wagon.

"Are you cross, Poppy? If you don't like to keep Cousin David's kisses, give him them back again," said Sophy, and then foreman looked to see that all was right, Long Tom cracked his whip, and away we went through the dark and frosty morning. Three struck by Rookwood church clock just as we passed it.

After a little gossip over the events of the evening, we began to be drowsy, and dropt off, one by one, into the sound sleep of youth and health, waking no more until Mr. Preston's jolly voice greeted us from his bedroom window, with "All safe and sound, lasses?" Then we were bundled in-doors, and set down to hot coffee, and an early breakfast by the kitchen fire, after which we pronounced ourselves as fresh as daisies; had a good ducking, re-dressed, and were ready to help in finishing off the great snow-man, when the boys came down. Ah! we can't dance six hours on end now, take a nap in a wagon, and make a snow-man after it with unwearied zest! That trio under the tilt, that merry trio, will never in this world meet again. Lively Sophy is under the sod, and quiet Anne with father and mother, brothers, and husband, is far away over the seas, leading a new life in a new country; and, as for Miss Poppy, in recalling the merry days when she was young, she sees so many shadows amongst the living figures, that if the winter wedding in the wolds could come again, half the dancers on the floor would be only dim and doleful ghosts, — 'Tis a dozen years ago!

## Student Life in Scotland.

I FEAR that this paper will sadly resemble the well-known chapter on the snakes of Iceland. There are no snakes in that ill-at-ease island, and there is little student life in Scotland. It may smack of the emerald phraseology of our Irish friends to say, that in a country abounding in students, and not backward in study, there is little of student life; but that is because, in common parlance, life is used to signify one of the forms of life—society. It shows clearly enough how thoughts run, when the name of student life is not given to the solitary turning of pages and wasting of midnight oil—to the mastering of Greek particles and the working of the differential calculus, but to the amusements of young men when they have thrown aside their books, to the alliances which they form, to the conversations they start, to their hunting, to their boating, to their fencing, to their drinking, to their love-making,—in a word, to their social ways. Read any account of student life in England, in Ireland, or in Germany, and tell me whether the studies of the young fellows are not the least part of what is regarded in a university education. It is very sad to hear of a pluck; and a novelist is a cruel-hearted wretch who will introduce that incident, after showing us to our content how debts should be incurred, how foxes are run down, how wine-parties are conducted, how Julia loses her heart, and how the proctor loses his temper; but it is only in this way—it is only by introducing the academical guillotine upon the stage, that we discover the university, as it appears in a novel, to be the sacred haunts of the Muses. Shall we go to Germany? It is not the subjective and the objective—it is not the identity of the identical and the non-identical—it is not lexicons and commentaries that we hear of. The song of the Burschen is in our ears; we move in a world that is made up of but two elements—beer and smoke; duels are fought for our edification; riots are raised for the express purpose of amusing us; the girl at the beerhouse is of more account than Herr Professor; and, on the whole, it seems as if the university were a glorious institution, to teach young men the true art of merrymaking. Nor are the novelists altogether wrong in declaring that these doings are a fair sample of university life. What is it that draws men to the university? The chance of a fellowship, and the other prizes of a successful university career, will no doubt attract some men; but we know that independently of prizes and honours, a university education has a very high value in this country. And why? Is it because of the knowledge of books acquired? Is it because a young man cannot coach for his degree in Manchester, or in the Isle of Wight, or in the Isle of Dogs, as well as in Oxford or Cambridge? Is there no balm save in Gilead? Are mathematics confined to the reeds of Cam, and classics to the willows of Isis? May we not read but in Balliol or Trinity? Doubtless, the education provided in these ancient seminaries is of the very highest quality; but learning may

be obtained elsewhere than at college. For that matter, indeed, most men are self-educated. What they acquire from a teacher is as nothing to what they acquire from their own researches. What a university or a great public school gives, that cannot be obtained elsewhere, is society—the society of equal minds. A boy is taken from under the parental wing, is sent to school and thrown upon his own resources. He can no longer sing out when he is worsted—"I'll tell mamma;" he has to hold his own in a little world that is made up entirely of boys; he must learn independence; he must fight his way: he must study the arts of society before he has well laid aside his petticoats. So at college—it is in the clash of wit and the pulling of rival oars, it is in the public life and the social habit, it is in the free-and-easy measuring of man with man, that the chief value of a residence in the university lies. The system no doubt has its drawbacks. We must take the bad with the good; and no man who has had experience of it will deny that almost nothing in after life can make up for the want of that early discipline, which is to be obtained only in the rough usage of a school and the wild play of a university. Society, in these haunts, may exist chiefly in its barbaric elements, but they are elements that bring out the man; and the great glory of our universities is not so much that they make us scholars (though they have this also to boast of), as that they make us men.

To Englishmen these are truisms, but in Scotland they are scarcely recognized even as truths. A great deal of nonsense has been talked on both sides of the Tweed about the defects of the Scottish universities. It has been said that they do not turn out scholars. One might as well blame the University of Oxford for not turning out mathematicians. Prominence is given in every university to certain branches of learning; and in Scotland there has always been a greater admiration of thinkers than either of scholars or mathematicians. We all value most what we ourselves have learnt; but where no line of study is absolutely neglected, probably it does not much matter which one receives the most attention. We are apt to overrate the importance of the thing acquired, and to underrate the most important point of all—the mental discipline. The real defect of the Scottish universities is that they have no student life. They have an immense number of students, and nowhere is the higher sort of education more valued; but just in proportion as it has been valued and rendered accessible to all classes, no matter how poor, it has lost its finer qualities—it has lost—and especially in the greater universities—the student life. Suppose a young man at Islington, another at St. John's Wood, a third at Bayswater, a fourth in Pimlico, and a fifth at Brixton, studying at University College: what sort of feeling exists among them? what are the ties that bind them together? what society do they form? what student life can they enjoy? All the better for their studies, the genius of grinding and cramming will say; and it may be so; but the loosening of the social ties among students may also be an irreparable injury to qualities that are even more important than a thirst for knowledge. The college in Gower



Street is in this respect a type of the Scottish university system. The students attend lectures every day in a certain venerable building, but they live in their own homes; they live where they choose; it may be several miles away from the college. Nobody knows in what strange out-of-the-way places some of them build their nests. One poor fellow who makes a very decent appearance in the class lives in a garret raised thirteen stories over the Cowgate, while the man who sits next to him comes out clean cut, and beautifully polished every day from a palace in the West End. When the lecture is over all these students disperse, and they have no more cohesion than the congregation of a favourite preacher after the sermon is finished. They go off into back streets, and into queer alleys; they are lost round the corner; they go a little way into the country; they rush to the seaside; they burst into pieces like a shell. Nor is it very long since this unsociable system superseded the old plan of living together and dining at a common table. Perhaps Lord Campbell could give a very pretty picture of college life in his days, when at the university of St. Andrew's the students dined in common hall. He was a fellow student of Dr. Chalmers, and only a few years ago Tom Chalmers' room within St. Salvator's College was shown to visitors, while the janitor, with a peculiar chuckle, described the wild pranks in which the youthful divine employed his leisure moments, to the terror of the townspeople.

This state of things, although so recent, is almost forgotten in Scotland. There is no such thing as opposition between town and gown. In Edinburgh, indeed, there is no gown—no badge of studentship whatever. Worse than this, the student, after he has gone through his academical course, has nothing further to do with the university. Why should he take a degree? It is a bootless honour. It gives him no privileges. A.M. after a man's name on a title-page may look very pretty, but who is going to write books? "Not I," says the student; "and why should I run the chance of a pluck, besides going to the expense of the fees, when the certainty of success can bring me no advantage?"\* Thus the bond between the student and the university, has been weakened to the utmost. What else are we to expect, when a great university, with all its venerable associations, is planned on the model of a day-school? In Scotland all schools are day-schools, from the very highest to the very lowest. The parental and domestic influence is esteemed so much, that no boy is allowed to escape from it, and the young man is kept under it as long as possible. The boy who is at school all day returns home in the evening to be kissed by his mamma and to be questioned by his papa. The student who has all the morning been dissecting dead bodies or devoting dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris, returns to dine with his sisters and to kneel down at evening prayer with his grey-haired sire. The system has

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\* There are about 1,500 students at the Edinburgh University; of these only about eleven take the Bachelor's degree every year, about nine take the Master's degree, and about sixty are capped as medical doctors. It is expected, however, that the new regulations will increase the number of graduates.

its advantages (filial reverence, for example, being much stronger in Scotland than it is in England, just as in England it is much stronger than in America, where early independence is the ideal of life)—but the advantages are purchased at the cost of the student life, and ultimately at the cost of the university. Alas! for the university which does not make its students feel that they are sons, which does not nurse the corporate feeling, which loses its hold on the students after they have gone into the world! It is mainly through neglect of this kind that the Scottish universities have drooped in public esteem. The education afforded is not poor, and the examinations are not easy, as some imagine, going quite off the scent, in their endeavour to account for such a falling-off. The real reason is, that men leaving the university are cut adrift; they are not associated with it in any way; they forget it; they are in no way called upon to support it. Not so in England. In Pall Mall we have two clubs, which clearly enough illustrate the abiding influence of Oxford and Cambridge upon their graduates, an influence that reacts upon the universities, building up and continually enhancing the reputation of Alma Mater. A Scottish university club in Pall Mall would be almost an impossibility, and the reputation of Alma Mater languishes because she sends forth into the world no bands of men who cherish her memory, and by right of living membership have a vested interest in her good name.

Lord Stanhope tells a story of a Scotchman who, in the good old days of gambling and hard drinking, was heard to say,—“I tell you what, sir, I just think that conversation is the bane of society.” The story is intended as a commentary on the supposed jollity of wine-bibbing. It shows how little the social arts were understood by the honest gentleman who spoke it. Perhaps, even in the present day the arts of society are not much better understood. With all their warmth of heart, Scotchmen have an astonishing reserve, which, if not fatal, is at least injurious to society. They pride themselves on their firmness in friendship; and, it is wonderful to see how they stick to each other. But has not this tenacity its weak side as well as its strong? Is not the adhesion to old alliances accompanied with disinclination or inability to form new ones? And is not this a social defect? The Germans and the French speak of Englishmen as reserved, but the Scotch are worse than the English—they are the most reserved people in Europe. And this brings me to the point at which I have been driving. The most reserved people in Europe, the people that of all others require most to cultivate the social habit, are singular in refusing to give their youth the opportunity of learning the arts of society. The student life is as much as possible repressed, in order that the family life may be sustained. The family is a very noble institution—but it is not everything, and certainly it is not society. The young man longs to leave his home and to be his own master in a little world peopled only with young men like himself. Even the small boy who has but newly attained the honour of breeches-pockets, longs to be free; he runs up to another boy, as dogs run to nose each other; he

sneers at "these girls," as he calls his sisters; he will quit father, mother, and all for the dear delights of school. In a country where the puritan feeling predominates, it is feared that these social instincts may lead to harm; and for the better preservation of his morals the youth is not allowed that free mingling with his fellows, and with them alone, which he most ardently desires. He is systematically taught to be chary of his companions, whether at school or college. There are men sitting daily on the same benches who would not think of speaking to each other without a formal introduction. And I suppose it is owing to these social distances by which they are separated that they *Mister* each other as they do. A little urchin of fifteen is called *Mr. Milligan*; and when Jack wants Sandy to lend him a penknife, he says, "Will you lend me your knife, *Mr. Ramsay*?" Sandy replying, "There it is, *Mr. Frazer*; but I have blunted it with cutting a portrait of the Professor on the desk, which the old boy has painted with a solution of sand for the express purpose of blunting knives and discouraging art." To hear young men who are in the wood-carving stage of existence, some of them mere boys, addressing each other in this formal way, reminds one strangely of Sir Harry and My Lord Duke in the servants' hall.

Which is cause and which effect? Is it from natural reserve and deficient sociability that the Scotch came to undervalue the student life and to abolish it? or is it the want of the student life and school life, such as it exists in England, that has produced reserve? There is something in both views; but if we are looking for causes, there are others that could be given for the decay of student life. One of these I have already indicated in speaking of the puritanic distrust of society, or, as it is called, "the world." A worthy elder of the Kirk has got a son, who is the greatest little rascal of his age, the admiration of the parish dogs, the terror of the parish cats, curiously acquainted with the nature of the fruit in all the gardens and orchards around, impudent as a monkey, and idle as a fly, but who, in consequence of sundry floggings, carries himself so demurely in the presence of his fond parent, that he is supposed to be a chosen vessel—not far from the kingdom of heaven—a child of grace. The pious Mr. Alister Macalister feels that in sending forth his gracious young sinner into a mixed society of boys at a public school, or young men at college—he is sending his precious one into a den of thieves who will rob him of his innocence, is ushering him into the world and the things of the world, is imperilling his immortal interests. And while the puritanic tendencies of the Scotch have gone thus far to undermine the student life by degrading it in public esteem, another influence, even more important, has been at work in the same direction—poverty. Nowhere, I have said, has a good education been so highly prized as in Scotland; but in the attempt to place a good education within reach of every man, however poor, it has been necessary to cheapen it. The cheapness of it has not lowered the character of the education as far as mere learning goes, but has effectually stript it of the social life which ought to accom-

pany it. "*Tenui musam meditamus avená*," the Scottish student may say with Jeffrey and Sydney Smith. But if it is possible to cultivate letters on a little oatmeal, it is not possible to cultivate society on such attenuated resources. Society, even when it is laid out on the most thrifty principles, costs a good deal more than some men can afford. How would it be possible for the poor fellow who hopes to get through his terms for 30*l.* a year to dine at the same table with the student who could afford four or five times the sum? The college year generally consists of about five months, and I have known men cover all the expenses of this period with 22*l.* It is true that this was in St. Andrew's, where a hundred fresh herrings used to go for sixpence, and a splendid dinner of fish might be purchased for a penny; but if it is remembered that the sum I have mentioned covered the fees for the various classes, amounting to about 10*l.*, and that it was upon the balance of 12*l.* that the student continued to subsist for these dreary five months, the feat will appear sufficiently marvellous. It is the students who live in this sort of way that are the most interesting characters in the Scottish universities, and it is their necessities that have gone to extinguish the student life. This will be evident if we consider their position a little minutely.

I suppose that fully one-third of the Scottish students are steeped in poverty. The struggle of some of these men upwards, in the face of terrific odds, is almost sublime. When we look at the struggle in cold blood, we say that it is a mistake, that these men ought never to have dreamt of the university, that theirs is a false ambition, and that it would have been better if they had never left the plough or the smithy, if they had gone into the grocery line, or had taken kindly to confectionery. But has not every form of ambition its weak side?—and are we to stop sympathizing in a man's honest endeavours when we discover that he might be doing much better in a different fashion? Are we not to admire the man wrestling with the waves, because he has no business to be in the water? One of the 22-pounders I have mentioned was a very humble individual; but he fought like a hero, and his life was a constant marvel. He was so poor, indeed, that before one came near the question—How on earth does this man keep soul and body together, besides paying his college fees, with so small a sum?—the previous question presented itself as even more difficult—Where did he get his 22*l.*? He had been a carpenter; he had curtailed his hours in order to devote them to study; he got the cast-off clothes of the parish minister, and somebody else made him the present of an old gown, St. Andrew's delighting in red gowns. At the commencement of his first session, several small exhibitions, or, as they are called, bursaries, the value of each being only 10*l.*, were to be competed for, and he had the skill to obtain one. It was a little fortune to him—an annuity of 10*l.* for four years to come. When he saw his name on the list of winners, he made such queer faces to conceal his emotions that all eyes were turned upon him, and it was ever afterwards a joke against him. For the remaining 12*l.* he managed in this

way : He worked four hours a day in a carpenter's shop, at 3*d.* an hour, and thus earned from 6*l.* to 7*l.* during his residence at the university, to which he was able to add 5*l.* from previous savings.\* He got friends to lend him books; and I have an idea that he earned something on Sundays by acting as precentor in one of the city churches. I happened to call upon him one day. It was his dinner hour, and his landlady came in to him with something on an old black rusty tray. "Not just yet, Mrs. Todd," he said, in great embarrassment, and that lady forthwith departed. "Don't go away," he then said to me; "now, don't; my dinner is never done enough, and, if you stay a little, I'll get it properly done to-day." I left him three minutes afterwards, and outside his door there was his dinner getting cold—a herring and three potatoes. He lived in a box of a room, his bed being in one corner of it; and this accommodation he shared with another man, who worked even harder than he. This man earned a few shillings by teaching. He went out to assist boys in learning their lessons for the following day at school; and the price which he and all such teachers charged was half-a-guinea a month for an hour every night. As the pay was at the rate of about 5*d.* an hour, it would seem that the teacher had an advantage over our friend the carpenter; but it must be remembered that the pay of the latter was obtained by physical labour,—therefore, by a healthy relief from mental toil,—while that of the former was earned by the continued and unhealthy strain of the mind. In Edinburgh there are men who work at bookbinding or printing, who make pills and potions in druggists' shops, who are copying-clerks in lawyers' offices, who report for the newspapers, who keep the buttermen's books,—in order to maintain themselves at college.

Men in these narrow circumstances go naturally in pairs—divide the same potato, and share the same bed. They unite without ever having previously known each other, and, for the sake of a small saving, are chained together while the session lasts. In the desperate struggle of existence and pinch of poverty, these necessitated marriages are often embittered with rivalry and hatred. There are cases in which a nail has been driven into the middle of the chimney-piece, a string tied to it, drawn across the room, and attached to the middle of the opposite wall, so as to divide the chamber into two equal parts. "This is my territory—that shall be yours. *Nemo me impune lacessit*—that's what I say." "And I say, *Noli me tangere*—that's all." The fellows sit on opposite sides of their diminutive fire, "glowering" at each other over their books—the one smoking and the other snuffing the strongest tobacco procurable, to keep their hunger down while forcing the brain through the weary night-watches. The professors make a point of inviting them to breakfast or supper as often as they can, and give them a great feed. It is their only chance of a hearty meal during the whole of the session. And yet, in spite of all that they have to contend with, they make a very creditable appearance in the class, even by the side of men who have been well coached the night before by competent tutors. The odds, however, are

dead against them, and they suffer for it in the end. They have very seldom been regularly educated, and when they go to college they devote much of that energy which ought to be given to their studies to earning their daily bread by teaching or by manual labour. Overworked and underfed, many of them go home, at the end of the session, shadows of their former selves, and death written in their faces—almost all of them have made acquaintance with disease. The number of men at the Scottish universities who run the course of Henry Kirke White is prodigious. Friends write their biographies; their college essays and school poems are published; their fellow-students are told to beware, and everybody takes an interest in their fate, about which a certain air of romance hangs. Year after year, however, one hears of so many cases that, at last, one becomes callous and feels inclined to ask—Why did not this young Kirke White remain in the butcher's shop? It would have been better for him to have slaughtered oxen, sold mutton-chops, and ridden the little pony all his life, giving such leisure as he could really afford to books, than die in the vain endeavour to take the position of a gentleman and a clergyman. Most of these men, if they survive their period of study, go into the Church, and the result is that the Scottish clergy are notorious for their ill-health. How can it be otherwise? The fearful struggle which they have to maintain at college has to be kept up for eight long years before a licence to preach the Gospel can be obtained. Eight years of the university is an exorbitant demand, and it would be impossible to satisfy it, save, in the first place, by cheapening the course of study as much as possible, and secondly, by permitting the students to enter at a comparatively early age. The average age of students in Scotland is not less than in England; but if in the one country the ordinary course of study is extended over four years, while in the other it is limited to three, the freshmen must evidently in the former be a year younger than in the latter, in order to be of the same age at the time of graduating. If after graduating, another four years must be devoted to the Divinity Hall before one can have the chance of a living, it is clear that the student destined for the Church must begin his studies even earlier. He must, therefore, at the most critical period of his life, when most he requires physical strength, enter upon his suicidal course, and keep it up without intermission for eight long years. His only relief occurs in the vacation which fortunately for him lasts seven months. Then he recruits a little, while the student who went up to College better prepared both by previous education, and with the means of living, chafes at the delay, and longs for the introduction of a system, which, by the expedient of a summer session, would reduce the compulsory period of study, as in the English universities, to three years.

The effect of these arrangements on the student life may easily be conceived. A society formed on these conditions must evidently be a very mixed society; therefore, a society extremely suspicious of its members; therefore, also a society which has little cohesion and tends to

destroy itself. What becomes of student life, where so many men must toil like slaves to keep the wolf from the door—must sit up half the night poring over their books, and plunging their heads every hour into cold water to keep away sleep? These give the tone to the university till it is no longer regarded as the centre of certain social influences, and becomes a mere mill for grinding gerunds and chopping logic. It is because Englishmen have criticized chiefly the art of gerund-grinding and the method of logic-chopping pursued in the Scottish universities, that hitherto their criticisms have fallen flat. It is not so much the educational as the social element of the universities that is at fault. To all the statistics of competitive examinations, and to all the sneers about their having produced no great scholar, the Scotch have a ready answer. It is thought more than scholarship; it is the power of reasoning, more than that of acquiring facts, that the Scottish universities foster; and English candidates, passing before Scotch examiners, would be as certainly floored as Scottish candidates now are before English examiners. This is what the Scotch reply to an attack upon their educational system; but they will confess at once the social deficiencies of their universities. It is a bad system, defensible only by disparaging the importance of the student life and overlooking the advantages of society.

Bad though the system be, it has its compensations. Among these may be reckoned the fact that a university education is within reach of all classes, and covers a much larger area of the population in Scotland than it does in England. This is the poor man's view of the case. Those who are in good circumstances think little of such an advantage. They are more impressed with the disadvantages of making a university education too cheap. They are alarmed, in the first place, by the influx of the humbler classes, which of itself must tend to lower the tone of society, and to disintegrate the student life. Then it appears that in order to favour these humbler classes, the time given in each year to the university is shortened as much as possible, and the curriculum of study is unnaturally lengthened. From this it follows, that if a house were started in Edinburgh, attached to the university, on the model of one of the English colleges, for the benefit of those students who can afford it, the scheme would be unprofitable. The house would be vacant seven months of the year, and would have to be maintained for the twelve months on the proceeds of the five during which the yearly session lasts. The thing would be impossible unless such an extravagant rate were charged for these five months as would effectually deter the undergraduates from residence. This is the rich man's view of the case; and admitting it fully, there is still this to be said, that if the Scottish universities are too cheap, the English universities are too dear. If Scottish students do not get much congenial society, it is possible for almost any man to be a student. Whether a university is intended for the peasantry I do not pretend to say; but, at all events, there is the fact, which may be taken for whatever it is worth, that a Scottish university education is open to the peasant not less than to the

peer, and that both peasant and peer take advantage of it. The benefits of a good education thus penetrate to a much lower class in Scotland than in England. There is not a small tradesman, or farmer, or gamekeeper in Scotland who, if his son displays any symptoms of "book-learning," does not think of the university as the proper field for the lad, and does not look forward to the day when he shall call his son "Doctor," or see him in a pulpit thumping the-gospel out of the Bible.

It is another redeeming point of the system, that it does not crush the individuality of the student by too much contact with his fellows; only, as this advantage is so negative that it might be still better secured by not going to the university at all, it would be absurd to make too much of it. Rather let us dwell on whatever social good is to be found in the system. When 1,500 young men are congregated together with a common object, they will break up into knots and clusters, and form themselves as they can into something that may pass for society, although it more strongly resembles the town life of young men than what is understood by student life. It is less as students than as young men with time upon their hands, with no prospect of chapel in the morning, and with no fear of being shut out at night, that these herd together: and if I were to describe their doings it would be the description of what youths generally are who live in lodgings by themselves—with this only difference, that the talk would be rather argumentative and the anecdotes rather erudite. A certain amount of social intercourse is organized in this way for those who wish it or can afford it; but that species of society which we call public life is scarcely possible save in the debating clubs. These are legion. There are speculative societies, and diagnostic societies, and critical societies, and dialectic societies, and historical societies; and if with these I class innumerable missionary societies and prayer unions, it is because they are all more or less calculated for rhetorical display. It is in these associations, to which a student may belong or not just as he pleases, that the public life and the best student life of the Scottish universities are to be found. The society meets weekly, fortnightly, or monthly, as the case may be. An essay is read by some one appointed to do so, and the members of the society criticize it freely. Or a debate is started, the two men who are to lead in the affirmative and the negative having previously been named; the members take part in it as they please; the speaker who commenced has the right of reply; the chairman sums up, and the question is put to the vote. Any one who consults a certain quarto volume in the British Museum, devoted to the transactions of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh, will find it recorded, that on the evening on which Lord Lauderdale, then Lord Henry Petty, attained to the dignity of honorary membership, the youthful debaters decreed, by a majority of eleven over eight, that suicide is not justifiable! This was in 1798, when Brougham, Jeffrey, and Walter Scott, were among the leading members: and one would like to have some statistics of the eight who voted suicide to be justifiable. The Archbishop of Dublin, some years ago, wrote a letter



to W. Cooke Taylor, in which he criticized very severely the habits of such societies, condemning them in the most emphatic manner, as fostering an absurd spirit of pride and dogmatism in youthful minds. If his views are sound, and if that vote of the Speculative Society may be taken as a specimen of the rest, then it must be confessed that the Scottish students are in a very bad way, for they work in these societies more perhaps than the students of any other country. Through the want of society they form societies, and sedulously set themselves to cultivate the great social faculties of speaking and writing. Perhaps Dr. Whately overrates the amount of dogmatism and precipitancy which come of these youthful debates, while he most certainly undervalues the mental stimulus and the advantage of early training in the art of expression. His remarks, moreover, had no special reference to Scotland; and even he would probably admit, that considering the unsatisfied craving of the Scottish undergraduate for student life, these debating societies render an important service which may well cover a multitude of faults.

In the educational system itself, however, there will be found compensations for the defects of the social system. Here I refer to the study of the human mind, which is pursued with great ardour in the Scottish universities. It is supposed in England, that Scotch students are fed on metaphysics, and the mistake receives a colour from the fact that there are so many professors of metaphysics. The title is a misnomer. The whole of Scotch philosophy is a protest against metaphysics as an impossible, or at least a useless study. What a professor, in the chair of metaphysics, teaches, is simply psychology—that is to say, the natural history of the human mind, the delineation of human character. All the processes of thought, all the motives to action are examined in turn. Ideas are traced to their origin, feelings are carefully scrutinized, words are weighed, character is dissected, and in its theory the whole of human life and of the human heart is laid bare to the student. Call this philosophy, if you please—just as a discussion on guano is called the philosophy of manure—but what is it in reality? It is generalized biography. It is a means of supplying in theory what the Scottish students have, at their time of life, few opportunities of acquiring in practice—a knowledge of men. Not enjoying the social advantages of English students, they have, as a compensation, educational advantages which are not to be found in the English universities. It is useless to inquire which is better—a knowledge of men obtained in the contact of society, or a knowledge of men obtained in the scientific analysis of the class-room. Neither the one nor the other is complete in itself; but the great advantage of studying character systematically in early life is this—that it is putting a key into a young man's hand by which afterwards, when he mixes with men, he will more easily understand them, and unlock the secrets of their hearts. Without that key, he will long knock about amongst his fellows, mistaking motives, misinterpreting acts, confounding affections, and failing to form a correct estimate of the persons he meets—

until, at last, after much experience and many errors, he learns to hit the mark without knowing how he does it. The study of the human mind, as pursued in the Scottish universities, has such an effect, that in after life it is an object of incessant interest to all Scotchmen. The average Scotchman will give a shrewder guess than the average Englishman as to a man's character, and a better description of it. He has studied the anatomy of character so minutely that he delights in portraiture and excels in biography. The proper study of mankind is man—everybody admits. Whether the best way of prosecuting that study is in reading through the classics, and piling up algebraic formulas, I do not know; but, at all events, the Scottish universities have something to say for themselves, not if they neglect the classics and the mathematics, but if they simply elevate above these branches of knowledge a direct acquaintance with the mysteries of human nature, in thought and in feeling, in expression and in act. Apart from all comparison between English and Scottish university life, the psychology and moral philosophy of the North are at least worthy of the highest praise, as an antidote and recompence for the evil that is felt in the absence of student life.

Yet another compensation for the defects of the social system will be found in the professorial method of teaching, when it is conducted with spirit. The common idea of a professor is, that of a man wearing a gown, and reading dull lectures every day for an hour to students, some of whom are taking notes, while the rest are dozing. Professor Blackie, Professor Aytoun, Professor Ferrier, and the late Sir William Hamilton would give to any one entering their class-rooms a very different idea of what a professor ought to be. Sir William Hamilton's class was perhaps the most marvellously conducted class in any university. About 150 students were ranged on seats before the professor, who lectured three days in the week, and on two days held a sort of open conference with his pupils, which was conducted in this wise:—Sir William dipped his hand into an urn and took out a letter of the alphabet—say M. Any student whose name began with M was then at liberty to stand up and comment on the professor's lectures—attack them—illustrate them—report them—say almost anything, however far-fetched, which had any relation to them. A couple of Maes get up at once. The first merely raises a laugh by topping one of his William's philosophical anecdotes with another which he fancies to be still better. The second gets up, and has a regular tussle with his master about the action of the mind in sleep, and in a state of semi-consciousness. It is all over in five minutes, the student at length sitting down in a state of profuse perspiration, highly complimented by Sir William for his ingenuity, and feeling that he has done a plucky thing which thoroughly deserves the cheers of 149 fellow-students. These exhibitions are quite voluntary, and it appears that among the M's there is no more heart to get up and speak. The letter C is therefore next taken out of the urn, but the C's give no response to the call. The next letter that turns up is R, and hereupon Mr. Rowan, who has been

sidgeling from the commencement of the hour, rises up to give a quotation from Bishop Berkeley, illustrating a passage in one of Sir William's lectures. The sly fellow fancies that he has detected the professor in a plagiarism, but quotes the passage ostensibly as confirming the lecture. When he has sat down, Sir W. Hamilton, who sees distinctly through the youngster's game, directs his attention to a dozen passages in a dozen different authors, where he will find statements to the same effect, which he might equally have quoted. So the hour passes, each letter of the alphabet being presented in turn, and all the students who desire it, having a chance of speaking. Sometimes the exercise was varied by essays being read, or by Sir William Hamilton suddenly propounding a difficult question as to the use of a term—say the term dialectic, among the Platonists,—or as to some definition of Aristotle's in the Posterior Analytics. Anybody might answer that knew. No written account was taken of these answers and other displays, but gradually a public opinion was formed as to the best man in the class, and at the end of the sessions the honours went by vote, the professor voting in perfect equality with his students, and almost always finding that the general voice coincided with his own opinions as to the order in which the ten best men should stand. The system perfectly succeeded. Never was there a class in which so much enthusiasm manifested itself. An immense interest was excited in the lectures, but the chief thing to be observed here is, that by turning his class two days a week into a sort of authoritative debating club, he established a public life, which, if it is not society, is at least the scaffolding of society. So it is more or less in all the classes that are conducted with spirit. It was not so much felt in the class-room of Professor Wilson, who kept all the talk to himself; and surely it was quite enough to hear such a man discourse on human life in his own way. What Christopher North knew of human nature he told to his pupils in the most glowing terms; but literally the students sat down before him day after day without knowing each other's names, and without having an idea as to the amount of work performed by each in prospect of a place in the class list. He was a splendid lecturer—but he was only a lecturer; and lecturing is little more than half the work of a professorship. To succeed in that work requires peculiar tact and knowledge of men who are in what Mr. Disraeli has described as the "curly" period of life. Very soon "the curled darlings of our nation" find out the weak places of the professor. He may implore silence, but the more noise prevails. If he threatens, revenge follows the next day, for suddenly and unaccountably half the students in the class turn lame, and hobble into the lecture-room leaning on bludgeons, with which, knocked against the seats, they interrupt the speaker until his voice is drowned in the uproar. One poor old professor (who, by the way, lived in continual terror of a very painful disease) had so completely lost the control of his students, that he had to sit before them in mute despair, and had the pleasure of hearing one of them invite him by his

Christian name, "Sandy," to lay himself upon the table, in order that he—the curled darling—might attempt a little lithotomy. Generally, however, these uproars are got up good-humouredly to bring out the professor, who perfectly understands what the students want. They are tired of the hypotenuse, the sine and the cosine, and they want a little fun. There never was a better hand at this sort of work than the late Dr. Thomas Gillespie, a brother-in-law of Lord Campbell. He was not only professor of Latin, but a devotee of the fishing-rod, a poet of much pathos, a minister of much eloquence, and a talker boiling over with jest and anecdote. He would lay down his Horace, which he knew by heart, and joke with the students till the tears rolled down their cheeks. Regularly every year he told the same pet anecdotes, and they knew what was coming; but his manner was always irresistible. One of his anecdotes was about a dial. He had a dial in his garden which required mending. He got a mason to do the job, and the bill of charge ran as follows: "For mending the deil—1s." The old fellow enjoyed it more and more every time he told the story, and after five minutes of this kind of play he would return to his Latin sapphics, and stand over the stream of poetry with all the patient gravity of an angler.

How long the present system will last, nobody knows. The Scotch are not satisfied with their universities, but scarcely know what it is that is in fault. In the view of some, their chief fault is, that they are not faulty enough; and in this view it is supposed that if there were less of study and more of scandal in them, they would be greatly improved. That is an ugly way of stating the case, which we desire to avoid, though probably it means nothing more than this—that scandal is one of the necessary evils of society, and that it would be well if there were more of society in the Scottish universities, even at the expense of occasional excesses. It is boasted that the Scottish students are very good—almost irreproachable in their lives. This may be only seeming, and if they led a more public life perhaps their good conduct would be more frequently called in question. But granting that such praise is thoroughly deserved, is it not possible that it may signify the stagnation of life even more than a victory over Apollyon? Heaven forbid that we in Cornhill should glorify wild-oats! they are an unprofitable kind of grain, which are not admitted into our granary. Strange to say, however, people don't dislike to see a little innocent crop of wild-oats sown by young men, as showing that the social life is fully enjoyed; and it is worth considering whether the Scottish students might not do well if in this sense they found a new reading in the motto suggested by Sydney Smith,—"*Tenui musum meditatur arend.*" With Lord Brougham and Mr. Gladstone at the head of the University of Edinburgh, it is hoped that a good deal may be compassed in the way of University Reform. It ought to be remembered, however, that the arts of reading and lecturing, cramming and examining, are not the only things to be comprised in a University Reform: but that the art of living requires just as much regulation as the art of learning.

## Roundabout Papers.—No. II

### ON TWO CHILDREN IN BLACK.

MONTAIGNE and Howel's Letters are my bedside books. If I wake at night, I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves for ever, and don't weary me. I like to hear them tell their old stories over and over again. I read them in the dozy hours, and only half remember them. I am informed that both of them tell coarse stories. I don't heed them. It was the custom of their time, as it is of Highlanders and Hottentots, to dispense with a part of dress which we all wear in cities. But people can't afford to be shocked either at Cape Town or at Inverness every time they meet an individual who wears his national airy raiment. I never knew the *Arabian Nights* was an improper book until I happened once to read it in a "family edition." Well, *qui s'excuse*. . . Who, pray, has accused me as yet? Here am I smothering dear good old Mrs. Grundy's objections, before she has opened her mouth. I love, I say, and scarce ever tire of hearing, the artless prattle of those two dear old friends, the Perigourdin gentleman and the priggish little Clerk of King Charles's Council. Their egotism in nowise disgusts me. I hope I shall always like to hear men, in reason, talk about themselves. What subject does a man know better? If I stamp on a friend's corn, his outcry is genuine,—he confounds my clumsiness in the accents of truth. He is speaking about himself, and expressing his emotion of grief or pain in a manner perfectly authentic and veracious. I have a story of my own, of a wrong done to me by somebody, as far back as the year 1838: whenever I think of it, and have had a couple glasses of wine, I cannot help telling it. The toe is stamped upon: the pain is just as keen as ever: I cry out, and perhaps utter imprecatory language. I told the story only last Wednesday at dinner:—

"Mr. Roundabout," says a lady sitting by me, "how comes it that in your books there is a certain class (it may be of men, or it may be of women, but that is not the question in point)—how comes it, dear sir, there is a certain class of persons whom you always attack in your writings, and savagely rush at, goad, poke, toss up in the air, kick, and trample on?"

I couldn't help myself. I knew I ought not to do it. I told her the whole story, between the entrées and the roast. The wound began to bleed again. The horrid pang was there, as keen and as fresh as ever. If I live half as long as Tithonus, that crack across my heart can never be cured. There are wrongs and griefs that *can't* be mended. It is all very well of you, my dear Mrs. G., to say that this spirit is unchristian, and that we ought to forgive and forget, and so forth. How can I forget at will? How forgive? I can forgive the occasional waiter, who broke my beautiful old decanter at that very dinner. I am not going to do him any injury. But all the powers on earth can't make that claretjug whole.

So, you see, I told the lady the inevitable story. I was egotistical. I was selfish, no doubt; but I was natural, and was telling the truth. You say you are angry with a man for talking about himself. It is because you yourself are selfish, that that other person's Self does not interest you. Be interested by other people and with their affairs. Let them prattle and talk to you, as I do my dear old egotists just mentioned. When you have had enough of them, and sudden hazes come over your eyes, lay down the volume; pop out the candle, and *dormez bien*. I should like to write a nightcap book—a book that you can muse over, that you can smile over, that you can yawn over—a book of which you can say, “Well, this man is so and so and so and so; but he has a friendly heart (although some wisecracks have painted him as black as Bogey), and you may trust what he says.” I should like to touch you sometimes with a reminiscence that shall waken your sympathy, and make you say, *Io anche* have so thought, felt, smiled, suffered. Now, how is this to be done except by egotism? *Linea recta brevissima*. That right line “I” is the very shortest, simplest, straightforwardest means of communication between us, and stands for what it is worth and no more. Sometimes authors say, “The present writer has often remarked;” or, “The undersigned has observed;” or, “Mr. Roundabout presents his compliments to the gentle reader, and begs to state,” &c.: but “I” is better and straighter than all these grimaces of modesty: and although these are Roundabout Papers, and may wander who knows whither, I shall ask leave to maintain the upright and simple perpendicular. When this bundle of egotisms is bound up together, as they may be one day, if no accident prevents this tongue from wagging, or this ink from running, they will bore you very likely; so it would to read through Howel's Letters from beginning to end, or to eat up the whole of a ham: but a slice on occasion may have a relish: a dip into the volume at random and so on for a page or two: and now and then a smile; and presently a gape; and the book drops out of your hand; and so, *bon soir*, and pleasant dreams to you. I have frequently seen men at clubs asleep over their humble servant's works, and am always pleased. Even at a lecture I don't mind, if they don't snore. Only the other day when my friend A. said, “You've left off that Roundabout business, I see; very glad you have,” I joined in the general roar of laughter at the table. I don't care a fig whether Archilochus likes the papers or no. You don't like partridge, Archilochus, or porridge, or what not? Try some other dish. I am not going to force mine down your throat, or quarrel with you if you refuse it. Once in America a clever and candid woman said to me, at the close of a dinner, during which I had been sitting beside her, “Mr. Roundabout, I was told I should not like you; and I don't.” “Well, ma'am,” says I, in a tone of the most unfeigned simplicity, “I don't care.” And we became good friends immediately, and esteemed each other ever after.

So, my dear Archilochus, if you come upon this paper, and say, “Fudge!” and pass on to another, I for one shall not be in the least mortified. If

you say, "What does he mean by calling this paper *On Two Children in Black*, when there's nothing about people in black at all, unless the ladies he met (and evidently bored) at dinner, were black women. What is all this egotistical pother? A plague on his I's!" My dear fellow, if you read Montaigne's Essays, you must own that he might call almost any one by the name of any other, and that an essay on the Moon or an essay on Green Cheese would be as appropriate a title as one of his on Coaches, on the Art of Discoursing, or Experience, or what you will. Besides, if I *have* a subject (and I have), I claim to approach it in a roundabout manner.

You remember Balzac's tale of the *Peau de Chagrin*, and how every time the possessor used it for the accomplishment of some wish the fairy *Peau* shrank a little and the owner's life correspondingly shortened? I have such a desire to be well with my public that I am actually giving up my favourite story. I am killing my goose, I know I am. I can't tell my story of the children in black after this; after printing it, and sending it through the country. On the first of March next, these little things become public property. I take their hands. I bless them. I say, "Good-bye, my little dears." I am quite sorry to part with them: but the fact is, I have told all my friends about them already, and don't dare to take them about with me any more.

Now every word is true of this little anecdote, and I submit that there lies in it a most curious and exciting little mystery. I am like a man who gives you the last bottle of his 25 claret. It is the pride of his cellar; he knows it, and he has a right to praise it. He takes up the bottle, fashioned so slenderly—takes it up tenderly, cants it with care, places it before his friends, declares how good it is, with honest pride, and wishes he had a hundred dozen bottles more of the same wine in his cellar. *Si quid novisti*, &c., I shall be very glad to hear from you. I protest and vow I am giving you the best I have.

Well, who those little boys in black were, I shall never probably know to my dying day. They were very pretty little men, with pale faces, and large, melancholy eyes; and they had beautiful little hands, and little boots, and the finest little shirts, and black paletots lined with the richest silk; and they had picture-books in several languages, English, and French, and German, I remember. Two more aristocratic-looking little men I never set eyes on. They were travelling with a very handsome, pale lady in mourning, and a maid-servant dressed in black, too; and on the lady's face there was the deepest grief. The little boys clambered and played about the carriage, and she sat watching. It was a railway-carriage from Frankfort to Heidelberg.

I saw at once that she was the mother of those children, and going to part from them. Perhaps I have tried parting with my own, and not found the business very pleasant. Perhaps I recollect driving down (with a certain trunk and carpet-bag on the box) with my own mother to the end of the avenue, where we waited—only a few minutes—until the whirring wheels of that "Defiance" coach were heard rolling towards us

as certain as death. Twang goes the horn; up goes the trunk; down come the steps. Bah! I see the autumn evening: I hear the wheels now: I smart the cruel smart again: and, boy or man, have never been able to bear the sight of people parting from their children.

I thought these little men might be going to school for the first time in their lives; and mamma might be taking them to the doctor, and would leave them with many fond charges, and little wistful secrets of love, bidding the elder to protect his younger brother, and the younger to be gentle, and to remember to pray God always for his mother, who would pray for her boy too. Our party made friends with these young ones during the little journey; but the poor lady was too sad to talk except to the boys now and again, and sate in her corner, pale, and silently looking at them.

The next day, we saw the lady and her maid driving in the direction of the railway station, *without the boys*. The parting had taken place, then. That night they would sleep among strangers. The little beds at home were vacant, and poor mother might go and look at them. Well, tears flow, and friends part, and mothers pray every night all over the world. I daresay we went to see Heidelberg Castle, and admired the vast shattered walls, and quaint gables; and the Neckar running its bright course through that charming scene of peace and beauty; and ate our dinner, and drank our wine with relish. The poor mother would eat but little *Abendessen* that night; and, as for the children—that first night at school—hard bed, hard words, strange boys bullying, and laughing, and jarring you with their hateful merriment—as for the first night at a strange school, we most of us remember what *that* is. And the first is not the *worst*, my boys, there's the rub. But each man has his share of troubles, and, I suppose, you must have yours.

From Heidelberg we went to Baden-Baden: and I daresay, saw Madame de Schlangenbad and Madame de la Cruchecassée, and Count Punter, and honest Captain Blackball. And whom should we see in the evening, but our two little boys, walking on each side of a fierce, yellow-faced, bearded man! We wanted to renew our acquaintance with them, and they were coming forward quite pleased to greet us. But the father pulled back one of the little men by his paletot, gave a grim scowl, and walked away. I can see the children now looking rather frightened away from us and up into the father's face, or the cruel uncle's—which was he? I think he was the father. So this was the end of them. Not School as I at first had imagined. The mother was gone, who had given them the heaps of pretty books, and the pretty studs in the shirts, and the pretty silken clothes, and the tender—tender cares; and they were handed to this scowling practitioner of Trente et Quarante. Ah! this is worse than school. Poor little men! poor mother sitting by the vacant little beds! We saw the children once or twice after, always in Scowler's company; but we did not dare to give each other any marks of recognition.

From Baden we went to Bale, and thence to Lucerne, and so over the



St. Gothard into Italy. From Milan we went to Venice; and now comes the singular part of my story. In Venice there is a little court of which I forget the name: but there is an apothecary's shop there, whither I went to buy some remedy for the bites of certain animals which abound in Venice. Crawling animals, skipping animals, and humming, flying animals; all three will have at you at once; and one night nearly drove me into a strait-waistcoat. Well, as I was coming out of the apothecary's with the bottle of spirits of hartshorn in my hand (it really *does* do the bites a great deal of good), whom should I light upon but one of my little Heidelberg-Baden boys!

I have said how handsomely they were dressed as long as they were with their mother. When I saw the boy at Venice, who perfectly recognized me, his only garb was a wretched yellow cotton gown. His little feet, on which I had admired the little shiny boots, were *without shoe or stocking*. He looked at me, ran to an old hag of a woman, who seized his hand; and with her he disappeared down one of the thronged lanes of the city.

From Venice we went to Trieste (the Vienna railway at that time was only opened as far as Laybach, and the magnificent Semmering Pass was not quite completed). At a station between Laybach and Graetz, one of my companions alighted for refreshment, and came back to the carriage saying:—

“There's that horrible man from Baden, with the two little boys.”

Of course, we had talked about the appearance of the little boy at Venice, and his *strange* altered garb. My companion said they were pale, *wretched-looking*, and *dressed quite shabbily*.

I got out at several stations, and looked at all the carriages. I could not see my little men. From that day to this I have never set eyes on them. That is all my story. Who were they? What could they be? How can you explain that mystery of the mother giving them up; of the remarkable splendour and elegance of their appearance while under her care; of their bare-footed squalor in Venice, a month afterwards; of their shabby habiliments at Laybach? Had the father gambled away his money, and sold their clothes? How came they to have passed out of the hands of a refined lady (as she evidently was, with whom I first saw them) into the charge of quite a common woman like her with whom I saw one of the boys at Venice? Here is but one chapter of the story. Can any man write the next, or that preceding the strange one on which I happened to light? Who knows: the mystery may have some quite simple solution. I saw two children, attired like little princes, taken from their mother and consigned to other care; and a fortnight afterwards, one of them barefooted and like a beggar. Who will read this riddle of *The Two Children in Black*?





BESSY'S REFLECTIONS.





# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1860.

## Lovel the Widower.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A BLACK SHEEP.



THE being for whom my friend Dick Bedford seemed to have a special contempt and aversion, was Mr. Bulkeley, the tall footman in attendance upon Lovel's dear mother-in-law. One of the causes of Bedford's wrath, the worthy fellow ex-

plained to me. In the servants' hall, Bulkeley was in the habit of speaking in disrespectful and satirical terms of his mistress, enlarging upon her many foibles, and describing her pecuniary difficulties to the many habitués of that second social circle at Shrublands. The hold which Mr. Bulkeley had over his lady lay in a long unsettled account of

wages, which her ladyship was quite disinclined to discharge. And, in spite of this insolvency, the footman must have found his profit in the place, for he continued to hold it from year to year, and to fatten on his earnings such as they were. My lady's dignity did not allow her to travel without this huge personage in her train; and a great comfort it must have been to her, to reflect that in all the country houses which she visited (and she would go wherever she could force an invitation), her attendant freely explained himself regarding her peculiarities, and made his brother servants aware of his mistress's embarrassed condition. And yet the woman, whom I suppose no soul alive respected (unless, haply, she herself had a hankering delusion that she was a respectable woman), thought that her position in life forbade her to move abroad without a maid, and this hulking incumbrance in plush; and never was seen anywhere in watering-place, country-house, hotel, unless she was so attended.

Between Bedford and Bulkeley, then, there was feud and mutual hatred. Bedford chafed the big man by constant sneers and sarcasms, which penetrated the other's dull hide, and caused him frequently to assert that he would punch Dick's ugly head off. The housekeeper had frequently to interpose, and fling her matronly arms between these men of war; and perhaps Bedford was forced to be still at times, for Bulkeley was nine inches taller than himself, and was perpetually bragging of his skill and feats as a bruiser. This sultan may also have wished to fling his pocket-handkerchief to Miss Mary Pinhorn, who, though she loved Bedford's wit and cleverness, might also be not insensible to the magnificent chest, calves, whiskers, of Mr. Bulkeley. On this delicate subject, however, I can't speak. The men hated each other. You have, no doubt, remarked in your experience of life, that when men *do* hate each other, about a woman, or some other cause, the real reason is never assigned. You say, "The conduct of such and such a man to his grandmother—his behaviour in selling that horse to Benson—his manner of brushing his hair down the middle"—or what you will, "makes him so offensive to me that I can't endure him." His verses, therefore, are mediocre; his speeches in parliament are utter failures; his practice at the bar is dwindling every year; his powers (always small) are utterly leaving him, and he is repeating his confounded jokes until they quite nauseate. Why, only about myself, and within these three days, I read a nice little article—written in sorrow, you know, not in anger—by our eminent *confrère* Wiggins,\* deploring the decay of, &c. &c. And Wiggins's little article which was not found suitable for a certain Magazine?—*Allons donc!* The drunkard says the pickled salmon gave him the headache; the man who hates us gives a reason, but not *the* reason. Bedford was angry with Bulkeley for abusing his mistress at the servants' table? Yes. But for what else besides? I don't care—nor possibly does your worship, the exalted reader, for these low vulgar kitchen quarrels.

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\* To another celebrated critic. Dear Sir—You think I mean you, but upon my honour I don't.

Out of that ground-floor room, then, I would not move in spite of the utmost efforts of my Lady Baker's broad shoulder to push me out; and with many grins that evening, Bedford complimented me on my gallantry in routing the enemy at luncheon. I think he may possibly have told his master, for Lovel looked very much alarmed and uneasy when we greeted each other on his return from the city, but became more composed when Lady Baker appeared at the second dinner-bell, without a trace on her fine countenance of that storm which had caused all her waves to heave with such commotion at noon. How finely some people, by the way, can hang up quarrels—or pop them into a drawer, as they do their work, when dinner is announced, and take them out again at a convenient season! Baker was mild, gentle, a thought sad and sentimental—tenderly interested about her dear son and daughter, in Ireland, whom she *must* go and see—quite easy in hand, in a word, and to the immense relief of all of us. She kissed Lovel on retiring, and prayed blessings on her Frederick. She pointed to the picture: nothing could be more melancholy or more gracious.

“*She go!*” says Mr. Bedford to me at night—“not she. She knows when she's well off; was obliged to turn out of Bakerstown before she came here: that brute Bulkeley told me so. She's always quarrelling with her son and his wife. Angels don't grow everywhere as they do at Putney, Mr. B.! You gave it her well to-day at lunch, you did though!” During my stay at Shrublands, Mr. Bedford paid me a regular evening visit in my room, set the *carte du pays* before me, and in his curt way acquainted me with the characters of the inmates of the house, and the incidents occurring therein.

Captain Clarence Baker did not come to Shrublands on the day when his anxious mother wished to clear out my nest (and expel the amiable bird in it) for her son's benefit. I believe an important fight, which was to come off in the Essex Marshes, and which was postponed in consequence of the interposition of the county magistrates, was the occasion, or at any rate, the pretext of the captain's delay. “He likes seeing fights better than going to 'em, the captain does,” my major-domo remarked. “His regiment was ordered to India, and he sold out: climate don't agree with his precious health. The captain ain't been here ever so long, not since poor Mrs. L.'s time, before Miss P. came here: Captain Clarence and his sister had a tremendous quarrel together. He was up to all sorts of pranks, the captain was. Not a good lot, by any means, I should say, Mr. Batchelor.” And here Bedford begins to laugh. “Did you ever read, sir, a farce called *Raising the Wind*? There's plenty of Jeremy Diddlers now, Captain Jeremy Diddlers and Lady Jeremy Diddlers too. Have you such a thing as half-a-crown about you? If you have, don't invest it in some folks' pockets—that's all. Beg your pardon, sir, if I am bothering you with talking!”

As long as I was at Shrublands, and ready to partake of breakfast with my kind host and his children and their governess, Lady Baker had her



own breakfast taken to her room. But when there were no visitors in the house, she would come groaning out of her bedroom to be present at the morning meal; and not uncommonly would give the little company anecdotes of the departed saint, under whose invocation, as it were, we were assembled, and whose simpering effigy looked down upon us, over her harp, and from the wall. The eyes of the portrait followed you about, as portraits' eyes so painted will; and those glances, as it seemed to me, still domineered over Lovel, and made him quail as they had done in life. Yonder, in the corner, was Cecilia's harp, with its leathern cover. I likened the skin to that drum which the dying Zisca ordered should be made out of his hide, to be beaten before the hosts of his people and inspire terror. *Vous concevez*, I did not say to Lovel at breakfast, as I sat before the ghostly musical instrument, "My dear fellow, that skin of Cordovan leather belonging to your defunct Cecilia's harp, is like the hide which," &c.; but I confess, at first, I used to have a sort of *crawly* sensation, as of a sickly genteel ghost flitting about the place, in an exceedingly peevish humour, trying to scold and command, and finding her defunct voice couldn't be heard—trying to re-illumine her extinguished leers and faded smiles and ogles, and finding no one admired or took note. In the gray of the gloaming, in the twilight corner where stands the shrouded companion of song—what is that white figure flickering round the silent harp? Once, as we were assembled in the room at afternoon tea, a bird, entering at the open window, perched on the instrument. Popham dashed at it. Lovel was deep in conversation upon the wine duties with a member of parliament he had brought down to dinner. Lady Baker, who was, if I may use the expression, "jawing," as usual, and telling one of her tremendous stories about the Lord Lieutenant to Mr. Bonnington, took no note of the incident. Elizabeth did not seem to remark it: what was a bird on a harp to her, but a sparrow perched on a bit of leather-casing! All the ghosts in Putney churchyard might rattle all their bones, and would not frighten that stout spirit!

I was amused at a precaution which Bedford took, and somewhat alarmed at the distrust towards Lady Baker which he exhibited, when, one day on my return from town—whither I had made an excursion of four or five hours—I found my bedroom door locked, and Dick arrived with the key. "He's wrote to say he's coming this evening, and if he had come when you was away, Lady B. was capable of turning your things out, and putting his in, and taking her oath she believed you was going to leave. The long-bows Lady B. do pull are perfectly awful, Mr. B.! So it was long-bow to long-bow, Mr. Batchelor; and I said you had took the key in your pocket, not wishing to have your papers disturbed. She tried the lawn window, but I had bolted that, and the captain will have the pink room, after all, and must smoke up the chimney. I should have liked to see him, or you, or any one do it in poor Mrs. L.'s time—I just should!"

During my visit to London, I had chanced to meet my friend Captain

Fitzb—dle, who belongs to a dozen clubs, and knows something of every man in London. "Know anything of Clarence Baker?" "Of course, I do," says Fitz; "and if you want any *renseignement*, my dear fellow, I have the honour to inform you that a blacker little sheep does not trot the London *pavé*. Wherever that ingenious officer's name is spoken—at Tattersall's, at his clubs, in his late regiments, in men's society, in ladies' society, in that expanding and most agreeable circle which you may call no society at all—a chorus of maledictions rises up at the mention of Baker. Know anything of Clarence Baker! My dear fellow, enough to make your hair turn white, unless (as I sometimes fondly imagine) nature has already performed that process, when of course I can't pretend to act upon more hair-dye." (The whiskers of the individual who addressed me, innocent, stared me in the face as he spoke, and were dyed of the most unblushing purple.) "Clarence Baker, sir, is a young man who would have been invaluable in Sparta as a warning against drunkenness and an exemplar of it. He has helped the regimental surgeon to some most interesting experiments in *delirium tremens*. He is known, and not in the least trusted, in every billiard-room in Brighton, Canterbury, York, Sheffield,—on every pavement which has rung with the clink of dragoon boot-heels. By a wise system of revoking at whist he has lost games which have caused not only his partners, but his opponents and the whole club to admire him and to distrust him: long before and since he was of age, he has written his eminent name to bills which have been dishonoured, and has nobly pleaded his minority as a reason for declining to pay. From the garrison towns where he has been quartered, he has carried away not only the hearts of the milliners, but their gloves, haberdashery, and perfumery. He has had controversies with Cornet Green, regarding horse transactions; disputed turf-accounts with Lieutenant Brown; and betting and backgammon differences with Captain Black. From all I have heard he is the worthy son of his admirable mother. And I bet you even on the four events, if you stay three days in a country house with him, which appears to be your present happy idea,—that he will quarrel with you, insult you, and apologize; that he will intoxicate himself more than once; that he will offer to play cards with you, and not pay on losing (if he wins, I perhaps need not state what his conduct will be); and that he will try to borrow money from you, and most likely from your servant, before he goes away." So saying, the sententious Fitz strutted up the steps of one of his many club-haunts in Pall Mall, and left me forewarned, and I trust forearmed against Captain Clarence and all his works.

The adversary, when at length I came in sight of him, did not seem very formidable. I beheld a weakly little man with Chinese eyes, and pretty little feet and hands, whose pallid countenance told of Finishes and Casinos. His little chest and fingers were decorated with many jewels. A perfume of tobacco hung round him. His little moustache was twisted with an elaborate gummy curl. I perceived that the little hand which

twirled the moustache shook woefully: and from the little chest there came a cough surprisingly loud and dismal.

He was lying on a sofa as I entered, and the children of the house were playing round him. "If you are our uncle, why didn't you come to see us oftener?" asks Popham.

"How should I know that you were such uncommonly nice children?" asks the captain.

"We're not nice to you," says Popham. "Why do you cough so? Mamma used to cough. And why does your hand shake so?"

"My hand shakes because I am ill: and I cough because I'm ill. Your mother died of it, and I daresay I shall too."

"I hope you'll be good, and repent before you die, uncle, and I will lend you some nice books," says Cecilia.

"Oh, bother books!" cries Pop.

"And I hope *you'll* be good, Popham," and "You hold *your* tongue, Miss," and "I shall," and "I shan't," and "You're another," and "I'll tell Miss Prior,"—"Go and tell, telltale,"—"Boo"—"Boo"—"Boo"—"Boo"—and I don't know what more exclamations came tumultuously and rapidly from these dear children, as their uncle lay before them, a handkerchief to his mouth, his little feet high raised on the sofa cushions.

Captain Baker turned a little eye towards me, as I entered the room, but did not change his easy and elegant posture. When I came near to the sofa where he reposed, he was good enough to call out:

"Glass of sherry!"

"It's Mr. Batchelor; it isn't Bedford, uncle," says Cissy.

"Mr. Batchelor ain't got any sherry in his pocket:—have you, Mr. Batchelor? You ain't like old Mrs. Prior, always pocketing things, are you?" cries Pop, and falls a-laughing at the ludicrous idea of my being mistaken for Bedford.

"Beg your pardon. How should I know, you know?" draws the invalid on the sofa. "Everybody's the same now, you see."

"Sir!" says I, and "sir" was all I could say. The fact is, I could have replied with something remarkably neat and cutting, which would have transfixed the languid little jackanapes who dared to mistake me for a footman; but, you see, I only thought of my repartee some eight hours afterwards when I was lying in bed, and I am sorry to own that a great number of my best *bon mots* have been made in that way. So, as I had not the pungent remark ready when wanted, I can't say I said it to Captain Baker, but I daresay I turned very red, and said "Sir!" and—and in fact that was all.

"You were goin' to say somethin'?" asked the captain, affably.

"You know my friend, Mr. Fitzboodle, I believe?" said I; the fact is, I really did not know what to say.

"Some mistake—think not."

"He is a member of the Flag Club," I remarked, looking my young fellow hard in the face

"I ain't. There's a set of cads in that club that will say anything."

"You may not know him, sir, but he seemed to know you very well. Are we to have any tea, children?" I say, flinging myself down on an easy chair, taking up a magazine, and adopting an easy attitude, though I daresay my face was as red as a turkey-cock's, and I was boiling over with rage.

As we had a very good breakfast and a profuse luncheon at Shrublands, of course we could not support nature till dinner-time without a five-o'clock tea; and this was the meal for which I pretended to ask. Bedford, with his silver kettle, and his buttony satellite, presently brought in this refection, and of course the children bawled out to him—

"Bedford—Bedford! uncle mistook Mr. Batchelor for you."

"I could not be mistaken for a more honest man, Pop," said I. And the bearer of the tea-urn gave me a look of gratitude and kindness which, I own, went far to restore my ruffled equanimity.

"Since you are the butler, will you get me a glass of sherry and a biscuit?" says the captain. And Bedford retiring, returned presently with the wine.

The young gentleman's hand shook so, that, in order to drink his wine, he had to surprise it, as it were, and seize it with his mouth, when a shake brought the glass near his lips. He drained the wine, and held out his hand for another glass. The hand was steadier now.

"You the man who was here before?" asks the captain.

"Six years ago, when you were here, sir," says the butler.

"What! I ain't changed, I suppose?"

"Yes, you are, sir."

"Then, how the dooce do you remember me?"

"You forgot to pay me some money you borrowed of me, one pound five, sir," says Bedford, whose eyes slyly turned in my direction.

And here, according to her wont at this meal, the dark-robed Miss Prior entered the room. She was coming forward with her ordinarily erect attitude and firm step, but paused in her walk an instant, and when she came to us, I thought, looked remarkably pale. She made a slight curtsy, and it must be confessed that Captain Baker rose up from his sofa for a moment when she appeared. She then sate down, with her back towards him, turning towards herself the table and its tea apparatus.

At this board my Lady Baker found us assembled when she returned from her afternoon drive. She flew to her darling reprobate of a son. She took his hand, she smoothed back his hair from his damp forehead. "My darling child," cries this fond mother, "what a pulse you have got!"

"I suppose, because I've been drinking," says the prodigal.

"Why didn't you come out driving with me? The afternoon was lovely!"

"To pay visits at Richmond? Not as I knows on, ma'am," says the invalid. "Conversation with elderly ladies about poodles, bible-societies, that kind of thing? It must be a doocid lovely afternoon that would make

me like that sort of game." And here comes a fit or coughing, over which mamma ejaculates her sympathy.

"Kick—kick—killin' myself!" gasps out the captain, "know I am. No man *can* lead my life, and stand it. Dyin' by inches! Dyin' by whole yards, by Jo—ho—hove, I am!" Indeed, he was as bad in health as in morals, this graceless captain.

"That man of Lovel's seems a d—— insolent beggar," he presently and ingenuously remarks.

"O uncle, you mustn't say those words!" cries niece Cissy.

"He's a man, and may say what he likes, and so will I, when I'm a man. Yes, and I'll say it now, too, if I like," cries Master Popham.

"Not to give me pain, Popham? Will you?" asks the governess.

On which the boy says,—*"Well, who wants to hurt you, Miss Prior?"*

And our colloquy ends by the arrival of the man of the house from the city.

What I have admired in some dear women is their capacity for quarrelling and for reconciliation. As I saw Lady Baker hanging round her son's neck, and fondling his scanty ringlets, I remembered the awful stories with which in former days she used to entertain us regarding this reprobate. Her heart was pincushioned with his filial crimes. Under her chesnut front her ladyship's real head of hair was grey, in consequence of his iniquities. His precocious appetite had devoured the greater part of her jointure. He had treated her many dangerous illnesses with indifference: had been the worst son, the worst brother, the most ill-conducted school-boy, the most immoral young man—the terror of households, the Lovelace of garrison towns, the perverter of young officers; in fact, Lady Baker did not know how she supported existence at all under the agony occasioned by his crimes, and it was only from the possession of a more than ordinarily strong sense of religion that she was enabled to bear her burden.

The captain himself explained these alternating maternal caresses and quarrels in his easy way.

"Saw how the old lady kissed and fondled me?" says he to his brother-in-law. "Quite refreshin', ain't it? Hang me, I thought she was goin' to send me a bit of sweetbread off her own plate. Came up to my room last night, wanted to tuck me up in bed, and abused my brother to me for an hour. You see, when I'm in favour, she always abuses Baker; when *he's* in favour she abuses me to him. And my sister-in-law, didn't she give it my sister-in-law! Oh! I'll trouble you! And poor Cecilia—why hang me, Mr. Batchelor, she used to go on—this bottle's corked, I'm hanged if it isn't—to go on about Cecilia, and call her . . . Hullo!"

Here he was interrupted by our host, who said sternly—

"Will you please to forget those quarrels, or not mention them here? Will you have more wine, Batchelor?"

And Lovel rises, and haughtily stalks out of the room. To do Lovel justice, he had a great contempt and dislike for his young brother-in-law, which, with his best magnanimity, he could not at all times conceal.

So our host stalks towards the drawing-room, leaving Captain Clarence sipping wine.

"Don't go, too," says the captain. "He's a confounded rum fellow, my brother-in-law is. He's a confounded ill-conditioned fellow, too. They always are, you know, these tradesmen fellows, these half-bred 'uns. I used to tell my sister so; but she *would* have him, because he had such lots of money, you know. And she threw over a fellar she was very fond of; and I told her she'd regret it. I told Lady B. she'd regret it. It was all Lady B.'s doing. She made Cissy throw the fellar over. He was a bad match, certainly, Tom Mountain was; and not a clever fellow, you know, or that sort of thing; but at any rate, he was a gentleman, and better than a confounded sugar-baking beggar out Ratcliff Highway."

"You seem to find that claret very good!" I remark, speaking, I may say, Socratically, to my young friend, who had been swallowing bumper after bumper.

"Claret good! Yes, doosid good!"

"Well, you see our confounded sugar-baker gives you his best."

"And why shouldn't he, hang him? Why, the fellow chokes with money. What does it matter to him how much he spends? You're a poor man, I dare say. You don't look as if you were over-flush of money. Well, if *you* stood a good dinner, it would be all right—I mean it would show—you understand me, you know. But a sugar-baker with ten thousand a year, what does it matter to him, bottle of claret more—less?"

"Let us go into the ladies," I say.

"Go into mother! I don't want to go into my mother," cried out the artless youth. "And I don't want to go into the sugar-baker, hang him! and I don't want to go into the children; and I'd rather have a glass of brandy-and-water with you, old boy. Here, you! What's your name? Bedford! I owe you five-and-twenty shillings, do I, old Bedford? Give us a good glass of Schnaps, and I'll pay you! Look here, Batchelor. I hate that sugar-baker. Two years ago I drew a bill on him, and he wouldn't pay it—perhaps he would have paid it, but my sister wouldn't let him. And, I say, shall we go and have a cigar in your room? My mother's been abusing you to me like fun this morning. She abuses everybody. She used to abuse Cissy. Cissy used to abuse her—used to fight like two cats . . . ."

And if I narrate this conversation, dear Spartan youth! if I show thee this Helot maundering in his cups, it is that from his odious example thou mayest learn to be moderate in the use of thine own. Has the enemy who has entered thy mouth ever stolen away thy brains? Has wine ever caused thee to blab secrets; to utter egotisms and follies? Beware of it. Has it ever been thy friend at the end of the hard day's work, the cheery companion of thy companions, the promoter of harmony, kindness, harmless social pleasure? be thankful for it. Two years since, when the comet was blazing in the autumnal sky, I stood on the château-steps of a great claret proprietor. "*Boirai-je de ton vin, O comète?*" I said, addressing the

luminary with the flaming tail. Shall those generous bunches which you ripen yield their juices for me *morituro*? It was a solemn thought. Ah! my dear brethren! who knows the Order of the Fates? When shall we pass the Gloomy Gates? Which of us goes, which of us waits to drink those famous Fifty-eights? A sermon, upon my word! And pray why not a little homily on an autumn eve over a purple cluster? . . . If that rickety boy had only drunk claret, I warrant you his tongue would not have blabbed, his hand would not have shaken, his wretched little brain and body would not have reeled with fever.

"Gad," said he next day to me, "cut again last night. Have an idea, that I abused Lovel. When I have a little wine on board, always speak my mind, don't you know. Last time I was here in my poor sister's time, said somethin' to her, don't quite know what it was, somethin' confoundedly true and unpleasant I daresay. I think it was about a fellow she used to go on with before she married the sugar-baker. And I got orders to quit, by Jove, sir—neck and crop, sir, and no mistake! And we gave it one another over the stairs. O my! we did pitch in!—And that was the last time I ever saw Cecilia—give you my word. A doosid unforgiving woman, my poor sister was, and between you and me, Batchelor, as great a flirt as ever threw a fellar over. You should have heard her and my Lady B. go on, that's all!—Well, mamma, are you going out for a drive in the coachy-poachy?—Not as I knows on, thank you, as I before had the honour to observe. Mr. Batchelor and me are going to play a little game at billiards." We did, and I won; and, from that day to this, have never been paid my little winnings.

On the day after the doughty captain's arrival, Miss Prior, in whose face I had remarked a great expression of gloom and care, neither made her appearance at breakfast nor at the children's dinner. "Miss Prior was a little unwell," Lady Baker said, with an air of most perfect satisfaction. "Mr. Drencher will come to see her this afternoon, and prescribe for her, I daresay," adds her ladyship, nodding and winking a roguish eye at me. I was at a loss to understand what was the point of humour which amused Lady B., until she herself explained it.

"My good sir," she said, "I think Miss Prior is not at all *averse* to being ill." And the nods recommenced.

"As how?" I ask.

"To being ill, or at least to calling in the medical man."

"Attachment between governess and Sawbones I make bold for to presume?" says the captain.

"Precisely, Clarence—a very fitting match. I saw the affair, even before Miss Prior owned it—that is to say, she has not denied it. She says she can't afford to marry, that she has children enough at home in her brothers and sisters. She is a well-principled young woman, and does credit, Mr. Batchelor, to your recommendation, and the education she has received from her uncle, the Master of St. Boniface."

"Cissy to school; Pop to Eton; and Miss Whatdyoucall to grind the

pestle in Sawbones' back-shop: I see!" says Captain Clarence. "He seems a low, vulgar blackguard, that Sawbones."

"Of course, my love; what can you expect from that sort of person?" asks mamma, whose own father was a small attorney, in a small Irish town.

"I wish I had his confounded good health," cries Clarence, coughing.

"My poor darling!" says mamma.

I said nothing. And so Elizabeth was engaged to that great, broad-shouldered, red-whiskered, young surgeon with the huge appetite and the dubious *h's*! Well, why not? What was it to me? Why shouldn't she marry him? Was he not an honest man, and a fitting match for her? Yes. Very good. Only if I *do* love a bird or flower to glad me with its dark blue eye, it is the first to fade away. If I *have* a partiality for a young gazelle it is the first to—psha! What have I to do with this namby-pamby? Can the heart that has truly loved ever forget, and doesn't it as truly love on to the—stuff! I am past the age of such follies. I might have made a woman happy: I think I should. But the fugacious years have lapsed, my Posthumus! My waist is now a good bit wider than my chest, and it is decreed that I shall be alone!

My tone, then, when next I saw Elizabeth, was sorrowful—not angry. Drencher, the young doctor, came punctually enough, you may be sure, to look after his patient. Little Pinhorn, the children's maid, led the young practitioner smiling towards the schoolroom regions. His creaking highlows sprang swiftly up the stairs. I happened to be in the hall, and surveyed him with a grim pleasure. "Now he is in the schoolroom," I thought. "Now he is taking her hand—it is very white—and feeling her pulse. And so on, and so on. Surely, surely Pinhorn remains in the room?" I am sitting on a hall-table as I muse plaintively on these things, and gaze up the stairs by which the Hakeem (great, carroty-whiskered cad!) has passed into the sacred precincts of the harem. As I gaze up the stair, another door opens into the hall; a scowling face peeps through that door, and looks up the stair, too. 'Tis Bedford, who has slid out of his pantry, and watches the doctor. And thou, too, my poor Bedford! Oh! the whole world throbs with vain heart-pangs, and tosses and heaves with longing, unfulfilled desires! All night, and all over the world, bitter tears are dropping as regular as the dew, and cruel memories are haunting the pillow. Close my hot eyes, kind Sleep! Do not visit it, dear delusive images out of the Past! Often your figure shimmers through my dreams, Glorvina. Not as you are now, the stout mother of many children—you always had an alarming likeness to your own mother, Glorvina—but as you were—slim, black-haired, blue-eyed—when your carnation lips warbled the *Vale of Avoca*, or the *Angels' Whisper*. "What!" I say then, looking up the stair, "am I absolutely growing jealous of yon apothecary?—O fool!" And at this juncture, out peers Bedford's face from the pantry, and I see he is jealous too. I tie my shoe as I sit on the table; I don't affect to notice Bedford in the least (who, in fact, pops his own head back again as soon as he sees mine). I take my



wide-awake from the peg, set it on one side my head, and strut whistling out of the hall door. I stretch over Putney Heath, and my spirit resumes its tranquillity.

I sometimes keep a little journal of my proceedings, and on referring to its pages, the scene rises before me pretty clearly to which the brief notes allude. On this day I find noted: "*Friday, July, 14—B. came down to-day. Seems to require a great deal of attendance from Dr.—Row between dowagers after dinner.*" "B.," I need not remark, is Bessy. "Dr.," of course, you know. "Row between dowagers," means a battle royal between Mrs. Bonnington and Lady Baker, such as not unfrequently raged under the kindly Lovel's roof.

Lady Baker's gigantic menial Bulkeley condescended to wait at the family dinner at Shrublands, when perforce he had to put himself under Mr. Bedford's orders. Bedford would gladly have dispensed with the London footman, over whose calves, he said, he and his boy were always tumbling; but Lady Baker's dignity would not allow her to part from her own man; and her good-natured son-in-law allowed her, and indeed, almost all other persons, to have their own way. I have reason to fear Mr. Bulkeley's morals were loose. Mrs. Bonnington had a special horror of him; his behaviour in the village public-houses where his powder and plush were for ever visible—his freedom of behaviour and conversation before the good lady's nurse and parlour-maids—provoked her anger and suspicion. More than once, she whispered to me her loathing of this flour-besprinkled monster; and, as much as such a gentle creature could, she showed her dislike to him by her behaviour. The flunkey's solemn equanimity was not to be disturbed by any such feeble indications of displeasure. From his powdered height, he looked down upon Mrs. Bonnington,\* and her esteem or her dislike was beneath him.

Now on this Friday night the 14th, Captain Clarence had gone to pass the day in town, and our Bessy made her appearance again, the doctor's prescriptions having, I suppose, agreed with her. Mr. Bulkeley, who was handing coffee to the ladies, chose to offer none to Miss Prior, and I was amused when I saw Bedford's heel scrunch down on the flunkey's right foot, as he pointed towards the governess. The oaths which Bulkeley had to devour in silence must have been frightful. To do the gallant fellow justice, I think he would have died rather than speak before company in a drawing-room. He limped up and offered the refreshment to the young lady, who bowed and declined it.

"Frederick," Mrs. Bonnington begins, when the coffee-ceremony is over, "now the servants are gone, I must scold you about the waste at your table, my dear. What was the need of opening that great bottle of champagne? Lady Baker only takes two glasses. Mr. Batchelor doesn't touch it." (No, thank you, my dear Mrs. Bonnington: too old a stager.) "Why not have a little bottle instead of that great, large, immense one? Bedford is a teetotaler. I suppose it is *that London footman who likes it.*"

"My dear mother, I haven't really ascertained his tastes," says Lovel.

"Then why not tell Bedford to open a pint, dear?" pursues mamma.

"Oh, Bedford—Bedford, we must not mention *him*, Mrs. Bonnington!" cries Lady Baker. "Bedford is faultless. Bedford has the keys of everything. Bedford is not to be controlled in anything. Bedford is to be at liberty to be rude to my servant."

"Bedford was admirably kind in his attendance on your daughter, Lady Baker," says Lovel, his brow darkening: "and as for your man, I should think he was big enough to protect himself from any rudeness of poor Dick!" The good fellow had been angry for one moment, at the next he was all for peace and conciliation.

Lady Baker puts on her superfine air. With that air she had often awe-stricken good, simple Mrs. Bonnington; and she loved to use it whenever city folks on humble people were present. You see she thought herself your superior and mine: as *de par le monde* there are many artless Lady Bakers who do. "My dear Frederick!" says Lady B. then, putting on her best Mayfair manner, "excuse me for saying, but you don't know the—the class of servant to which Bulkeley belongs. I had him as a great favour from Lord Toddleby's. That—that class of servant is not generally accustomed to go out single."

"Unless they are two behind a carriage-perch they pine away, I suppose," remarks Mr. Lovel, "as one love-bird does without his mate."

"No doubt—no doubt," says Lady B., who does not in the least understand him; "I only say you are not accustomed here—in this kind of establishment, you understand—to that class of——"

But here Mrs. Bonnington could contain her wrath no more. "Lady Baker!" cries that injured mother, "is my son's establishment not good enough for any powdered wretch in England? Is the house of a British merchant——"

"My dear creature—my dear creature!" interposes her ladyship, "it is the house of a British merchant, and a most comfortable house too."

"Yes, as you find it," remarks mamma.

"Yes, as I find it, when I come to take care of that *departed angel's children*, Mrs. Bonnington!" (Lady B. here indicates the Cecilian effigy)—"of that dear seraph's orphans, Mrs. Bonnington! You cannot. You have other duties—other children—a husband, whom you have left at home in delicate health, and who——"

"Lady Baker!" exclaims Mrs. Bonnington, "no one shall say I don't take care of my dear husband!"

"My dear Lady Baker!—my dear—dear mother!" cries Lovel, *éploré*, and whimpers aside to me, "They spar in this way every night, when we're alone. It's too bad, ain't it, Batch?"

"I say you *do* take care of Mr. Bonnington," Baker blandly resumes (she has hit Mrs. Bonnington on the raw place, and smilingly proceeds to thong again): "I say you *do* take care of your husband, my dear creature, and that is why you can't attend to Frederick! And as he is of a very easy temper,—except sometimes with his poor Cecilia's mother,—he allows

all his tradesmen to cheat him; all his servants to cheat him; Bedford to be rude to everybody; and if to me, why not to my servant Bulkeley, with whom Lord Toddleby's groom of the chambers gave me the very highest character?"

Mrs. Bonnington in a great flurry broke in by saying she was surprised to hear that noblemen *had* grooms in their chambers: and she thought they were much better in the stables: and when they dined with Captain Huff, you know, Frederick, *his* man always brought such a dreadful smell of the stable in with him, that—Here she paused. Baker's eye was on her; and that dowager was grinning a cruel triumph.

"He!—he! You mistake, my good Mrs. Bonnington!" says her ladyship. "Your poor mother mistakes, my dear Frederick. You have lived in a quiet and most respectable sphere, but not, you understand, not——"

"Not what, pray, Lady Baker? We have lived in this neighbourhood twenty years: in my late husband's time, when *we saw a great deal of company*, and this dear Frederick was a boy at Westminster School. And we have *paid* for everything we have had for twenty years; and we have not owed a penny to any *tradesman*. And we may not have had *powdered footmen*, six feet high, impertinent beasts, who were rude to all the maids in the place. Don't—I *will* speak, Frederick! But servants who loved us, and who were *paid their wages*, and who—o—ho—ho—ho!"

Wipe your eyes, dear friends! out with all your pocket-handkerchiefs. I protest I cannot bear to see a woman in distress. Of course Fred Lovel runs to console his dear old mother, and vows Lady Baker meant no harm.

"Meant harm! My dear Frederick, what harm can I mean? I only said your poor mother did not seem to know what a groom of the chambers was! How should she?"

"Come—come," says Frederick, "enough of this! Miss Prior, will you be so kind as to give us a little music?"

Miss Prior was playing Beethoven at the piano, very solemnly and finely, when our Black Sheep returned to this quiet fold, and, I am sorry to say, in a very riotous condition. The brilliancy of his eye, the purple flush on his nose, the unsteady gait, and uncertain tone of voice, told tales of Captain Clarence, who stumbled over more than one chair before he found a seat near me.

"Quite right, old boy," says he, winking at me. "Cut again—dooshid good fellosh. Better than being along with you shtoopid-old-fogish." And he began to warble wild "Fol-de-rol-lolls" in an insane accompaniment to the music.

"By heavens, this is too bad!" growls Lovel. "Lady Baker, let your big man carry your son to bed. Thank you, Miss Prior!"

At a final yell, which the unlucky young scapegrace gave, Elizabeth stopped, and rose from the piano, looking very pale. She made her curtsy, and was departing when the wretched young captain sprang up, looked at her, and sank back on the sofa with another wild laugh. Bessy fled away scared, and white as a sheet.

"TAKE THE BRUTE TO BED!" roars the master of the house, in great wrath. And scapegrace was conducted to his apartment, whither he went laughing wildly, and calling out, "Come on, old sh-sh-shugarbaker!"

The morning after this fine exhibition, Captain Clarence Baker's mamma announced to us that her poor dear suffering boy was too ill to come to breakfast, and I believe he prescribed for himself devilled drum-stick and soda-water, of which he partook in his bedroom. Lovel, seldom angry, was violently wrath with his brother-in-law; and, almost always polite, was at breakfast scarcely civil to Lady Baker. I am bound to say that female abused her position. She appealed to Cecilia's picture a great deal too much during the course of breakfast. She hinted, she sighed, she wagged her head at me, and spoke about "that angel" in the most tragic manner. Angel is all very well: but your angel brought in *à tout propos*; your departed blessing called out of her grave ever so many times a day; when grandmamma wants to carry a point of her own; when the children are naughty, or noisy; when papa betrays a flickering inclination to dine at his club, or to bring home a bachelor friend or two to Shrublands;—I say your angel always dragged in by the wings into the conversation loses her effect. No man's heart put on wider crape than Lovel's at Cecilia's loss. Considering the circumstances, his grief was most creditable to him: but at breakfast, at lunch, about Bulkeley the footman, about the barouche or the phaeton, or any trumpery domestic perplexity, to have a *Deus intersit* was too much. And I observed, with some inward satisfaction, that when Baker uttered her pompous funereal phrases, rolled her eyes up to the ceiling, and appealed to that quarter, the children ate their jam and quarrelled and kicked their little shins under the table, Lovel read his paper and looked at his watch to see if it was omnibus time; and Bessy made the tea, quite undisturbed by the old lady's tragical prattle.

When Baker described her son's fearful cough and dreadfully feverish state, I said, "Surely, Lady Baker, Mr. Drencher had better be sent for;" and I suppose I uttered the disgusting dissyllable Drencher with a fine sarcastic accent; for once, just once, Bessy's grey eyes rose through the spectacles and met mine with a glance of unutterable sadness, then calmly settled down on to the slop-basin again, or the urn in which her pale features, of course, were odiously distorted.

"You will not bring anybody home to dinner, Frederick, in my poor boy's state?" asks Lady B.

"He may stay in his bedroom, I suppose?" replies Lovel.

"He is Cecilia's brother, Frederick!" cries the lady.

"Conf——" Lovel was beginning. What was he about to say?

"If you are going to confound your angel in heaven, I have nothing to say, sir!" cries the mother of Clarence.

"*Parbleu, madame!*" cried Lovel, in French; "if he were not my wife's brother, do you think I would let him stay here?"

"*Parly Français? Oui, oui, oui!*" cries Pop. "I know what Pa means!"

"And so do *I* know. And I shall lend uncle Clarence some books which Mr. Bonnington gave me, and——"

"Hold your tongue all!" shouts Lovel, with a stamp of his foot.

"You will, perhaps, have the great kindness to allow me the use of your carriage—or, at least, to wait here until my poor suffering boy can be moved, Mr. Lovel?" says Lady B., with the airs of a martyr.

Lovel rang the bell. "The carriage for Lady Baker—at her ladyship's hour, Bedford: and the cart for her luggage. Her ladyship and Captain Baker are going away."

"I have lost one child, Mr. Lovel, whom some people seem to forget. I am not going to murder another! I will not leave this house, sir, *unless you drive me from it by force*, until the medical man has seen my boy!" And here she and sorrow sat down again. She was always giving warning. She was always fitting the halter and traversing the cart, was Lady B., but she for ever declined to drop the handkerchief and have the business over. I saw by a little shrug in Bessy's shoulders, what the governess's views were of the matter: and, in a word, Lady B. no more went away on this day, than she had done on forty previous days when she announced her intention of going. She would accept benefits, you see, but then she insulted her benefactors, and so squared accounts.

That great healthy, florid, scarlet-whiskered, medical wretch came at about twelve, saw Mr. Baker and prescribed for him: and of course he must have a few words with Miss Prior, and inquire into the state of her health. Just as on the previous occasion, I happened to be in the hall when Drencher went upstairs; Bedford happened to be looking out of his pantry-door: I burst into a yell of laughter when I saw Dick's livid face—the sight somehow suited my savage soul.

No sooner was Medicus gone, when Bessy, grave and pale, in bonnet and spectacles, came sliding downstairs. I do not mean down the banister, which was Pop's favourite method of descent, but slim, tall, noiseless, in a nunlike calm, she swept down the steps. Of course, I followed her. And there was Master Bedford's nose peeping through the pantry-door at us, as we went out with the children. Pray, what business of *his* was it to be always watching anybody who walked with Miss Prior?

"So, Bessy," I said, "what report does Mr.—hem!—Mr. Drencher—give of the interesting invalid?"

"Oh, the most horrid! He says that Captain Baker has several times had a dreadful disease brought on by drinking, and that he is mad when he has it. He has delusions, sees demons, when he is in this state—wants to be watched."

"Drencher tells you everything."

She says meekly: "He attends us when we are ill."

I remark, with fine irony: "He attends the whole family: he is always coming to Shrublands!"

"He comes very often," Miss Prior says, gravely.

"And do you mean to say, Bessy," I cry, madly cutting off two or

three heads of yellow broom with my stick—"do you mean to say a fellow like that, who drops his *h*'s about the room, is a welcome visitor?"

"I should be very ungrateful if he were not welcome, Mr. Batchelor," says Miss Prior. "And call me by my surname, please—and he has taken care of all my family—and——"

"And of course, of course, of course, Miss Prior!" say I, brutally; "and this is the way the world wags; and this is the way we are ill, and are cured; and we are grateful to the doctor that cures us!"

She nods her grave head. "You used to be kinder to me once, Mr. Batchelor, in old days—in your—in my time of trouble! Yes, my dear, that is a beautiful bit of broom! Oh, what a fine butterfly!" (Cecilia scours the plain after the butterfly.) "You used to be kinder to me once—when we were both unhappy."

"I was unhappy," I say, "but I survived. I was ill, but I am now pretty well, thank you. I was jilted by a false, heartless woman. Do you suppose there are no other heartless women in the world?" And I am confident, if Bessy's breast had not been steel, the daggers which darted out from my eyes would have bored frightful stabs in it.

But she shook her head, and looked at me so sadly that my eye-daggers tumbled down to the ground at once; for you see, though I am a jealous Turk, I am a very easily appeased jealous Turk; and if I had been Bluebeard, and my wife, just as I was going to decapitate her, had lifted up her head from the block and cried a little, I should have dropped my scimitar, and said, "Come, come, Fatima, never mind for the present about that key and closet business, and I'll chop your head off some other morning." I say, Bessy disarmed me. Pooh! I say. Women will make a fool of me to the end. Ah! ye gracious Fates! Cut my thread of life ere it grow too long. Suppose I were to live till seventy, and some little wretch of a woman were to set her cap at me? She would catch me—I know she would. All the males of our family have been spoony and soft, to a degree perfectly ludicrous and despicable to contemplate—— Well, Bessy Prior, putting a hand out, looked at me, and said,—

"You are the oldest and best friend I have ever had, Mr. Batchelor—the only friend."

"Am I, Elizabeth?" I gasp, with a beating heart.

"Cissy is running back with a butterfly." (Our hands unlock.) "Don't you see the difficulties of my position? Don't you know that ladies are often jealous of governesses; and that unless—unless they imagined I was—I was favourable to Mr. Drencher, who is very good and kind—the ladies at Shrublands might not like my remaining alone in the house with—with—you understand?" A moment the eyes look over the spectacles: at the next, the meek bonnet bows down towards the ground.

I wonder did she hear the bump—bumping of my heart? O heart!—O wounded heart! did I ever think thou wouldst bump—bump again? "Egl—Egl—izabeth," I say, choking with emotion, "do, do, do you—te—tell me—you don't—don't—don't—lo—love that apothecary?"

She shrugs her shoulder—her charming shoulder.

"And if," I hotly continue, "if a gentleman—if a man of mature age certainly, but who has a kind heart and four hundred a-year of his own—were to say to you, 'Elizabeth! will you bid the flowers of a blighted life to bloom again?—Elizabeth! will you soothe a wounded heart?' "——

"Oh, Mr. Batchelor!" she sighed, and then added quickly, "Please, don't take my hand. Here's Pop."

And that dear child (bless him!) came up at the moment, saying, "Oh, Miss Prior! look here! I've got such a jolly big toadstool!" And next came Cissy, with a confounded butterfly. O Richard the Third! Haven't you been maligned because you smothered two little nuisances in a Tower? What is to prove to me that you did not serve the little brutes right, and that you weren't a most humane man? Darling Cissy coming up, then, in her dear, charming way, says, "You shan't take Mr. Batchelor's hand, you shall take *my* hand!" And she tosses up her little head, and walks with the instructress of her youth.

"*Ces enfans ne comprennent guère le Français*," says Miss Prior, speaking very rapidly.

"*Après louche?*" I whisper. The fact is, I was so agitated, I hardly knew what the French for lunch was. And then our conversation dropped: and the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

Lunch came. I couldn't eat a bit: I should have choked. Bessy ate plenty, and drank a glass of beer. It was her dinner, to be sure. Young *Blacksheep* did not appear. We did not miss him. When Lady Baker began to tell her story of George IV. at Slane Castle, I went into my own room. I took a book. Books? Psha! I went into the garden. I took out a cigar. But no, I would not smoke it. Perhaps she — many people don't like smoking.

I went into the garden. "Come into the garden, Maud." I sate by a large lilac bush. I waited. Perhaps, she would come. The morning-room windows were wide open on to the lawn. Will she never come? Ah! what is that tall form advancing? gliding—gliding into the chamber like a beauteous ghost? Who most does like an angel show, you may be sure 'tis she. She comes up to the glass. She lays her spectacles down on the mantel-piece. She puts a slim white hand over her auburn hair and looks into the mirror. Elizabeth, Elizabeth! I come!

As I came up, I saw a horrid little grinning, debauched face surge over the back of a great arm-chair and look towards Elizabeth. It was Captain *Blacksheep*, of course. He laid his elbows over the chair. He looked keenly and with a diabolical smile at the unconscious girl; and just as I reached the window, he cried out, "*Betsy Bellenden, by Jove!*"

Elizabeth turned round, gave a little cry, and———but what happened I shall tell in the ensuing chapter.

## Colour Blindness.

If there is one infirmity or defect of those five senses with which we are most of us blest, which more than any other attracts sympathy and claims compassionate consideration, it is blindness—an inability to know what is beautiful in form or in colour, to appreciate light, or to recognize and comprehend the varying features of our fellow-men—a perpetual darkness in the midst of a world of light—a total exclusion from the readiest, pleasantest, and most available means of acquiring ideas.

And yet who would suppose that there exists, and is tolerably common, a partial blindness, which has hardly been described as a defect for more than half a century, and of which it may be said even now that most of those who suffer from it are not only themselves ignorant of the fact, but that those about them can hardly be induced to believe it. The unhappy victims of this partial blindness (which is real and physical, not moral) are at great pains in learning what to them are minute distinctions of tint, although to the rest of the world they are differences of colour of the most marked kind, and, after all, they only obtain the credit of unusual stupidity or careless inattention in reward for their exertions and in sympathy for their visual defect. We allude to a peculiarity of vision which first attracted notice in the case of the celebrated propounder of the atomic theory in chemistry, the late Dr. Dalton, of Manchester, who on endeavouring to find some object to compare in colour with his scarlet robe of doctor of laws, when at Cambridge, could hit on nothing which better agreed with it than the foliage of the adjacent trees, and who to match his drab coat—for our learned doctor was of the Society of Friends—might possibly have selected crimson continuations as the quietest and nearest match the pattern-book of his tailor exhibited.

An explanation of this curious defect will be worth listening to, the more so as one of our most eminent philosophers, Sir John Herschel, has recently made a few remarks on the subject, directing attention at the same time to other little known but not unimportant phenomena of colour, which bear upon and help to explain it.

It is known that white light consists of the admixture of coloured rays in certain proportions, and that the beautiful prismatic colours seen in the rainbow are produced by the different degree in which the various rays of colour are bent when passing from one transparent substance into another of different density. Thus, when a small group of colour-rays, forming a single pencil or beam of white sunlight, passes into and through the atmosphere during a partial shower, and falls on a drop of rain, it is first bent aside on entering the drop, then reflected from the inside surface at the back of the drop, and ultimately emerges in an opposite direction to its original one. During these changes, however, although all the colour-rays forming the white pencil have been bent, each has been bent at a different angle—the red most, and the blue least. When therefore they



come out of the drop, the red rays are quite separated from the blue, and when the beam reaches its destination, the various colours enter the eye separately, forming a line of variously coloured light, the upper part red and the lower part blue, instead of a mere point of white light, as the ray would have appeared if seen before it entered the drop. The eye naturally refers each part of the ray to the place from whence it appears to come, and thus, with a number of drops falling and the sun not obscured, a rainbow is seen, which represents part of a number of concentric circular lines of colour, the outermost of which is red, the innermost violet, and the intermediate ones we respectively name orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo.

It has also been found by careful experiment, that these are not all pure colours, most of them being mixtures of some few that are really primitive and pure, and necessarily belong to solar light. It is these mixed in due proportion which make up ordinary white light, which is the only kind seen when the sun's rays have not undergone this sort of decomposition or separation into elements. The actual primitive colours are generally supposed to be red, yellow, and blue, and much theoretical as well as practical discussion has arisen as to how these require to be mixed, what proportion they bear to each other in their power of impressing the human eye, and many other matters for which we must refer to Mr. Field, Mr. Owen Jones, and others, who have studied the subject and applied it.

In a general way it is found convenient to remember, or rather to assume, that three parts of red, five parts of yellow, and eight parts of blue form together white, and, therefore, that the pencil of white light contains three rays of red, five of yellow, and eight of blue. To produce the other prismatic colours, we must mix red with a little yellow to form orange; yellow with some blue to form green; much blue with a little red to form indigo, and a little blue with some red to form violet. In performing experiments on colour it is convenient, instead of a drop of water, to substitute a prism of glass in decomposing the rays of light. We may thus produce at will a convenient image, called a *prismatic spectrum*, which, when thrown on a wall, is a broad band of coloured lights, having all the tints of the rainbow in the same order. Looking at this image, the red is at the top and the violet at the bottom, and it may be asked, How does the red get amongst the blue to form violet, if the red rays are bent up to the top of the spectrum? The answer is, that a quantity of white light not decomposed, and a part of all the colour rays, reach all parts of the spectrum, however carefully it is sheltered, but that so many more red rays get to the top, so many more of the yellow to the middle, and so many more blue to where that colour appears most brilliant, that these are seen nearly pure, whilst where the red and yellow or yellow and blue mix they produce distinct kinds of colour, and where the blue at the bottom is faint, and some of those red rays fall that do not reach the red part of the spectrum, the violet is produced. In point of fact, therefore, all the colours of the spectrum, as seen, are mixtures of pure colour with white light, while all but red are mixtures of other pure colours with some red and some yellow

as well as white. Primitive and pure colours, therefore, are not obtained in the spectrum, and a question has arisen as to which really deserve to be called pure, Dr. Young upholding green against yellow, and even regarding violet as primitive, and blue a mixed colour. A consideration of the results of this theory would lead us farther than is necessary for the purpose we have now in view.

We also find philosophers now-a-days calmly discussing a question which most people considered settled very long ago, namely, whether blue and yellow together really make green.

It is of no use for the artist to lift up his eyes with astonishment at any one being so insane as to question so generally admitted a statement. In vain does he point to his pictures, in which his greens have been actually so produced. The strict photologist at once puts him down, by informing him that he knows little or nothing of the real state of the case: his (the artist's) colours are *negative*, or hues of more or less complete darkness; whereas in nature, the colour question is to be decided by *positive* colours, or hues in which all the light used is of one kind. The meaning of this will be best understood by an example: When a ray of white light falls on a green leaf, part of the ray is absorbed and part reflected, and the object is therefore only seen with the part that is reflected. That which is absorbed consists of some of each of the colour rays, and the resulting reflected light is nothing more than a mixture of what remains after this partial absorption. The green we see consists of the original white light deprived of a portion of its rays. It is not a pure and absolute green, but only a residual group of coloured rays, and thus in so far the green colour is *negative*, or consists of rays not absorbed. It is therefore *partial darkness*, and not absolute light. 'If, however, on the other hand, a ray of white light is passed through a transparent medium (*e. g.* some chemical salt) which has the property of entirely absorbing all but one or more of the colour rays, and no part of the remainder, then all the light that passes through this medium is of the one colour, or a mixture of the several colours that pass: and if such light is thrown on a *white* ground, the reflected colour will be *positive*, and not negative, and is far purer as well as brighter than the colour obtained in the other way. It has been found by actual experiment, that when positive blue, thus obtained, is thrown on positive yellow, the resulting reflected colour bears no resemblance to green. Sir John Herschel considers, that whether green is a primitive colour—in other words, whether we really have three or four primitive colours—remains yet an open question.

It was necessary to explain these matters about colour before directly referring to the subject of this paper, namely, blindness to certain colour rays. It should also be clearly understood that the persons subject to this peculiar condition of vision have not necessarily any mechanical or optical defect in the eye as an optical instrument, which may be strong or weak, long-sighted or short-sighted, quite independently of it. Colour blindness does not in any way interfere with the ordinary requirements of vision,

nor is there the smallest reason to imagine that it can get worse by neglect, or admit of any improvement by education or treatment.

Assuming that persons of ordinary vision see three simple colours, red, yellow, and blue, and that all the rest of the colours are mixtures of these with each other and with white light, let us try to picture to ourselves what must be the visual condition of a person who is unable to recognize certain rays; and as it appears that there is but one kind of colour-blindness known, we will assume that the person is unable to recognize those rays of white light which consist of pure red and nothing else. In other words, let us investigate the sensations of a person blind so far only as pure red is concerned.

All visible objects either reflect the same kind of light as that which falls on them, absorbing part and reflecting the rest, or else they absorb more of some colour rays than others, and reflect only a negative tint, made up of a mixture of all the colour-rays not absorbed. To a colour-blind person, the mixed light, as it proceeds from the sun, is probably white, as seen by those having perfect vision; for, as we have explained already, positive blue and yellow (the colour rays when red is excluded) do not make green, and the absence of the red ray is likely to produce only a slight darkening effect. So far, then, there is no difference. But how must it be with regard to colour.

Bearing in mind what has been said above, it is evident that in withdrawing the red rays from the spectrum, we affect all the colours. The orange is no longer red and yellow, but darkened yellow; the yellow is purer, the green is quite distinct, the blue purer, and the indigo and violet no longer red and blue, but blue mingled with more or less of darkness, the violet being the darkest, as containing least blue in proportion to red, while the red part itself, though not seen as a colour, is not absolutely black, inasmuch as its part of the spectrum is faintly coloured with the few mixed rays of blue and yellow and white that escape from their proper place. The red then ought to be seen as a gray neutral tint, the orange a dingy yellow, the indigo a dirty indigo, and the violet a sickly, disagreeable tint of pale blue, darkened considerably with black and gray.

Next let us take the case of an intelligent person affected with colour blindness, but who is not yet aware of the fact. He has been taught from childhood that certain shades, some darker and some brighter, but all of neutral tint, and not really presenting to him colour at all, are to be called by various names—scarlet, crimson, pale red, dark red, bright red, dark green, dark purple, brown, and others. With all these he can only associate an idea of gray; nor can he possibly know that any one else sees more than he does. Having been taught the names they are called by, he remembers the names, with more or less accuracy, and thus passes muster. There is a real difference of tint, because each of these colours consists of more or less blue, yellow, and white, mixed with the red; and our friend is enabled to recognize and name them, more or less correctly, according to his acuteness of perception and accuracy of memory.

If we desire to experiment on such a person, we must ask no names whatever, but simply place before him a number of similar objects differently coloured. Taking, for example, skeins of coloured wools, let us select a complete series of shades of tint, from red, through yellow, green, and blue, to violet, and request him to arrange them as well as he is able, placing the darkest shades first, and putting those tints together that are most like each other. It is curious then to watch the progress of the arrangement. In a case lately tried by the writer of this article, the colour-blind person first threw aside at once a particular shade of pale green as undoubted white, and then several dark blues, dark reds, dark greens, and browns, were put together as black. The yellows and pure blues were placed correctly, as far as name was concerned, by arranging several shades in order of brightness—but the order was very different from that which another person would have selected. The greens were grouped, some with yellows, and some with blues.

The colours in this experiment were all negative and impure, but we may also obtain something like the same result with positive colour, transmitted by the aid of polarized light through plates of mica. In a case of this kind described by Sir J. Herschel, the only colours seen were blue and yellow, while pale pinks and greens were regarded as cloudy white, fine pink as very pale blue, and crimson as blue; white red, ruddy pink, and brick red were all yellows, and fine pink blue, with much yellow. Dark shades of red, blue, or brown, were considered as merely dark, no colour being recognized.

The account of Dr. Dalton's own peculiarity of vision by himself, offers considerable interest. He says, speaking of flowers: "With respect to colours that were white, yellow, or green, I readily assented to the appropriate term; blue, purple, pink, and crimson appeared rather less distinguishable, being, according to my idea, all referable to blue. I have often seriously asked a person whether a flower was blue or pink, but was generally considered to be in jest." He goes on further to say, as the result of his experience: "1st. In the solar spectrum three colours appear, yellow, blue, and purple. The two former make a contrast; the two latter seem to differ more in degree than in kind. 2nd. Pink appears by daylight to be sky-blue a little faded; by candlelight it assumes an orange or yellowish appearance, which forms a strong contrast to blue. 3rd. Crimson appears muddy blue by day, and crimson woollen yarn is much the same as dark blue. 4th. Red and scarlet have a more vivid and flaming appearance by candlelight than by daylight" (owing probably to the quantity of yellow light thrown upon them).

As anecdotes concerning this curious defect of colour vision, we may quote also the following: "All crimsons appeared to me (Dr. Dalton) to be chiefly of dark blue, but many of them have a strong tinge of dark brown. I have seen specimens of *crimson claret* and *mud* which were very nearly alike. Crimson has a grave appearance, being the reverse of every showy or splendid colour." Again: "The colour of a florid complexion

appears to me that of a dull, opaque, blackish blue upon a white ground. Dilute black ink upon white paper gives a colour much resembling that of a florid complexion. It has no resemblance to the colour of blood." We have a detailed account of the case of a young Swiss, who did not perceive any great difference between the colour of the leaf and that of the ripe fruit of the cherry, and who confounded the colour of a sea-green paper with the scarlet of a riband placed close to it. The flower of the rose seemed to him greenish blue, and the ash gray colour of quick-lime light green. On a very careful comparison of polarized light by the same individual, the blue, white, and yellow were seen correctly, but the purple, lilac, and brown were confounded with red and blue. There was in this case a remarkable difference noticed according to the nature and quantity of light employed; and as the lad seemed a remarkably favourable example of the defect, the following curious experiment was tried. A human head was painted, and shown to the colour-blind person, the hair and eyebrows being white, the flesh brownish, the lips and cheeks green. When asked what he thought of this head? the reply was, that it appeared natural, but that the hair was covered with a nearly white cap, and the carnation of the cheeks was that of a person heated by a long walk.

There is an interesting account in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1859 (p. 325), which well illustrates the ideas entertained by persons in this condition with regard to their own state. The author, Mr. W. Pole, a well-known civil engineer, thus describes his case:—"I was about eight years old when the mistaking of a piece of red cloth for a green leaf betrayed the existence of some peculiarity in my ideas of colour; and as I grew older, continued errors of a similar kind led my friends to suspect that my eyesight was defective; but I myself could not comprehend this, insisting that I saw colours clearly enough, and only mistook their names.

"I was articled to a civil engineer, and had to go through many years' practice in making drawings of the kind connected with this profession. These are frequently coloured, and I recollect often being obliged to ask in copying a drawing what colours I ought to use; but these difficulties left no permanent impression, and up to a mature age I had no suspicion that my vision was different from that of other people. I frequently made mistakes, and noticed many circumstances in regard to colours, which temporarily perplexed me. I recollect, in particular, having wondered why the beautiful rose light of sunset on the Alps, which threw my friends into raptures, seemed all a delusion to me. I still, however, adhered to my first opinion, that I was only at fault in regard to the names of colours, and not as to the ideas of them; and this opinion was strengthened by observing that the persons who were attempting to point out my mistakes, often disputed among themselves as to what certain hues of colour ought to be called." Mr. Pole adds that he was nearly thirty years of age when a glaring blunder obliged him to investigate his case closely, and led to the conclusion that he was really colour-blind.

All colour-blind persons do not seem to make exactly the same mistakes,

or see colours in the same way; and there are, no doubt, many minor defects in appreciating, remembering, or comparing colours which are sufficiently common, and which may be superadded to the true defect—that of the optic nerve being insensible to the stimulus of pure red light. It has been asserted by Dr. Wilson, the author of an elaborate work on the subject, that as large a proportion as one person in every eighteen is colour-blind in some marked degree, and that one in every fifty-five confounds red with green. Certainly the number is large, for every inquiry brings out several cases; but, as Sir John Herschel remarks, were the average anything like this, it seems inconceivable that the existence of the defect should not be one of vulgar notoriety, or that it should strike almost all uneducated persons, when told of it, as something approaching to absurdity. He also remarks, that if one soldier out of every fifty-five was unable to distinguish a scarlet coat from green grass, the result would involve grave inconveniences that must have attracted notice. Perhaps the fact that a difference of tint is recognized, although the eye of the colour-blind person does not appreciate any difference of colour, when red, green, and other colours are compared together, and that every one is educated to call certain things by certain names, whether he understands the true meaning of the name or not, may help to explain both the slowness of the defective sight to discover its own peculiarity, and the unwillingness of the person of ordinary vision to admit that his neighbour really does not see as red what he agrees to call red.

There is, however, another consideration that this curious subject leads to. It is known that out of every 10,000 rays issuing from the sun, and penetrating space at the calculated rate of 200,000 miles in each second of time, about one-fifth part is altogether lost and absorbed in passing through the atmosphere, and never reaches the outer envelope of the human eye. It is also known that of the rays that proceed from the sun, some produce light, some heat, and some a peculiar kind of chemical action to which the marvels of photography are due. Of these only the light rays are appreciated specially by the eye, although the others are certainly quite as important in preserving life and carrying on the business of the world. Who can tell whether, in addition to the rays of coloured light that together form a beam of white light, four-fifths of which only pass through the atmosphere, there may not have emanated from the sun other rays altogether absorbed and lost? or whether in entering the human eye, or being received on the retina at the back of the eye, or made sensitive by the optic nerve, there may not have been losses and absorptions sufficient to shut out from us, who enjoy what we call perfect vision, some other sources of information. How, in a word, do we who see clearly only three or four colours, and their various combinations, together with their combined white light—how do we know that to beings otherwise organized, the heat, or chemical rays, or others we are not aware of, may not give distinct optical impressions? We may meet one person whose sense of hearing is sufficiently acute to enable him to hear plainly the shrill night-cry of the bat, often totally inaudible, while his friend and daily companion cannot perhaps distinguish the noise

of the grasshopper, or the croaking of frogs, and yet neither of these differs sufficiently from the generality of mankind to attract attention, and both may pass through life without finding out their differences in organization, or knowing that the sense of hearing of either is peculiar. So undoubtedly it is with light. There may be some endowed with visual powers extraordinarily acute, seeing clearly what is generally altogether invisible; and this may have reference to light generally, or to any of the various parts of which a complete sunbeam is composed. Such persons may habitually see what few others ever see, and yet be altogether unaware of their powers, as the rest of the world would be of their own deficiency.

The case of the colour-blind person is the converse. He sees, it is true, no green in the fields, or on the trees, no shade of pink mantling in the countenance, no brilliant scarlet in the geranium flower, but still he talks of these things as if he saw them, *and he believes he does see them*, until by a long process of investigation he finds out that the idea he receives from them is very different from that received by his fellows. He often, however, lives on for years, and many have certainly lived out their lives without guessing at their deficiency.

These results of physical defects of certain kinds remaining totally unknown, either to the subject of them or his friends, even when all are educated and intelligent, are certainly very curious; but it will readily be seen that they are inevitable in the present development of our faculties. In almost everything, whether moral or intellectual, we measure our fellows by our own standard. He whose faculties are powerful, and whose intellect is clear, looks over the cloud that hovers over lower natures, and wonders why they, too, will not see truth and right as he sees them. Those, on the other hand, who dwell below among the mists of error and the trammels of prejudice, will not believe that their neighbour, intellectually loftier, sees clearly over the fog and malaria of their daily atmosphere.

In taking leave of the question of colour blindness, it should be mentioned that hitherto no case has been recorded in which this defect extends to any other ray than the red.

There seems no reason for this, and possibly, if they were looked for, cases might be found in which the insensibility of the optic nerve had reference to the blue instead of the red ray—the least instead of the most refrangible part of the beam of light. It would also be well worth the trial if those who have any reason to suppose that they enjoy a superiority of vision would determine by actual experiment the extent of their unusual powers, and learn whether they refer to an optical appreciation of the chemical or heat rays, or show any modification of the solar spectrum by enlargement or otherwise.

Lastly, it would be well, when children show an unusual difficulty in describing colours, to try by some such experiments as those here related whether any defect of colour blindness exists or not. It would clearly be undesirable that such children as have this defect should waste time in learning accomplishments or professions which they must always be unable

to practise. They, their parents and teachers, may thus be saved some of that disappointment which is always experienced when presumed tastes and talents are cultivated or forced contrary to the natural powers of the individual. It must clearly be hopeless to endeavour to obtain good taste in colours, when most of the colours themselves are not seen at all, or are so recognized as to present appearances altogether different from those seen by the rest of the world.

## Spring.

HERE, where the tall plantation firs  
Slope to the river, down the hill,  
Strange impulses—like vernal stirs—  
Have made me wander at their will.

I see, with half-attentive eyes,  
The buds and flowers that mark the Spring,  
And Nature's myriad prophecies  
Of what the Summer suns will bring.

For every sense I find delight—  
The new-wed cushat's murmurous tones,  
Young blossoms bursting into light,  
And the rich odour of the cones.

The larch, with tassels purple-pink,  
Whispers like distant falling brooks;  
And sun-forgotten dewdrops wink  
Amid the grass, in shady nooks.

The breeze, that hangs round every bush,  
Steals sweetness from the tender shoots,  
With, here and there, a perfumed gush  
From violets among the roots.

See—where behind the ivied rock  
Grow drifts of white anemones,  
As if the Spring—in Winter's mock—  
Were mimicking his snows with these.

The single bloom yon furzes bear  
Gleams like the fiery planet Mars;—  
The creamy primroses appear  
In galaxies of vernal stars;—

And, grouped in Pleiad clusters round,  
Lent-lilies blow—some six or seven;—  
With blossom-constellations crown'd,  
This quiet nook resembles Heaven.

THOMAS HOOD.



## Inside Canton.

THE mere notion that I was in possession of a room *inside Canton*—with freedom to wander through every quarter of that hitherto mysterious city, of which former travellers had only conveyed a notion from glances taken from the White Cloud Mountain, revealing nothing but an expanse of tiles and trees, with a pagoda-top or two, and a few mandarin flag-poles—was sufficient to banish anything like sleep. And apart from this constant wondering at perpetually finding myself where I was—the sharp “*tung*” of the mosquitoes before settling down for their gory banquet, the calls of the French and English bugles answering each other from the five-storied pagoda to the joss-house barracks, the terribly breathless atmosphere, and the grim, gigantic Chinese gods, who sat in the moonlight like pantomime ogres round my chamber, were quite enough to have kept one awake, and would have done so even if a genius had descended to read a paper on Art, which they might have discussed with him afterwards.

At last the quickly-rising tropical sun fired a ray like a shell into my eyes through a broken pane in the mother-of-pearl window of my joss-haunted room. This drove me out of bed, or, rather, off my matting, as quickly as though a real shrapnell had hissed its intention of immediately exploding beneath me. For this fearful sun of a Canton summer falls in red-hot death upon the European whose brain it can reach. Our soldiers were struck down before it in the White Cloud expedition as though a crane had dropped a woosack on their heads.

We have all of us, at some time or another, said, “I never felt so hot in my life!” This has been less with relation to actual caloric than to a sudden flush of awkwardness attendant upon having asked people after their dead relations, or uncomfortable family affairs; or in expectation of some accidental and unintentional revelation of a circumstance in our own lives, of which we were not remarkably proud. Or, more especially, on being introduced by a gushing man to an enemy you had long since cut, with the assurance that you ought both to know each other. But I find this morning that I feel hotter still. The wind blows against me as from the door of a glasshouse; and the sun comes straight down like a red-hot nail, even through my double umbrella (which I am careful to put up before I venture out on the terrace), and my light but thick pith hat. At such times your claret is self-mulled, and butter becomes thick oil. You cannot find a cool place on your hard-stuffed pillow. The sun apparently *twists* its rays—sends them round corners, and through venetians, and under porticos; the light being so vivid that its mere reflection banishes shade. The swinging punkah—which A-wa, whose picture you have seen on cheap grocers’ tea-papers, pulls night and day, awake and asleep, as though he were a slightly vitalized lever-escapement—this

flounced and flirting terror of all bilious people gets up a delusive breeze, and when it stops the heat comes rushing back with double force. Everything you wear clings to you; or, if flannel, fetches out the "prickly heat" until you are beside yourself. In every draught, one side is chilled whilst the other is burned, as happens at the fireplace of an old country house, where one side is roasted, whilst on the other you are nearly blown up the chimney. And when you are actually out and about, you appear to live and move in the focus of one large burning-glass. It is a dead thick heat, that you fancy might be cut into blocks, and stored in Arctic ships for gradual distribution.

The kindness of General Straubenzee had consigned me to a Buddhist temple for my residence. It was the last costly work of Yeh, on Magazine Hill, and was barely finished when we took the city. An elaborate bell, yet unhung, stood sentinel at my door. I afterwards watched its departure to be taken to England, by Captain Maguire, in the *Sanspareil*, and it may now be seen in the Crystal Palace. Magazine Hill is to Canton what Montmartre is to Paris, and is covered with joss-houses, now all used as barracks for our men. It is to the extreme north of the city, which it commands, as well as the country outside, and is the only high ground within the walls, which here come close to it. Gazing from this on the open country, one is reminded of the view from the walls of our own Chester, near the jail, looking over the Roodee towards the Welsh mountains. To continue the comparison with places which may be familiar to my readers, the look-out towards the south, comprising the entire city, is marvellously like the eye-stretch over Lyons from the Fourvières, when the air is too hazy to see the Alps. There is, however, one localized object—a tall pagoda, rising high above the expanse of red roofs. One involuntary thought of Kew Gardens brings one back, for the moment, to home; and as this pagoda is not considered safe to ascend—on the authority of Major Luard, who gallantly tried it—and as it promises at some future time, if not taken down, to form a gigantic accident (as all columns and pagodas must do one of these days) the likeness is more perfect.

I found a sturdy little unshod pony waiting for me at the foot of the hill, with a tidy little pigtailed boy to guide him. The pony was for sale for seven dollars—it sounded cheap, but the expense of keep was the great question. My little friend made a speech:—"Chin-chin! my talkee A No. 1 Inglis, all a plopper (proper)." But I found his vocabulary of even the scanty "Canton English" very limited. I made out, however, that he was going to London to learn "all sort pigeon;" and he was very much delighted at pointing out to me some signboards over a few little shops, edging a pond, and reading:—"Best Wash from Hong Kong," "A No. 1, Washsoap," &c. And when we passed two culprits, tied together by their pigtails, and lying full-length upon the ground, guarded by an Irishman in front of a *baraque*, inscribed "Paddy-goose" (a favourite *sobriquet* at the dram-shops), he roared with laughter, and said:—"Soger hab catchee two piecey pilat, too muchee drunkee—

wanchee chokée-pigeon: no loast duck." This interpreted expressing, with the Chinese substitution of the *l* for the *r*, that two pirates had been captured by the police in an extreme state of intoxication, and that they would go to prison, where roast duck would be a novelty.

After passing over a desert of brick rubbish—the remains of houses destroyed because they formed ambuscades from which the lurking braves captured or shot at stragglers on the walls, I was fairly inside Canton. Here the streets are all so exactly alike, that in endeavouring to give a notion of one, I may describe all. The majority appeared to vary from seven to ten feet in breadth—the crowded Cranbourn Passage, which runs from St. Martin's Lane to Castle Street could be soon transformed into one, by a handful of theatrical mechanics. The houses are two or three stories high, and their signboards, in gaudy paint or gilding, either hang in front of them, or are set up in stone sockets, and all at right angles to the houses, so that, as the China character is written perpendicularly, they can be read going up or down the street. The manner in which they intrude on the thoroughfare braves all notices of Commissioners and Boards. The streets are all paved with granite in large flags, and this has acquired a peculiarly polished appearance from the absence of all wheel and quadrupedal traffic, and the constant shuffling along of the soft soles or naked feet of the natives. For the Cantonese do not appear to understand the use of wheels, or beasts of burden; everything is carried on bamboo poles by the intensely hard-working coolie population. Where they can do it, the streets are shaded with matting.

And now it was that all my childish associations connected with China were on the point of realization. For in the "pigeon" of Lord Elgin and Sir Michael Seymour—who must shake hands, and understand how much and how honestly both are respected by all of us—in the *China Mail* information that Patna opium is at 770 dollars, Malwa dull, and for Turkey no demand; and that Bank bills are 4s. 9d.; Sycee silver, 5½ per cent. premium, and Shanghai green-tea quotations are unchanged—in a whirl of treaties, and Peiho forts, and conferences totally misunderstood on either side, from the dismal ignorance of the practical Chinese language amongst our professed Chinese students (who could translate the great metaphysical work of Fo, but would be sadly bothered to decide a simple police "row");—in all this, there is nothing in common with our old China. But here these associations crowded on us. Men ran along with slung tea-packages, as they did on the gaily-varnished canisters of the "Canton T Company," in the High Street of my boyhood. Women with their bismuthed faces peered from windows, as they did on the fans and plates from which I formed my earliest notions of what was then called "the Celestial Empire." And then came another memory, clinging to that delightful time when a belief in the reality of everything was our principal mental characteristic, extending even to "Bogey" in the cellar, and the dustman who threw sand in the eyes of sleepy little boys on the staircase, and the black dog in the passage; nay, even to that celebrated silver

spade with which the doctor dug up our little baby brother or sister from out of the parsley-bed—when story-books had that astonishing hold on me that, out of our town, I perfectly established the field along which Christian ran with his fingers in his ears when his neighbours tried to call him back. (And if ever there was a case for the parochial authorities of a man deserting his wife and children, Christian's was one.) In this happy time I had associations with China, and they now come back from one of the most charming of the attractive stories in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. I was now looking—practically, with my own eyes—on a Chinese town, and a group of idle boys playing. A grave stranger of a foreign and travelled aspect was watching them. I should not have been at all surprised if he had recognized, in one of the urchins, the son of his dead brother—had clothed him at a ready-made tailor's, and then introduced him, by lifting up a stone with a ring in it, to those wonderful nursery grounds of Hunt and Roskill, and Phillips, and Garrard, where the dew was all diamonds, and the wall-fruit all stones. And was it not likely that, in this very street, the stranger might have subsequently passed when anxious to exchange his new moderator lamps for any old argands, or solars, or camplines that might be dust-collecting about the house? Here again was an open space of ground, on which that palace might have stood, which went away one night in such a hurry. And strange to say, there *was* a palace here, and it did disappear one early January morning. It belonged to that old miscreant Yeh, and its sudden absence was owing rather to the sponging of practical guns than the rubbing of wonderful lamps. And although I heard nothing, both here and at Hong Kong, but of Hafl of the *Calcutta*, and Mr. Oliphant; Telesio's pale ale "*chop*" (or boat store); John Dent's French cook's chow-chow; the arrival of the Fei-maa steamer; Colonel Stevenson's bamboo balcony on the hill: the 59th; Sir John Bowring and Mr. Chisholm Anstey: and innumerable "slaves:" yet *my* thoughts ran upon Confucius and pagodas, nodding mandarins, chop-sticks, and the feast of lanterns, and above all, on Aladdin.

I was to join Mr. Parkes at the yamun of the Allied Commissioners, and go with him to pay a visit to Peh-kwei, the Governor of Canton. This yamun had been the palace of the Tartar general, but was now filled with English and French officials, soldiers, marines, compradors, coolies, and Chinese rabble, attending the police cases. We here formed a small procession, and our revolvers came into show; for Mr. Parkes was the most unpopular man in the city with the Cantonese. They called him "the red-bristled barbarian," and had let fly various jingals at him, at different times, in the streets. But he had the courage of the—anybody you please; and the more they annoyed him, the more he would ride them down, and bang them back into their ambuscades. We were all on ponies or in chairs, with the exception of our guards; and we rode so fast along the narrow streets, and through the bustling crowds of passengers, and almost over the wares displayed out of doors, that a fire-engine going through the Lowther Arcade in a hurry could not have

created greater confusion. On entering the first court of Peh-kwei's yamun, we were saluted with guns, and standards were hoisted on the mandarin poles. These courts are large paved arcades, with a very broad flag-path up the middle, and fine trees at the sides; they are divided from each other by vast wooden buildings, like barns, with Chinese roofs, and stone lions guarding them. The patient ingenuity of the makers is shown in these animals; they have a large ball in their mouths, which you can turn round behind the teeth, but cannot take out; it has evidently been cut from the solid. We rode through the centre of these barns, up the stairs, to a higher court beyond, but our attendants filed off round the sides; and then we dismounted, and were introduced to Peh-kwei. I had often seen him wagging his head, and tongue, and hands, in old china-shops; but now he stood upright, in a long, white silk *peignoir*: and then he and Mr. Parkes began bowing to one another in such continuity, that they looked wound up, and minutes elapsed before either of them would take a seat. Then tea was brought in, and for a little time the talk was exactly like the twaddle that passes at a morning call in England between people who don't care a straw about each other, never have, and are never likely to. But Mr. Parkes began to pull some Chinese documents from his pocket; and as I had been introduced as "a mandarin on his travels," Peh-kwei made a very lucky suggestion that I should see his grounds.

This was just what I wanted—liberty to invade what would have been deemed a privacy even by the Cantonese; but the acres of unkempt, overgrown wilderness, with its rotting pavilions, tumble-down temples, dried-up lakes, crumbling rockwork, and broken seats and tables, formed the spring of all the impressions I afterwards received in and about Canton. Nothing so dreary—not even Vauxhall on a wet Christmas Day—ever could be imagined. It was not the breakdown of acute organic lesion, but the decay of long, long-continued atrophy: and I formed a theory at the moment, which the appearance of every other yamun, or temple, strengthened, that the Chinese had for ages so jealously shut up their vaunted city, not from any terror of the barbarians becoming acquainted with their secrets of trade, government, or manufacture, but from a positive idea of shame that any one should see the mouldering neglected "lions" of their southern capital. True to the estimated value of their curios, everything was in a state of "crackle." Combine all you can call to mind of dreary places—Miss Linwood's old room in Leicester Square, and the present aspect of the Square itself; the gaunt, cheerless show-rooms of palaces generally: the "Moated Grange" and "Haunted House;" the old pavilion on Monkey Island, and indeed "pavilions" generally, from that in Hans Place to any damp ceiling-stained summer-house, dedicated to friendship or nature, that you know of—mix them together, and extract their essence, and then you will not have the least idea of the general rot and ruin that is spreading, like an ulcer, throughout Canton.

# William Hogarth:

PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER.

*Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.*

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## III.—A LONG LADDER, AND HARD TO CLIMB.

WHEN a cathedral chapter have received their *congé d'élire*—so runs the popular and perfectly erroneous tradition—and have made choice of a Bishop, the pastor elect simpers, blushes, and says that really he is much obliged, but that he would rather not accept the proffered dignity. "*Nolo episcopari*," he urges in graceful deprecation. Nobody in or out of the chapter believes in his reluctance, and nobody now-a-days believes in the harmless legend. Thus, too, when the Commons elect a Speaker, a tradition with little more foundation assumes that the right honourable gentleman approaches the foot of the Throne, hints in the most delicate manner that he, the chosen of the Commons, is a blockhead and an impostor, declares that he shall make but an indifferent Speaker, and seeks to be relieved from his onerous charge. At that same moment, perhaps, Messrs. Adams and Ede are embroidering Mr. Speaker's gold robe; and experienced tonsors near Lincoln's Inn are finishing the last row of curls on the ambrosial horse-hair which to-morrow will be a wig. When you ask a young lady to take a little more *Mayonnaise de homard*, or entreat her to oblige the company with "*Entends tu les gondoles?*"—that charming Venetian barcarole—does she not ordinarily, and up to a certain degree of pressure, refuse—say that she would rather not, or that she has a cold? Whose health is proposed and drunk amid repeated cheers, but he rises, and assures the assembled guests that he is about the last person in the world who should have been toasted; that he never felt so embarrassed in his life—he leads at the common law bar, and on breaches of promise is immense—and that he wants words to, &c. &c.? At the bar mess he is known as "Talking Smith," and at school his comrades used to call him "Captain Jaw." My friends, we do not place any faith in these denials; and forthwith clap the mitre on the Prelate's head, bow to the Speaker, help the young lady to arrange the music stool, and intone nine times nine with one cheer more.

It is strange—it is vexatious; but I cannot persuade the ladies and gentlemen who peruse these papers to believe that I am not writing the Life of William Hogarth, and that these are merely discursive Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time. People persist in thinking that it is with him who is now writing a case of *nolo episcopari*. Indeed it is no such thing. I should dearly wish to write myself Biographer. "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall." I told you in the outset that this Endeavour was no Life. I disclaimed any possession of exclusive information. I claimed a liberal benefit-of-clergy as to names and dates. I have

had no access to muniment rooms. I have explored the contents of no charter chests. I have disentombed no dusty records, and rescued no parish registers from the degrading fate of serving to singe a goose. I am timorous, and seek not to be heard as one speaking with authority. I am anonymous, and risk no fame. But the north country won't believe me, and the south and the midland shake their heads incredulously when I say this is not Hogarth's Life, but only so much gossip about him and his pictures and times. I say so again; and if the public won't be enlightened—*si vult decipi*—all I can add is, *Decipiatur*.

Now as to the exact date of the expiration of Hogarth's apprenticeship—when was it? I have but an impression. I cannot speak from any certain knowledge, and assume, therefore, that the expiry was *circa* 1720. Ireland opines that it was in 1718, William having then attained his twenty-first year. The registers of the Goldsmiths' Company might be more explicit, or, better still, Mr. Scott, the chamberlain of London, might enlighten us all, to a month, and to a day. For of old the chamberlain was the official Nemesis to the oftentimes unruly 'prentices of London. The idle, or rebellious, or truant novice, was arraigned before this dread functionary. He had power to relegate the offender to the *carcere duro* of Bridewell, there to suffer the penance of stripes and a bread-and-water diet. For aught I know, the ministrations of the chamberlain may to this day be occasionally invoked; but it is in his capacity of a recording official, and as having formerly drawn some fees from the attestation and registration of indentures, that his assistance would be useful to me. William Hogarth's art-and-mystery-parchment may be in the city archives. What other strange and curiously quaint things those archives contain we had an inkling the other day, when the *Liber Albus* was published. But I have not the pleasure of Mr. Scott's acquaintance, and he might say me nay.

Hogarth, I presume, was released from silver servitude in 1718-20. April 29th, 1720, is, as I have elsewhere noted, the date affixed to the shop-card he executed for himself, setting up in business, I hope in friendly rivalry to Ellis Gamble in Little Cranbourn Alley, hard by the "Golden Angel." I stood and mused in Little Cranbourn Alley lately, and tried to conjure up Hogarthian recollections from that well-nigh blind passage. But no ghosts rose from a coffee-shop and a French barber's, and a murky little den full of tobacco-pipes and penny valentines; so, taking nothing by my motion, I sped my slowest to the Sablonière in Leicester Square. Here even my senses became troubled with the odours of French soups, and I could make nothing Hogarthian out of the hostelry, a wing of which was once Hogarth's house.

It is my wish to tell as succinctly as is feasible the story of seven years in Hogarth's progress; seven years during which he was slowly, painfully, but always steadily and courageously, climbing that precipitous ladder which we have all in some sort or another striven to climb. At the top sits Fame kicking her heels, carrying her trumpet mincingly, making sometimes a feint to put it to her lips and sound it, more frequently looking

down superciliously with eyes half closed, and pretending to be unaware of the panting wretch toiling up the weary rungs beneath. Some swarm up this ladder as boys up a pole, hand over hand, a good grip with the knees, a confident, saucy, upward look. Others stop *in medio*, look round, sigh, or are satisfied, and gravely descend to refresh themselves with bread and cheese for life. Some stagger up, wildly, and tumbling off, are borne, mutilated, to the hospital accident-ward to die. Others there are who indeed obtain the ladder's summit, but are doomed to crawl perpetually up and down the degrees. These are the unfortunates who carry hods to those master bricklayers who have bounded up the ladder with airy strides, or better still, *have been born at the top of the ladder*. Poor hodmen! they make dictionaries, draw acts of parliament, cram the boy-senator for his maiden speech, form Phidias' rough clay-sketch into a shapely, polished marble bust, shade with Indian ink Archimedes' rough draught for the new pump or the tubular bridge, and fill in Sir Joshua's backgrounds. Some there are who go to sleep at the ladder's foot, and some, the few, the felicitous, who reach the summit, breathless but triumphant, boldly bidding Fame blow her loudest blast. Forthwith the venal quean makes the clarion to sound, and all the world is amazed. Lowliness, our Shakspeare says, is "young ambition's ladder:"

"Whereto the climber upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may.  
Then——"

But so did not William Hogarth. He was self-confident and self-conscious enough,\* when, after many years of toilsome struggling he turned up the trump-card, and his name was bruited about with loud *fanfares* to the

\* To me there is something candid, naïve, and often something noble in this personal consciousness and confidence, this moderate self-trumpeting. "*Questi sono miei!*" cried Napoleon, when, at the sack of Milan, the MS. treatises of Leonardo da Vinci were discovered; and he bore them in triumph to his hotel, suffering no meaner hand to touch them. He knew—the Conquering Thinker—that he alone was worthy to possess those priceless papers. So too, Honoré de Balzac calmly remarking that there were only three men in France who could speak French correctly: himself, Victor Hugo, and "Théophile" (T. Gautier). So, too, Elliston, when the little ballet-girl complained of having been hissed: "They have hissed *me*," said the awful manager, and the dancing girl was dumb. Who can forget the words that Milton wrote concerning things of his "that posterity would not willingly let die?" and that Bacon left, commending his fame to "foreign nations and to the next age?" And Turner, simply directing in his will that he should be buried in St. Paul's Cathedral? That sepulchre, the painter knew, was his of right. And innocent Gainsborough, dying: "We are ~~all~~ going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." And Fontenelle, calmly expiring at a hundred years of age: "*Je n'ai jamais dit la moindre chose contre la plus petite vertu.*" 'Tis true, that my specious little argument falls dolefully to the ground when I remember that which the wisest man who ever lived said concerning a child gathering shells and pebbles on the sea-shore, when the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him.



crowd. He attained the desired end: this Fame, this renown; and to vulgarize the allegory, he managed to snatch that comfortable shoulder of mutton which surmounts the greasy pole, and which, although we feign to covet it not, we *must* have. But he never attempted to conceal the smallness of his beginnings, to assert that his ancestors came over with the Conqueror, or to deny that his father came up to London by the waggon. He sets down in his own black and white, how he fought the battle for bread, how he engraved plates, and painted portraits and conversations and assemblies, in order to obtain the necessary bite and sup; how, with no money, he has often "gone moping into the city," but there receiving "ten guineas for a plate," has come home, jubilant, "put on his sword," and swaggered, I doubt it not, with the most dashing bucks in the coffee-house or on the Mall. I think they are happy traits in the character of this good fellow and honest man, that he should have had the courage to accomplish ten guineas' worth of graver's work, without drawing money on account, and that he should have had a sword at home for the red-letter days and sunshiny hours. You, brave young student and fellow-labourer! draw on your corduroys, shoulder your pick and shovel, be off to the diggings; do your work, get paid; and then come home, put on your sword and be a gentleman. One sees Mr. Beverly or Mr. Telbin slashing away with a large whitewasher's brush in a scene-painting room, flapping away in canvas jackets and over-alls, covered with parti-coloured splashes. Then, the work done, they wash their hands and come forth spruce and radiant, in peg-tops and kid-gloves. When our Prime Minister is at Broadlands, I hear that he stands up writing at a high desk, not seated like a clerk, working away bravely at the affairs of the *chose publique*, as for a wage of five-and-twenty shillings a week, and afterwards enjoys the relaxation of pruning his trees, or riding over his estate. Keep then your swords at home, and don't wear them in working hours; but, the labour done, come out into the open and claim your rank.

I daresay that for a long time twenty-five shillings a week would have been a very handsome income to William the engraver. He covered many silver salvers and tankards with heraldic devices, but I don't think he had any "*argenterie, bagues et bijoux*," or other precious stock of his own on sale. Most probable is it, that his old master gave him work to do after he had left his service. I wonder if Mr. Gamble, in after days, when his apprentice had become a great man, would ever hold forth to tavern coteries on the share he had had in guiding the early efforts of that facile hand! I hope and think so; and seem to hear him saying over his tankard: "Yes, sir, I taught the lad. He was bound to me, sir, by his worthy father, who was as full of book learning as the Cockpit is of Hanover rats. He could not draw a stroke when he came to me, sir. He was good at his graving work, but too quick, too quick, and somewhat rough. Never could manage the delicate tintos or the proper reticulations of scroll-foliage. But he was always drawing. He drew the dog. He drew the cat. He drew Dick, his fellow 'prentice, and Molly the maid,

and Robin Barelegs the shoeblack at the corner of Cranbourn Street. He drew a pretty configuration of Mistress Gamble, my wife deceased, in her Oudenarde tire, and lapels of Mechlin point, and Sunday sack. But there was ever a leaning towards the caricatura in him, sir. Sure never mortal since Jacques Callot the Frenchman (whose 'Habits and Beggars' he was much given to study) ever drew such hideous, leering satyrs. And he had a way too, of making the griffins laugh and the lions dance gambadoes, so to speak, on their hind legs in the escocheons he graved, which would never have passed the College of Arms. Sir, the tankard is out: what! drawer, there."

Thus Ellis Gamble mythically seen and heard. But to the realities. In 1720 or '21, Hogarth's father, the poor old dominie, was removed to a land where no grammar disputations are heard, and where one dictionary is as good as another. Hogarth's sisters had previously kept a "frock shop" in the city; they removed westward after the old man's death, and probably occupied their brother's place of business in Little Cranbourn Alley, when, giving up a perhaps momentary essay in the vocation of a working tradesman, he elected to be, instead, a working artist. For Mary and Ann Hogarth he engraved a shop-card, representing the interior of a somewhat spacious warehouse with sellers and customers, and surmounted by the king's arms. The sisters could not have possessed much capital; and there have not been wanting malevolent spirits—chiefly of the Wilkite way of thinking—to hint that the Misses Hogarths' "old frock-shop" was indeed but a very old slop-, not to say rag-shop, and that the proper insignia for their warehouse would have been not the royal arms, but a certain image, sable, pendent, clad in a brief white garment: a black doll of the genuine Aunt Sally proportions.

William Hogarth out of his apprenticeship is, I take it, a sturdy, ruddy-complexioned, clear-eyed, rather round-shouldered young fellow, who as yet wears his own hair, but has that sword at home—a silver-hilted or a prince's metal one—and is not averse to giving his hat a smart cock, ay, and bordering it with a narrow rim of orrice when Fortune smiles on him. Not yet was the  $\eta\theta\omicron\sigma$  developed in him. It was there, yet latent. But, instead, that quality with which he was also so abundantly gifted, and which combined so well with his sterner faculties—I mean the quality of humorous observation—must have begun to assert itself. "Engraving on copper was at twenty years of age my utmost ambition," he writes himself. Yes, William, and naturally so. The monsters and chimeras of heraldry and Mr. Gamble's back-shop had by that time probably thoroughly palled on him. Fortunate if a landscape, or building, or portrait had sometimes to be engraved on a silver snuff-box or a golden fan-mount. The rest was a wildness of apocryphal natural history, a bewildering phantasmagoria of strange devices from St. Benet's Hill, expressed in crambo, in jargon, and in heraldic romany: compuny, gobony, and chequy; lions erased and tigers coupéd; bucks trippant and bucks vulnéd; eagles segreiant, and dogs sciant; bezants, plates, torteaux, pomeis, golps, san-

guiny-guzes, tawny and saltire.\* The revulsion was but to be expected—was indeed inevitable, from the disgust caused by the seven years' transcription of these catalogues of lying wonders, to the contemplation of the real life that surged about Cranbourn Alley, and its infinite variety of humours, comic and tragic. "Engraving on copper" at twenty might be the utmost ambition to a young man mortally sick of silver salvers; but how was it at twenty-one and twenty-two?

"As a child," writes William, "shows of all kind gave me pleasure." To a lad of his keen eye and swift perception, all London must have been full of shows. Not only was there Bartlemy, opened by solemn procession and proclamation of Lord Mayor—Bartlemy with its black-puddings, pantomimes, motions of puppets, rope-dancers emulating the achievements of Jacob Hall, sword-swallowing women, fire-eating salamanders, high Dutch conjurors, Alsatian and Savoyard-Dulcamara quacks selling eye-waters, worm-powders, love-philters, specifics against chincough, tympany, tissick, chrisoms, head-mould-shot, horse-shoe-head, and other strange ailments, of which the Registrar-general makes no mention in his Returns, now-a-days;† not only did Southwark, Tottenham and Mayfair flourish, but likewise Hornfair by Charlton, in Kent, easy of access by Gravesend tilt-boat, which brought to at Deptford Yard, and Hospital Stairs at Greenwich. There were two patent playhouses, Lincoln's Inn and Drury Lane; and there were Mr. Powell's puppets at the old Tennis-court, in James Street, Haymarket—mysterious edifice, it lingers yet! looking older than ever, inexplicable, obsolete, elbowed by casinos, poses plastiques, cafés, and American bowling-alleys, yet refusing to budge an inch before the encroachments of Time, who destroys all things, even tennis-courts. It was "old," we hear, in 1720; I have been told that tennis is still played there. Gramercy! by whom? Surely at night, when the wicked neighbourhood is snatching a short feverish sleep, the "old tennis-courts" must be haunted by salloy, periwigged phantoms of Charles's time, cadaverous beaux in laced bands, puffed sleeves, and flapped, plumed hats. Bats of spectral wire strike the cobweb-balls; the moonlight can make them cast no shadows on the old brick-wall. And in the gallery sits the harsh-visaged, cynic king, Portsmouth at his side, his little spaniels mumbling the rosettes in his royal shoes.

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\* The bezant (from Byzantium) was a round knob on the scutcheon, blazoned yellow. "Golz" was purple, the colour of an old black eye, so defined by the heralds. "Sanguine" or "guzes" were to be congested red, like bloodshot eyes; "tortaux" were of another kind of red, like "Simmel cakes." "Pomeis" were to be green like apples. "Tawny" was orange. There were also "hurts" to be blazoned blue, as bruises are.—*New View of London*, 1712.

† I believe Pope's sneer against poor Elkanah Settle (who died very comfortably in the Charterhouse, 1724, ætat. 76: he was alive in 1720, and succeeded Rowe as laureate), that he was reduced in his latter days to compass a motion of St. George and the Dragon at Bartholomew fairs, and himself enacted the dragon in a peculiar suit of green leather, his own invention, to have been a purely malicious and mendacious bit of spite. Moreover, Settle died years after Pope assumed him to have expired.

In a kind of copartnership with Mr. Powell's puppets—formerly of the Piazza, Covent Garden, was the famous Faux, the legerdemain, or sleight-of-hand conjuror—the Wiljalba Frikell of his day, and whom Hogarth mentions in one of his earliest pictorial satires. But Faux did that which the Russian magician, to his credit, does not do: he puffed himself perpetually, and was at immense pains to assure the public through the newspapers that he was *not* robbed returning from the Duchess of Buckingham's at Chelsea. From Faux's show at the "Long-room," Hogarth might have stepped to Heidegger's—hideous Heidegger's masquerades at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, where also were held "*ridotti*," and "*veglioni*"—junketings of an ultra Italian character, and all presented in 1722 by the Middlesex grand jury as intolerable nuisances. Many times, also, did the stern Sir John Gonson (*the Harlot's Progress* Gonson), justice of peace, much feared by the Phrynes of the hundreds of Drury, inveigh in his sessions-charges against the sinful *ridotti* and the disorderly *veglioni*. Other performances took place at the King's Theatre. There was struggling for its first grasp on the English taste and the English pocket—a grasp which it has never since lost—that anomalous, inconsistent, delightful entertainment, the Italian Opera. Hogarth, as a true-born Briton, hated the harmonious exotic; and from his earliest plates to the grand series of the *Rake's Progress*, indulges in frequent flings at Handel (in his *Ptolomeo*, and before his immortal Oratorio stage), Farinelli, Cuzzoni, Senesino, Faustina, Barrenstadt, and other "soft simpering whiblins." Yet the sturdiest hater of this "new taste of the town" could not refrain from admiring and applauding to the echo that which was called the "miraculously dignified exit of Senesino." This celebrated *sortita* must have resembled in the almost electrical effect it produced, the elder Kean's "Villain, be sure thou prove," &c. in *Othello*; John Kemble's "Mother of the world—" in *Coriolanus*; Madame Pasta's "Io," in *Medea*; and Ristori's world-known "*Tu*," in the Italian version of the same dread trilogy. One of the pleasantest accusations brought against the Italian Opera was preferred some years before 1720, in the *Spectator*, when it was pointed out that the principal man or woman singer sang in Italian, while the responses were given, and the choruses chanted by Britons. *Judices*, in these latter days, I have "assisted" at the performance of the *Barber of Seville* at one of our large theatres, when *Figaro* warbled in Italian with a strong Spanish accent, when Susanna was a Frenchwoman, Doctor Bartolo an Irishman, and the chorus sang in English, and without any H's.

More shows remain for Hogarth to take delight in. The quacks, out of Bartlemy time, set up their standings in Moorfields by the madhouse (illustrated by Hogarth in the *Rake's Progress*), and in Covent Garden Market (W. H. in the plate of *Morning*), by Inigo Jones's rustic church, which he built for the Earl of Bedford: "Build me a barn," quoth the earl. "You shall have the bravest barn in England," returned Inigo, and his lordship had it. There were quacks too, though the loud-voiced

beggars interfered with them, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and on Tower Hill, where the sailors and river-side Bohemians were wont to indulge in their favourite diversion of "whipping the snake." There were grand shows when a commoner was raised to the peerage or promoted in grade therein—a common occurrence in the midst of all the corruption entailed by the Scottish union and Walpole's wholesale bribery. On these occasions, deputations of the heralds came from their dusty old college in Doctors' Commons, and in full costume, to congratulate the new peer, the viscount made an earl, or the marquis elevated to a dukedom, and to claim by the way a snug amount of fees from the newly-blown dignitary. Strange figures they must have cut, those old kings-at-arms, heralds, and pursuivants! Everybody remembers the anecdote, since twisted into an allusion to Lord Thurlow's grotesque appearance, of a servant on such an occasion as I have alluded to, saying to his master, "Please, my lord, there's a gentleman in a coach at the door would speak with your lordship; and, saving your presence, *I think he's the knave of spades.*" I burst out in unseemly cachinnation the other day at the opening of Parliament, when I saw Rougecroix trotting along the royal gallery of the peers, with those table-napkins stiff with gold embroidery pendent back and front of him like heraldic advertisements. The astonishing equipment was terminated by the black dress pantaloons and patent-leather boots of ordinary life. *Je crevais de rire*: the Lord Chamberlain walking backwards was nothing to it; yet I daresay Rougecroix looked not a whit more absurd than did Bluemantle and Portcullis in 1720 with red heels and paste buckles to their Cordovan shoon, and curly periwigs flowing from beneath their cocked hats.

Shows, more shows, and William Hogarth walking London streets to take stock of them all, to lay them up in his memory's ample storehouse. He will turn all he has seen to good account some day. There is a show at the museum of the Royal Society, then sitting at Gresham College. The queer, almost silly things, exhibited there! queer and silly, at least to us, with our magnificent museums in Great Russell Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields and Brompton. I am turning over the Royal Society catalogue as I write: the rarities all set down with a ponderous, simple-minded solemnity. "Dr. Grews" is the conscientious editor. Here shall you find the "sceptre of an Indian king, a dog without a mouth; a Pegue hat and organ; a bird of paradise; a Jewish phylactery; a model of the Temple of Jerusalem; a burning-glass contrived by that excellent philosopher and mathematician Sir Isaac Newton" (hats off); "three landskips and a catcoptrick paint given by Bishop Wilkins; a gun which discharges seven times one after the other presently" (was this a revolver?); "a perspective instrument by the ingenious Sir Christopher Wren" (hats off again); "a pair of Iceland gloves, a pot of Macassar poison" (oh! Rowland); "the tail of an Indian cow worshipped on the banks of the river Ganges; a tuft of coralline; the cramp fish which by some humour or vapour benumbs the fisherman's arms," and so

forth. Hogarth will make use of all these "curios" in the fourth scene of the *Marriage à la Mode*, and presently, for the studio of Sidrophel in his illustrations to *Hudibras*.

And there are shows of a sterner and crueller order. Now a pick-pocket yelling under a pump; now a half-naked wretch coming along Whitehall at the tail of a slow-plodding cart, howling under the hangman's lash (that functionary has ceased to be called "Gregory," from the great executioner G. Brandon, and is now, but I have not been able to discover for what reason, "Jack Ketch").\* Now it is a libeller or a perjurer in the pillory at Charing in Eastcheap or at the Royal Exchange. According to his political opinions do the mob—the mob are chiefly of the Jacobite persuasion—pelt the sufferer with eggs and ordure, or cheer him, and fill the hat which lies at his foot on the scaffold with halfpence and even silver. And the sheriffs' men, if duly fee'd, do not object to a mug of purl or mum, or even punch, being held by kind hands to the sufferer's lips. So, in Hugo's deathless romance does Esmeralda give Quasimodo on the *carcan* to drink from her flask. Mercy is as old as the hills, and will never die. Sometimes in front of "England's Burse," or in Old Palace Yard, an odd, futile, much-laughed-at ceremony takes place: and after solemn proclamation, the common hangman makes a bonfire of such proscribed books as *Pretenders no Pretence*, *A sober Reply to Mr. Higgs's Tri-theistical Doctrine*. Well would it be if the vindictiveness of the government stopped here; but alas! king's messengers are in hot pursuit of the unhappy authors, trace them to the tripe-shop in Hanging Sword Alley, or the cock-loft in Honey Lane Market, where they lie three in a bed; and the poor scribbling wretches are cast into jail, and delivered over to the tormentors, losing sometimes their unlucky ears. There is the great sport and show every market morning, known as "bull banking," a sweet succursal to his Majesty's bear-garden and Hockley in the hole. The game is of the simplest; take your bull in a narrow thoroughfare, say, Cock Hill, by Smithfield; have a crowd of *hommes de bonne volonté*; overturn a couple of hackney coaches at one end of the street, a brewer's dray at the other: then harry your bull up and down, goad him, pelt him, twist his tail, till he roar and is rabid. This is "bull-banking," and oh! for the sports of merry England! William Hogarth looks on sternly and wrathfully. He will remember the brutal amusements of the populace when he comes to engrave the *Four Stages of Cruelty*. But I lead him away now to other scenes and shows. There are the wooden horses before Sadler's Hall; and westward there stands an uncomfortable "wooden horse" for the punishment of soldiers who are picketed thereon for one and two hours. This wooden horse is on St. James's Mall, over against the gun-house. The torture is one of Dutch William's legacies to the subjects, and has been retained and improved on

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\* 1720. The horrible room in Newgate Prison where in cauldrons of boiling pitch the hangman scathed the dismembered limbs of those executed for high treason, and whose quarters were to be exposed, was called "Jack Ketch's kitchen."

by the slothfully cruel Hanoverian kings. Years afterwards (1745-6), when Hogarth shall send his picture of the *March to Finchley* to St. James's for the inspection of his sacred Majesty King George the Second, that potentate will fly into a guard-room rage at the truthful humour of the scene, and will express an opinion that the audacious painter who has caricatured his Foot Guards, should properly suffer the punishment of the picket on the "wooden horse" of the Mall.

Further afield. There are literally thousands of shop-signs to be read or stared at. There are prize-fights—predecessors of Fig and Broughton contests—gladiatorial exhibitions, in which decayed Life-guardsmen and Irish captains trade-fallen, hack and hew one another with broadsword and backsword on public platforms. Then the "French prophets," whom John Wesley knew, are working sham miracles in Soho, emulating—the impostors!—the marvels done at the tomb of the Abbé, Diacre or Chanoine, Paris, and positively holding exhibitions in which fanatics suffer themselves to be trampled, jumped upon, and beaten with clubs, for the greater glory of Molinism; \* even holding academies, where the youth of both sexes are instructed in the arts of foaming at the mouth, falling into convulsion, discoursing in unknown tongues, revealing stigmata produced by the aid of lunar caustic, and other moon-struck madnesses and cheats. Such is revivalism in 1720. William Hogarth is there, observant. He will not forget the French prophets when he executes almost the last and noblest of his plates—albeit, it is directed against English revivalists, *Credulity, Superstition and Fanaticism*. He leaves Soho, and wanders eastward and westward. He reads Madam Godfrey's six hundred challenges to the female sex in the newspapers; sitting, perhaps, at the "Rose," without Temple Bar; at the "Diapente," whither the beaux, feeble as Lord Fanny, who could not "eat beef, or horse, or any of those things," come to recruit their exhausted digestions with jelly-broth. He may look in at mug-houses, where stum, 'quest ales, Protestant masch-beer, and Derby stingo are sold. He may drop in at Owen Swan's, at the "Black Swan" Tavern in St. Martin's Lane, and listen to the hack-writers girding at Mr. Pope, and at the enormous amount of eating and dripping in Harry Higden's comedies. He may see the virtuosi at Childs's, and dozens of other auctions (Edward Mellington was the George Robins of the preceding age; the famous Cobb was his successor in auction-room eloquence and pomposity), buying china monsters. He may refect himself with hot furmity at the "Rainbow" or at "Nando's," mingle (keeping his surtout well buttoned) with the pickpockets in Paul's, avoid the Scotch walk on 'Change, watch the garish damsels alight from their coaches at the chocolate-houses, mark the gamesters rushing in, at as early an hour as eleven in the morning, to shake their elbows at the "Young Man's;" gaze at the barristers as they bargain for wherries at the Temple Stairs to take water

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\* Compare these voluntary torments with the description of the *Dosèh*, or horse-trampling ceremonial of the Sheikh El Bekree, over the bodies of the faithful, in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*.

for Westminster—a pair of sculls being much cheaper than a hackney coach—meet the half-pay officers at Whitehall, garrulously discussing the King of Spain's last treaty, as the shoeblacks polish their footgear with oil and soot—Day and Martin are yet in embryo: stand by, on Holborn Hill, about half-past eleven, as Jack Hall, the chimney sweep, winds his sad way in Newgate cart, his coffin before him, and the ordinary with his book and nosegay by his side, towards St. Giles's Pound, and the ultimate bourne, Tyburn. Jack Hall has a nosegay, too, and wears a white ribbon in his hat to announce his innocence. The fellow has committed a hundred robberies. And Jack Hall is very far gone in burnt brandy. Hogarth marks—does not forget him. Jack Hall—who seems to have been a kind of mediocre Jack Sheppard, although his escape from Newgate was well-nigh as dexterous, and quite as bold as the prison-breaking feat of the arch rascal, Blueskin's friend—will soon reappear in one of the first of the Hogarthian squibs; and the dismal procession to Tyburn will form the *dénouement* to the lamentable career of Tom Idle.

Hogarth must have become *poco a poco* saturated with such impressions of street life. From 1730 the tide of reproduction sets in without cessation; but I strive to catch and to retain the fleeting image of this dead London, and it baulks and mocks me:—the sham bail, “duffers” and “mounters,” skulking with straws in their shoes about Westminster Hall; the law offices in Chancery Lane and the “devil's gap” between Great Queen Street and Lincoln's Inn Fields; the Templars, the moot-men, and those who are keeping their terms in Lincoln's and Gray's Inn, dining in their halls at noon, eating off wooden trenchers, drinking from green earthenware jugs, and summoned to commons by horn-blow;—the furious stockjobbers at Jonathan's and Garraway's, at the sign of the “Fifteen Shillings,” and in Threadneedle Row; the fine ladies buying perfumery at the “Civet Cat,” in Shire Lane, by Temple Bar—perfumery, now-a-days, is much wanted in that unsavoury *locale*; the Jacobite ballad-singers growling sedition in Seven Dials; the Hanoverian troubadours crooning, on their side, worn-out scandal touching “Italian Molly” (James the Second's Mary of Modena) and “St. James's warming-pan” in the most frequented streets; riots and tumults, spy-hunting, foreigner mobbing, of not unfrequent occurrence, all over the town;—gangs of riotous soldiers crowding about Marlborough House, and casting shirts into the great duke's garden, that his grace may see of what rascally stuff—filthy dowlas instead of good calico—the contractors have made them. Alas! a wheezing, drivelling, almost idiotic dotard is all that remains of the great duke, all that is left of John Churchill. He had just strength enough at the Bath the season before to crawl home in the dark night, in order to avoid the expense of a chair. There are fights in the streets, and skirmishes on the river, where revenue cutters, custom-house jerkers, and the “Tartar pink,” make retributive raids on the fresh-water pirates: light and heavy horsemen, cope-men, scuffle-hunters, lumpers, and game-watermen. There are salt-water as well as fresh-water thieves; and a



notable show of the period is the execution of a pirate, and his hanging in chains at Execution dock. All which notwithstanding, it is a consolation to learn that "Captain Hunt, of the *Delight*," is tried at Justice Hall for piracy, and "honourably acquitted." I know not why, but I rejoice at the captain's escape. He seems a bold, dashing spirit; and, when captured, was "drinking orvietan with a horse-officer." But when I come to reperuse the evidence adduced on the trial, I confess that the weight of testimony bears strongly against Captain Hunt, and that in reality it would seem that he *did* scuttle the "*Protestant Betsey*," cause the boatswain and "one Skeggs, a chaplain, transporting himself to the plantations"—at the request of a judge and jury, I wonder?—to walk the plank, and did also carbonado the captain with lighted matches and Burgundy pitch, prior to blowing his (the captain's) brains out. Hunt goes free, but pirates are cast, and sometimes swing. Hogarth notes, comments on, remembers them. The gibbeted corsairs by the river's side shall find a place in the third chapter of the history of Thomas Idle.

So wags the world in 1720. Hogarth practising on copper in the intervals of arms and crest engraving, and hearing of Thornhill and Laguerre's staircase-and-ceiling-painting renown, inwardly longing to be a Painter. Sir George Thorold is lord mayor. Comet Halley is astronomer royal, *vice* Flamsteed, deceased the preceding year. Clement XI. is dying, and the Jews of Ferrara deny that they have sacrificed a child at Easter, à la Hugh of Lincoln. The great King Louis is dead, and a child reigns in his stead. The Regent and the Abbé Dubois are making history one long scandal in Paris. Bernard Lens is miniature painter to the king, in lieu of Benjamin Acland, dead. Mr. Colley Cibber's works are printed on royal paper. Sheffield, Duke of Bucks, erects a plain tablet to the memory of John Dryden in Westminster Abbey: his own name in very large letters, Dryden's in more moderately-sized capitals. Madam Crisp sets a lieutenant to kill a black man, who has stolen her lapdog. Captain Dawson bullies half the world, and half the world bullies Captain Dawson: and bullies or is so bullied still to this day.

In disjointed language, but with a very earnest purpose, I have endeavoured to trace our painter's Prelude,—the growth of his artistic mind, the ripening of his perceptive faculties under the influence of the life he saw. Now, for the operation of observation, distilled in the retort of his quaint humour. I record the work he did; and first, in 1720, mention "four drawings in Indian ink" of the characters at Button's coffee-house.\*

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\* Daniel Button's well-known coffee-house was on the south side of Russell Street, Covent Garden, nearly opposite Tom's. Button had been a servant of the Countess of Warwick, and so was patronized by her spouse, the Right Hon. Joseph Addison. Sir Robert Walpole's creature, Giles Earl, a trading justice of the peace (compare Fielding and "300*l.* a year of the dirtiest money in the world") used to examine criminals, for the amusement of the company, in the public room at Button's. Here, too, was a lion's head letter-box, into which communications for the *Guardian* were dropped. At Button's, Pope is reported to have said of Patrick, the lexicographer, who made pretensions to criticism, that "a dictionary-maker might know the meaning of one word, but not of two put together."

In these were sketches of Arbuthnot, Addison, Pope (as it is conjectured), and a certain Count Viviani, identified years afterwards by Horace Walpole, when the drawings came under his notice. They subsequently came into Ireland's possession. Next Hogarth executed an etching, whose subject was of more national importance. In 1720-21, as all men know, England went mad, and was drawn, jumping for joy, into the Maelstrom of the South Sea bubble. France had been already desperately insane, in 1719, and Philip, the Regent, with John Law of Lauriston, the Edinburgh silversmith's son, who had been rake, bully, and soldier, and had stood his trial for killing Beau Wilson in a duel, had between them gotten up a remarkable mammon-saturnalia in the Palais Royal and the Rue Quincampoix. Law lived *en prince* in the Place Vendôme. They show the window now whence he used to look down upon his dupes. He died, a few years after the bursting of his bubble, a miserable bankrupt adventurer at Venice. And yet there really was something tangible in his schemes, wild as they were. The credit of the Royal Bank averted a national bankruptcy in France, and some substantial advantage might have been derived from the Mississippi trade. At all events, there actually was such a place as Louisiana. In this country, the geographical actualities were very little consulted. The English South Sea scheme was a swindle, *pur et simple*. Almost everybody in the country caught this cholera-morbus of avarice. Pope dabbled in S. S. S. (South Sea Stock): Lady Mary Wortley Montague was accused of cheating Ruremonde, the French wit, out of 500*l.* worth of stock. Ladies laid aside ombre and basset to haunt 'Change Alley. Gay "stood to win" enormous sums—at one time imagined himself, as did Pope also, to be the "lord of thousands," but characteristically refused to follow a friend's advice to realize at least sufficient to secure himself a "clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day for life." He persisted in holding, and lost all. Mr. Aislachie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was deeply implicated in S. S. S. transactions, as were also many peers and members of parliament. The amiable and accomplished Craggs, the postmaster-general, the friend of all the wits, and for whose tomb Pope wrote so touching an epitaph, tarnished his reputation indelibly by unscrupulous jobbery. He died of the small-pox, just in time to avoid disgrace and ruin; but his poor old father was sold up, and was borne to the grave shortly afterward, broken-hearted. Lord Stanhope ruptured a blood-vessel in replying to a furious speech of the Duke of Wharton (who lived a profligate and died a monk) against S. S., and did not long survive. Samuel Chandler, the eminent Nonconformist divine, was ruined, and had to keep a book-stall for bread. Hudson, known as "Tom of Ten Thousand," went stark mad, and moved about 'Change just as the "Woman in Black" and the "Woman in White" (the son of the one, and the brother of the other were hanged for forgery), used to haunt the avenues of the Bank of England. The South Sea Company bribed the Government, bribed the two Houses, and bribed the Court ladies, both of fair and of light fame. Erengard Melu-

sina Schuylenberg, Princess von Eberstein, Duchess of Munster (1715), and Duchess of Kendal (1729)—Hogarth engraved the High Dutch hussey's arms—the Countess of Platen, and her two nieces, and Lady Sunderland, with Craggs and Aislabie, got the major part of the fictitious stock of 574,000*l.* created by the company. The stock rose to thirteen hundred and fifty pounds premium! Beggars on horseback tore through the streets. There were S. S. coaches with *Auri sacra fimes* painted on the panels. Hundreds of companies were projected, and “took the town” immensely. Steele's (Sir Richard's) Fishpool Company, for bringing the finny denizens of the deep by sea to London—Puckle's Defence Gun—the Bottomree, the Coral-fishery, the Wreck-fishing companies, were highly spoken of. Stogden's remittances created great excitement in the market. There were companies for insurance against bad servants, against thefts and robberies, against fire and shipwreck. There were companies for importing jack-asses from Spain (coals to Newcastle!); for trading in human hair (started by a clergyman); for fattening pigs; for making pantiles, Joppa and Castile soap; for manufacturing lutestring; “for the wheel of a perpetual motion;” and for extracting stearine from sunflower-seed. There were Dutch bubbles, and oil bubbles, and water bubbles—bubbles of timber, and bubbles of glass. There were the “sail cloth,” or “Globe permits”—mere cards with the seal of the “Globe” tavern impressed on them, and “permitting” the fortunate holders to acquire shares at some indefinite period in some misty sailcloth factory. These sold for sixty guineas a piece. There was Jezreel Jones's trade to Barbary, too, for which the permits could not be sold fast enough. Welsh copper and York Buildings' shares rose to cent. per cent. premium. Sir John Blunt, the scrivener, rose from a mean estate to prodigious wealth, prospered, and “whale directors ate up all.” There was an S. S. literature—an S. S. anthology.

“Meantime, secure on Garrway's cliffs,  
A savage race, by shipwreck fed,  
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,  
And strip the bodies of the dead.”

Pshaw! have we not Mr. Ward's capital picture in the Vernon collection, and hundreds of pamphlets on S. S. in the British Museum? The end came, and was, of course, irrevocable and immortal smash. Ithuriel's spear, in the shape of a *scire facias* in the *London Gazette*, pierced this foully iridescent bubble through and through, producing precisely the same effect as the publication of Mr. Spackman's inexorable railway statistics in a supplement to *The Times* newspaper, A.D. 1845. The city woke up one morning and found itself ruined. The Sword-blade company went bankrupt. Knight, the S.S. cashier, fled, but was captured at Tirlemont in Flanders, at the instance of the British resident in Brussels, and thrown into the citadel of Antwerp, from which he presently managed to escape. In an age when almost every one had committed more or less heinous acts of roguery, great sympathy was evinced for rogues. At home, however, there were some thoughts of vengeance. Honest men

began, for the first time these many months, to show their heads, and talked of Nemesis and Newgate. Aislalie resigned. The end of the Craggses you have heard. Parliament-men were impeached and expelled the House. Patriots inveighed against the injuries which corrupt ministers may inflict on the sovereigns they serve, and quoted the history of Claudian and Sejanus. The directors—such as had not vanished—were examined by secret committees, and what effects of theirs could be laid hold of were confiscated for the benefit of the thousands of innocent sufferers. I have waded through many hundred pages of the parliamentary reports of the period, and have remarked, with a grim chuckle, the similarities of swindling between this fraud and later ones. Cooked accounts, torn-out leaves, crasures, and a small green ledger with a brass lock—these are among the flowers of evidence strewn on the heads of the secret committees. Knight took the key away with him, forgetting the ledger, I presume. The lock was forced, and there came floating out a bubble of fictitious stock. The old story, gentles and simples. “*Comme Charles Dix, comme Charles Dix,*” muttered wretched, wigless, Smithified old Louis Philippe, as he fled in a *fiacre* from the Tuileries in '48; and this S.S. swindle of 1720 was only “*Comme Charles Dix,*”—the elder brother of 1825 and 1845 manias, of Milk Companies, Washing Companies, Poyais Loans, Ball's Pond Railways, Great Diddlesex Junctions, Borough, British, and Eastern Banks, and other thieveries which this age has seen.

Did William Hogarth hold any stock? Did he ever bid for a “Globe permit?” Did he hanker after human hair? Did he cast covetous eyes towards the gigantic jack-asses of Iberia? *Ignoramus*: but we know at least that he made a dash at the bubble with his sharp pencil. In 1721 appeared an etching of *The South Sea, an Allegory*. It was sold at the price of one shilling by Mrs. Chilcot, in Westminster Hall, and B. Caldwell, in Newgate Street. The allegory is laboured, but there is a humorous element diffused throughout the work. The comparatively mechanical nature of the pursuits from which Hogarth was but just emancipated shows itself in the careful drawing of the architecture and the comparative insignificance of the figures. The Enemy of mankind is cutting Fortune into collops before a craving audience of rich and poor speculators. There is a huge “roundabout,” with “who'll ride?” as a legend, and a throng of people of all degrees revolving on their wooden hobbies. In the foreground a wretch is being broken on the wheel—perhaps a reminiscence of the terrible fate of Count Horn, in Paris. L. H., a ruffian, is scourging a poor fellow who is turning his great toes up in agony. These are to represent Honour and Honesty punished by Interest and Villany. In the background widows and spinsters are crowding up a staircase to a “raffle for husbands,” and in the right-hand corner a Jewish high-priest, a Catholic priest, and a Dissenting minister, are gambling with frenzied avidity. Near them a poor, miserable starveling lies a-dying, and to the left there looms a huge pillar, with this inscription on the base—“This monument was erected in memory of the destruction of the city by South

Sea, 1720." It is to be observed that the figure of the demon hacking at Fortune, and the lame swash buckler, half baboon, half imp, that keeps guard over the flagellated man, are copied, pretty literally, from Callot.

You know that I incline towards coincidences. It is surely a not unremarkable one that Callot, a Hogarthian man in many aspects, but more inclined towards the grotesque-terrible than to the humorous-observant, should have been also in his youth a martyr to heraldry. His father was a grave, dusty old king-at-arms, in the service of the Duke of Lorraine, at Nancy. He believed heraldry, next to alchemy, to be the most glorious science in the world, and would fain have had his son devote himself to tabard and escutcheon work; but the boy, after many unavailing efforts to wrestle with these Ephesian wild beasts, with their impossible attitudes and preposterous proportions, fairly ran away and turned gipsy, stroller, beggar, picaresque—all kinds of wild Bohemian things. Had Hogarth been a French boy, he, too, might have run away from Ellis Gamble's griffins and gargoyles. He must have been a great admirer of Callot, and have studied his works attentively, as one can see, not only from this South Sea plate, but from many of the earlier Hogarthian performances, in which, not quite trusting himself yet to run alone, he has had recourse to the Lorrain's strong arm. Many other sympathetic traits are to be found in the worthy pair. In both a little too much swagger and proneness to denounce things that might have had some little sincerity in them. The one a thorough foreigner, the other as thorough a foreigner. The herald's son of Nancy was always "the noble Jacques Callot;" the heraldic engraver's apprentice of Cranbourn Alley was, I wince to learn, sometimes called "Bill Hogarth."

One of Hogarth's earliest employers was a Mr. Bowles, at the "Black Horse in Cornhill," who is stated to have bought his etched works by weight—at the munificent rate of half-a-crown a pound. This is the same Mr. Bowles who, when Major the engraver was going to France to study, and wished to dispose of some landscapes he had engraved that he might raise something in aid of his travelling expenses, offered him a bright, new, burnished, untouched copper-plate for every engraved one he had by him. This Black Horse Bowles, if the story be true, must have been ancestor to the theatrical manager who asked the author *how much he would give him* if he produced his five-act tragedy; but I am inclined to think the anecdote a bit of gossip *tant soit peu* spiteful of the eldest Nicholls. Moreover, the offer is stated to have been made "over a bottle." 'Twas under the same incentive to liberality that an early patron of the present writer once pressed him to write "a good poem, in the Byron style—you know," and offered him a guinea for it, down. Copper, fit for engraving purposes, was at least two shillings a pound in Bowles's time. The half-crown legend, then, may be apocryphal; although we have some odd records of the mode of payment for art and letters in those days, and in the preceding time:—Thornhill painting Greenwich Hall for forty shillings the Flemish ell; Dryden con-

tracting with Left-legged Jacob to write so many thousand lines for so many unclipped pieces of money; and Milton selling the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* to Samuel Simmons for five pounds.

● Mr. Philip Overton at the Golden Buck, over against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, also published Hogarth's early plates. He was the purchaser, too, but not yet, of the eighteen illustrations to *Hudibras*. Ere these appeared, W. H. etched the *Taste of the Town*, the *Small Masquerade Ticket*; the *Lottery*—a very confused and obscure allegory, perhaps a sly parody on one of Laguerre or Thornhill's floundering pictorial parables. Fortune and Wantonness are drawing lucky numbers, Fraud tempts Despair, Sloth hides his head behind a curtain; all very interesting probably at the time, from the number of contemporary portraits the plate may have contained, but almost inexplicable and thoroughly uninteresting to us now. The *Taste of the Town*, which is otherwise the first Burlington Gate satire (not the Pope and Chandos one) created a sensation, and its author paid the first per-centage on notoriety, by seeing his work pirated by the varlets who did for art that which Edmund Curll, bookseller and scoundrel, did for literature.



*Burlington Gate*, No. 1, was published in 1723. Hogarth seems to have admired Lord Burlington's love for art, though he might have paid him a better compliment than to have placarded the gate of his palace with an orthographical blunder. There is in the engraving "accademy" for academy. The execution is far superior to that of the *South Sea*, and the figures are drawn with much *verve* and decision. In the centre stand three little figures, said to represent Lord Burlington, Campbell, the

architect, and his lordship's "postilion." This is evidently a blunder on the part of the first commentator. The figure is in cocked hat, wide cuffs, and buckled shoes, and is no more like a postilion than I to Hercules. Is it the earl's "poet," and not his "postilion," that is meant? To the right (using showman's language), sentinels in the peaked shakoos of the time, and with oh! such clumsy, big-stocked brown-besses in their hands, guard the entrance to the fane where the pantomime of *Doctor Faustus* is being performed. From the balcony above Harlequin looks out. *Faustus* was first brought out at the theatre, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in '23. It had so prodigious a run, and came into such vogue, that after much grumbling about the "legitimate" and invocations of "Ben Jonson's ghost" (Hogarth calls him Ben Johnson), the rival Covent Garden managers were compelled to follow suit, and in '25 came out with their *Doctor Faustus* — a kind of saraband of infernal persons contrived by Thurmond the dancing-master. He, too, was the deviser of "*Harleykin Sheppard*" (or Shepherd), in which the dauntless thief who escaped from the Middle Stone-room at Newgate in so remarkable a manner received a pantomimic apotheosis. Quick-witted Hogarth satirized this felony-mania in the caricature of Wilks, Booth, and Cibber, conjuring up "Scaramouch Jack Hall." To return to Burlington Gate. In the centre, Shakspeare and Jonson's works are being carted away for waste paper. To the left you see a huge projecting sign or show-cloth, containing portraits of his sacred Majesty George the Second in the act of presenting the management of the Italian Opera with one thousand pounds; also of the famous Mordaunt Earl of Peterborough and sometime general of the armies in Spain. He kneels, and in the handsomest manner, to Signora Cuzzoni the singer, saying (in a long apothecary's label), "Please accept eight thousand pounds!" but the Cuzzoni spurns at him. Beneath is the entrance to the Opera. Infernal persons with very long tails are entering thereto with joyful countenances. The infernal persons are unmistakeable reminiscences of Callot's demons in the *Tentation de St. Antoine*. There is likewise a placard relating to "Faux's Long-room," and his "dexterity of hand."

\* In 1724, Hogarth produced another allegory called the *Inhabitants of the Moon*, in which there are some covert and not very complimentary allusions to the "dummy" character of royalty, and a whimsical fancy of inanimate objects, songs, hammers, pieces of money, and the like, being built up into imitation of human beings, all very ingeniously worked out. By this time, Hogarth, too, had begun to work, not only for the ephemeral pictorial squib-vendors of Westminster Hall—those squibs came in with him, culminated in Gillray, and went out with H. B.; or were rather absorbed and amalgamated into the admirable *Punch* cartoons of Mr. Leech)—but also for the regular booksellers. For Aubry de la Mottraye's *Travels* (a dull, pretentious book) he executed some engravings, among which I note *A woman of Smyrna in the habit of the country*—the woman's face very graceful, and the *Dance*, the Pyrrhic dance of the Greek islands, and the oldest fandango that ever was seen. One commentator says that

the term "as merry as a grig" came from the fondness of the inhabitants of those isles of eternal summer for dancing, and that it should be properly "as merry as a Greek." *Quien sabe?* I know that lately in the Sessions papers. I stumbled over the examination of one Levi Solomon, *alias* Cockleput, who stated that he lived in Sweet Apple Court, and that he "went a-grigging for his living." I have no *Lexicon Balatronicum* at hand; but from early researches into the vocabulary of the "High Mung" I have an indistinct impression that "griggers" were agile vagabonds who danced, and went through elementary feats of posture-mastery in taverns.

In '24, Hogarth illustrated a translation of the *Golden Ass of Apuleius*. The plates are coarse and clumsy; show no humour; were mere pot-boilers, *gagne-pains*, thrusts with the burin at the wolf looking in at the Hogarthian door, I imagine. Then came five frontispieces for a translation of *Cassandra*. These I have not seen. Then fifteen head-pieces for Beaver's *Military Punishments of the Ancients*, narrow little slips full of figures in chiaroscuro, many drawn from Callot's curious martyrology, *Les Saints et Saintes de l'Année*, about three hundred graphic illustrations of human torture! There was also a frontispiece to the *Happy Ascetic*, and one to the Oxford squib of *Terræ Filius*, in 1724, but of the joyous recluse in question I have no cognizance.

In 1722 (you see I am wandering up and down the years as well as the streets), London saw a show—and Hogarth doubtless was there to see—which merits some lines of mention. The drivelling, avaricious dotard, who, crossing a room and looking at himself in a mirror, sighed and mumbled, "That was once a man!"—this poor wreck of mortality died, and became in an instant, and once more, John the great Duke of Marlborough. On the 9th of August, 1722, he was buried with extraordinary pomp in Westminster Abbey. The saloons of Marlborough House, where the corpse lay in state, were hung with fine black cloth, and garnished with bays and cypress. In the death-chamber was a chair of state surmounted by a "majesty scutcheon." The coffin was on a bed of state, covered with a "fine holland sheet," over that a complete suit of armour, gilt, *but empty*. Twenty years before, there would have been a waxen image in the dead man's likeness within the armour, but this hideous fantasy of Tussaud-tombstone effigies had in 1722 fallen into desuetude.\* The garter was buckled round the steel leg of this suit of war-harness; one listless gauntlet held a general's truncheon; above the vacuous helmet with its unstirred plumes was the cap of a Prince of the Empire. The procession, lengthy and splendid, passed from Marlborough House through St. James's Park to Hyde Park Corner, then through Piccadilly, down St. James's Street, along Pall Mall, and by King Street, Westminster, to the Abbey. Fifteen pieces of cannon rumbled in this show. Chelsea pensioners, to the number of the years of the age of the deceased, pre-

\* Not, however, to forget that another Duchess, Marlborough's daughter, who loved Congreve so, had after his death a waxen image made in his effigy, and used to weep over it, and anoint the gouty feet.



ceded the car. The colours were wreathed in crape and cypress. Guidon was there, and the great standard, and many bannerols and achievements of arms. "The mourning horse with trophies and plumades" was gorgeous. There was a horse of state and a mourning horse, sadly led by the dead duke's equerries. And pray note: the minutest details of the procession were copied from the programme of the Duke of Albemarle's funeral (Monk); which, again, was a copy of Oliver Cromwell's—which, again, was a reproduction, on a more splendid scale, of the obsequies of Sir Philip Sidney, killed at Zutphen. Who among us saw not the great scarlet and black show of 1852, the funeral of the Duke of Wellington? Don't you remember the eighty-four tottering old Pensioners, corresponding in number with the years of our heroic brother departed? When gentle Philip Sidney was borne to the tomb, *thirty-one* poor men followed the hearse. The brave soldier, the gallant gentleman, the ripe scholar, the accomplished writer was so young. Arthur and Philip! And so century shakes hand with century, and the new is ever old, and the last novelty is the earliest fashion, and old Egypt leers from a glass-case, or a four thousand year old fresco, and whispers to Sir Plume, "I, too, wore a curled periwig, and used tweezers to remove superfluous hairs."

In 1726, Hogarth executed a series of plates for *Blackwell's Military Figures*, representing the drill and manœuvres of the Honourable Artillery Company. The pike and half-pike exercise are very carefully and curiously illustrated; the figures evidently drawn from life; the attitudes very easy. The young man was improving in his drawing; for in 1724, Thornhill had started an academy for studying from the round and from life at his own house, in Covent Garden Piazza; and Hogarth—who himself tells us that his head was filled with the paintings at Greenwich and St. Paul's, and to whose utmost ambition of scratching copper, there was now probably added the secret longing to be a historico-allegorico-scriptural painter I have hinted at, and who hoped some day to make Angels sprawl on coved ceilings, and Fames blast their trumpets on grand staircases—was one of the earliest students at the academy of the king's serjeant painter, and member of parliament for Weymouth. Already William had ventured an opinion, *bien tranchée*, on high art. In those days there flourished—yes, flourished is the word—a now forgotten celebrity, Kent the architect, gardener, painter, decorator, upholsterer, friend of the great, and a hundred things besides. This artistic jack-of-all-trades became so outrageously popular, and gained such a reputation for taste—if a man have strong lungs, and persists in crying out that he is a genius, the public are sure to believe him at last—that he was consulted on almost every tasteful topic, and was teased to furnish designs for the most incongruous objects. He was consulted for picture-frames, drinking-glasses, barges, dining-room tables, garden-chairs, cradles, and birth-day gowns. One lady he dressed in a petticoat ornamented with columns of the five orders; to another he prescribed a copper-coloured skirt, with gold ornaments. The man was at best but a wretched sciolist; but he for a long period directed the

"taste of the town." He had at last the presumption to paint an altar-piece for the church of St. Clement Danes. The worthy parishioners, men of no taste at all, burst into a yell of derision and horror at this astounding *croûte*. Forthwith, irreverent young Mr. Hogarth lunged full butt with his graver at the daub. He produced an engraving of *Kent's Masterpiece*, which was generally considered to be an unmerciful caricature; but which he himself declared to be an accurate representation of the picture. 'Twas the first declaration of his *guerra al cuchillo* against the connoisseurs. The caricature, or copy, whichever it was, made a noise; the tasteless parishioners grew more vehement, and, at last, Gibson, Bishop of London (whose brother, by the way, had paid his first visit to London in the company of Dominie Hogarth), interfered, and ordered the removal of the obnoxious canvas. "Kent's masterpiece" subsided into an ornament for a tavern-room. For many years it was to be seen (together with the landlord's portrait, I presume) at the "Crown and Anchor," in the Strand. Then it disappeared, and faded away from the visible things extant.

With another bookseller's commission, I arrive at another halting-place in the career of William Hogarth. In 1726-7 appeared his eighteen illustrations to Butler's *Hudibras*. They are of considerable size, broadly and vigorously executed, and display a liberal instalment of the *vis comica*, of which William was subsequently to be so lavish. Ralpho is smug and sanctified to a nicety. Hudibras is a marvellously droll-looking figure, but he is not human, is generally execrably drawn, and has a head preternaturally small, and so pressed down between the clavicles, that you might imagine him to be of the family of the anthropophagi, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. There is a rare constable, the perfection of Dogberryism-cum-Bumbledom, in the tableau of *Hudibras* in the stocks. The widow is graceful and beautiful to look at. Unlike Wilkie, Hogarth *could* draw pretty women: \* the rogue who chucks the widow's attendant under the chin is incomparable, and Trulla is a most truculent brimstone. The "committee" is a character full study of sour faces. The procession of the "Skimmington" is full of life and animation; and the concluding tableau, "Burning rumps at Temple Bar," is a wondrous street-scene, worthy of the ripe Hogarthian epoch of *The Progresses*, *The Election*, *Beer Street* and *Gin Lane*. This edition of Butler's immortal satire had a great run; and the artist often regretted that he had parted absolutely, and at once, with his property in the plates.

So now then, William Hogarth, we part once more, but soon to meet again. Next shall the moderns know thee—student at Thornhill's Academy—as a painter as well as an engraver. A philosopher—*quoique tu n'en doutais guère*—thou hast been all along.

\* "They said he could not colour," said old Mrs. Hogarth one day to John Thomas Smith, showing him a sketch of a girl's head. "It's a lie; look there: there's flesh and blood for you, my man."

# Studies in Animal Life.

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“Authentic tidings of invisible things ;—  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And central peace subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation.”—THE EXCURSION.

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## CHAPTER IV.

An extinct animal recognized by its tooth : how came this to be possible?—The task of classification.—Artificial and natural methods.—Linnaeus, and his baptism of the animal kingdom: his scheme of classification.—What is there underlying all true classification?—The chief groups.—What is a species?—Re-statement of the question respecting the fixity or variability of species.—The two hypotheses.—Illustration drawn from the Romance languages.—Caution to disputants.

I WAS one day talking with Professor Owen in the Hunterian Museum, when a gentleman approached with a request to be informed respecting the nature of a curious fossil, which had been dug up by one of his workmen. As he drew the fossil from a small bag, and was about to hand it for examination, Owen quietly remarked :—“That is the third molar of the under-jaw of an extinct species of rhinoceros.” The astonishment of the gentleman at this precise and confident description of the fossil, before even it had quitted his hands, was doubtless very great. I know that mine was ; until the reflection occurred that if some one, little acquainted with editions, had drawn a volume from his pocket, declaring he had found it in an old chest, any bibliophile would have been able to say at a glance : “That is an Elzevir ;” or, “That is one of the Tauchnitz Classics, stereotyped at Leipzig.” Owen is as familiar with the aspect of the teeth of animals, living and extinct, as a student is with the aspect of editions. Yet before that knowledge could have been acquired, before he could say thus confidently that the tooth belonged to an extinct species of rhinoceros, the united labours of thousands of diligent inquirers must have been directed to the classification of animals. How could he know that the rhinoceros was of that particular species rather than another? and what is meant by species? To trace the history of this confidence would be to tell the long story of zoological investigation : a story too long for narration here, though we may pause awhile to consider its difficulties.

To make a classified catalogue of the books in the British Museum would be a gigantic task ; but imagine what that task would be if all the title-pages and other external indications were destroyed ! The first attempts would necessarily be of a rough approximative kind, merely endeavouring to make a sort of provisional order amid the chaos, after which succeeding labours might introduce better and better arrangements. The books might first be grouped according to size ; but having got them together, it would soon be discovered that size was no indication of their contents : quarto poems and duodecimo histories, octavo grammars and folio dictionaries, would immediately give warning that some other

arrangement was needed. Nor would it be better to separate the books according to the languages in which they were written. The presence or absence of "illustrations" would furnish no better guide; while the bindings would soon be found to follow no rule. Indeed, one by one all the external characters would prove unsatisfactory, and the labourers would finally have to decide upon some internal characters. Having read enough of each book to ascertain whether it was poetry or prose: and if poetry, whether dramatic, epic, lyric, or satiric; and if prose, whether history, philosophy, theology, philology, science, fiction, or essay: a rough classification could be made; but even then there would be many difficulties, such as where to place a work on the philosophy of history—or the history of science,—or theology under the guise of science—or essays on very different subjects; while some works would defy classification.

Gigantic as this labour would be, it would be trifling compared with the labour of classifying all the animals now living (not to mention extinct species), so that the place of any one might be securely and rapidly determined; yet the persistent zeal and sagacity of zoologists have done for the animal kingdom what has not yet been done for the library of the Museum, although the titles of the books are not absent. It has been done by patient *reading* of the contents—by anatomical investigation of the internal structure of animals. Except on a basis of comparative anatomy, there could have been no better a classification of animals than a classification of books according to size, language, binding, &c. An unscientific Pliny might group animals according to their habitat; but when it was known that whales, though living in the water and swimming like fishes, were in reality constructed like air-breathing quadrupeds—when it was known that animals differing so widely as bees, birds, bats, and flying squirrels, or as otters, seals, and cuttle-fish, lived together in the same element, it became obvious that such a principle of arrangement could lead to no practical result. Nor would it suffice to class animals according to their modes of feeding; since in all classes there are samples of each mode. Equally unsatisfactory would be external form—the seal and the whale resembling fishes, the worm resembling the eel, and the eel the serpent.

Two things were necessary: first, that the structure of various animals should be minutely studied, and described—which is equivalent to reading the books to be classified;—and secondly, that some artificial method should be devised of so arranging the immense mass of details as to enable them to be remembered, and also to enable fresh discoveries readily to find a place in the system. We may be perfectly familiar with the contents of a book, yet wholly at a loss where to place it. If we have to catalogue Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, for example, it becomes a difficult question whether to place it under the rubric of philosophy, or under that of history. To decide this point, we must have some system of classification.

In the attempts to construct a system, naturalists are commonly said to have followed two methods: the artificial and the natural. The *artificial method* seizes some one prominent characteristic, and groups all the

individuals together which agree in this one respect. In Botany the artificial method classes plants according to the organs of reproduction; but this has been found so very imperfect that it has been abandoned, and the *natural method* has been substituted, according to which the whole structure of the plant determines its place. If flying were taken as the artificial basis for the grouping of some animals, we should find insects and birds, bats and flying squirrels, grouped together; but the natural method, taking into consideration not one character, but all the essential characters, finds that insects, birds, and bats differ profoundly in their organization: the insect has wings, but its wings are not formed like those of the bird, nor are those of the bird formed like those of the bat. The insect does not breathe by lungs, like the bird and the bat; it has no internal skeleton, like the bird and the bat; and the bird, although it has many points in common with the bat, does not, like it, suckle its young; and thus we may run over the characters of each organization, and find that the three animals belong to widely different groups.

It is to Linnaeus that we are indebted for the most ingenious and comprehensive of the many schemes invented for the cataloguing of animal forms; and modern attempts at classification are only improvements on the plan he laid down. First we may notice his admirable invention of the double names. It had been the custom to designate plants and animals according to some name common to a large group, to which was added a description more or less characteristic. An idea may be formed of the necessity of a reform, by conceiving what a laborious and uncertain process it would be if our friends spoke to us of having seen a dog in the garden, and on our asking what kind of dog, instead of their saying "a terrier, a bull-terrier, or a skye-terrier," they were to attempt a description of the dog. Something of this kind was the labour of understanding the nature of an animal\* from the vague description of it given by naturalists. Linnaeus rebaptized the whole animal kingdom upon one intelligible principle. He continued to employ the name common to each group, such as that of *Felis* for the cats, which became the *generic* name; and in lieu of the *description* which was given of each different kind, to indicate that it was a lion, a tiger, a leopard, or a domestic cat, he affixed a *specific* name: thus the animal bearing the description of a lion became *Felis leo*; the tiger, *Felis tigris*; the leopard, *Felis leopardus*; and our domestic friend, *Felis catus*. These double names, as Vogt remarks, are like the Christian- and sur-names by which we distinguish the various members of one family; and instead of speaking of Tomkinson with the flabby face, and Tomkinson with the square forehead, we simply say John and William Tomkinson.

Linnaeus did more than this. He not only fixed definite conceptions of Species and Genera, but introduced those of Orders and Classes. Cuvier added Families to Genera, and Sub-kingdoms (*embranchements*) to Classes. Thus a scheme was elaborated by which the whole animal kingdom was arranged in subordinate groups: the sub-kingdoms were divided into classes,

the classes into orders, the orders into families, the families into genera, the genera into species, and the species into varieties. The guiding principle of anatomical resemblance determined each of these divisions. Those largest groups, which resemble each other only in having what is called the typical character in common, are brought together under the first head. Thus all the groups which agree in possessing a backbone and internal skeleton, although they differ widely in form, structure, and habitat, do nevertheless resemble each other more than they resemble the groups which have no backbone. This great division having been formed, it is seen to arrange itself in very obvious minor divisions, or Classes—the mammalia, birds, reptiles, and fishes. All mammals resemble each other more than they resemble birds; all reptiles resemble each other more than they resemble fishes (in spite of the superficial resemblance between serpents and eels or lampreys). Each Class again falls into the minor groups of Orders; and on the same principles: the monkeys being obviously distinguished from rodents, and the carnivora from the ruminating animals; and so of the rest. In each Order there are generally Families, and the Families fall into Genera, which differ from each other only in fewer and less important characters. The Genera include groups which have still fewer differences, and are called Species; and these again include groups which have only minute and unimportant differences of colour, size, and the like, and are called Sub-species, or Varieties.

Whoever looks at the immensity of the animal kingdom, and observes how intelligibly and systematically it is arranged in these various divisions, will admit that, however imperfect, the scheme is a magnificent product of human ingenuity and labour. It is not an arbitrary arrangement, like the grouping of the stars in constellations; it expresses, though obscurely, the real order of Nature. All true Classification should be to form what laws are to phenomena: the one reducing varieties to systematic order, as the other reduces phenomena to their relation of sequence. Now if it be true that the classification expresses the real order of nature, and not simply the order which we may find convenient, there will be something more than mere resemblance indicated in the various groups; or, rather let me say, this resemblance itself is the consequence of some community in the things compared, and will therefore be the mark of some deeper cause. What is this cause? Mr. Darwin holds that “propinquity of descent—the only known cause of the similarity of organic beings—is the bond, hidden as it is by various degrees of modification, which is partially revealed to us by our classifications”—“that the characters which naturalists consider as showing true affinity between any two or more species are those which have been inherited from a common parent, and in so far all true classification is genealogical; that community of descent is the hidden bond which naturalists have been unconsciously seeking, and not some unknown plan of creation, or the enunciation of general pro-

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\* DARWIN: *Origin of Species*, p. 414.

positions, and the mere putting together and separating objects more or less alike."\*

Before proceeding to open the philosophical discussion which inevitably arises on the mention of Mr. Darwin's book, I will here set down the chief groups, according to Cuvier's classification, for the benefit of the tyro in natural history, who will easily remember them, and will find the knowledge constantly invoked.

There are four Sub-kingdoms, or Branches:—1. Vertebrata. 2. Mollusca. 3. Articulata. 4. Radiata.

The VERTEBRATA consist of four classes:—Mammalia, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes.

The MOLLUSCA consist of six classes:—Cephalopoda (cuttlefish), Pteropoda, Gasteropoda (snails, &c.), Acephala (oysters, &c.), Brachiopoda, and Cirrhopoda (barnacles).—N.B. This last class is now removed from the Molluscs and placed among the Crustaceans.

The ARTICULATA are composed of four classes:—Annelids (worms), Crustacea (lobsters, crabs, &c.), Arachnida (spiders), and Insecta.

The RADIATA embrace all the remaining forms; but this group has been so altered since Cuvier's time, that I will not burden your memory just now with an enumeration of the details.

The reader is now in a condition to appreciate the general line of argument adopted in the discussion of Mr. Darwin's book, which is at present exciting very great attention, and which will, at any rate, aid in general culture by opening to many minds new tracts of thought. The benefit in this direction is, however, considerably lessened by the extreme vagueness which is commonly attached to the word "species," as well as by the great want of philosophic culture which impoverishes the majority of our naturalists. I have heard, or read, few arguments on this subject which have not impressed me with the sense that the disputants really attached no distinct ideas to many of the phrases they were uttering. Yet it is obvious that we must first settle what are the facts grouped together and indicated by the word "species," before we can carry on any discussion as to the origin of species. To be battling about the fixity or variability of species, without having rigorously settled *what* species is, can lead to no edifying result.

It is notorious that if you ask even a zoologist, *What* is a species? you will almost always find that he has only a very vague answer to give; and if his answer be precise, it will be the precision of error, and will vanish into contradictions directly it is examined. The consequence of this is, that even the ablest zoologists are constantly at variance as to specific characters, and often cannot agree whether an animal shall be considered of a new species, or only a variety. There could be no such disagreements if specific characters were definite: if we knew *what* species meant, once and for all. Ask a chemist, *What* is a salt? *What* an acid?

and his reply will be definite; and uniformly the same: what he says, all chemists will repeat. Not so the zoologist. Sometimes he will class two animals as of different species, when they only differ in colour, in size, or in the numbers of tentacles, &c.; at other times he will class animals as belonging to the same species, although they differ in size, colour, shape, instincts, habits, &c. The dog, for example, is said to be one species with many varieties, or races. But contrast the pug-dog with the greyhound, the spaniel with the mastiff, the bulldog with the Newfoundland, the setter with the terrier, the sheepdog with the pointer: note the striking differences in their structure and their instincts: and you will find that they differ as widely as some genera, and as most species. If these varieties inhabited different countries—if the pug were peculiar to Australia, and the mastiff to Spain—there is not a naturalist but would class them as of different species. The same remark applies to pigeons and ducks, oxen and sheep.

The reason of this uncertainty is that the *thing* Species does not exist: the term expresses an *abstraction*, like Virtue, or Whiteness; not a definite concrete reality, which can be separated from other things, and always be found the same. Nature produces individuals; these individuals resemble each other in varying degrees; according to their resemblances we group them together as classes, orders, genera, and species; but these terms only express the *relations of resemblance*, they do not indicate the existence of such *things* as classes, orders, genera, or species.\* There is a reality indicated by each term—that is to say, a real relation; but there is no objective existence of which we could say, This is variable, This is immutable. Precisely as there is a real relation indicated by the term Goodness, but there is no Goodness apart from the virtuous actions and feelings which we group together under this term. It is true that metaphysicians in past ages angrily debated respecting the Immutability of Virtue, and had no more suspicion of their absurdity, than moderns have who debate respecting the Fixity of Species. Yet no sooner do we understand that Species means a relation of resemblance between animals, than the question of the Fixity, or Variability, of Species resolves itself into this: Can there be any *variation in the resemblances* of closely allied animals? A question which would never be asked.

No one has thought of raising the question of the fixity of varieties, yet it is as legitimate as that of the fixity of species; and we might also argue for the fixity of genera, orders, classes; the fixity of all these being implied in the very terms; since no sooner does any departure from the type present itself, than *by* that it is excluded from the category; no sooner does a white object become gray, or yellow, than it is excluded from the class of white objects. Here, therefore, is a sense in which the phrase "fixity of species" is indisputable; but in this sense the phrase has never been disputed. When zoologists have maintained that species

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\* CUVIER says, in so many words, that classes, orders, and genera, are abstractions, *et rien de pareil n'existe dans la nature*; but species is *not* an abstraction!—See *Lettres à Puff*, p. 179.



are variable, they have meant that *animal forms are variable*; and these variations, gradually accumulating, result at last in such differences as are called specific. Although some zoologists, and speculators who were not zoologists, have believed that the possibility of variation is so great that one species may actually be *transmuted* into another, i.e., that an ass may be developed into a horse,—yet most thinkers are now agreed that such violent changes are impossible; and that every new form becomes established only through the long and gradual accumulation of minute differences in divergent directions.

It is clear, from what has just been said, that the many angry discussions respecting the fixity of species, which, since the days of Lamarck, have disturbed the amity of zoologists and speculative philosophers, would have been considerably abbreviated, had men distinctly appreciated the equivocal which rendered their arguments hazy. I am far from implying that the battle was purely a verbal one. I believe there was a real and important distinction in the doctrines of the two camps; but it seems to me that had a clear understanding of the fact that Species was an abstract term, been uniformly present to their minds, they would have sooner come to an agreement. Instead of the confusing disputes as to whether one Species could ever become another Species, the question would have been, Are animal forms changeable? Can the descendants of animals become so *unlike their ancestors*, in certain peculiarities of structure or instinct, as to be classed by naturalists as a different species?

No sooner is the question thus disengaged from equivocal, than its discussion becomes narrowed within well-marked limits. That animal forms *are* variable, is disputed by no zoologist. The only question which remains is this: *To what extent* are animal forms variable? The answers given have been two: one school declaring that the extent of variability is limited to those trifling characteristics which mark the different Varieties of each Species; the other school declaring that the variability is indefinite, and that all animal forms may have arisen from successive modifications of a very few types, or even of one type.

Now, I would call your attention to one point in this discussion, which ought to be remembered when antagonists are growing angry and bitter over the subject: it is, that both these opinions are necessarily hypothetical—there can be nothing like positive proof adduced on either side. The utmost that either hypothesis can claim is, that it is more consistent with general analogies, and better serves to bring our knowledge of various points into harmony. Neither of them can claim to be a truth which warrants dogmatic decision.

Of these two hypotheses, the first has the weight and majority of authoritative adherents. It declares that all the different kinds of Cats, for example, were distinct and independent creations, each species being originally what we see it to be now, and what it will continue to be as long as it exists: lions, panthers, pumas, leopards, tigers, jaguars, ocelots, and domestic cats, being so many *original stocks*, and not so many *divergent forms of one original*

*stock*. The second hypothesis declares that all these kinds of cats represent divergencies of the original stock, precisely as the Varieties of each kind represent the divergencies of each Species. It is true that each species, when once formed, only admits of limited variations; any cause which should push the variation *beyond* certain limits would destroy the species,—because by species is meant the group of animals contained *within* those limits. Let us suppose the original stock from which all these kinds of cats have sprung, to have become modified into lions, leopards, and tigers—in other words, that the gradual accumulation of divergencies has resulted in the whole family of cats existing under these three forms. The lions will form a distinct species; this species varies, and in the course of long variation a new species, the puma, rises by the side of it. The leopards also vary, and let us suppose their variation at length assumes so marked a form,—in the ocelot,—that we class it as a new species. There is nothing in this hypothesis but what is strictly consonant with analogies; it is only extending to Species what we know to be the fact with respect to Varieties; and these Varieties which we know to have been produced from one and the same Species are often more widely separated from each other than the lion is from the puma, or the leopard from the ocelot. Mr. Darwin remarks that “at least a score of pigeons might be chosen, which, if shown to an ornithologist, and he were told that they were wild birds, would certainly, I think, be ranked by him as well-defined species. Moreover, I do not believe that any ornithologist would place the English carrier, the short-faced tumbler, the runt, the barb, the pouter and fantail in the same genus! more especially as in each of these breeds several truly-inherited sub-breeds or species, as he might have called them, could be shown him.”

The development of numerous specific forms, widely distinguished from each other, out of one common stock, is not a whit more improbable than the development of numerous distinct languages out of a common parent language, which modern philologists have proved to be indubitably the case. Indeed, there is a very remarkable analogy between philology and zoology in this respect: just as the comparative anatomist traces the existence of similar organs, and similar connections of these organs, throughout the various animals classed under one type, so does the comparative philologist detect the family likeness in the various languages scattered from China to the Basque provinces, and from Cape Comorin across the Caucasus to Lapland—a likeness which assures him that the Teutonic, Celtic, Windic, Italic, Hellenic, Iranic, and Indic languages are of common origin, and separated from the Arabian, Aramean, and Hebrew languages, which have another origin. Let us bring together a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, a Portuguese, a Wallachian, and a Rhætian, and we shall hear six very different languages spoken, the speakers severally unintelligible to each other, their languages differing so widely that one cannot be regarded as the modification of the other; yet we know most positively that all these languages are offshoots from the Latin, which was once a living language, but which is now, so to speak, a fossil.

The various species of cats do not differ more than these six languages differ: and yet the resemblances point in each case to a common origin. Max Müller, in his brilliant essay on *Comparative Mythology*,\* has said:—

“If we knew nothing of the existence of Latin—if all historical documents previous to the fifteenth century had been lost—if tradition, even, was silent as to the former existence of a Roman empire, a mere comparison of the six Roman dialects would enable us to say, that at some time there must have been a language from which all these modern dialects derived their origin in common; for without this supposition it would be impossible to account for the facts exhibited by these dialects. Let us look at the auxiliary verb. We find:—

	Italian.	Wallachian.	Rhaetian.	Spanish.	Portuguese.	French.
I am . . . . .	sono	sunt	sunt	soy	sou	suis
Thou art . . . .	sei	es	eis	cies	es	es
He is . . . . .	e	ê (este)	ei	es	he	est
We are . . . . .	siamo	sîntemu	essen	somos	somos	sommes
You are . . . .	siete	sînteti	esses	sois	sois	êtes (estes)
They are . . . .	sono	sînt	cân (sun)	son	são	sont.

It is clear, even from a short consideration of these forms, first, that all are but varieties of one common type; secondly, that it is impossible to consider any one of these six paradigms as the original from which the others had been borrowed. To this we may add, thirdly, that in none of the languages to which these verbal forms belong, do we find the elements of which they could have been composed. If we find such forms as *j'ai aimé*, we can explain them by a mere reference to the radical means which French has still at its command, and the same may be said even of compounds like *j'aimerais*, i.e. *je-aimer-ai*, I have to love, I shall love. But a change from *je suis* to *tu es* is inexplicable by the light of French grammar. These forms could not have grown, so to speak, on French soil, but must have been handed down as relics from a former period—must have existed in some language antecedent to any of the Roman dialects. Now, fortunately, in this case, we are not left to a mere inference, but as we possess the Latin verb, we can prove how, by phonetic corruption, and by mistaken analogies, every one of the six paradigms is but a national metamorphosis of the Latin original.

“Let us now look at another set of paradigms:—

	Sanskrit.	Lithuanian.	Zend.	Doric.	Old Slavonic.	Latin.	Gothic.	Armen.
I am . . . . .	ásmi	esmi	ahmi	ἐμμι	yesmé	sunt	im	em
Thou art . . . .	ási	essi	ahi	ἐσσι	yesi	es	is	es
He is . . . . .	ásti	esti	asti	ἐσσι	yestô	est	ist	ê
We (two) are . .	'avás	esta	...	.....	yesva	...	sijn	...
You (two) are .	'sthás	esta	stho?	ἐσθόν	yesta	...	sijuts	...
They (two) are .	'stás	(esti)	sto?	ἐσθόν	yesta	...	...	...
We are . . . . .	'smás	esmi	lmahi	ἐσμες	yemô	suntus	sijum	cmq
You are . . . .	'sthá	este	stha	ἐσσι	yeste	estis	sijup	êq
They are . . . .	sánti	(esti)	hēnti	ἐντι	somô	sunt	sind	en

\* See *Oxford Essays*, 1856.

"From a careful consideration of these forms, we ought to draw exactly the same conclusions; firstly, that all are but varieties of one common type; secondly, that it is impossible to consider any of them as the original from which the others have been borrowed; and thirdly, that here again, none of the languages in which these verbal forms occur possess the elements of which they are composed."

All these languages resemble each other so closely that they point to some more ancient language which was to them what Latin was to the six Romance languages; and in the same way we are justified in supposing that all the classes of the vertebrate animals point to the existence of some elder type, now extinct, from which they were all developed.

I have thus stated what are the two hypotheses on this question. There is only one more preliminary which it is needful to notice here, and that is, to caution the reader against the tendency, unhappily too common, of supposing that an adversary holds opinions which are transparently absurd. When we hear an hypothesis which is either novel, or unacceptable to us, we are apt to draw some very ridiculous conclusion from it, and to assume that this conclusion is seriously held by its upholders. Thus the zoologists who maintain the variability of species are sometimes asked if they believe a goose was developed out of an oyster, or a rhinoceros from a mouse? the questioner apparently having no misgiving as to the candour of his ridicule. There are three modes of combating a doctrine. The first is to point out its strongest positions, and then show them to be erroneous or incomplete; but this plan is generally difficult, and sometimes impossible; it is not, therefore, much in vogue. The second is to render the doctrine ridiculous, by pretending that it includes certain extravagant propositions, of which it is entirely innocent. The third is to render the doctrine odious, by forcing on it certain conclusions, which it would repudiate, but which are declared to be "the inevitable consequences" of such a doctrine. Now it is undoubtedly true that men frequently maintain very absurd opinions; but it is neither candid, nor wise, to assume that men who otherwise are certainly not fools, hold opinions the absurdity of which is transparent.

Let us not, therefore, tax the followers of Lamarck, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, or Mr. Darwin with absurdities they have not advocated; but rather endeavour to see what solid argument they have for the basis of their hypothesis.

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## Strangers Yet!

Strangers yet!

After years of life together,  
After fair and stormy weather,  
After travel in far lands,  
After touch of wedded hands,—  
Why thus joined? why ever met?  
If they must be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!

After childhood's winning ways,  
After care, and blame, and praise,  
Counsel asked, and wisdom given,  
After mutual prayers to Heaven,  
Child and parent scarce regret  
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet!

After strife for common ends,  
After title of old friends,  
After passion fierce and tender,  
After cheerful self-surrender,  
Hearts may beat and eyes be wet,  
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!

Strange and bitter thought to scan  
All the loneliness of man!  
Nature by magnetic laws  
Circle unto circle draws;  
Circles only touch when met,  
Never mingle—strangers yet.

Strangers yet!

Will it evermore be thus—  
Spirits still impervious?  
Shall we ever fairly stand  
Soul to soul, as hand to hand?  
Are the bounds eternal set  
To retain us strangers yet?

Strangers yet!

Tell not love it must aspire  
Unto something other—higher:  
God himself were loved the best,  
Were man's sympathies at rest;  
Rest above the strain and fret  
Of the world of strangers yet!

Strangers yet!





LORD IUSTON AND LUCY ROBERTS.







# Framley Parsonage.

## CHAPTER X.

### LUCY ROBERTS.

AND now how was he to tell his wife? That was the consideration heavy on Mark Roberts' mind when last we left him; and he turned the matter often in his thoughts before he could bring himself to a resolution. At last he did so, and one may say that it was not altogether a bad one, if only he could carry it out.

He would ascertain in what bank that bill of his had been discounted. He would ask Sowerby, and if he could not learn from him, he would go to the three banks in Barchester. That it had been taken to one of them he felt tolerably certain. He would explain to the manager his conviction that he would have to make good the amount, his inability to do so at the end of the three months, and the whole state of his income; and then the banker would explain to him how the matter might be arranged. He thought that he could pay 50*l.* every three months with interest. As soon as this should have been concerted with the banker, he would let his wife know all about it. Were he to tell her at the present moment, while the matter was all unsettled, the intelligence would frighten her into illness.

But on the next morning there came to him tidings by the hands of Robin postman, which for a long while upset all his plans. The letter was from Exeter. His father had been taken ill, and had very quickly been pronounced to be in danger. That evening—the evening on which his sister wrote—the old man was much worse, and it was desirable that Mark should go off to Exeter as quickly as possible. Of course he went to Exeter—again leaving the Framley souls at the mercy of the Welsh low Churchman. Framley is only four miles from Silverbridge, and at Silverbridge he was on the direct road to the west. He was therefore at Exeter before nightfall on that day.

But nevertheless he arrived there too late to see his father again alive. The old man's illness had been sudden and rapid, and he expired without again seeing his eldest son. Mark arrived at the house of mourning just as they were learning to realize the full change in their position.

The doctor's career had been on the whole successful, but nevertheless he did not leave behind him as much money as the world had given him credit for possessing. Who ever does? Dr. Roberts had educated a large family, had always lived with every comfort, and had never possessed a shilling but what he had earned himself. A physician's fees come in, no doubt, with comfortable rapidity as soon as rich old gentlemen and middle-aged ladies begin to put their faith in him; but

fees run out almost with equal rapidity when a wife and seven children are treated to everything that the world considers most desirable. Mark, we have seen, had been educated at Harrow and Oxford, and it may be said, therefore, that he had received his patrimony early in life. For Gerald Roberts, the second brother, a commission had been bought in a crack regiment. He also had been lucky, having lived and become a captain in the Crimea; and the purchase-money was lodged for his majority. And John Roberts, the youngest, was a clerk in the Petty Bag Office, and was already assistant private secretary to the Lord Petty Bag himself—a place of considerable trust, if not hitherto of large emolument; and on his education money had been spent freely, for in these days a young man cannot get into the Petty Bag Office without knowing at least three modern languages; and he must be well up in trigonometry too, in bible theology, or in one dead language—at his option.

And the doctor had four daughters. The two elder were married, including that Blanche with whom Lord Lufton was to have fallen in love at the vicar's wedding. A Devonshire squire had done this in the lord's place; but on marrying her it was necessary that he should have a few thousand pounds, two or three perhaps, and the old doctor had managed that they should be forthcoming. The elder also had not been sent away from the paternal mansion quite empty-handed. There were therefore at the time of the doctor's death two children left at home, of whom one only, Lucy, the younger, will come much across us in the course of our story.

Mark stayed for ten days at Exeter, he and the Devonshire squire having been named as executors in the will. In this document it was explained that the doctor trusted that provision had been made for most of his children. As for his dear son Mark, he said, he was aware that he need be under no uneasiness. On hearing this read Mark smiled sweetly, and looked very gracious; but, nevertheless, his heart did sink somewhat within him, for there had been a hope that a small windfall, coming now so opportunely, might enable him to rid himself at once of that dreadful Sowerby incubus. And then the will went on to declare that Mary, and Gerald, and Blanche, had also, by God's providence, been placed beyond want. And here, looking into the squire's face, one might have thought that his heart fell a little also; for he had not so full a command of his feelings as his brother-in-law, who had been so much more before the world. To John, the assistant private secretary, was left a legacy of a thousand pounds; and to Jane and Lucy certain sums in certain four per cents., which were quite sufficient to add an efficient value to the hands of those young ladies in the eyes of most prudent young would-be Benedicts. Over and beyond this there was nothing but the furniture, which he desired might be sold, and the proceeds divided among them all. It might come to sixty or seventy pounds a piece, and pay the expenses incidental on his death.

And then all men and women there and thereabouts said that old Dr. Robarts had done well. His life had been good and prosperous, and his will was just. And Mark, among others, so declared,—and was so convinced in spite of his own little disappointment. And on the third morning after the reading of the will Squire Crowdy, of Creamclotted Hall, altogether got over his grief, and said that it was all right. And then it was decided that Jane should go home with him,—for there was a brother squire who, it was thought, might have an eye to Jane;—and Lucy, the younger, should be taken to Framley Parsonage. In a fortnight from the receipt of that letter Mark arrived at his own house with his sister Lucy under his wing.

All this interfered greatly with Mark's wise resolution as to the Sowerby-bill incubus. In the first place he could not get to Barchester as soon as he had intended, and then an idea came across him that possibly it might be well that he should borrow the money of his brother John, explaining the circumstances of course, and paying him due interest. But he had not liked to broach the subject when they were there in Exeter, standing, as it were, over their father's grave, and so the matter was postponed. There was still ample time for arrangement before the bill would come due, and he would not tell Fanny till he had made up his mind what that arrangement would be. It would kill her, he said to himself over and over again, were he to tell her of it without being able to tell her also that the means of liquidating the debt were to be forthcoming.

And now I must say a word about Lucy Robarts. If one might only go on without those descriptions, how pleasant it would all be! But Lucy Robarts has to play a forward part in this little drama, and those who care for such matters must be made to understand something of her form and likeness. When last we mentioned her as appearing, though not in any prominent position, at her brother's wedding—she was only sixteen; but now, at the time of her father's death, somewhat over two years having since elapsed, she was nearly nineteen. Laying aside for the sake of clearness that indefinite term of girl—for girls are girls from the age of three up to forty-three, if not previously married—dropping that generic word, we may say that then, at that wedding of her brother, she was a child; and now, at the death of her father, she was a woman.

Nothing, perhaps, adds so much to womanhood, turns the child so quickly into a woman, as such death-bed scenes as these. Hitherto but little had fallen to Lucy to do in the way of woman's duties. Of money transactions she had known nothing, beyond a jocose attempt to make her annual allowance of twenty-five pounds cover all her personal wants—an attempt which was made jocose by the loving bounty of her father. Her sister, who was three years her elder—for John came in between them—had managed the house; that is, she had made the tea and talked to the housekeeper about the dinners. But Lucy had sat at her father's elbow, had read to him of evenings when he went to sleep, had brought him his

slippers and looked after the comforts of his easy-chair. All this she had done as a child; but when she stood at the coffin head, and knelt at the coffin side, then she was a woman.

She was smaller in stature than either of her three sisters, to all of whom had been accorded the praise of being fine women—a eulogy which the people of Exeter, looking back at the elder sisters, and the general remembrance of them which pervaded the city, were not willing to extend to Lucy. “Dear—dear!” had been said of her; “poor Lucy is not like a Robarts at all; is she, now, Mrs. Pole?”—for as the daughters had become fine women, so had the sons grown into stalwart men. And then Mrs. Pole had answered: “Not a bit; is she, now? Only think what Blanche was at her age. But she has fine eyes, for all that; and they do say she is the cleverest of them all.”

And that, too, is so true a description of her, that I do not know that I can add much to it. She was not like Blanche; for Blanche had a bright complexion, and a fine neck, and a noble bust, *et vera incessu patuit Dea*—a true goddess, that is, as far as the eye went. She had a grand idea, moreover, of an apple-pie, and had not reigned eighteen months at Creamclotted Hall before she knew all the mysteries of pigs and milk, and most of those appertaining to cider and green geese. Lucy had no neck at all worth speaking of,—no neck, I mean, that ever produced eloquence; she was brown, too, and had addicted herself in nowise, as she undoubtedly should have done, to larder utility. In regard to the neck and colour, poor girl, she could not help herself; but in that other respect she must be held as having wasted her opportunities.

But then what eyes she had! Mrs. Pole was right there. They flashed upon you—not always softly; indeed not often softly, if you were a stranger to her; but whether softly or savagely, with a brilliancy that dazzled you as you looked at them. And who shall say of what colour they were? Green probably, for most eyes are green—green or grey, if green be thought uncomely for an eye-colour. But it was not their colour, but their fire, which struck one with such surprise.

Lucy Robarts was thoroughly a brunette. Sometimes the dark tint of her cheek was exquisitely rich and lovely, and the fringes of her eyes were long and soft, and her small teeth, which one so seldom saw, were white as pearls, and her hair, though short, was beautifully soft—by no means black, but yet of so dark a shade of brown. Blanche, too, was noted for fine teeth. They were white and regular and lofty as a new row of houses in a French city. But then when she laughed she was all teeth; as she was all neck when she sat at the piano. But Lucy's teeth!—it was only now and again, when in some sudden burst of wonder she would sit for a moment with her lips apart, that the fine finished lines and dainty pearl-white colour of that perfect set of ivory could be seen. Mrs. Pole would have said a word of her teeth also but that to her they had never been made visible.

“But they do say that she is the cleverest of them all,” Mrs. Pole

had added, very properly. The people of Exeter had expressed such an opinion, and had been quite just in doing so. I do not know how it happens, but it always does happen, that everybody in every small town knows which is the brightest-witted in every family. In this respect Mrs. Pole had only expressed public opinion, and public opinion was right. Lucy Roberts was blessed with an intelligence keener than that of her brothers or sisters.

"To tell the truth, Mark, I admire Lucy more than I do Blanche." This had been said by Mrs. Roberts within a few hours of her having assumed that name. "She's not a beauty I know, but yet I do."

"My dearest Fanny!" Mark had answered in a tone of surprise.

"I do then; of course people won't think so; but I never seem to care about regular beauties. Perhaps I envy them too much."

What Mark said next need not be repeated, but everybody may be sure that it contained some gross flattery for his young bride. He remembered this, however, and had always called Lucy his wife's pet. Neither of the sisters had since that been at Framley; and though Fanny had spent a week at Exeter on the occasion of Blanche's marriage, it could hardly be said that she was very intimate with them. Nevertheless, when it became expedient that one of them should go to Framley, the remembrance of what his wife had said immediately induced Mark to make the offer to Lucy; and Jane, who was of a kindred soul with Blanche, was delighted to go to Creamclotted Hall. The acres of Heavybed House, down in that fat Totnes country, adjoined those of Creamclotted Hall, and Heavybed House still wanted a mistress.

Fanny was delighted when the news reached her. It would of course be proper that one of his sisters should live with Mark under their present circumstances, and she was happy to think that that quiet little bright-eyed creature was to come and nestle with her under the same roof. The children should so love her—only not quite so much as they loved mamma; and the snug little room that looks out over the porch, in which the chimney never smokes, should be made ready for her; and she should be allowed her share of driving the pony—which was a great sacrifice of self on the part of Mrs. Roberts, and Lady Lufton's best good-will should be bespoken. In fact Lucy was not unfortunate in the destination that was laid out for her.

Lady Lufton had of course heard of the doctor's death, and had sent all manner of kind messages to Mark, advising him not to hurry home by any means until everything was settled at Exeter. And then she was told of the new-comer that was expected in the parish. When she heard that it was Lucy, the younger, she also was satisfied; for Blanche's charms, though indisputable, had not been altogether to her taste. If a second Blanche were to arrive there what danger might there not be for young Lord Lufton!

"Quite right," said her ladyship, "just what he ought to do. I

think I remember the young lady; rather small, is she not, and very retiring?"

"Rather small and very retiring. What a description!" said Lord Lufton.

"Never mind, Ludovic; some young ladies must be small, and some at least ought to be retiring. We shall be delighted to make her acquaintance."

"I remember your other sister-in-law very well," said Lord Lufton. "She was a beautiful woman."

"I don't think you will consider Lucy a beauty," said Mrs. Roberts.

"Small, retiring, and—" so far Lord Lufton had gone, when Mrs. Roberts finished by the word, "plain." She had liked Lucy's face, but she had thought that others probably did not do so.

"Upon my word," said Lady Lufton, "you don't deserve to have a sister-in-law. I remember her very well, and can say that she is not plain. I was very much taken with her manner at your wedding, my dear; and thought more of her than I did of the beauty, I can tell you."

"I must confess I do not remember her at all," said his lordship. And so the conversation ended.

And then at the end of the fortnight Mark arrived with his sister. They did not reach Framley till long after dark—somewhere between six and seven, and by this time it was December. There was snow on the ground, and frost in the air, and no moon, and cautious men when they went on the roads had their horses' shoes cocked. Such being the state of the weather Mark's gig had been nearly filled with cloaks and shawls when it was sent over to Silverbridge. And a cart was sent for Lucy's luggage, and all manner of preparations had been made. Three times had Fanny gone herself to see that the fire burned brightly in the little room over the porch, and at the moment that the sound of the wheels was heard she was engaged in opening her son's mind as to the nature of an aunt. Hitherto papa and mamma and Lady Lufton were all that he had known, excepting, of course, the satellites of the nursery.

And then in three minutes Lucy was standing by the fire. Those three minutes had been taken up in embraces between the husband and the wife. Let who would be brought as a visitor to the house, after a fortnight's absence, she would kiss him before she welcomed any one else. But then she turned to Lucy, and began to assist her with her cloaks.

"Oh, thank you," said Lucy; "I'm not cold,—not very at least. Don't trouble yourself: I can do it." But here she had made a false boast, for her fingers had been so numbed that she could do nor undo anything.

They were all in black, of course; but the sombreness of Lucy's clothes struck Fanny much more than her own. They seemed to have swallowed her up in their blackness, and to have made her almost an emblem of

death. She did not look up, but kept her face turned towards the fire, and seemed almost afraid of her position.

"She may say what she likes, Fanny," said Mark, "but she is very cold. And so am I,—cold enough. You had better go up with her to her room. We won't do much in the dressing way to-night; eh, Lucy?"

In the bedroom Lucy thawed a little, and Fanny, as she kissed her, said to herself that she had been wrong as to that word "plain." Lucy, at any rate, was not plain.

"You will be used to us soon," said Fanny, "and then I hope we shall make you comfortable." And she took her sister-in-law's hand and pressed it.

Lucy looked up at her, and her eyes then were tender enough. "I am sure I shall be happy here," she said, "with you. But—but—dear papa!" And then they got into each other's arms, and had a great bout of kissing and crying. "Plain," said Fanny to herself, as at last she got her guest's hair smoothed and the tears washed from her eyes—"plain! She has the loveliest countenance that I ever looked at in my life!"

"Your sister is quite beautiful," she said to Mark, as they talked her over alone before they went to sleep that night.

"No, she's not beautiful; but she's a very good girl, and clever enough too, in her sort of way."

"I think her perfectly lovely. I never saw such eyes in my life before."

"I'll leave her in your hands then; you shall get her a husband."

"That mayn't be so easy. I don't think she'd marry anybody."

"Well, I hope not. But she seems to me to be exactly cut out for an old maid;—to be aunt Lucy for ever and ever to your bairns."

"And so she shall, with all my heart. But I don't think she will, very long. I have no doubt she will be hard to please; but if I were a man I should fall in love with her at once. Did you ever observe her teeth, Mark?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"You wouldn't know whether any one had a tooth in their head, I believe."

"No one, except you, my dear; and I know all yours by heart."

"You are a goose."

"And a very sleepy one; so, if you please, I'll go to roost." And thus there was nothing more said about Lucy's beauty on that occasion.

For the first two days Mrs. Roberts did not make much of her sister-in-law. Lucy, indeed, was not demonstrative; and she was, moreover, one of those few persons—for they are very few—who are contented to go on with their existence without making themselves the centre of any special outward circle. To the ordinary run of minds it is impossible not to do this. A man's own dinner is to himself so important that he cannot



bring himself to believe that it is a matter utterly indifferent to every one else. A lady's collection of baby-clothes, in early years, and of house linen and curtain-fringes in later life, is so very interesting to her own eyes, that she cannot believe but what other people will rejoice to behold it. I would not, however, be held as regarding this tendency as evil. It leads to conversation of some sort among people, and perhaps to a kind of sympathy. Mrs. Jones will look at Mrs. White's linen-chest, hoping that Mrs. White may be induced to look at hers. One can only pour out of a jug that which is in it. For the most of us, if we do not talk of ourselves, or at any rate of the individual circles of which we are the centres, we can talk of nothing. I cannot hold with those who wish to put down the insignificant chatter of the world. As for myself, I am always happy to look at Mrs. Jones's linen, and never omit an opportunity of giving her the details of my own dinners.

But Lucy Roberts had not this gift. She had come there as a stranger into her sister-in-law's house, and at first seemed as though she would be contented in simply having her corner in the drawing-room and her place at the parlour table. She did not seem to need the comforts of condolence and open-hearted talking. I do not mean to say that she was moody, that she did not answer when she was spoken to, or that she took no notice of the children; but she did not at once throw herself and all her hopes and sorrows into Fanny's heart, as Fanny would have had her do.

Mrs. Roberts herself was what we call demonstrative. When she was angry with Lady Lufton she showed it. And as since that time her love and admiration for Lady Lufton had increased, she showed that also. When she was in any way displeased with her husband, she could not hide it, even though she tried to do so, and fancied herself successful;—no more than she could hide her warm, constant, overflowing woman's love. She could not walk through a room hanging on her husband's arm without seeming to proclaim to every one there that she thought him the best man in it. She was demonstrative, and therefore she was the more disappointed in that Lucy did not rush at once with all her cares into her open heart.

"She is so quiet," Fanny said to her husband.

"That's her nature," said Mark. "She always was quiet as a child. While we were smashing everything, she would never crack a teacup."

"I wish she would break something now," said Fanny, "and then perhaps we should get to talk about it." But she did not on this account give over loving her sister-in-law. She probably valued her the more, unconsciously, for not having those aptitudes with which she herself was endowed.

And then after two days Lady Lufton called; of course it may be supposed that Fanny had said a good deal to her new inmate about Lady Lufton. A neighbour of that kind in the country exercises so large an influence upon the whole tenor of one's life, that to abstain from such talk

is out of the question. Mrs. Robarts had been brought up almost under the dowager's wing, and of course she regarded her as being worthy of much talking. Do not let persons on this account suppose that Mrs. Robarts was a tuft-hunter, or a toadeater. If they do not see the difference they have yet got to study the earliest principles of human nature.

Lady Lufton called, and Lucy was struck dumb. Fanny was particularly anxious that her ladyship's first impression should be favourable, and to effect this, she especially endeavoured to throw the two together during that visit. But in this she was unwise. Lady Lufton, however, had woman-craft enough not to be led into any egregious error by Lucy's silence.

"And what day will you come and dine with us?" said Lady Lufton, turning expressly to her old friend Fanny.

"Oh, do you name the day. We never have many engagements, you know."

"Will Thursday do, Miss Robarts? You will meet nobody you know, only my son; so you need not regard it as going out. Fanny here will tell you that stepping over to Framley Court is no more going out, than when you go from one room to another in the parsonage. Is it, Fanny?"

Fanny laughed and said that that stepping over to Framley Court certainly was done so often that perhaps they did not think so much about it as they ought to do.

"We consider ourselves a sort of happy family here, Miss Robarts, and are delighted to have the opportunity of including you in the ménage."

Lucy gave her ladyship one of her sweetest smiles, but what she said at that moment was inaudible. It was plain, however, that she could not bring herself even to go as far as Framley Court for her dinner just at present. "It was very kind of Lady Lufton," she said to Fanny; "but it was so very soon, and—and—and if they would only go without her, she would be so happy." But as the object was to go with her—expressly to take her there—the dinner was adjourned for a short time—*sine die*.

## CHAPTER XI.

### GRISELDA GRANTLY.

It was nearly a month after this that Lucy was first introduced to Lord Lufton, and then it was brought about only by accident. During that time Lady Lufton had been often at the parsonage, and had in a certain degree learned to know Lucy; but the stranger in the parish had never yet plucked up courage to accept one of the numerous invitations that had reached her. Mr. Robarts and his wife had frequently been at Framley Court, but the dreaded day of Lucy's initiation had not yet arrived.

She had seen Lord Lufton in church, but hardly so as to know him,

and beyond that she had not seen him at all. One day, however—or rather, one evening, for it was already dusk—he overtook her and Mrs. Roberts on the road walking towards the vicarage. He had his gun on his shoulder, three pointers were at his heels, and a gamekeeper followed a little in the rear.

“How are you, Mrs. Roberts?” he said, almost before he had overtaken them. “I have been chasing you along the road for the last half mile. I never knew ladies walk so fast.”

“We should be frozen if we were to dawdle about as you gentlemen do,” and then she stopped and shook hands with him. She forgot at the moment that Lucy and he had not met, and therefore she did not introduce them.

“Won’t you make me known to your sister-in-law?” said he, taking off his hat, and bowing to Lucy. “I have never yet had the pleasure of meeting her, though we have been neighbours for a month and more.”

Fanny made her excuses and introduced them, and then they went on till they came to Framley Gate, Lord Lufton talking to them both, and Fanny answering for the two, and there they stopped for a moment.

“I am surprised to see you alone,” Mrs. Roberts had just said; “I thought that Captain Culpepper was with you.”

“The captain has left me for this one day. If you’ll whisper I’ll tell you where he has gone. I dare not speak it out loud, even to the woods.”

“To what terrible place can he have taken himself? I’ll have no whisperings about such horrors.”

“He has gone to—to—but you’ll promise not to tell my mother?”

“Not tell your mother! Well now you have excited my curiosity! where can he be?”

“Do you promise, then?”

“Oh, yes! I will promise, because I’m sure Lady Lufton won’t ask me as to Captain Culpepper’s whereabouts. We won’t tell; will we, Lucy?”

“He has gone to Gatherum Castle for a day’s pheasant-shooting. Now, mind you must not betray us. Her ladyship supposes that he is shut up in his room with a toothache. We did not dare to mention the name to her.”

And then it appeared that Mrs. Roberts had some engagement which made it necessary that she should go up and see Lady Lufton, whereas Lucy was intending to walk on to the parsonage alone.

“And I have promised to go to your husband,” said Lord Lufton; “or rather to your husband’s dog, Ponto. And I will do two other good things, I will carry a brace of pheasants with me, and protect Miss Roberts from the evil spirits of the Framley roads.” And so Mrs. Roberts turned in at the gate, and Lucy and his lordship walked off together.

Lord Lufton, though he had never before spoken to Miss Roberts, had

already found out that she was by no means plain. Though he had hardly seen her except at church, he had already made himself certain that the owner of that face must be worth knowing, and was not sorry to have the present opportunity of speaking to her. "So you have an unknown damsel shut up in your castle," he had once said to Mrs. Roberts. "If she be kept a prisoner much longer, I shall find it my duty to come and release her by force of arms." He had been there twice with the object of seeing her, but on both occasions Lucy had managed to escape. Now we may say she was fairly caught, and Lord Lufton, taking a pair of pheasants from the gamekeeper, and swinging them over his shoulder, walked off with his prey.

"You have been here a long time," he said, "without our having had the pleasure of seeing you."

"Yes, my lord," said Lucy. Lords had not been frequent among her acquaintance hitherto.

"I tell Mrs. Roberts that she has been confining you illegally, and that we shall release you by force or stratagem."

"I—I—I have had a great sorrow lately."

"Yes, Miss Roberts; I know you have; and I am only joking, you know. But I do hope that now you will be able to come amongst us. My mother is so anxious that you should do so."

"I am sure she is very kind, and you also—my lord."

"I never knew my own father," said Lord Lufton, speaking gravely. "But I can well understand what a loss you have had." And then, after pausing a moment, he continued, "I remember Dr. Roberts well."

"Do you, indeed?" said Lucy, turning sharply towards him, and speaking now with some animation in her voice. Nobody had yet spoken to her about her father since she had been at Framley. It had been as though the subject were a forbidden one. And how frequently is this the case! When those we love are dead, our friends dread to mention them, though to us who are bereaved no subject would be so pleasant as their names. But we rarely understand how to treat our own sorrow or those of others.

There was once a people in some land—and they may be still there for what I know—who thought it sacrilegious to stay the course of a raging fire. If a house were being burned, burn it must, even though there were facilities for saving it. For who would dare to interfere with the course of the god? Our idea of sorrow is much the same. We think it wicked, or at any rate heartless, to put it out. If a man's wife be dead, he should go about lugubrious, with long face, for at least two years, or perhaps with full length for eighteen months, decreasing gradually during the other six. If he be a man who can quench his sorrow—put out his fire as it were—in less time than that, let him at any rate not show his power!

"Yes: I remember him," continued Lord Lufton. "He came twice

to Framley while I was a boy, consulting with my mother about Mark and myself,—whether the Eton floggings were not more efficacious than those at Harrow. He was very kind to me, foreboding all manner of good things on my behalf."

"He was very kind to every one," said Lucy.

"I should think he would have been—a kind, good, genial man—just the man to be adored by his own family."

"Exactly; and so he was. I do not remember that I ever heard an unkind word from him. There was not a harsh tone in his voice. And he was generous as the day." Lucy, we have said, was not generally demonstrative, but now, on this subject, and with this absolute stranger, she became almost eloquent.

"I do not wonder that you should feel his loss, Miss Roberts."

"Oh, I do feel it. Mark is the best of brothers, and, as for Fanny, she is too kind and too good to me. But I had always been specially my father's friend. For the last year or two we had lived so much together!"

"He was an old man when he died, was he not?"

"Just seventy, my lord."

"Ah, then he was old. My mother is only fifty, and we sometimes call her the old woman. Do you think she looks older than that? We all say that she makes herself out to be so much more ancient than she need do."

"Lady Lufton does not dress young."

"That is it. She never has, in my memory. She always used to wear black when I first recollect her. She has given that up now; but she is still very sombre; is she not?"

"I do not like ladies to dress very young, that is, ladies of—of——"

"Ladies of fifty, we will say?"

"Very well; ladies of fifty, if you like it."

"Then I am sure you will like my mother."

They had now turned up through the parsonage wicket, a little gate that opened into the garden at a point on the road nearer than the chief entrance.

"I suppose I shall find Mark up at the house?" said he.

"I daresay you will, my lord."

"Well, I'll go round this way, for my business is partly in the stable. You see I am quite at home here, though you never have seen me before. But, Miss Roberts, now that the ice is broken, I hope that we may be friends." He then put out his hand, and when she gave him hers he pressed it almost as an old friend might have done.

And, indeed, Lucy had talked to him almost as though he were an old friend. For a minute or two she had forgotten that he was a lord and a stranger—had forgotten also to be stiff and guarded as was her wont. Lord Lufton had spoken to her as though he had really cared to know her; and she, unconsciously, had been taken by the compliment. Lord Lufton, indeed, had not thought much about it—excepting as thus, that

he liked the glance of a pair of bright eyes, as most other young men do like it. But, on this occasion, the evening had been so dark, that he had hardly seen Lucy's eyes at all.

"Well, Lucy, I hope you liked your companion," Mrs. Robarts said, as the three of them clustered round the drawing-room fire before dinner.

"Oh, yes; pretty well," said Lucy.

"That is not at all complimentary to his lordship."

"I did not mean to be complimentary, Fanny."

"Lucy is a great deal too matter-of-fact for compliments," said Mark.

"What I meant was, that I had no great opportunity for judging, seeing that I was only with Lord Lufton for about ten minutes."

"Ah! but there are girls here who would give their eyes for ten minutes of Lord Lufton to themselves. You do not know how he's valued. He has the character of being always able to make himself agreeable to ladies at half a minute's warning."

"Perhaps he had not the half minute's warning in this case," said Lucy,—hypocrite that she was.

"Poor Lucy," said her brother; "he was coming up to see Ponto's shoulder, and I am afraid he was thinking more about the dog than you."

"Very likely," said Lucy; and then they went into dinner.

Lucy had been a hypocrite, for she had confessed to herself, while dressing, that Lord Lufton had been very pleasant; but then it is allowed to young ladies to be hypocrites when the subject under discussion is the character of a young gentleman.

Soon after that, Lucy did dine at Framley Court. Captain Culpepper, in spite of his enormity with reference to Gatherum Castle, was still staying there, as was also a clergyman from the neighbourhood of Barchester with his wife and daughter. This was Archdeacon Grantly, a gentleman whom we have mentioned before, and who was as well known in the diocese as the bishop himself,—and more thought about by many clergymen than even that illustrious prelate.

Miss Grantly was a young lady not much older than Lucy Robarts, and she also was quiet, and not given to much talking in open company. She was decidedly a beauty, but somewhat statuesque in her loveliness. Her forehead was high and white, but perhaps too like marble to gratify the taste of those who are fond of flesh and blood. Her eyes were large and exquisitely formed, but they seldom showed much emotion. She, indeed, was impassive herself, and betrayed but little of her feelings. Her nose was nearly Grecian, not coming absolutely in a straight line from her forehead, but doing so nearly enough to entitle it to be considered as classical. Her mouth, too, was very fine—artists, at least, said so, and connoisseurs in beauty; but to me she always seemed as though she wanted fulness of lip. But the exquisite symmetry of her cheek and chin and lower face no man could deny. Her hair was light, and being always dressed with considerable care, did not detract from her appear-

ance; but it lacked that richness which gives such luxuriance to feminine loveliness. She was tall and slight, and very graceful in her movements; but there were those who thought that she wanted the ease and abandon of youth. They said that she was too composed and stiff for her age, and that she gave but little to society beyond the beauty of her form and face.

There can be no doubt, however, that she was considered by most men and women to be the beauty of Barsetshire, and that gentlemen from neighbouring counties would come many miles through dirty roads on the mere hope of being able to dance with her. Whatever attractions she may have lacked, she had at any rate created for herself a great reputation. She had spent two months of the last spring in London, and even there she had made a sensation; and people had said that Lord Dumbello, Lady Hartleap's eldest son, had been peculiarly struck with her.

It may be imagined that the archdeacon was proud of her, and so indeed was Mrs. Grantly—more proud, perhaps, of her daughter's beauty, than so excellent a woman should have allowed herself to be of such an attribute. Griselda—that was her name—was now an only daughter. One sister she had had, but that sister had died. There were two brothers also left, one in the church and the other in the army. That was the extent of the archdeacon's family, and as the archdeacon was a very rich man—he was the only child of his father, who had been Bishop of Barchester for a great many years; and in those years it had been worth a man's while to be Bishop of Barchester—it was supposed that Miss Grantly would have a large fortune. Mrs. Grantly, however, had been heard to say, that she was in no hurry to see her daughter established in the world;—ordinary young ladies are merely married, but those of real importance are established:—and this, if anything, added to the value of the prize. Mothers sometimes depreciate their wares by an undue solicitude to dispose of them.

But to tell the truth openly and at once—a virtue for which a novelist does not receive very much commendation—Griselda Grantly was, to a certain extent, already given away. Not that she, Griselda, knew anything about it, or that the thrice happy gentleman had been made aware of his good fortune; nor even had the archdeacon been told. But Mrs. Grantly and Lady Lufton had been closeted together more than once, and terms had been signed and sealed between them. Not signed on parchment, and sealed with wax, as is the case with treaties made by kings and diplomats,—to be broken by the same; but signed with little words, and sealed with certain pressings of the hand,—a treaty which between two such contracting parties would be binding enough. And by the terms of this treaty Griselda Grantly was to become Lady Lufton.

Lady Lufton had hitherto been fortunate in her matrimonial speculations. She had selected Sir George for her daughter, and Sir George, with the utmost good nature, had fallen in with her views. She had selected Fanny Monsell for Mr. Roberts, and Fanny Monsell had not rebelled

against her for a moment. There was a prestige of success about her doings, and she felt almost confident that her dear son Ludovic must fall in love with Griselda.

As to the lady herself, nothing, Lady Lufton thought, could be much better than such a match for her son. Lady Lufton, I have said, was a good churchwoman, and the archdeacon was the very type of that branch of the church which she venerated. The Grantlys, too, were of a good family,—not noble indeed; but in such matters Lady Lufton did not want everything. She was one of those persons who, in placing their hopes at a moderate pitch, may fairly trust to see them realized. She would fain that her son's wife should be handsome; this she wished for his sake, that he might be proud of his wife, and because men love to look on beauty. But she was afraid of vivacious beauty, of those soft, sparkling feminine charms which are spread out as lures for all the world, soft dimples, laughing eyes, luscious lips, conscious smiles, and easy whispers. What if her son should bring her home a rattling, rapid-spoken, painted piece of Eve's flesh such as this? Would not the glory and joy of her life be over, even though such child of their first mother should have come forth to the present day ennobled by the blood of two dozen successive British peers?

And then, too, Griselda's money would not be useless. Lady Lufton, with all her high-flown ideas, was not an imprudent woman. She knew that her son had been extravagant, though she did not believe that he had been reckless; and she was well content to think that some balsam from the old bishop's coffers should be made to cure the slight wounds which his early imprudence might have inflicted on the carcass of the family property. And thus, in this way, and for these reasons, Griselda Grantly had been chosen out from all the world to be the future Lady Lufton.

Lord Lufton had met Griselda more than once already; had met her before these high contracting parties had come to any terms whatsoever, and had evidently admired her. Lord Dumbello had remained silent one whole evening in London with ineffable disgust, because Lord Lufton had been rather particular in his attentions; but then Lord Dumbello's muteness was his most eloquent mode of expression. Both Lady Harletop and Mrs. Grantly, when they saw him, knew very well what he meant. But that match would not exactly have suited Mrs. Grantly's views. The Harletop people were not in her line. They belonged altogether to another set, being connected, as we have heard before, with the Omnium interest—"those *horrid Gatherum* people," as Lady Lufton would say to her, raising her hands and eyebrows, and shaking her head. Lady Lufton probably thought that they ate babies in pies during their midnight orgies at Gatherum Castle; and that widows were kept in cells, and occasionally put on racks for the amusement of the duke's guests.

When the Robarts's party entered the drawing-room the Grantlys were already there, and the archdeacon's voice sounded loud and imposing in Lucy's ears, as she heard him speaking while she was yet on the threshold of the door.



"My dear Lady Lufton, I would believe anything on earth about her—anything. There is nothing too outrageous for her. Had she insisted on going there with the bishop's apron on, I should not have been surprised." And then they all knew that the archdeacon was talking about Mrs. Proudie, for Mrs. Proudie was his bugbear.

Lady Lufton after receiving her guests introduced Lucy to Griselda Grantly. Miss Grantly smiled graciously, bowed slightly, and then remarked in the lowest voice possible that it was exceedingly cold. A low voice, we know, is an excellent thing in woman.

Lucy, who thought that she was bound to speak, said that it was cold, but that she did not mind it when she was walking. And then Griselda smiled again, somewhat less graciously than before, and so the conversation ended. Miss Grantly was the elder of the two, and having seen most of the world, should have been the best able to talk, but perhaps she was not very anxious for a conversation with Miss Roberts.

"So, Roberts, I hear that you have been preaching at Chaldicotes," said the archdeacon, still rather loudly. "I saw Sowerby the other day, and he told me that you gave them the fag end of Mrs. Proudie's lecture."

"It was ill-natured of Sowerby to say the fag end," said Roberts. "We divided the matter into thirds. Harold Smith took the first part, I the last——"

"And the lady the intervening portion. You have electrified the county between you; but I am told that she had the best of it."

"I was so sorry that Mr. Roberts went there," said Lady Lufton, as she walked into the dining-room leaning on the archdeacon's arm.

"I am inclined to think he could not very well have helped himself," said the archdeacon, who was never willing to lean heavily on a brother parson, unless on one who had utterly and irrevocably gone away from his side of the church.

"Do you think not, archdeacon?"

"Why, no: Sowerby is a friend of Lufton's——"

"Not particularly," said poor Lady Lufton, in a deprecating tone.

"Well, they have been intimate; and Roberts, when he was asked to preach at Chaldicotes, could not well refuse."

"But then he went afterwards to Gatherum Castle. Not that I am vexed with him at all now, you understand. But it is such a dangerous house, you know."

"So it is.—But the very fact of the duke's wishing to have a clergyman there, should always be taken as a sign of grace, Lady Lufton. The air was impure, no doubt; but it was less impure with Roberts there than it would have been without him. But, gracious heavens! what blasphemy have I been saying about impure air? Why, the bishop was there!"

"Yes, the bishop was there," said Lady Lufton, and they both understood each other thoroughly.

Lord Lufton took out Mrs. Grantly to dinner, and matters were so managed that Miss Grantly sat on his other side. There was no manage-

ment apparent in this to anybody; but there she was, while Lucy was placed between her brother and Captain Culpepper. Captain Culpepper was a man with an enormous moustache, and a great aptitude for slaughtering game; but as he had no other strong characteristics, it was not probable that he would make himself very agreeable to poor Lucy.

She had seen Lord Lufton once, for two minutes, since the day of that walk, and then he had addressed her quite like an old friend. It had been in the parsonage drawing-room, and Fanny had been there. Fanny now was so well accustomed to his lordship, that she thought but little of this, but to Lucy it had been very pleasant. He was not forward or familiar, but kind, and gentle, and pleasant; and Lucy did feel that she liked him.

Now, on this evening, he had hitherto hardly spoken to her; but then she knew that there were other people in the company to whom he was bound to speak. She was not exactly humble-minded in the usual sense of the word; but she did recognize the fact that her position was less important than that of other people there, and that therefore it was probable that to a certain extent she would be overlooked. But not the less would she have liked to occupy the seat to which Miss Grantly had found her way. She did not want to flirt with Lord Lufton; she was not such a fool as that; but she would have liked to have heard the sound of his voice close to her ear, instead of that of Captain Culpepper's knife and fork.

This was the first occasion on which she had endeavoured to dress herself with care since her father had died; and now sombre though she was in her deep mourning, she did look very well.

"There is an expression about her forehead that is full of poetry," Fanny had said to her husband.

"Don't you turn her head, Fanny, and make her believe that she is a beauty," Mark had answered.

"I doubt it is not so easy to turn her head, Mark. There is more in Lucy than you imagine, and so you will find out before long." It was thus that Mrs. Roberts prophesied about her sister-in-law. Had she been asked she might perhaps have said that Lucy's presence would be dangerous to the Grantly interest at Framley Court.

Lord Lufton's voice was audible enough as he went on talking to Miss Grantly—his voice but not his words. He talked in such a way that there was no appearance of whispering, and yet the person to whom he spoke, and she only, could hear what he said. Mrs. Grantly the while conversed constantly with Lucy's brother, who sat at Lucy's left hand. She never lacked for subjects on which to speak to a country clergyman of the right sort, and thus Griselda was left quite uninterrupted. \*

But Lucy could not but observe that Griselda herself seemed to have very little to say,—or at any rate to say very little. Every now and then she did open her mouth, and some word or brace of words would fall from it. But for the most part she seemed to be content in the fact

that Lord Lufton was paying her attention. She showed no animation, but sat there still and graceful, composed and classical, as she always was. Lucy, who could not keep her ears from listening or her eyes from looking, thought that had she been there she would have endeavoured to take a more prominent part in the conversation. But then Griselda Grantly probably knew much better than Lucy did how to comport herself in such a situation. Perhaps it might be that young men, such as Lord Lufton, liked to hear the sound of their own voices.

"Immense deal of game about here," Captain Culpepper said to her towards the end of the dinner. It was the second attempt he had made; on the former he had asked her whether she knew any of the fellows of the 9th.

"Is there?" said Lucy. "Oh! I saw Lord Lufton the other day with a great armful of pheasants."

"An armful! Why we had seven cartloads the other day at Gatherum."

"Seven carts full of pheasants!" said Lucy, amazed.

"That's not so much. We had eight guns, you know. Eight guns will do a deal of work when the game has been well got together. They manage all that capitally at Gatherum. Been at the duke's, eh?"

Lucy had heard the Framley report as to Gatherum Castle, and said with a sort of shudder that she had never been at that place. After this, Captain Culpepper troubled her no further.

When the ladies had taken themselves to the drawing-room Lucy found herself hardly better off than she had been at the dinner table. Lady Lufton and Mrs. Grantly got themselves on to a sofa together, and there chatted confidentially into each other's ears. Her ladyship had introduced Lucy and Miss Grantly, and then she naturally thought that the young people might do very well together. Mrs. Roberts did attempt to bring about a joint conversation, which should include the three, and for ten minutes or so she worked hard at it. But it did not thrive. Miss Grantly was monosyllabic, smiling however at every monosyllable; and Lucy found that nothing would occur to her at that moment worthy of being spoken. There she sat still and motionless, afraid to take up a book, and thinking in her heart how much happier she would have been at home at the parsonage. She was not made for society; she felt sure of that; and another time she would let Mark and Fanny come to Framley Court by themselves.

And then the gentlemen came in, and there was another stir in the room. Lady Lufton got up and bustled about; she poked the fire and shifted the candles, spoke a few words to Dr. Grantly, whispered something to her son, patted Lucy on the cheek, told Fanny, who was a musician, that they would have a little music; and ended by putting her two hands on Griselda's shoulders and telling her that the fit of her frock was perfect. For Lady Lufton, though she did dress old herself, as Lucy had

said, delighted to see those around her neat and pretty, jaunty and graceful.

"Dear Lady Lufton!" said Griselda, putting up her hand so as to press the end of her ladyship's fingers. It was the first piece of animation she had shown, and Lucy Roberts watched it all. •

And then there was music. Lucy neither played nor sang; Fanny did both, and for an amateur did both well. Griselda did not sing, but she played; and did so in a manner that showed that neither her own labour nor her father's money had been spared in her instruction. Lord Lufton sang also, a little, and Captain Culpepper a very little; so that they got up a concert among them. In the meantime the doctor and Mark stood talking together on the rug before the fire; the two mothers sat contented, watching the billings and the cooings of their offspring—and Lucy sat alone, turning over the leaves of a book of pictures. She made up her mind fully, then and there, that she was quite unfitted by disposition for such work as this. She cared for no one, and no one cared for her. Well, she must go through with it now; but another time she would know better. With her own book and a fireside she never felt herself to be miserable as she was now.

She had turned her back to the music, for she was sick of seeing Lord Lufton watch the artistic motion of Miss Grantly's fingers, and was sitting at a small table as far away from the piano as a long room would permit, when she was suddenly roused from a reverie of self-reproach by a voice close behind her: "Miss Roberts," said the voice, "why have you cut us all?" and Lucy felt that though she heard the words plainly, nobody else did. Lord Lufton was now speaking to her as he had before spoken to Miss Grantly.

"I don't play, my lord," said Lucy, "nor yet sing."

"That would have made your company so much more valuable to us, for we are terribly badly off for listeners. Perhaps you don't like music?"

"I do like it,—sometimes very much."

"And when are the sometimes? But we shall find it all out in time. We shall have unravelled all your mysteries, and read all your riddles, by—when shall I say?—by the end of the winter. Shall we not?"

"I do not know that I have got any mysteries."

"Oh, but you have! It is very mysterious in you to come and sit here, with your back to us all——"

"Oh, Lord Lufton; if I have done wrong——!" and poor Lucy almost started from her chair, and a deep flush came across her dark cheek.

"No—no; you have done no wrong. I was only joking. It is we who have done wrong in leaving you to yourself—you who are the greatest stranger among us."

"I have been very well, thank you. I don't care about being left alone. I have always been used to it."

"Ah! but we must break you of the habit. We won't allow you to make a hermit of yourself. But the truth is, Miss Roberts, you don't know us yet, and therefore you are not quite happy among us."

"Oh! yes, I am; you are all very good to me."

"You must let us be good to you. At any rate, you must let me be so. You know, don't you, that Mark and I have been dear friends since we were seven years old. His wife has been my sister's dearest friend almost as long; and now that you are with them, you must be a dear friend too. You won't refuse the offer; will you?"

"Oh, no," she said, quite in a whisper; and, indeed, she could hardly raise her voice above a whisper, fearing that tears would fall from her tell-tale eyes.

"Dr and Mrs. Grantly will have gone in a couple of days, and then we must get you down here. Miss Grantly is to remain for Christmas, and you two must become bosom friends."

Lucy smiled, and tried to look pleased, but she felt that she and Griselda Grantly could never be bosom friends—could never have anything in common between them. She felt sure that Griselda despised her, little, brown, plain, and unimportant as she was. She herself could not despise Griselda in turn; indeed she could not but admire Miss Grantly's great beauty and dignity of demeanour; but she knew that she could never love her. It is hardly possible that the proud-hearted should love those who despise them; and Lucy Roberts was very proud-hearted.

"Don't you think she is very handsome?" said Lord Lufton.

"Oh, very," said Lucy. "Nobody can doubt that."

"Ludovic," said Lady Lufton—not quite approving of her son's remaining so long at the back of Lucy's chair—"won't you give us another song—Mrs. Roberts and Miss Grantly are still at the piano?"

"I have sung away all that I knew, mother. There's Culpepper has not had a chance yet. He has got to give us his dream—how he 'dreamt that he dwelt in marble halls!'"

"I sang that an hour ago," said the captain, not over pleased.

"But you certainly have not told us how 'your little lovers came!'"

The captain, however, would not sing any more. And then the party was broken up, and the Roberts's went home to their parsonage.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE LITTLE BILL.

LUCY, during those last fifteen minutes of her sojourn in the Framley Court drawing-room, somewhat modified the very strong opinion she had before formed as to her unfitness for such society. It was very pleasant

sitting there in that easy chair, while Lord Lufton stood at the back of it saying nice, soft, good-natured words to her. She was sure that in a little time she could feel a true friendship for him, and that she could do so without any risk of falling in love with him. But then she had a glimmering of an idea that such a friendship would be open to all manner of remarks, and would hardly be compatible with the world's ordinary ways. At any rate it would be pleasant to be at Framley Court, if he would come and occasionally notice her. But she did not admit to herself that such a visit would be intolerable if his whole time were devoted to Griselda Grantly. She neither admitted it, nor thought it; but nevertheless, in a strange unconscious way, such a feeling did find entrance in her bosom.

And then the Christmas holidays passed away. How much of this enjoyment fell to her share, and how much of this suffering she endured, we will not attempt accurately to describe. Miss Grantly remained at Framley Court up to Twelfth Night, and the Robarts's also spent most of the season at the house. Lady Lufton, no doubt, had hoped that everything might have been arranged on this occasion in accordance with her wishes, but such had not been the case. Lord Lufton had evidently admired Miss Grantly very much; indeed, he had said so to his mother half-a-dozen times; but it may almost be questioned whether the pleasure Lady Lufton derived from this was not more than neutralized by an opinion he once put forward that Griselda Grantly wanted some of the fire of Lucy Robarts.

"Surely, Ludovic, you would never compare the two girls," said Lady Lufton.

"Of course not. They are the very antipodes to each other. Miss Grantly would probably be more to my taste; but then I am wise enough to know that it is so because my taste is a bad taste."

"I know no man with a more accurate or refined taste in such matters," said Lady Lufton. Beyond this she did not dare to go. She knew very well that her strategy would be vain should her son once learn that she had a strategy. To tell the truth, Lady Lufton was becoming somewhat indifferent to Lucy Robarts. She had been very kind to the little girl; but the little girl seemed hardly to appreciate the kindness as she should do—and then Lord Lufton would talk to Lucy, "which was so unnecessary, you know;" and Lucy had got into a way of talking quite freely with Lord Lufton, having completely dropped that short, spasmodic, ugly exclamation of "my lord."

And so the Christmas festivities were at an end, and January wore itself away. During the greater part of this month Lord Lufton did not remain at Framley, but was nevertheless in the county, hunting with the hounds of both divisions, and staying at various houses. Two or three nights he spent at Chaldicotes; and one—let it only be told in an under voice—at Gatherum Castle! Of this he said nothing to Lady Lufton. "Why make her unhappy?" as he said to Mark. But Lady Lufton knew

it, though she said not a word to him—knew it, and was unhappy. “If he would only marry Griselda, there would be an end of that danger,” she said to herself.

But now we must go back for a while to the vicar and his little bill. It will be remembered, that his first idea with reference to that trouble, after the reading of his father's will, was to borrow the money from his brother John. John was down at Exeter at the time, and was to stay one night at the parsonage on his way to London. Mark would broach the matter to him on the journey, painful though it would be to him to tell the story of his own folly to a brother so much younger than himself, and who had always looked up to him, clergyman and full-blown vicar as he was, with a deference greater than that which such difference in age required.

The story was told, however; but was told all in vain, as Mark found out before he reached Framley. His brother John immediately declared that he would lend him the money, of course—eight hundred, if his brother wanted it. He, John, confessed that, as regarded the remaining two, he should like to feel the pleasure of immediate possession. As for interest, he would not take any—take interest from a brother! of course not. Well, if Mark made such a fuss about it, he supposed he must take it; but would rather not. Mark should have his own way, and do just what he liked.

This was all very well, and Mark had fully made up his mind that his brother should not be kept long out of his money. But then arose the question, how was that money to be reached? He, Mark, was executor, or one of the executors under his father's will, and, therefore, no doubt, could put his hand upon it; but his brother wanted five months of being of age, and could not therefore as yet be put legally in possession of the legacy.

“That's a bore,” said the assistant private secretary to the Lord Petty Bag, thinking, perhaps, as much of his own immediate wish for ready cash as he did of his brother's necessities. Mark felt that it was a bore, but there was nothing more to be done in that direction. He must now find out how far the bankers could assist him.

Some week or two after his return to Framley he went over to Barchester, and called there on a certain Mr. Forrest, the manager of one of the banks, with whom he was acquainted; and with many injunctions as to secrecy told this manager the whole of his story. At first, he concealed the name of his friend Sowerby, but it soon appeared that no such concealment was of any avail. “That's Sowerby, of course,” said Mr. Forrest. “I know you are intimate with him; and all his friends go through that, sooner or later.”

It seemed to Mark as though Mr. Forrest made very light of the whole transaction.

“I cannot possibly pay the bill when it falls due,” said Mark.

“Oh, no, of course not,” said Mr. Forrest. “It's never very con-

venient to hand out four hundred pounds at a blow. Nobody will expect you to pay it!"

"But I suppose I shall have to do it sooner or later?"

"Well, that's as may be. It will depend partly on how you manage with Sowerby, and partly on the hands it gets into. As the bill has your name on it, they'll have patience as long as the interest is paid, and the commissions on renewal. But no doubt it will have to be met some day by somebody."

Mr. Forrest said that he was sure that the bill was not in Barchester; Mr. Sowerby would not, he thought, have brought it to a Barchester bank. The bill was probably in London, but, doubtless, would be sent to Barchester for collection. "If it comes in my way," said Mr. Forrest, "I will give you plenty of time, so that you may manage about the renewal with Sowerby. I suppose he'll pay the expense of doing that."

Mark's heart was somewhat lighter as he left the bank. Mr. Forrest had made so little of the whole transaction that he felt himself justified in making little of it also. "It may be as well," said he to himself, as he drove home, "not to tell Fanny anything about it till the three months have run round. I must make some arrangement then." And in this way his mind was easier during the last of those three months than it had been during the two former. That feeling of over-due bills, of bills coming due, of accounts overdrawn, of tradesmen unpaid, of general money cares, is very dreadful at first; but it is astonishing how soon men get used to it. A load which would crush a man at first becomes, by habit, not only endurable, but easy and comfortable to the bearer. The habitual debtor goes along jaunty and with elastic step, almost enjoying the excitement of his embarrassments. There was Mr. Sowerby himself; who ever saw a cloud on his brow? It made one almost in love with ruin to be in his company. And even now, already, Mark Robarts was thinking to himself quite comfortably about this bill;—how very pleasantly those bankers managed these things. Pay it! No; no one will be so unreasonable as to expect you to do that! And then Mr. Sowerby certainly was a pleasant fellow, and gave a man something in return for his money. It was still a question with Mark whether Lord Lufton had not been too hard on Sowerby. Had that gentleman fallen across his clerical friend at the present moment, he might no doubt have gotten from him an acceptance for another four hundred pounds.

One is almost inclined to believe that there is something pleasurable in the excitement of such embarrassments, as there is also in the excitement of drink. But then, at last, the time does come when the excitement is over, and when nothing but the misery is left. If there be an existence of wretchedness on earth it must be that of the elderly, worn-out *roué*, who has run this race of debt and bills of accommodation and acceptances, —of what, if we were not in these days somewhat afraid of good broad English, we might call lying and swindling, falsehood and fraud—and



who, having ruined all whom he should have loved, having burnt up every one who would trust him much, and scorched all who would trust him a little, is at last left to finish his life with such bread and water as these men get, without one honest thought to strengthen his sinking heart, or one honest friend to hold his shivering hand! If a man could only think of that, as he puts his name to the first little bill, as to which he is so good-naturedly assured that it can easily be renewed!

When the three months had nearly run out, it so happened that Roberts met his friend Sowerby. Mark had once or twice ridden with Lord Lufton as far as the meet of the hounds, and may, perhaps, have gone a field or two farther on some occasions. The reader must not think that he had taken to hunting, as some parsons do; and it is singular enough that whenever they do so they always show a special aptitude for the pursuit, as though hunting were an employment peculiarly congenial with a cure of souls in the country. Such a thought would do our vicar injustice. But when Lord Lufton would ask him what on earth could be the harm of riding along the roads to look at the hounds, he hardly knew what sensible answer to give his lordship. It would be absurd to say that his time would be better employed at home in clerical matters, for it was notorious that he had not clerical pursuits for the employment of half his time. In this way, therefore, he had got into a habit of looking at the hounds, and keeping up his acquaintance in the county, meeting Lord Dumbello, Mr. Green Walker, Harold Smith, and other such like sinners; and on one such occasion, as the three months were nearly closing, he did meet Mr. Sowerby.

"Look here, Sowerby; I want to speak to you for half a moment. What are you doing about that bill?"

"Bill—bill! what bill?—which bill? The whole bill, and nothing but the bill. That seems to be the conversation now-a-days of all men, morning, noon, and night."

"Don't you know the bill I signed for you for four hundred pounds?"

"Did you, though? Was not that rather green of you?"

This did seem strange to Mark. Could it really be the fact that Mr. Sowerby had so many bills flying about that he had absolutely forgotten that occurrence in the Gatherum Castle bedroom. And then to be called green by the very man whom he had obliged!

"Perhaps I was," said Mark, in a tone that showed that he was somewhat piqued. "But all the same I should be glad to know how it will be taken up."

"Oh, Mark, what a ruffian you are to spoil my day's sport in this way. Any man but a parson would be too good a Christian for such intense cruelty. But let me see—four hundred pounds? Oh, yes—Tozer has it."

"And what will Tozer do with it?"

"Make money of it; whatever way he may go to work he will do that."

"But will Tozer bring it to me on the 20th?"

"Oh, Lord, no! Upon my word, Mark, you are deliciously green. A cat would as soon think of killing a mouse directly she got it into her claws. But, joking apart, you need not trouble yourself. Maybe you will hear no more about it; or, perhaps, which no doubt is more probable, I may have to send it to you to be renewed. But you need do nothing till you hear from me or somebody else."

"Only do not let any one come down upon me for the money."

"There is not the slightest fear of that. Tally-ho, old fellow! He's away. Tally-ho! right over by Gossetts' barn. Come along, and never mind Tozer—'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'" And away they both went together, parson and member of parliament.

And then again on that occasion Mark went home with a sort of feeling that the bill did not matter. Tozer would manage it somehow; and it was quite clear that it would not do to tell his wife of it just at present.

On the 21st of that month of February, however, he did receive a reminder that the bill and all concerning it had not merely been a farce. This was a letter from Mr. Sowerby, dated from Chaldicotes, though not bearing the Barchester post-mark, in which that gentleman suggested a renewal—not exactly of the old bill, but of a new one. It seemed to Mark that the letter had been posted in London. If I give it entire, I shall, perhaps, most quickly explain its purport:

"Chaldicotes,—20th February, 185—.

"MY DEAR MARK,—" 'Lend not thy name to the money-dealers, for the same is a destruction and a snare.' If that be not in the Proverbs, it ought to be. Tozer has given me certain signs of his being alive and strong this cold weather. As we can neither of us take up that bill for 400*l.* at the moment, we must renew it, and pay him his commission and interest, with all the rest of his perquisites, and pickings, and stealings—from all which, I can assure you, Tozer does not keep his hands as he should do.

"To cover this and some other little outstanding trifles, I have filled in the new bill for 500*l.*, making it due 23rd of May next. Before that time, a certain accident will, I trust, have occurred to your impoverished friend. By-the-by, I never told you how she went off from Gatherum Castle, the morning after you left us, with the Greshams. Cart-ropes would not hold her, even though the duke held them; which he did, with all the strength of his ducal hands. She would go to meet some doctor of theirs, and so I was put off for that time; but I think that the matter stands in a good train.

"Do not lose a post in sending back the bill accepted, as Tozer may annoy you—nay, undoubtedly will, if the matter be not in his hand, duly signed by both of us, the day after to-morrow. He is an ungrateful brute; he has lived on me for these eight years, and would not let me off a single squeeze now to save my life. But I am specially anxious to save you from the annoyance and cost of lawyers' letters; and if delayed, it might get into the papers.

"Put it under cover to me, at No. 7, Duke Street, St. James's. I shall be in town by that time.

"Good-bye, old fellow. That was a decent brush we had the other day from Cobbold's Ashes. I wish I could get that brown horse from you. I would not mind going to a hundred and thirty.

"Yours ever,

"N. SOWERBY."

When Mark had read it through he looked down on his table to see whether the old bill had fallen from the letter ; but no, there was no enclosure, and had been no enclosure but the new bill. And then he read the letter through again, and found that there was no word about the old bill,—not a syllable, at least, as to its whereabouts. Sowerby did not even say that it would remain in his own hands.

Mark did not in truth know much about such things. It might be that the very fact of his signing this second document would render that first document null and void ; and from Sowerby's silence on the subject, it might be argued that this was so well known to be the case, that he had not thought of explaining it. But yet Mark could not see how this should be so.

But, what was he to do ? That threat of cost and lawyers, and specially of the newspapers, did have its effect upon him—as no doubt it was intended to do. And then he was utterly dumfounded by Sowerby's impudence in drawing on him for 500*l.* instead of 400*l.*, “covering,” as Sowerby so good-humouredly said, “sundry little outstanding trifles.”

But at last he did sign the bill, and sent it off, as Sowerby had directed. What else was he to do ?

Fool that he was. A man always can do right, even though he has done wrong before. But that previous wrong adds so much difficulty to the path—a difficulty which increases in tremendous ratio, till a man at last is choked in his struggling, and is drowned beneath the waters.

And then he put away Sowerby's letter carefully, locking it up from his wife's sight. It was a letter that no parish clergyman should have received. So much he acknowledged to himself. But nevertheless it was necessary that he should keep it. And now again for a few hours this affair made him very miserable.

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## Idéal Houses.

WANDERING one morning into the Lowther Arcade, I found myself behind an old man and a little girl. The man was very feeble and tottering in his steps, and the child was very young. It was near the Christmas season, and many children, richly dressed, in the care of mothers, sisters, and nursery governesses, were loading themselves with all kinds of amusing and expensive toys. The vaulted roof re-echoed with the sounds of young voices, shrill whistles, wiry tinklings of musical gongs, the rustling of paper, and the notes of cornopeans or pianos. It was the Exhibition of 1851 repeated, in miniature; the toys of manhood being exchanged for the toys of youth.

My old man and my little girl were not amongst the happy buyers, or the richly dressed, for they were evidently very poor. They had wandered into the bazaar to feast upon its sights, and it was difficult to say which was the more entranced of the two. The old man gazed about him, with a vacant, gratified smile upon his face, and the child was too young to know that any barrier existed to prevent her plucking the tempting fruit which she saw hanging in clusters on every side. This barrier—the old, thick, black, impassable barrier of poverty—though invisible to the child, was not invisible to me; and I blamed the old man for turning her steps into such a glittering enchanted cavern, whose walls were really lined, to her, with bitterness and despair.

“Why don’t we live here, gran’da?” asked the child. The old man gave no other answer than a weak laugh.

“Why don’t I have a house like that?” continued the child, pointing to a bright doll’s-house displayed upon a stall, and trying to drag her guardian towards it.

The old man still only laughed feebly, as he shuffled past the attraction, and before the thought had struck me that I might have purchased a cheap pleasure by giving this house to the child, they were both lost in the pushing, laughing crowd.

This incident naturally set me thinking about toys, and their effect in increasing the amount of human happiness. I asked myself if I, —, a respectable, middle-aged man of moderate means, was free from the influence of these powerful trifles. I was compelled, in all the cheap honesty of self-examination, to answer “No.” I felt, upon reflection, that I was even weaker than the poor child I had just seen. The chief toy that I was seeking for was an ideal house that I had never been able to find. I was led away by a vague sentiment about the poetry of neighbourhoods—a secret consuming passion for red-brick—a something that could hardly be weighed or spanned; the echo of an old song; the mists of a picture; the shadow of a dream. She was led away by no such unsubstantial phantoms. Her eyes had suddenly rested, for a few

moments, upon her childish paradise, and a few shillings would have made her happy. I, on the contrary, had exhausted years in searching for my paradise, but without a prospect of success.

The fact is, I have got an unfortunate habit of looking back. I am fond of the past, though only in a dreamy, unsystematic way. My history is a little out of order, and I am no authority upon dates; but I like to hover about places. I cannot tell the day, the hour, or even the year in which the battle of Sedgemoor occurred; but I have gloated over the old roadside mill from which the Duke of Monmouth watched his losing contest. and the old houses at Bridgewater, whose roofs were then probably crowded with women and children. I have even been through the straggling village of Weston Zoyland, and into the sanded tavern where the late Lord Macaulay resided for weeks while he wrote this portion of his history. I have heard the landlord's proud account of his distinguished guest, and how "he worried about the neighbourhood." This interesting fact, so I am informed, is duly recorded, upon my authority, in the latest edition of *Men of the Time*. My only objection to the late Lord Macaulay is, that he was one of these men of the time—of my own time. If Gibbon had been the careful historian of Sedgemoor, the village pothouse would have had a finer old crusted flavour, to my taste. The sentiment that governs me scarcely blooms under a hundred years, neither more nor less. I cannot learn to love the Elizabethan times—they are too remote. I have no more real sympathy with fifteen hundred and fifty, than with eighteen hundred and fifty. I can tolerate the seventeenth century; but the eighteenth always "stirs my heart, like a trumpet."

Notwithstanding all this, I am not an obstructive man; I am not a "fogey." I take the good the gods provide me. I have no prejudices against gas; though I wish it could be supplied without so much parochial quarrelling. It may generate poison, as certain chemists assert; but it certainly generates too many pamphlets and public meetings. I use the electric telegraph; I travel by the railway; and I am thankful to their inventors and originators. The moment, however, I leave the railway, I plunge rapidly into the past. I never linger, for a moment, at the bright, new, damp, lofty railway hotel (I hate the name of hotel, although I know it springs from hostelry); nor amongst the mushroom houses that rally round the station. My course is always through the distant trees, beyond the dwarfish, crumbling church, whose broad low windows seem to have taken root amongst the flat, uneven tombstones, into the old town or village, into its very heart—its market-place—and up to the brown old door of its oldest inn. I know everything that can be said against such places. They are very yellow; they have too strong a flavour of stale tobacco-smoke; their roofs are low, and their floors have a leaning either to one side or the other. Their passages are dark, and often built on various levels; so that you may tumble down into your bed-chamber, or tumble up into your sitting-room, shaking every tooth in your head, or possibly biting your tongue. These may be serious drawbacks to some

people, but they are not so serious to me, and I am able to find many compensating advantages. The last vestige of the real old able-bodied port lingers only in such nooks and corners, and is served out by matronly servants, like housekeepers in ancient families. I know one inn of the kind where the very "boots" looks positively venerable. He wears a velvet skull-cap that Cardinal Wolsey might have been proud of; he has saved ten thousand pounds in his humble servitude, and is a large landed proprietor in the county. Prosperity has not made him inattentive. No one will give your shoes such an enduring polish, or call you up for an early train with such unerring punctuality.

With these sentiments, fancies, and prejudices in favour of the past, joined to a fastidious, quaintly luxurious taste, and limited funds, it is hardly to be wondered at that I have searched long and vainly for my ideal dwelling. I might, perhaps, have found it readily enough in the country, but my habits only allowed me to seek it in town. I am a London man—London born and London bred—a genuine cockney, I hope, of the school of Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb. I cannot tear myself away from old taverns, old courts and alleys, old suburbs (now standing in the very centre of the town), old print-shops, old mansions, old archways, and old churches. I must hear the London chimes at midnight, or life would not be worth a jot. I hear them, as they were heard a century and more ago, for they are the last things to change; but forty or fifty years have played sad havoc with land, and brick, and stone. Fire has done something; metropolitan improvements have done more. Not only do I mourn over what is lost, but what is gained. The town grows newer every day that it grows older. I know it must be so; I know it ought to be so; I know it is a sign of increased prosperity and strength. I see this with one half of my mind, while I abhor it with the other. I cannot love New Oxford Street, while St. Giles's Church and old Holborn still remain. I have no affection for Bayswater and Notting-hill, but a tender remembrance of Tyburn Gate. I feel no sensation of delight when I hear the name of St. John's Wood or the Regent's Park; and Camden Town is a thing of yesterday, that I treat with utter contempt. If I allow my footsteps to wander along Piccadilly and through Knights-bridge, they turn down, on one side, into Chelsea, or up, on the other side, into Kensington, leaving Brompton unvisited in the middle. I am never tired of sitting under the trees in Cheyne Walk; of walking round the red bricks and trim gravel pathways of Chelsea Hospital; of peeping through the railings at Gough House, or watching the old Physic Garden from a boat on the river. I am never weary of roaming hand-in-hand with an amiable, gossiping companion, like Leigh Hunt, listening to stories at every doorstep in the old town, and repeopling faded, half-deserted streets with the great and little celebrities of the past. I never consider a day ill spent that has ended in plucking daisies upon Kew Green, or in wasting an hour or two in the cathedral stillness of Charter-House Square. I am fond of tracing resemblances, perhaps imaginary, between Mark Lane and Old

Highgate, and of visiting old merchants' decayed mansions far away in tarry Poplar. I could add a chapter to Leigh Hunt's pleasant essay upon City trees,\* and tell of many fountains and flower-gardens that stand under the windows of dusky counting-houses.

Humanizing as such harmless wandering ought to be, it seems only to make me break a commandment. I am sorely afraid that I covet my neighbour's house. When I find the nearest approach to my ideal—my day-dream—my toy dwelling—it is always in the occupation of steady, unshifting people. Such habitations, in or near London, seem to descend as heirlooms from generation to generation. They are never to be let; they are seldom offered for sale; and the house agent—the showman of “eligible villas”—is not familiar with them. I will describe the rarity.

It must be built of red brick, not earlier than 1650, not later than 1750, picked out at the edges with slabs of yellow stone. It must not be too lofty, and must be equally balanced on each side of its doorway. It must stand detached, walled in on about an acre of ground, well surrounded by large old trees. Its roof must be sloping, and if crowned with a bell-turret, so much the better. Its outer entrance must be a lofty gate of flowered ironwork, supported on each side by purple-red brick columns, each one surmounted by a globe of stone. Looking through the tracery of this iron gate, you must see a few broad white steps leading up to the entrance-hall. The doorway of this hall must be dark and massive, the lower half wood and the upper half window-framed glass. Over the top must be a projecting hood-porch filled with nests of wood-carving, representing fruit, flowers, and figures, brown with age. Looking through the glass of the hall-door, you must see more carving like this along the lofty walls; and a broad staircase with banisters, dark as ebony, leading up to a long narrow window, shaded by the rich wings of a spreading cedar-tree. The rooms of this mansion will necessarily be in keeping with its external features, presenting many unexpected, irregular closets and corners, with, perhaps, a mysterious double staircase leading down to the cellars, to which a romantic, unauthenticated story is attached. Such houses are none the worse for being filled with legends; for having one apartment, at least, with a reputed murder-stain upon its floor; and for being generally alluded to as Queen Elizabeth's palaces, although probably not built for nearly a century after that strong-minded monarch's death. The window-shutters are none the worse for being studded with alarm-bells, as thick as grapes upon a fruitful vine; as an additional comfort is derived from the security of the present, when we are made to reflect upon the dangers of the past. A few rooks will give an additional charm to the place; and it will be pleasant, when a few crumbs are thrown upon the gravel, to see a fluttering cloud of sparrows dropping down from the sheltering eaves.

With regard to the neighbourhood in which such a house should stand,

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\* *The Town: its Memorable Characters and Events.*

it must be essentially *ripe*. Better that it should be a little faded ; a little deserted ; a little unpopular, and very unfashionable ; than so dreadfully raw and new. It should have a flavour of old literature, old politics, and old art. If it is just a little obstructive and High Tory—inclined to stand upon the ancient ways—no sensible man of progress should blame it, but smile blandly and pass on. It will, at least, possess the merit, in his eyes, of being self-supporting ; asking for, or obtaining no government aid. While Boards of Works are freely supplied with funds to construct the new, there is no board but unorganized sentiment to maintain the old.

This house and this neighbourhood should not be far from London—from the old centre of the old town. They should stand in Soho, or in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or in Westminster, like Queen's Square, near St. James's Park ; or even in Lambeth, like the Archbishop's Palace. Better still if in the Strand, like Northumberland House ; or in Fleet Street, like the Temple Gardens. What luxury would there be, almost equal to anything we read of in the *Arabian Nights*, in turning on one side from the busy crowd, unlocking a dingy door that promised to lead to nothing but a miserable court, and passing, at once, into a secret, secluded garden ! What pleasures would be equal to those of hearing the splash of cool fountains ; the sighing of the wind through lofty elms and broad beeches ; of standing amongst the scent and colours of a hundred growing flowers ; of sitting in an oaken room with a tiled fireplace, surrounded by old china in cabinets, old folios upon carved tables, old portraits of men and women in the costume of a bygone time, and looking out over a lawn of grass into a winding vista of trees, so contrived as to shut out all signs of city life, while the mellow hum of traffic came in at the open window, or through the walls, and you felt that you were within a stone's throw of Temple Bar !

In such a house, on such a spot, a man might live, and his life be something more than a weary round of food and sleep. His nature would become subdued to what it rested in : the clay would happily take the shape of the mould. I believe more in the influence of dwellings upon human character, than in the influence of authority on matters of opinion. The man may seek the house ; or the house may form the man ; but in either case the result is the same. A few yards of earth, even on this side of the grave, will make all the difference between life and death. If our dear old friend Charles Lamb was now alive (and we all must wish he was, if only that he might see how every day is bringing him nearer the crown that belongs only to the Prince of British Essayists), there would be something singularly jarring to the human nerves in finding him at Dalston ; but not so jarring in finding him a little farther off, at Hackney. He would still have drawn nourishment in the Temple and in Covent Garden ; but he must surely have perished if transplanted to New Tyburnia. I cannot imagine him living at Pentonville (I cannot, in my uninquiring ignorance, imagine who



Penton was that he should name a *ville*!), but I can see a certain appropriate oddity in his cottage at Colebrook Row, Islington. In the first place, we may agree that this London suburb is very old, without going into the vexed question of whether it was really very "merry." In the second place, this same Colebrook Row was built a few years before our dear old friend was born—I believe, in seventeen hundred and seventy. In the third place, it was called a "Row," though "Lane" or "Walk" would have been as old and as good; but "Terrace" or "Crescent" would have rendered it unbearable. The New River flowed calmly past the cottage walls—as poor George Dyer found to his cost—bringing with it fair memories of Izaak Walton and the last two centuries. The house itself had also certain peculiarities to recommend it. The door was so constructed that it opened into the chief sitting-room; and this, though promising much annoyance, was really a source of fun and enjoyment to our dear old friend. He was never so delighted as when he stood on the hearthrug receiving many congenial visitors, as they came to him on the muddiest-boot, and the wettest-of-umbrella days. His immediate neighbourhood was also peculiar. It was there that weary wanderers came to seek the waters of oblivion. Suicide could pitch upon no spot so favourable for its sacrifices as the gateway leading into the river enclosure before Charles Lamb's cottage. Waterloo Bridge had not long been built, and was not then a fashionable theatre for self-destruction. The drags were always kept ready in Colebrook Row, and are still so kept at a small tavern a few doors from the cottage. The landlord's ear, according to his own account, had become so sensitive by repeated practice, that when aroused at night by a heavy splash in the water, he could tell by the sound whether it was an accident, or a wilful plunge. He never believed that poor George Dyer tumbled in from carelessness, though it was no business of his to express an opinion on the matter. After the eighth suicide, within a short period, Charles Lamb began to grow restless.

"Mary," he said to his sister, "I think it's high time we left this place;" and so they went to Edmonton. Those who are painfully familiar with the unfortunate mental infirmity under which they both laboured, will see a sorrowful meaning in words like these. Those who, like me, can see an odd harmony between our dear old friend and Colebrook Row, will lament the sad necessity which compelled them to part company.

Without wishing for a moment to erect my eccentric taste in houses as an unerring guide for my fellow-creatures (especially as the ancient London dwellings are growing fewer every day, and I am still seeking my ideal toy), I must still be allowed to wonder at that condition of mind which can settle down, with seeming delight, in the new raw buildings that I see springing up on every side. I am not speaking of those who are compelled to practise economy (I am compelled to practise it myself), nor of those whose business arrangements require them to keep within a particular circle; but of those who have the power, to a certain extent, of

choosing their ground, and choose it upon some principle that I am unable to understand.

I have a sensitive horror of regularity, of uniformity, of straight lines, of obtrusive geometrical forms. I prefer a winding alley to a direct street. I detest a modern, well-advertised building estate. The water-colour sketch of such a place is meant to be very fascinating and attractive as it hangs in the great house-agent's office or window, but it has no charms for me. My theory is that a man must be perpetually struggling if he wishes to preserve his individuality in such a settlement. The water may be pure; the soil may be gravelly; the neighbourhood may be well supplied with all kinds of churches and chapels; the "red book" may not pass it by as being out of the fashionable circle; blue books may refer to it approvingly as a model of perfect drainage; it may be warmed up by thorough occupation; perambulators may be seen in its bare new squares; broughams may stand by the side of its bright level kerbstones; but the demon of sameness, in my eyes, would always be brooding over it. I should feel that when I retired to rest, perhaps eight hundred masters of households were slumbering in eight hundred bedchambers exactly the same size and the same shape as my own. When I took a bath, or lingered over the breakfast-table, I should be haunted by the knowledge that eight hundred people might probably be taking similar baths and similar breakfasts in precisely similar apartments. My library, my dining-room, and my drawing-room would correspond in shape and size with eight hundred other receptacles devoted to study, refreshment, and recreation. If I gazed from a window, or stood at a doorway, I should see hundreds of other windows, and hundreds of other doorways, that matched mine in relative position and design. I should look down upon the same infant shrubs, and the same even, level walls, or up at the same long, level parapets, without break, the same regular army of chimney-pots, without variety,—until I should feel as if I had settled in a fashionable penitentiary, to feed upon monotony for the rest of my days. My dreams at night would probably be a mixture of the past and the present, of my old tastes and my new sufferings. The builder, whose trowel seemed ever ringing in my ears, would dance over me in hoops and patches; and the whitewasher, whose brush seemed always flopping above my head, would be mixing his composition in my favourite punch-bowl. My old books, my old prints, my old china, my old furniture, my old servants, would pine away in such a habitation; and I should have to surround myself with fresh faces and fresh voices, according to the latest model. Finally, I should die of a surfeit of stucco, and be the first lodger entered in the records of the adjoining bleak, unfinished cemetery.

If I have little sympathy with those people who dwell in such tents as these,—who neither belong to the town nor the country,—who hang upon the skirts of London in mushroom suburbs that blend as inharmoniously with the great old city as a Wandsworth villa would blend with Rochester Castle,—I am totally unable to understand the character of those other

people whose love for the modern carries them even farther than this, and who take a pride in planting damp and comfortless homes in the very centre of wild, unfinished neighbourhoods. Who are they? Have they human form and shape, with minds and hearts; or are they, as I have often suspected, merely window-blinds? If they are not policemen and laundresses in charge of bare walls and echoing passages; if they are not hired housekeepers put in to bait the trap, and catch unwary tenants; if they are not restless spirits, who, for an abatement of rent, are always willing to lead the advanced posts in suburban colonization,—whence springs that singular ambition which is always anxious to be literally first in the field, and the oldest inhabitant in a settlement of yesterday? Surely, there can be little pleasure in living, for months, amongst heaps of brick-dust, shavings, mortar and wet clay; in staring at hollow shops that are boarded up for years until they are wanted, and at undecided mansions which may turn out to be public-houses; or in being stared at, in a tenfold degree, by rows of spectral carcasses and yawning cellars? There can be little pleasure in contemplating cold stucco porticos of a mongrel Greek type, that crack and fall to pieces in rain and frost; or gaping gravel-pits; or stagnant ponds; or lines of oven-like foundations waiting for more capital and more enterprise to cover them with houses. There can be just as little pleasure in seeing your scanty pavement breaking suddenly off before your door, and your muddy, hilly road tapering away in a few rotten planks that lead into a marshy, grassless field, where you may stand and easily fancy yourself the last man at the end of a melancholy, unsuccessful, deserted world, looking into space, with no one person or thing behind you.

The old places that I shall always cling to are unhappily often visited by decay; but it is the decay of ripe old age, which is always venerable. My ideal toy-house—the nearest approach to it that I can find—may become uninhabitable in the fulness of years, but it will still be picturesque; and those who may despise it as a dwelling will admire it upon canvas. In this form it is often brought within my humble reach, and I secure the shadow if I cannot obtain the substance. I still, however, look longingly at the reality, as my little girl looked at her toy-house in her morning's walk; and, like her, I shall doubtless be swept past it, still looking back, until I am sucked into that countless crowd from which there is no returning.

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## Dante.

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I wait, in patience, and in trembling hope,  
The last sands in my glass; a few brief grains  
Divide me from the Angel in yon cope,  
Whose studded azure never sheltered pains  
Keener than mine! But, from my mount of years,  
I look on my past life, as one whose chains  
Have fall'n, saint-touched; and thro' the mist of tears  
Sweet glimmerings of the Emyrean come  
Athwart the troubled vale of doubts and fears;  
And as a child, who, wandered from his home,  
Sees, suddenly, with speechless joy, his cot,  
Thus seems the hour, when I no more shall roam,  
But, in a blessed, and abiding lot,  
Merge my long exile. Florence! when these eyes,  
So long athirst! shall gaze upon the spot,  
This atom-earth, in space, with ken more wise  
Than erring nature would permit to clay,  
Methinks that sorrow, for thy destinies,  
Will yet pursue me to the realms of day;  
For, wert not thou the life-hope of my breast?  
Altho', my grief-schooled spirit gave not way  
To its deep yearning, so, at thy behest,  
To tread thy streets once more: I could not bend  
Truth to the shameless compromise! Unrest,  
Want, banishment, were better, than to lend  
Myself to falsehood! More thou neededst me  
Than I thee. So, I know, unto the end,  
How hard 'tis to climb others' stairs; to see  
Anarchy's gory reign; to beg my bread  
In alien courts, midst lawd society;  
At times without a shelter for the head  
A price was set on! Centuries follow this,  
When thou shalt think upon thy Dante dead,  
And his poor tomb; which ever the abyss  
Of waves shall moan to: Yes, my Florence, then,  
When bright Italia, 'neath the brutal kiss  
Of the barbarian ravishers, shall plain,  
In useless struggles, growing faint to death!  
How shalt thou wish thy Dante back again!  
But, even then, an echo of my breath  
Through the long years, with trumpet inspiration,  
Shall lead thy Best to victory, or death!

And, if no more they may be called a Nation,  
Shall teach them how to fall with Samson-wrath;  
Yea! fall in triumph, midst the desolation  
Of throne, and rostrum, altar, and of hearth!  
Nor, where the blessed corn-crop fail, to leave  
To poisonous weeds the heirship of the earth.  
Oh! well these tried and aged eyes may grieve,  
To read, in spirit, this fore-acted doom;  
Which others neither *can* see, nor believe!  
But laugh upon the threshold of the tomb;  
As sports the summer-fly, whilst spiders weave  
Their fateful nets! Well, let the earth resume  
This failing garment of my flesh; I feel  
My present life has not been without bloom,  
Or fruits: Due time their flavour will reveal!  
And if the Statesman's sole reward hath been  
Long years of wandering, seeking to conceal  
A forfeit life: If spoken words, like wind  
Have passed away! My fame seared, in its green:  
I leave, at least, *one* testament behind,  
Of which my Florence shall not say, I ween  
(However callous, and unjustly blind),  
It dies, along with the old Ghibelline!  
No: with Italia's land my Book shall live;  
Her thoughts, and very language be of mine!  
Yes, what my *City* was too false to give,  
A *world* will yet award me! So, I end:  
My strength hath been in patience, whose close sieve,  
Well-used, the Garner's labour will befriend.  
Florence, my mighty wrongs I can forgive!  
Honour me in my ashes; this thou *must*!  
Now, Sainted Name, in whose pure memories live  
The all, that shall make glorious my—dust;  
My sole thoughts turn with speechless love to thee!  
Thou wert my Alpha and Omega: First  
And Last! Let me return to liberty;  
I found it but in Paradise—with Thee!

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## The Last Sketch.

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NOT many days since I went to visit a house where in former years I had received many a friendly welcome. We went in to the owner's—an artist's—studio. Prints, pictures, and sketches hung on the walls as I had last seen and remembered them. The implements of the painter's art were there. The light which had shone upon so many, many hours of patient and cheerful toil, poured through the northern window upon print and bust, lay figure and sketch, and upon the easel before which the good, the gentle, the beloved Leslie laboured. In this room the busy brain had devised, and the skilful hand executed, I know not how many of the noble works which have delighted the world with their beauty and charming humour. Here the poet called up into pictorial presence, and informed with life, grace, beauty, infinite friendly mirth and wondrous naturalness of expression, the people of whom his dear books told him the stories,—his Shakspeare, his Cervantes, his Molière, his Le Sage. There was his last work on the easel—a beautiful fresh smiling shape of Titania, such as his sweet guileless fancy imagined the *Midsummer Night's* queen to be. Gracious, and pure, and bright, the sweet smiling image glimmers on the canvas. Fairy elves, no doubt, were to have been grouped around their mistress in laughing clusters. Honest Bottom's grotesque head and form are indicated as reposing by the side of the consummate beauty. The darkling forest would have grown around them, with the stars glittering from the midsummer sky: the flowers at the queen's feet, and the boughs and foliage about her, would have been peopled with gambolling sprites and fays. They were dwelling in the artist's mind no doubt, and would have been developed by that patient, faithful, admirable genius: but the busy brain stopped working, the skilful hand fell lifeless, the loving, honest heart ceased to beat. What was she to have been—that fair Titania—when perfected by the patient skill of the poet, who in imagination saw the sweet innocent figure, and with tender courtesy and caresses, as it were, posed and shaped and traced the fair form? Is there record kept anywhere of fancies conceived, beautiful, unborn? Some day will they assume form in some yet undeveloped light? If our bad unspoken thoughts are registered against us, and are written in the awful account, will not the good thoughts unspoken, the love and tenderness, the pity, beauty, charity, which pass through the breast, and cause the heart to throb with silent good, find a remembrance, too? A few weeks more, and this lovely offspring of the poet's conception would have been complete—to charm the world with its beautiful mirth. May there not be some sphere unknown to us where it may have an existence? They say our words, once out of our lips, go travelling in *omne ævum*, reverberating for ever and ever. If our words, why not our thoughts? If the Has Been, why not the Might Have Been?

Some day our spirits may be permitted to walk in galleries of fancies more wondrous and beautiful than any achieved works which at present we see, and our minds to behold and delight in masterpieces which poets' and artists' minds have fathered and conceived only.

With a feeling much akin to that with which I looked upon the friend's—the admirable artist's—unfinished work, I can fancy many readers turning to these—the last pages which were traced by Charlotte Brontë's hand. Of the multitude that has read her books, who has not known, and deplored the tragedy of her family, her own most sad and untimely fate? Which of her readers has not become her friend? Who that has known her books has not admired the artist's noble English, the burning love of truth, the bravery, the simplicity, the indignation at wrong, the eager sympathy, the pious love and reverence, the passionate honour, so to speak, of the woman? What a story is that of that family of poets in their solitude yonder on the gloomy northern moors! At nine o'clock at night, Mrs. Gaskell tells, after evening prayers, when their guardian and relative had gone to bed, the three poetesses—the three maidens, Charlotte, and Emily, and Anne—Charlotte being the “motherly friend and guardian to the other two”—“began, like restless wild animals, to pace up and down their parlour, “making out” their wonderful stories, talking over plans and projects, and thoughts of what was to be their future life.”

One evening, at the close of 1854, as Charlotte Nicholls sat with her husband by the fire, listening to the howling of the wind about the house, she suddenly said to her husband, “If you had not been with me, I must have been writing now.” She then ran upstairs, and brought down, and read aloud, the beginning of a new tale. When she had finished, her husband remarked, “The critics will accuse you of repetition.” She replied, “Oh! I shall alter that. I always begin two or three times before I can please myself.” But it was not to be. The trembling little hand was to write no more. The heart, newly awakened to love and happiness, and throbbing with maternal hope, was soon to cease to beat; that intrepid outspeaker and champion of truth, that eager, impetuous redresser of wrong, was to be called out of the world's fight and struggle, to lay down the shining arms, and to be removed to a sphere where even a noble indignation *cor ulterius nequit lacerare*, and where truth complete, and right triumphant, no longer need to wage war.

I can only say of this lady, *vidi tantum*. I saw her first just as I rose out of an illness from which I had never thought to recover. I remember the trembling little frame, the little hand, the great honest eyes. An impetuous honesty seemed to me to characterize the woman. Twice I recollect she took me to task for what she held to be errors in doctrine. Once about Fielding we had a disputation. She spoke her mind out. She jumped too rapidly to conclusions. (I have smiled at one or two passages in the *Biography*, in which my own disposition or behaviour forms the subject of talk.) She formed conclusions that might be wrong, and built

up whole theories of character upon them. New to the London world, she entered it with an independent, indomitable spirit of her own; and judged of contemporaries, and especially spied out arrogance or affectation, with extraordinary keenness of vision. She was angry with her favourites if their conduct or conversation fell below her ideal. Often she seemed to me to be judging the London folk prematurely: but perhaps the city is rather angry at being judged. I fancied an austere little Joan of Arc marching in upon us, and rebuking our easy lives, our easy morals. She gave me the impression of being a very pure, and lofty, and high-minded person. A great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always. Such, in our brief interview, she appeared to me. As one thinks of that life so noble, so lonely—of that passion for truth—of those nights and nights of eager study, swarming fancies, invention, depression, elation, prayer; as one reads the necessarily incomplete, though most touching and admirable history of the heart that throbbed in this one little frame—of this one amongst the myriads of souls that have lived and died on this great earth—this great earth?—this little speck in the infinite universe of God,—with what wonder do we think of to-day, with what awe await to-morrow, when that which is now but darkly seen shall be clear! As I read this little fragmentary sketch, I think of the rest. Is it? And where is it? Will not the leaf be turned some day, and the story be told? Shall the deviser of the tale somewhere perfect the history of little EMMA's griefs and troubles? Shall TITANIA come forth complete with her sportive court, with the flowers at her feet, the forest around her, and all the stars of summer glittering overhead?

How well I remember the delight, and wonder, and pleasure with which I read *Jane Eyre*, sent to me by an author whose name and sex were then alike unknown to me; the strange fascinations of the book; and how with my own work pressing upon me, I could not, having taken the volumes up, lay them down until they were read through! Hundreds of those who, like myself, recognized and admired that master-work of a great genius, will look with a mournful interest and regard and curiosity upon this, the last fragmentary sketch from the noble hand which wrote *Jane Eyre*.

W. M. T.

## Emma.

(A FRAGMENT OF A STORY BY THE LATE CHARLOTTE BRONTË.)

### CHAPTER I.

WE all seek an ideal in life. A pleasant fancy began to visit me in a certain year, that perhaps the number of human beings is few who do not find their quest at some era of life for some space more or less brief. I had certainly not found mine in youth, though the strong belief I held of its existence sufficed through all my brightest and freshest time to keep me hopeful. I had not found it in maturity. I was become resigned



never to find it. I had lived certain dim years entirely tranquil and unexpectant. And now I was not sure but something was hovering round my hearth which pleased me wonderfully.

Look at it, reader. Come into my parlour and judge for yourself whether I do right to care for this thing. First, you may scan me, if you please. We shall go on better together after a satisfactory introduction and due apprehension of identity. My name is Mrs. Chalfont. I am a widow. My house is good, and my income such as need not check the impulse either of charity or a moderate hospitality. I am not young, nor yet old. There is no silver yet in my hair, but its yellow lustre is gone. In my face wrinkles are yet to come, but I have almost forgotten the days when it wore any bloom. I married when I was very young. I lived for fifteen years a life, which, whatever its trials, could not be called stagnant. Then for five years I was alone, and, having no children, desolate. Lately Fortune, by a somewhat curious turn of her wheel, placed in my way an interest and a companion.

The neighbourhood where I live is pleasant enough, its scenery agreeable, and its society civilized, though not numerous. About a mile from my house there is a ladies' school, established but lately—not more than three years since. The conductresses of this school were of my acquaintances; and though I cannot say that they occupied the very highest place in my opinion—for they had brought back from some months' residence abroad, for finishing purposes, a good deal that was fantastic, affected, and pretentious—yet I awarded them some portion of that respect which seems the fair due of all women who face life bravely, and try to make their own way by their own efforts.

About a year after the Misses Wilcox opened their school, when the number of their pupils was as yet exceedingly limited, and when, no doubt, they were looking out anxiously enough for augmentation, the entrance-gate to their little drive was one day thrown back to admit a carriage—"a very handsome, fashionable carriage," Miss Mabel Wilcox said, in narrating the circumstance afterwards—and drawn by a pair of really splendid horses. The sweep up the drive, the loud ring at the door-bell, the bustling entrance into the house, the ceremonious admission to the bright drawing-room, roused excitement enough in Fuchsia Lodge. Miss Wilcox repaired to the reception-room in a pair of new gloves, and carrying in her hand a handkerchief of French cambric.

She found a gentleman seated on the sofa, who, as he rose up, appeared a tall, fine-looking personage; at least she thought him so; as he stood with his back to the light. He introduced himself as Mr. Fitzgibbon, inquired if Miss Wilcox had a vacancy, and intimated that he wished to intrust to her care a new pupil in the shape of his daughter. This was welcome news, for there was many a vacancy in Miss Wilcox's school-room; indeed, her establishment was as yet limited to the select number of three, and she and her sisters were looking forward with anything but confidence to the balancing of accounts at the close of their first half-year. Few objects could have been more agreeable to her than that to which,

by a wave of the hand, Mr. Fitzgibbon now directed her attention—the figure of a child standing near the drawing-room window.

Had Miss Wilcox's establishment boasted fuller ranks—had she indeed entered well on that course of prosperity which in after years an undeviating attention to externals enabled her so triumphantly to realize—an early thought with her would have been to judge whether the acquisition now offered was likely to answer well as a show-pupil. She would have instantly marked her look, dress, &c., and inferred her value from these indicia. In those anxious commencing times, however, Miss Wilcox could scarce afford herself the luxury of such appreciation: a new pupil represented 40*l.* a year, independently of masters' terms—and 40*l.* a year was a sum Miss Wilcox needed and was glad to secure; besides, the fine carriage, the fine gentleman, and the fine name gave gratifying assurance, enough and to spare, of eligibility in the proffered connection. It was admitted, then, that there were vacancies in Fuchsia Lodge; that Miss Fitzgibbon could be received at once; that she was to learn all that the school prospectus proposed to teach; to be liable to every extra; in short, to be as expensive, and consequently as profitable a pupil, as any directress's heart could wish. All this was arranged as upon velvet, smoothly and liberally. Mr. Fitzgibbon showed in the transaction none of the hardness of the bargain-making man of business, and as little of the penurious anxiety of the straitened professional man. Miss Wilcox felt him to be "quite the gentleman." Everything disposed her to be partially inclined towards the little girl whom he, on taking leave, formally committed to her guardianship; and as if no circumstance should be wanting to complete her happy impression, the address left written on a card served to fill up the measure of Miss Wilcox's satisfaction—Conway Fitzgibbon, Esq., May Park, Midland County. That very day three decrees were passed in the new-comer's favour:—

1st. That she was to be Miss Wilcox's bed-fellow.

2nd. To sit next her at table.

3rd. To walk out with her.

In a few days it became evident that a fourth secret clause had been added to these, viz. that Miss Fitzgibbon was to be favoured, petted, and screened on all possible occasions.

An ill-conditioned pupil, who before coming to Fuchsia Lodge had passed a year under the care of certain old-fashioned Misses Sterling, of Hartwood, and from them had picked up unpractical notions of justice, took it upon her to utter an opinion on this system of favouritism.

"The Misses Sterling," she injudiciously said, "never distinguished any girl because she was richer or better dressed than the rest. They would have scorned to do so. *They* always rewarded girls according as they behaved well to their school-fellows and minded their lessons, not according to the number of their silk dresses, and fine laces and feathers."

For it must not be forgotten that Miss Fitzgibbon's trunks, when opened, disclosed a splendid wardrobe; so fine were the various articles of apparel,

indeed, that instead of assigning for their accommodation the painted deal drawers of the school bedroom, Miss Wilcox had them arranged in a mahogany bureau in her own room. With her own hands, too, she would on Sundays array the little favourite in her quilted silk pelisse, her hat and feathers, her ermine boa, and little French boots and gloves. And very self-complacent she felt when she led the young heiress (a letter from Mr. Fitzgibbon, received since his first visit, had communicated the additional particulars that his daughter was his only child, and would be the inheritress of his estates, including May Park, Midland County)—when she led her, I say, into the church, and seated her stately by her side at the top of the gallery-pew. Unbiassed observers might, indeed, have wondered what there was to be proud of, and puzzled their heads to detect the special merits of this little woman in silk—for, to speak truth, Miss Fitzgibbon was far from being the beauty of the school: there were two or three blooming little faces amongst her companions lovelier than hers. Had she been a poor child, Miss Wilcox herself would not have liked her physiognomy at all: rather, indeed, would it have repelled than attracted her; and, moreover—though Miss Wilcox hardly confessed the circumstance to herself, but, on the contrary, strove hard not to be conscious of it—there were moments when she became sensible of a certain strange weariness in continuing her system of partiality. It hardly came natural to her to show this special distinction in this particular instance. An undefined wonder would smite her sometimes that she did not take more real satisfaction in flattering and caressing this embryo heiress—that she did not like better to have her always at her side, under her special charge. On principle Miss Wilcox continued the plan she had begun. On *principle*, for she argued with herself: This is the most aristocratic and richest of my pupils; she brings me the most credit and the most profit: therefore, I ought in justice to show her a special indulgence; which she did—but with a gradually increasing peculiarity of feeling.

Certainly, the undue favours showered on little Miss Fitzgibbon brought their object no real benefit. Unfitted for the character of playfellow by her position of favourite, her fellow-pupils rejected her company as decidedly as they dared. Active rejection was not long necessary; it was soon seen that passive avoidance would suffice; the pet was not social. No: even Miss Wilcox never thought her social. When she sent for her to show her fine clothes in the drawing-room when there was company, and especially when she had her into her parlour of an evening to be her own companion, Miss Wilcox used to feel curiously perplexed. She would try to talk affably to the young heiress, to draw her out, to amuse her. To herself the governess could render no reason why her efforts soon flagged; but this was invariably the case. However, Miss Wilcox was a woman of courage; and be the *protégée* what she might, the patroness did not fail to continue on *principle* her system of preference.

A favourite has no friends; and the observation of a gentleman, who about this time called at the Lodge and chanced to see Miss Fitzgibbon,

## THE LAST SKETCH.

was, "That child looks consummately unhappy:" he was watching Miss Fitzgibbon, as she walked, by herself, fine and solitary, while her school-fellows were merrily playing.

"Who is the miserable little wight?" he asked.

He was told her name and dignity.

"Wretched little soul!" he repeated; and he watched her pace down the walk and back again; marching upright, her hands in her ermine muff, her fine pelisse showing a gay sheen to the winter's sun, her large Leghorn hat shading such a face as fortunately had not its parallel on the premises.

"Wretched little soul!" reiterated this gentleman. He opened the drawing-room window, watched the bearer of the muff till he caught her eye, and then summoned her with his finger. She came; he stooped his head down to her; she lifted her face up to him.

"Don't you play, little girl?"

"No, sir."

"No! why not? Do you think yourself better than other children?"

No answer.

"Is it because people tell you you are rich, you won't play?"

The young lady was gone. He stretched his hand to arrest her, but she wheeled beyond his reach, and ran quickly out of sight.

"An only child," pleaded Miss Wilcox; "possibly spoiled by her papa, you know; we must excuse a little pettishness."

"Humph! I am afraid there is not a little to excuse."

## CHAPTER II.

MR. ELLIN—the gentleman mentioned in the last chapter—was a man who went where he liked, and being a gossiping, leisurely person, he liked to go almost anywhere. He could not be rich, he lived so quietly; and yet he must have had some money, for, without apparent profession, he continued to keep a house and a servant. He always spoke of himself as having once been a worker; but if so, that could not have been very long since, for he still looked far from old. Sometimes of an evening, under a little social conversational excitement, he would look quite young; but he was changeable in mood, and complexion, and expression, and had chameleon eyes, sometimes blue and merry, sometimes grey and dark, and anon green and gleaming. On the whole he might be called a fair man, of average height, rather thin and rather wiry. He had not resided more than two years in the present neighbourhood; his antecedents were unknown there; but as the Rector, a man of good family and standing, and of undoubted scrupulousness in the choice of acquaintance, had introduced him, he found everywhere a prompt reception, of which nothing in his conduct had yet seemed to prove him unworthy. Some people, indeed, dubbed him "a character," and fancied him "eccentric;" but others could not see the appropriateness of the epithets. He always seemed to them very harmless and quiet, not always perhaps so perfectly

unreserved and comprehensible as might be wished. He had a discomposing expression in his eye; and sometimes in conversation an ambiguous diction; but still they believed he meant no harm.

Mr. Ellin often called on the Misses Wilcox; he sometimes took tea with them; he appeared to like tea and muffins, and not to dislike the kind of conversation which usually accompanies that refreshment; he was said to be a good shot, a good angler.—He proved himself an excellent gossip—he liked gossip well. On the whole he liked women's society, and did not seem to be particular in requiring difficult accomplishments or rare endowments in his female acquaintance. The Misses Wilcox, for instance, were not much less shallow than the china saucer which held their teacups; yet Mr. Ellin got on perfectly well with them, and had apparently great pleasure in hearing them discuss all the details of their school. He knew the names of all their young ladies too, and would shake hands with them if he met them walking out; he knew their examination days and gala days, and more than once accompanied Mr. Cecil, the curate, when he went to examine in ecclesiastical history.

This ceremony took place weekly, on Wednesday afternoons, after which Mr. Cecil sometimes stayed to tea, and usually found two or three lady parishioners invited to meet him. Mr. Ellin was also pretty sure to be there. Rumour gave one of the Misses Wilcox in anticipated wedlock to the curate, and furnished his friend with a second in the same tender relation: so that it is to be conjectured they made a social, pleasant party under such interesting circumstances. Their evenings rarely passed without Miss Fitzgibbon being introduced—all worked muslin and streaming sash and elaborated ringlets; others of the pupils would also be called in, perhaps to sing, to show off a little at the piano, or sometimes to repeat poetry. Miss Wilcox conscientiously cultivated display in her young ladies, thinking she thus fulfilled a duty to herself and to them, at once spreading her own fame and giving the children self-possessed manners.

It was curious to note how, on these occasions, good, genuine natural qualities still vindicated their superiority to counterfeit, artificial advantages. While "dear Miss Fitzgibbon," dressed up and flattered as she was, could only sidle round the circle with the crestfallen air which seemed natural to her, just giving her hand to the guests, then almost snatching it away, and sneaking in unmannerly haste to the place allotted to her at Miss Wilcox's side, which place she filled like a piece of furniture, neither smiling nor speaking the evening through—while such was her deportment, certain of her companions, as Mary Franks, Jessy Newton, &c., handsome, open-countenanced little damsels—fearless because harmless—would enter with a smile of salutation and a blush of pleasure, make their pretty reverence at the drawing-room door, stretch a friendly little hand to such visitors as they knew, and sit down to the piano to play their well-practised duet with an innocent, obliging readiness which won all hearts.

There was a girl called Diara—the girl alluded to before as having once

been Miss Sterling's pupil—a daring, brave girl, much loved and a little feared by her comrades. She had good faculties, both physical and mental—was clever, honest, and dauntless. In the schoolroom she set her young brow like a rock against Miss Fitzgibbon's pretensions; she found also heart and spirit to withstand them in the drawing-room. One evening, when the curate had been summoned away by some piece of duty directly after tea, and there was no stranger present but Mr. Ellin, Diana had been called in to play a long, difficult piece of music which she could execute like a master. She was still in the midst of her performance, when—Mr. Ellin having for the first time, perhaps, recognized the existence of the heiress by asking if she was cold—Miss Wilcox took the opportunity of launching into a strain of commendation on Miss Fitzgibbon's inanimate behaviour, terming it lady-like, modest, and exemplary. Whether Miss Wilcox's constrained tone betrayed how far she was from really feeling the approbation she expressed, how entirely she spoke from a sense of duty, and not because she felt it possible to be in any degree charmed by the personage she praised—or whether Diana, who was by nature hasty, had a sudden fit of irritability—is not quite certain, but she turned on her music-stool:—

“Ma'am,” said she to Miss Wilcox, “that girl does not deserve so much praise. Her behaviour is not at all exemplary. In the schoolroom she is insolently distant. For my part I denounce her airs; there is not one of us but is as good or better than she, though we may not be as rich.”

And Diana shut up the piano, took her music-book under her arm, curtsied, and vanished.

Strange to relate, Miss Wilcox said not a word at the time; nor was Diana subsequently reprimanded for this outbreak. Miss Fitzgibbon had now been three months in the school, and probably the governess had had leisure to wear out her early raptures of partiality.

Indeed, as time advanced, this evil often seemed likely to right itself; again and again it seemed that Miss Fitzgibbon was about to fall to her proper level, but then, somewhat provokingly to the lovers of reason and justice, some little incident would occur to invest her insignificance with artificial interest. Once it was the arrival of a great basket of hothouse fruit—melons, grapes, and pines—as a present to Miss Wilcox in Miss Fitzgibbon's name. Whether it was that a share of these luscious productions was imparted too freely to the nominal donor, or whether she had had a surfeit of cake on Miss Mabel Wilcox's birthday, it so befel, that in some disturbed state of the digestive organs Miss Fitzgibbon took to sleep-walking. She one night terrified the school into a panic by passing through the bedrooms, all white in her night-dress, moaning and holding out her hands as she went.

Dr. Percy was then sent for; his medicines, probably, did not suit the case; for within a fortnight after the somnambulistic feat, Miss Wilcox going upstairs in the dark, trod on something which she thought was the

cat, and on calling for a light, found her darling Matilda Fitzgibbon curled round on the landing, blue, cold, and stiff, without any light in her half-open eyes, or any colour in her lips, or movement in her limbs. She was not soon roused from this fit ; her senses seemed half scattered ; and Miss Wilcox had now an undeniable excuse for keeping her all day on the drawing-room sofa, and making more of her than ever.

There comes a day of reckoning both for petted heiresses and partial governesses.

One clear winter morning, as Mr. Ellin was seated at breakfast, enjoying his bachelor's easy chair and damp, fresh London newspaper, a note was brought to him marked "private," and "in haste." The last injunction was vain, for William Ellin did nothing in haste—he had no haste in him ; he wondered anybody should be so foolish as to hurry ; life was short enough without it. He looked at the little note—three-cornered, scented, and feminine. He knew the handwriting ; it came from the very lady Rumour had so often assigned him as his own. The bachelor took out a morocco case, selected from a variety of little instruments a pair of tiny scissors, cut round the seal, and read :—"Miss Wilcox's compliments to Mr. Ellin, and she should be truly glad to see him for a few minutes, if at leisure. Miss W. requires a little advice. She will reserve explanations till she sees Mr. E."

Mr. Ellin very quietly finished his breakfast ; then, as it was a very fine December day—hoar and crisp, but serene, and not bitter—he carefully prepared himself for the cold, took his cane, and set out. He liked the walk ; the air was still ; the sun not wholly ineffectual ; the path firm, and but lightly powdered with snow. He made his journey as long as he could by going round through many fields, and through winding, unfrequented lanes. When there was a tree in the way conveniently placed for support, he would sometimes stop, lean his back against the trunk, fold his arms, and muse. If Rumour could have seen him, she would have affirmed that he was thinking about Miss Wilcox ; perhaps when he arrives at the Lodge his demeanour will inform us whether such an idea be warranted.

At last he stands at the door and rings the bell ; he is admitted, and shown into the parlour—a smaller and a more private room than the drawing-room. Miss Wilcox occupies it ; she is seated at her writing-table ; she rises—not without air and grace—to receive her visitor. This air and grace she learnt in France ; for she was in a Parisian school for six months, and learnt there a little French, and a stock of gestures and courtesies. No : it is certainly not impossible that Mr. Ellin may admire Miss Wilcox. She is not without prettiness, any more than are her sisters ; and she and they are one and all smart and showy. Bright stone-blue is a colour they like in dress ; a crimson bow rarely fails to be pinned on somewhere to give contrast ; positive colours generally—grass-greens, red violets, deep yellows—are in favour with them ; all harmonics are at a discount. Many people would think Miss Wilcox, standing there

in her blue merino dress and pomegranate ribbon, a very agreeable woman. She has regular features; the nose is a little sharp, the lips a little thin, good complexion, light red hair. She is very business-like, very practical; she never in her life knew a refinement of feeling or of thought; she is entirely limited, respectable, and self-satisfied. She has a cool, prominent eye; sharp and shallow pupil, unshrinking and inexpressive; pale irid; light eyelashes, light brow. Miss Wilcox is a very proper and decorous person; but she could not be delicate or modest, because she is naturally destitute of sensitiveness. Her voice, when she speaks, has no vibration; her face no expression; her manner no emotion. Blush or tremor she never knew.

"What can I do for you, Miss Wilcox?" says Mr. Ellin, approaching the writing-table, and taking a chair beside it.

"Perhaps you can advise me," was the answer; "or perhaps you can give me some information. I feel so thoroughly puzzled, and really fear all is not right."

"Where? and how?"

"I will have redress if it be possible," pursued the lady; "but how to set about obtaining it! Draw to the fire, Mr. Ellin; it is a cold day."

They both drew to the fire. She continued:—

"You know the Christmas holidays are near?"

He nodded.

"Well, about a fortnight since, I wrote, as is customary, to the friends of my pupils, notifying the day when we break up, and requesting that, if it was desired that any girl should stay the vacation, intimation should be sent accordingly. Satisfactory and prompt answers came to all the notes except one—that addressed to Conway Fitzgibbon, Esquire, May Park, Midland County—Matilda Fitzgibbon's father, you know."

"What? won't he let her go home?"

"Let her go home, my dear sir! you shall hear. Two weeks elapsed, during which I daily expected an answer; none came. I felt annoyed at the delay, as I had particularly requested a speedy reply. This very morning I had made up my mind to write again, when—what do you think the post brought me?"

"I should like to know."

"My own letter—actually my own—returned from the post-office, with an intimation—such an intimation!—but read for yourself."

She handed to Mr. Ellin an envelope; he took from it the returned note and a paper—the paper bore a hastily-scribbled line or two. It said, in brief terms, that there was no such place in Midland County as May Park, and that no such person had ever been heard of there as Conway Fitzgibbon, Esquire.

On reading this, Mr. Ellin slightly opened his eyes.

"I hardly thought it was so bad as this," said he.

"What? you did think it was bad then? You suspected that something was wrong?"



"Really ! I scarcely knew what I thought or suspected. How very odd, no such place as May Park ! The grand mansion, the grounds, the oaks, the deer, vanished clean away. And then Fitzgibbon himself ! But you saw Fitzgibbon—he came in his carriage ?"

"In his carriage !" echoed Miss Wilcox ; "a most stylish equipage, and himself a most distinguished person. Do you think, after all, there is some mistake ?"

"Certainly, a mistake ; but when it is rectified I don't think Fitzgibbon or May Park will be forthcoming. Shall I run down to Midland County and look after these two precious objects ?"

"Oh ! would you be so good, Mr. Ellin ? I knew you would be so kind ; personal inquiry, you know—there's nothing like it."

"Nothing at all. Meantime, what shall you do with the child—the pseudo-heiress, if pseudo she be ? Shall you correct her—let her know her place ?"

"I think," responded Miss Wilcox, reflectively—"I think not exactly as yet ; my plan is to do nothing in a hurry ; we will inquire first. If after all she should turn out to be connected as was at first supposed, one had better not do anything which one might afterwards regret. No ; I shall make no difference with her till I hear from you again."

"Very good. As you please," said Mr. Ellin, with that coolness which made him so convenient a counsellor in Miss Wilcox's opinion. In his dry laconism she found the response suited to her outer worldliness. She thought he said enough if he did not oppose her. The comment he stinted so avariciously she did not want.

Mr. Ellin "ran down," as he said, to Midland County. It was an errand that seemed to suit him ; for he had curious predilections as well as peculiar methods of his own. Any secret quest was to his taste ; perhaps there was something of the amateur detective in him. He could conduct an inquiry and draw no attention. His quiet face never looked inquisitive, nor did his sleepless eye betray vigilance.

He was away about a week. The day after his return, he appeared in Miss Wilcox's presence as cool as if he had seen her but yesterday. Confronting her with that fathomless face he liked to show her, he first told her he had done nothing.

Let Mr. Ellin be as enigmatical as he would, he never puzzled Miss Wilcox. She never saw enigma in the man. Some people feared, because they did not understand, him ; to her it had not yet occurred to begin to spell his nature or analyze his character. If she had an impression about him, it was, that he was an idle but obliging man, not aggressive, of few words, but often convenient. Whether he were clever and deep, or deficient and shallow, close or open, odd or ordinary, she saw no practical end to be answered by inquiry, and therefore did not inquire.

"Why had he done nothing ?" she now asked.

"Chiefly because there was nothing to do."

"Then he could give her no information ?"

"Not much: only this, indeed—Conway Fitzgibbon was a man of straw; May Park a house of cards. There was no vestige of such man or mansion in Midland County, or in any other shire in England. Tradition herself had nothing to say about either the name or the place. The Oracle of old deeds and registers, when consulted, had not responded.

"Who can he be, then, that came here, and who is this child?"

"That's just what I can't tell you:—an incapacity which makes me say I have done nothing."

"And how am I to get paid?"

"Can't tell you that either."

"A quarter's board and education owing, and masters' terms besides," pursued Miss Wilcox. "How infamous! I can't afford the loss."

"And if we were only in the good old times," said Mr. Ellin, "where we ought to be, you might just send Miss Matilda out to the plantations in Virginia, sell her for what she is worth, and pay yourself."

"Matilda, indeed, and Fitzgibbon! A little impostor! I wonder what her real name is?"

"Betty Hodge? Poll Smith? Hannah Jones?" suggested Mr. Ellin.

"Now," cried Miss Wilcox, "give me credit for sagacity! It's very odd, but try as I would—and I made every effort—I never could really like that child. She has had every indulgence in this house; and I am sure I made great sacrifice of feeling to principle in showing her much attention; for I could not make any one believe the degree of antipathy I have all along felt towards her."

"Yes. I can believe it. I saw it."

"Did you? Well—it proves that my discernment is rarely at fault. Her game is up now, however; and time it was. I have said nothing to her yet; but now—"

"Have her in whilst I am here," said Mr. Ellin. "Has she known of this business? Is she in the secret? Is she herself an accomplice, or a mere tool? Have her in."

Miss Wilcox rang the bell, demanded Matilda Fitzgibbon, and the false heiress soon appeared. She came in her ringlets, her sash, and her furbelowed dress adornments—alas! no longer acceptable.

"Stand there!" said Miss Wilcox, sternly, checking her as she approached the hearth. "Stand there on the farther side of the table. I have a few questions to put to you, and your business will be to answer them. And mind—let us have the truth. *We will not endure lies.*"

Ever since Miss Fitzgibbon had been found in the fit, her face had retained a peculiar paleness and her eyes a dark orbit. When thus addressed, she began to shake and blanch like conscious guilt personified.

"Who are you?" demanded Miss Wilcox. "What do you know about yourself?"

A sort of half-interjection escaped the girl's lips; it was a sound expressing partly fear, and partly the shock the nerves feel when an evil, very long expected, at last and suddenly arrives.

"Keep yourself still, and reply, if you please," said Miss Wilcox, whom nobody should blame for lacking pity, because nature had not made her compassionate. "What is your name? We know you have no right to that of Matilda Fitzgibbon."

She gave no answer.

"I do insist upon a reply. Speak you shall, sooner or later. So you had better do it at once."

This inquisition had evidently a very strong effect upon the subject of it. She stood as if palsied, trying to speak, but apparently not competent to articulate.

Miss Wilcox did not fly into a passion, but she grew very stern and urgent; spoke a little loud; and there was a dry clamour in her raised voice which seemed to beat upon the ear and bewilder the brain. Her interest had been injured—her pocket wounded—she was vindicating her rights—and she had no eye to see, and no nerve to feel, but for the point in hand. Mr. Ellin appeared to consider himself strictly a looker-on; he stood on the hearth very quiet.

At last the culprit spoke. A low voice escaped her lips. "Oh, my head!" she cried, lifting her hands to her forehead. She staggered, but caught the door and did not fall. Some accusers might have been startled by such a cry—even silenced; not so Miss Wilcox. She was neither cruel nor violent; but she was coarse, because insensible. Having just drawn breath, she went on, harsh as ever.

Mr. Ellin, leaving the hearth, deliberately paced up the room as if he were tired of standing still, and would walk a little for a change. In returning and passing near the door and the criminal, a faint breath seemed to seek his ear, whispering his name—

"Oh, Mr. Ellin!"

The child dropped as she spoke. A curious voice—not like Mr. Ellin's, though it came from his lips—asked Miss Wilcox to cease speaking, and say no more. He gathered from the floor what had fallen on it. She seemed overcome, but not unconscious. Resting beside Mr. Ellin, in a few minutes she again drew breath. She raised her eyes to him.

"Come, my little one; have no fear," said he.

Reposing her head against him, she gradually became reassured. It did not cost him another word to bring her round; even that strong trembling was calmed by the mere effects of his protection. He told Miss Wilcox, with remarkable tranquillity, but still with a certain decision, that the little girl must be put to bed. He carried her upstairs, and saw her laid there himself. Returning to Miss Wilcox, he said:

"Say no more to her. Beware, or you will do more mischief than you think or wish. That kind of nature is very different from yours. It is not possible that you should like it; but let it alone. We will talk more on the subject to-morrow. Let me question her."

## Under Chloroform.

—18—

Most people take an interest in any authentic account of the mode in which important surgical operations are performed, whenever opportunity is offered of gratifying their very natural curiosity. Such opportunities are however somewhat rare. The columns of the newspaper press not unfrequently supply brief, and sometimes curiously incorrect, particulars of the injuries resulting from "an appalling accident" of the night previous, to some unfortunate workman who has fallen from a scaffold, or been mutilated by a railway train. Scraps of hearsay are eagerly gathered up by the penny-a-liner, who, like the fireman's dog of notorious ubiquity, is always first on the spot after the occurrence of a catastrophe; and a remarkable combination of technical phrases culled from the brief remarks of the surgeon in attendance, and from the slender stock which has accumulated in the reporter's brain from previous experiences, makes its appearance in to-morrow's daily journals, and is certain to be reproduced in all the weeklies of Saturday next. Then it is the great public learns with profound horror that some poor victim's shoulder-joint has been dislocated in three places, that the carotid artery was pronounced (surgeons are invariably said to "pronounce") to be fractured, or that there was great contusion and ecchymosis (always a trying word for the compositor) about the spine, and that amputation would probably be necessary.

But sometimes it happens that an over-prying public, with a curiosity not much in this instance to be commended, peeps within the pages of the medical press, hoping to unravel some of the mysteries of professional craft. Ten to one that it gets nothing but error for its pains. The technicalities which medical men must necessarily employ when writing for each other, are instructive only to the initiated, and are pregnant with blunders for the simple reader. And few people make more mistakes than our medical amateur who, on the strength of a weekly perusal of *The Lancet* at his club, sets up as an authority in the social circle on questions of physiology and physisic.

Occasionally, moreover, after dinner, when the ladies have left the table, and the men alone remain to empty decanters and derange a dessert, one has the gratification of meeting some very young gentleman, who, the week before last, presented his proud father with the diploma of "the college," elegantly framed and glazed, in return for an education which has cost five years and a thousand pounds, and who astonishes his elderly associates with a highly-tinted sketch of some operative achievement, in which perchance he assisted at the hospital. As he surveys the auditory, silent and absorbed by his heart-stirring description, and complacently witnesses the admiration which such evidence of his own familiarity with harrowing scenes, and of his apparent absence of emotion, elicits, it is to be feared that its influence, associated with that of the port, a beverage appre-

ciated by our young friend, if one may judge by the quantity he imbibes, tends to render the information obtained, as one may say almost at first hand, not so absolutely trustworthy as a man of fact is accustomed to desire.

After a due survey then of the varied sources from which most people obtain information respecting the topics in question, and after some observation of the character and quality of the knowledge so acquired, we have formed the deliberate conclusion that they possess very erroneous, and very inadequate notions about the nature of a surgical operation. No doubt all admire the *sang-froid* and skill, possession of which is necessary to make a good surgical operator—qualities, by the way, which are perhaps more frequently developed by training, than found already existing as a natural inheritance. But it is germane to our purpose to remember that everybody has a direct practical concern in the existence of an available supply of the necessary talent to meet a certain demand on the part of the body politic, for no one knows how soon his own personal necessities may not be such as to give him the strongest possible interest in its exercise: a demand that is absolutely inevitable;—for be assured that, without any wish to alarm you, gentle reader, Mr Neison will, if requested to make the calculation, inform us at once what the numerical chances are that your own well-proportioned nether limb will, or will not, fall before the surgeon's knife, or that that undoubtedly hard and well-developed cranium may not yet be scientifically explored by "trepan" or "trephine." He will estimate with unerring certainty the probability (to nine places of decimals, if you demand it) that your own fair person may become the subject of some unpleasing excrescence; and also what the chances are that you must seek the surgeon's aid to remove it. While Mr. Buckle will stoutly maintain, and you will find it hard to gainsay him, that, given the present conditions of existence, a certain ascertainable number of tumours, broken legs, and natural-born deformities will regularly make their appearance every year among the human family. And he will probably add, that it is perfectly within the province of possibility to calculate, if we had all the required data, the exact number of individuals who have the requisite courage to submit to operation; as of those who will not have heart to do so, and who will inevitably die without benefit of surgery; together with the exact percentage to the population of those who will, and who will not, put faith in the blessed boon of chloroform.

It is a blessed boon; and in olden times the possessor of such a secret would have been the most potent wizard of which the earth has yet heard tell. What miracles might not have been performed by it! What dogmas might not have been made divine and true by its influence! Happy was it that those great powers, the magic of chemical and electrical discovery, have been brought to light in a time when they can be used mainly to enlighten and bless, and not to darken and oppress mankind!

But that word chloroform is happily significant that it is to no scene of suffering that we would introduce our readers. There is no need to shrink,

or to question the taste which exhibits the details of a surgical operation to the vulgar eye. It is not designed, even in this stirring time, after the fashion of ancient Rome, to deaden our sensibilities, or to accustom our youth to witness deeds of blood and violence without shrinking. No trace of suffering will be visible in the picture which shall pass before us. So great is the triumph which modern surgical art displays, so great the boon which it has conferred upon humanity! It is this which we propose to illustrate, by describing the single and simple process involved in cutting off a leg.

Permit us first, however, to cast a passing glance, by way of contrast, to the established and orthodox fashion of performing that operation some centuries ago. Bear with us but a moment, and in imagination hope that then, when painless surgery was unknown, no patient lacked support in his hour of trial (long *hours* then, in truth!) from that great and never-failing source which flows, unmeasured and unfathomable, for all humanity, alike in every age.

Until the last three or four hundred years, amputation of a limb was very rarely performed, except when, from injury or disease, its extremity had begun to mortify; and then, few surgeons ventured to make incisions in the sound portion, but limited themselves to an operation through the tissues which had already lost their vitality. This timidity was due to the fact that they were unacquainted with any effectual means of stopping the bleeding from the larger arteries divided by the knife. Certain and easy as is the control of such bleeding now, by the simple process of tying a piece of thread or silk round the extremity of the bleeding vessel (as we shall hereafter see), it was unknown, at all events as applicable to amputation, to any surgical writer from Hippocrates, 400 B.C., or from Celsus, who flourished in the first Christian century, to the fifteenth. Consequently, the numerous instances of injury and disease, in which life is now saved by a timely resort to amputation, were then always fatal. Hence, also, arose the various expedients which the more adventurous operators of the time resorted to, in order to stop fatal bleeding, with the effect only of increasing the patient's torture, and with the attainment of no good result. Thus the incisions were performed with a red-hot knife, that the divided vessels, seared and charred by the horrible contact, might contract, or become plugged, and so be prevented from bleeding (Albucasis, 11th century). Effective for the instant, the force of the circulation quickly overpowered the slender obstruction, and fatal hæmorrhage, sooner or later, took place. Yet this plan continued more or less in vogue down to the discovery of the ligature in the 16th century, and was practised even later in Germany by the celebrated Hildanus (1641); although he subsequently adopted the new method. According to another fashion, the surgeon, after making a tedious division of the flesh down to the bone, with studied endeavour not to divide the arteries until the last moment, relied on applications of red-hot irons, or of some styptic fluid, usually a powerful acid or astringent, to arrest the bleeding. If these were not successful, a vessel of boiling

pitch was at hand, ready prepared, into which the bleeding stump was plunged. Between Scylla and Charybdis, the patient rarely escaped with life; either he died from loss of blood in a few hours, or less; or if the dreadful remedies succeeded, he survived a day or two, to die of fever or exhaustion. After an earlier method, that of Guido di Caulico (1363), a bandage of plaster was made to encircle the member so tightly that mortification attacked all the parts below, which then, after the lapse of months, dropped off, a horribly loathsome and offensive mass. Another surgeon, Botalli (1560), invented a machine to sever the limb in an instant by a single stroke; and it was not uncommon at this period to effect the same purpose by the hatchet, or by a powerful mallet and chisel.

It is to Ambrose Paré, the great French surgeon, who flourished in the 16th century, that we owe the application of the ligature (used long before in ordinary wounds) to the bleeding arteries in amputation. He discarded the use of the red-hot cautery, and of all the frightful adjuncts already described; and accomplished his purpose by carrying the thread round the vessel by means of a needle passed through the soft parts adjacent—a method of adjustment which, although still in use, is now employed only in exceptional instances. Richard Wiseman, sometimes styled the father of English surgery, who practised about the middle of the 17th century, is believed to have been the first to employ the ligature in our own country, and to relinquish the application of heated irons. At this era also, the circulation of the blood was discovered by the renowned Harvey, and the distinction between arteries and veins being thenceforth clearly understood, the value of the ligature was rendered more than ever obvious.

But enough of this: let us soothe our ruffled nerves by seeing how the thing is done to-day. We will take a quiet post of observation in the area of the operating theatre at one of our metropolitan hospitals, in this year of our Lord 1860. Notice is posted that amputation of the thigh will be performed at 2 o'clock P.M., and we occupy our seat ten minutes before the hour.

The area itself is small, of a horse-shoe form, and surrounded by seats rising on a steep incline one above another, to the number of eight or nine tiers. From 100 to 150 students occupy these, and pack pretty closely, especially on the lower rows, whence the best view is obtained. For an assemblage of youths between eighteen and twenty-five years, who have nothing to do but to wait, they are tolerably well-behaved and quiet. Three or four practical jokers, however, it is evident, are distributed among them, and so the time passes all the quicker for the rest. The clock has not long struck two, when the folding-doors open, and in walk two or three of the leading surgeons of the hospital, followed by a staff of dressers, and a few professional lookers-on; the latter being confined to seats reserved for them on the lowest and innermost tier. A small table, covered with instruments, occupies a place on one side of the area; water, sponges, towels, and lint, are placed on the opposite. The surgeon who is about to

operate, rapidly glances over the table, and sees that his instruments are all there, and in readiness. He requests a colleague to take charge of the tourniquet, and with a word deposes one assistant to "take the flaps," another to hold the limb, a third to hand the instruments, and the last to take charge of the sponges. This done, and while the patient is inhaling chloroform in an adjoining apartment, under the care of a gentleman who makes that his special duty, the operator gives to the now hushed and listening auditory, a brief history of the circumstances which led to an incurable disease of the left knee-joint, and the reasons why he decides on the operation about to be performed. He has scarcely closed, when the unconscious patient is brought in by a couple of sturdy porters, and laid upon the operating table, a small, but strong and steady erection, four feet long by two feet wide, which stands in the centre of the area. The left being the doomed leg, the right is fastened by a bandage to one of the supports of the table, so as to be out of harm's way; while the dresser, who has special charge of the case, is seated on a low stool at the foot of the table, and supports the left. The surgeon who assists, encircles the upper part of the thigh with the tourniquet, placing its pad over the femoral artery, the chief vessel which supplies the limb with blood, and prepares to screw up the instrument, thus to make sure that no considerable amount of the vital fluid can be lost. The operator, standing on the left side of the corresponding leg, and holding in his right hand a narrow, straight knife, of which the blade is at least ten inches long, and looks marvellously bright and sharp, directs his eye to him who gives the chloroform, and awaits the signal that the patient has become perfectly insensible. All is silence profound: every assistant stands in his place, which is carefully arranged so as not to intercept the view of those around.

The words "quite ready" are no sooner whispered, than the operator, grasping firmly with his left hand the flesh which forms the front part of the patient's thigh, thrusts quietly and deliberately the sharp blade horizontally through the limb, from its outer to its inner side, so that the thigh is transfixed a little above its central axis, and in front of the bone. He next cuts directly downwards, in the plane of the limb, for about four inches, and then obliquely outwards, so as to form a flap, which is seized and turned upwards out of the way by the appointed assistant. A similar transfixion is again made, commencing at the same spot, but the knife is this time carried behind the bone; a similar incision follows, and another flap is formed and held away as before. Lastly, with a rapid circular sweep round the bone he divides all left uncut; and handing the knife to an assistant, who takes it, and gives a saw in return, the operator divides the bone with a few workmanlike strokes, and the limb is severed from the body. A rustling sound of general movement and deeper breathing is heard among the lookers-on, who have followed with straining and critical eyes every act which has contributed to the accomplishment of the task; and some one of the younger students is heard to whisper to his neighbour, "Five and thirty seconds: not bad, by Jove!"



The operator now seats himself on the stool just vacated by the dresser, who has carried away the leg, and seeks in the cut surfaces before him the end of the main artery on which to place a ligature. There is no flow of blood, only a little oozing, for the tourniquet holds life's current hard and fast. Only five minutes' uncontrolled flow of the current from that great artery now so perfectly compressed, and our patient's career in this world would be closed for ever. How is it permanently held in check? and what have we to substitute now for the hissing, sparkling, and sputtering iron, and the boiling pitch? The operator takes hold of the cut end of the artery with a slender, delicately made pair of forceps, and draws it out a little, while an assistant passes round the end so drawn out a ligature of exceedingly fine whipcord, fine but strong, and carefully ties it there with double knot, and so effectually closes the vessel. A similar process is applied to perhaps six or seven other but smaller vessels, the tourniquet is removed, and no bleeding ensues. Altogether the patient has lost little more than half-a-pint of blood! The flaps are placed in apposition, the bone is well covered by them, a few stitches are put through their edges, some cool wet lint is applied all around the stump, and the patient, slumbering peacefully, is carried off to a comfortable bed ready prepared in some adjacent ward. Half an hour hence that patient will regain consciousness, and probably the first observation he makes will be, "I am quite ready for the operation, when is it going to begin?" And it takes no little repetition of the assurance that all is over to make him realize the happy truth.

So it is that he who loses the limb knows less about the process than any one concerned; infinitely less, my gentle reader, than you who have shared with us the quiet corner, and have seen all without losing consciousness, or fainting. It was an early day in the medical session, and many new men were there; one at least was observed to become very—very pale, and then slowly disappear: no one knows how or where, for neither we in the area nor those elsewhere had leisure or care to inquire.

What might have happened to somebody else had he been witness before these blessed days of chloroform, can, in the nature of things, be only a matter for speculation. It may even be surmised by some theorist, and without hazarding a very improbable guess, that a similar catastrophe might, perhaps, under such aggravating circumstances, and at a greener age, have rendered utterly futile, on his part, any attempt to describe what modern skill and science now accomplish in cutting off the leg of a patient Under Chloroform.

## The How and Why of Long Shots and Straight Shots.

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ON a windy, unpleasant day in 1746, a great mathematician and philosopher was exhibiting to a select company in the gardens of the Charterhouse his skill in shooting round a corner with a bent gun-barrel. If he had requested the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* of the day to publish his experiments, it is probable that he would have been refused. Now, when every morning paper informs us at breakfast, in its best type, of how far off we may be killed, and the evening papers analyze the same with the commencement of a hot debate on the French Treaty, to give us a pleasing subject for our dreams, we think that perhaps our unprofessional readers may like to know *the how* and *the why* of these far-reaching organs of peace on earth and good-will among faithful allies.

Supposing, then, reader—for it is to such that this article is addressed—that you are wholly ignorant of the science of gunnery, and of its principal establisher, Benjamin Robins, and have, therefore, been laughing at him, the poor silly philosopher,—if you will read the following extract from his work on Gunnery, you will see that if he did a foolish thing, he certainly sometimes wrote a wise one:—"I shall, therefore, close this paper with predicting that whatever State shall thoroughly comprehend the nature and advantages of rifled-barrel pieces, and, having facilitated and completed their construction, shall introduce into their armies their general use, with a dexterity in the management of them, they will by this means acquire a superiority which will almost equal anything that has been done at any time by the particular excellence of any one kind of arms; and will, perhaps, fall but little short of the wonderful effects which histories relate to have been formerly produced by the first inventors of fire-arms."

Now to our distinguished countryman, Mr. Benjamin Robins, is due the credit of having first pointed out the reasons why *smooth bores*—and smooth bore is now almost as great a term of reproach with us rifle volunteers as dog is with a Turk—were constantly, in fact, universally, in the habit of shooting round corners, and the experiment mentioned was only a means of bringing the fact more strikingly before the obtuse faculties of the Royal Society, whom we may imagine to have been intense admirers of brown-bess—also now a term of reproach in constant use. Mr. Robins did more; he pointed out the advantage of elongated rifle bullets; showed us how to determine—and partially, as far as his limited means permitted, himself determined—the enormous resistance of the atmosphere to the motion of projectiles; in fact, smoothed the way for all our present *discoveries*; and, treason though it be to say so, left the science of gunnery much as we have it now. Though principally from increased mechanical powers of construction, better material and improved machinery, we have advanced considerably in the Art or practice of destruction.

Let us endeavour, first, to understand something of the movement of gun-shots in their simplest form. A gun-barrel, consisting of a bar of metal thicker at one end (where it has to withstand the first shock of the gunpowder) than at the other, is bored out throughout its length into a smooth hollow cylinder; this cylinder is closed at one end by the breech, which has a small opening in it, through which the charge is ignited. A charge of powder is placed in the closed end, and on the top of this the ball, say, a spherical one, such as our ancestors in their simplicity considered the best. The powder being ignited, rapidly, though not instantaneously, becomes converted into gas, and the *permanent* gases generated will, at the temperature estimated to be produced by the combustion ( $3,000^{\circ}$  Fahr.), occupy a volume under the pressure of the atmosphere alone of over 2,000 times that of the bulk of the powder. This point, as well as the elasticity of the gases, both of the permanent ones and of the vapour of water or steam from the moisture in the powder, has never been accurately determined,\* and various estimates have been formed; but if we take Dr. Hutton's—a rather low one, viz.—that the first force of fired gunpowder was equal to 2,000 atmospheres (30,000 lbs. on the square inch), and that, as Mr. Robins computed, the velocity of expansion was about 7,000 feet per second, we shall have some idea of the enormous force which is exerted in the direction of the bullet to move it, of the breech of the gun to make it kick, and of the sides of the barrel to burst it. Notwithstanding Mr. Robins' advice, we certainly never, till very lately, made the most of the power of committing homicide supplied by this powerful agent; but we used it in the most wasteful and vicious manner. All improvements—and many were suggested at different times to remedy defects, which he principally pointed out, like the inventions of printing and of gunpowder itself—lay fallow for long before they were taken up. They were premature. If our fathers had killed men clumsily, why should we not do the same? No one cared much, except the professionals, whether it required 100 or 1,000 bullets, on an average, to kill a man at 100 yards' distance. Now we take more interest in such amusements; every one's attention is turned to the best means of thinning his fellow-creatures; and we are not at all content with the glorious uncertainty which formerly prevailed when every bullet found its own billet: we like to kill our particular man, not his next neighbour, or one thirty yards off.

In order to see why we are so much more certain with our Whitworth, or, Enfield, or Armstrong, of hitting the man we aim at, let us first examine how a bullet flies; and then by understanding how (badly) our fathers applied the force we have described to make it fly, we shall be able to appreciate how well we do it ourselves.

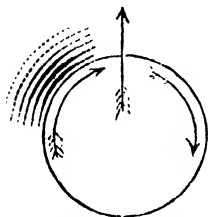
In consequence of the sudden generation of this enormous quantity of gas, then, in the confined space of the barrel, the bullet is projected into

\* It is not at all certain whether Mariott's law of the elasticity being as the density is true, when the gases are so highly condensed.

the air, and if it were not acted on by any other force, would proceed for ever in the line in which it started; gravity, however, at once asserts its sway, and keeps pulling it down towards the earth. These two forces together would make it describe a curve, known as the parabola. There is, however, another retarding influence, the air; and though Galileo, and Newton in particular, pointed out the great effect it would have, several philosophers, in fact the majority, still believed that a parabola was the curve described by the path of a shot. It remained for Mr. Robins to establish this point and to prove the great resistance the air offered: to this we shall have to recur again presently. Let us first see *how* a shot is projected. If the bullet fitted the bore of the gun perfectly, the whole force in that direction would be exerted on it; but in order that the gun might be more easily loaded—and this was more especially the case with cannon—the bullet was made somewhat smaller than the bore or interior cylinder; a space was therefore left between the two, termed windage, and through this windage a great deal of gas rushed out, and was wasted; but the bad effect did not stop there: rushing over the top of the bullet, as it rested on the bottom of the bore, it pressed it down hard—hard enough in guns of soft metal, as brass, after a few rounds to make a very perceptible dint—and forcing it along at the same time made it rebound first against one side and then the other of the bore, and hence the direction in which it left the bore was not the axis or central line of the cylinder, but varied according to the side it struck last. This was one cause of inaccuracy, and could, of course, be obviated to a great extent, though at the cost of difficulty in loading, by making the bullet fit tight; but another and more important cause of deflection was the various rotatory or spinning motions the bullet received from friction against the sides of the bore, and also from its often not being a homogeneous sphere; that is, the density of the metal not being the same throughout, the centre of gravity did not coincide with the centre of the sphere as it should have done.

Let us try to understand the effect of this rotation. A bullet in moving rapidly through the air, separates it; and if its velocity is at all greater than the velocity with which the air can refill the space from

No. 1.



Looking down upon the spinning bullet.

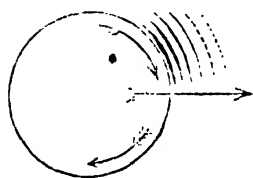
which it has been cleared behind it, it must create a more or less complete vacuum. Now when the barometer stands at thirty inches, air will rush into a vacuum at the rate of 1,344 feet per second; and if the bullet is moving at a greater velocity than this, there will be a total vacuum behind it. But it can be easily understood that even when moving with a less velocity, there will be a greater density of air before than behind. If the bullet be rotating on a vertical axis—that is, spinning like

a top, point downwards, as in the diagram No. 1, from left to right, in the direction indicated by the crooked arrow, at the same time that

it is moving forward (sideways it would be in the top) as indicated by the straight arrow,—it is evident that the left half rotates *with* the general motion of translation of the bullet, and the right half backwards *against* this motion, and therefore that on the left side it is moving quicker relatively to the air through which it is passing than on the right side. And its rough surface preventing the air escaping round it on that side, while it, as it were, assists it on the other side, the air becomes denser where shown by the dark lines, and tends to deflect the bullet in the other direction, that is, in the direction in which the anterior or front surface is moving.\*

If the bullet rotate on a horizontal axis at right angles to the direction of its motion of translation (that is, like a top thrown spinning with its point sideways, when it would strike the object thrown at with its side), shown in

No. 2.



Looking at the bullet sideways.

the diagram No. 2; if the anterior portion be moving, as shown by the arrow, from above downwards, it is evident, for the same reasons, that the air will become denser, as shown, and assist the action of gravity in bringing the ball to the ground—that is, decrease the range. A spherical bullet resting on the bottom of the bore of a gun would always have a greater tendency to rotate in this manner than in a contrary direction; for the

friction against the bore would be augmented by the weight of the ball in striking against the bottom, and diminished by it when striking against the top.

Shot were constructed in 1851 to try the effect of rotation in the above-mentioned and in the opposite directions. They were made eccentric, that is, lop-sided, by taking out a portion of the metal on one side, and replacing it either with a heavier or lighter body. The manner in which they would rotate was, therefore, known; for, not to use too scientific language, the light side moved first, and according to the relative positions of the heavy and light side when placed against the charge so the rotation took place. Thus, when the light side was resting against the bore of the gun, the rotation was exactly contrary to the direction shown in diagram No. 2; and a range of 5,566 yards was obtained from a 10-inch gun, being 916 yards farther than with a concentric shot from the same gun. The deflections to the right and left were proportionately large, according as the light side was placed to the left or right.

We need not specify further; this will be sufficient to show the reason why the smooth bore with a spherical bullet never made a straight long

\* This tendency is found in practice to overcome the tendency that there is for the ball to be deflected in the opposite direction, from the greater friction arising from the greater density of the air pressing against the anterior surface than against the posterior surface.

shot, for it was not only that the bullet did not go in the direction in which it was aimed, but it did not even follow the direction in which it started. This was well shown by Mr. Robins in the experiment we commenced with. He bent the end of a gun barrel to the left, and aimed by the straight part. As would be naturally expected, the shot passed through the first tissue-paper screen  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches to the *left* of the track of a bullet, which had been previously fired from a straight barrel in the same line with which the crooked barrel had been aimed, and 3 inches to the left on the second screen; but as he had predicted, and as the company could hardly have expected, on the wall which was behind, the bullet struck 14 inches to the right of the track, showing that though it had gone at first as directed by the bent portion of the barrel, yet as the bullet in being turned had *rolled against* the right-hand side of this portion of the barrel, it had a rotatory motion impressed upon it, by which the anterior portion moved from left to right, and the bullet, after moving away from, turned back and crossed the track of the other bullet again, or was *in-curved* to the right.

We now see why spherical bullets from a smooth bore, though they may fly almost perfectly accurately a short distance, cannot be depended on in the least for a long distance, as the bullet which might strike within 1 inch at 100 yards would not strike within 2 inches at 200 yards, and still less within 3 inches at 300 yards of the mark at which it was fired.

The cause of these deflections we have seen is almost wholly rotation or *spin*. The object of the *rifle* is to place this rotation under our control, and if the bullet must spin, to make it *spin* always in the same direction, and in the way which will suit our purpose best. With this object the interior of the cylindrical bore which we have been considering as smooth, is scored or indented with spiral grooves or furrows. As we are merely concerned with the principles, and not with the constructive details, we need only mention that the number of these grooves varies in different rifles from two to forty; that their shape and size, though dependent on certain conditions, is, we might almost say, a matter of fashion; and that Mr. Whitworth, in his almost perfect rifle, uses a hexagonal bore, and Mr. Lancaster makes a smooth oval-bored rifle; but that in all, the deviations from the circle of the interior cylinder do not pass straight from end to end of the barrel, but *spirally*, and constitute, in fact, a female screw. The bullet, fitting tight and entering the grooves, is constrained to rotate while being forced out of the barrel by the gunpowder, in the same manner that a screw is necessarily twisted while being drawn out of a hole or nut; and this rotation or spin being impressed upon it by the same force which projects it from the barrel, continues during the flight. This spin is different in direction from those we have been considering previously; it is like the spin of a top thrown point foremost, the axis of rotation coincident with the line of flight. While it remains in this position (coinciding with the line of flight) none of the deflecting effects

of the air we have mentioned can come into operation, as the resistance is equal on all sides; and not only that, but if there are any irregularities on the surface of the ball, as they are brought rapidly first on one side and then on the other of the point or pole of rotation, they can have no effect in deflecting it to one side more than to the other. Hence the accuracy, or straight shooting, of our modern gun, the rifle.

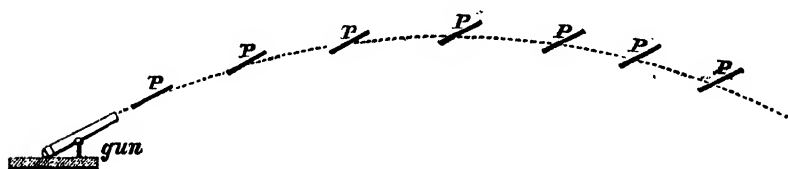
We have before mentioned that Robins pointed out the enormous effect of the resistance of the atmosphere to the passage of a shot; and "because," as he says, "I am fully satisfied that the resistance of the air is almost the only source of the numerous difficulties which have hitherto embarrassed that science," viz. gunnery, he considered it above all things necessary to determine its amount; for which purpose he invented the Ballistic Pendulum and Whirling Machine. His experiments were made principally with small bullets; but a more extended series of experiments was made by Dr. Hutton with the same machines, and on the Continent and in America by Major Mordecai, with a ballistic pendulum of improved construction. It appears from these that when a ball of two inches diameter is moving with a great velocity, it meets with a resistance of which the following examples will give an idea: at a velocity of 1,800 feet per second the resistance is  $85\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., and at a velocity of 2,000 feet, 102 lbs. If we wish to increase the range, then, we must overcome this resistance in some way. As the resistance is nearly proportionate to the surface, that is, twice as great on a surface of two square inches as on a surface of one square inch, we must do so by increasing the weight of the shot. For it is evident that if two shot of different weights start with the same velocity, and meet with the same resistance, the heavier one, having the greater momentum, will maintain its velocity the longest. Throw a cork and a stone of the same size with the same force—the cork will only go a few yards, while the stone will go perhaps ten times as far. In the smooth-bored cannon this could only be effected *partially* by increasing the size of the shot, when the surface exposed to the resistance of the air increased only as the square of the diameter, while the weight increased in a greater ratio, as the cube of the diameter. Hence the longer range and greater penetration of heavy guns. As, however, with a rotating body the tendency is always for the axis of rotation to remain parallel to its original direction—thus a top while spinning may move about the floor, but remains upright on its point, and does not fall till the spin is exhausted—we have with rifles a means by which we can keep a bullet always in the same direction. In order to comply with the condition, then, of exposing a small surface to the resistance of the air while the bullet's weight is increased, we reject the spherical form, and make it a long cylinder; and to make it the more easily cut through the air, we terminate it with a conical point.

Thus compare Mr. Whitworth's 3-pounder with the ordinary or old 8-pounder; the shot weigh the same, but the diameter of Mr. Whitworth's 3-pounder shot is 1.5 or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches, while the diameter of the old

3-pounder shot is 2·91 inches, or nearly three inches; and the surfaces they expose to the resistance of the air are 2·25, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  square inches, and 8·47 nearly, or nearly  $8\frac{1}{2}$  square inches; that is, Mr. Whitworth's bullet, with the same weight to overcome it, meets with a resistance of a little more than a quarter that which the old bullet met with, and has the advantage of a sharp point to boot. Hence the enormous range attained, —9,688 yards.

The very same causes which make the fire of a rifle accurate, tend also to make it inaccurate, paradoxical as it may seem; but this inaccuracy being to a certain extent regular and known beforehand, is not of so much consequence, though it is a decided disadvantage. It may—not to be too mathematical—be explained thus:—The axis of rotation having, as we said, a tendency always to remain parallel to its original direction, when a rifle bullet or picket (the long projectile we have described) is fired at a high angle of elevation—that is, slanting upwards into the air, in order that before it falls it may reach a distant object,—it is evident from the diagram, that if the direction of the axis of rotation remains, as shown by the lines

No. 3.



*p p p*, which represent the shot at different portions of the range parallel to the original direction in the gun, the bullet or picket will not always remain with its point only presented in the direction in which it is moving, but one side of the bullet will be partially opposed to the resistance of the air. The air on that side (in front) will be denser than behind, and the disturbing or deflecting influences before described will come into operation, the two opposite tendencies described in the text and the note to a certain extent counteracting one another. While at the same time the resistance of the air has a tendency to turn the bullet from the sideways position in which it is moving with respect to the line of flight (and the effect of this is the greater the less spin the bullet has to constrain it to keep its original direction), the result of which force, conspiring with the force described in the note, is to give it a slight angular rotation round another axis, and deflect the bullet by constantly changing its general direction (this second axis of rotation) to the side to which the rifling turns. This was exemplified in the late practice with Mr. Whitworth's gun. When firing at the very long range of 9,000 yards the 3-pounder threw constantly to the right from 32 to 89 yards.

The rotation of the earth about its axis tends to throw the projectile always to the right of the object aimed at. Space will not permit of



our entering on this subject; but the principle is the same as that which in M. Faucoult's experiment with the vibrating pendulum caused its plane of vibration apparently to constantly deviate to the right.

The time of flight of the shot from Mr. Whitworth's 3-pounder gun is unknown to us; we are unable, therefore, to calculate the deflection due on this account, but as an illustration we may give this deflection, calculated for the long range attained with the 10-inch gun (5,600 yards), from Captain Boxer's, R.A., *Treatise on Artillery*. He finds it to be very nearly 11 yards.

Windage, one of the faults of the spherical bullet, permitting a great escape of the gas, and therefore wasting the force of the powder, has been overcome in various ways in the cylindro-conical picket. The Minié principle consists in hollowing out the base of the ball conically, placing in this hollow an iron cup or piece of wood, which being driven forward by the explosion of the charge further into the conical hollow, enlarges or expands the ball, and makes it fit tight and take the impression of the grooves, though the bullet, when put into the gun, is small enough to be easily rammed down. It is now found that the conical hollow alone, without the cup or plug, is almost equally effective in expanding the ball. We have termed this the Minié principle; Captain Norton, however, undoubtedly has a prior claim (which has been allowed by the British Government, we believe) to this invention. He was before his time. There was no cause for, and therefore the shooting mania was not strong upon us.

With breech-loaders, doing away with windage and making the bullet take the rifling, is an easy matter. The breech into which the bullet is put at once, without being passed through the muzzle, is made slightly larger than the rest of the bore; the bullet on being pushed forward by the force of the powder is squeezed into the narrower portion, and effectually prevents all escape of gas. It is thus with the Armstrong gun. Robins said of the breech-loaders of his day, "And, perhaps, somewhat of this kind, though not in the manner now practised, would be, of all others, the most perfect method for the construction of these barrels." Mr. Whitworth, on the other hand, uses——well, we have avoided details thus far, and every newspaper has described them so fully, that our readers must be thoroughly acquainted with them. Let us conclude, as we began, with Robins, and hope that his prediction that "they," the armies of the enlightened nations which perfect rifles, "will by this means acquire a superiority which will almost equal anything that has been done at any time."

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# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1860.

## Framley Parsonage.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### DELICATE HINTS.

LADY LUFTON had been greatly rejoiced at that good deed which her son did in giving up his Leicestershire hunting, and coming to reside for the winter at Framley. It was proper, and becoming, and comfortable in the extreme. An English nobleman ought to hunt in the county where he himself owns the fields over which he rides; he ought to receive the respect and honour due to him from his own tenants; he ought to sleep under a roof of his own, and he ought also—so Lady Lufton thought—to fall in love with a young embryo bride of his own mother's choosing.

And then it was so pleasant to have him there in the house. Lady Lufton was not a woman who allowed her life to be what people in common parlance call dull. She had too many duties, and thought too much of them, to allow of her suffering from tedium and ennui. But nevertheless the house was more joyous to her when he was there. There was a reason for some little gaiety, which would never have been attracted thither by herself, but which, nevertheless, she did enjoy when it was brought about by his presence. She was younger and brighter when he was there, thinking more of the future and less of the past. She could look at him, and that alone was happiness to her. And then he was pleasant-mannered with her; joking with her on her little old-world prejudices in a tone that was musical to her ear as coming from him; smiling on her, reminding her of those smiles which she had loved so dearly when as yet he was all her own, lying there in his little bed beside her chair. He was kind and gracious to her, behaving like a good son, at any rate while he was there in her presence. When we add, to this, her fears that he might not be so perfect in his conduct when absent, we may well imagine that Lady Lufton was pleased to have him there at Framley Court.

She had hardly said a word to him as to that five thousand pounds. Many a night, as she lay thinking on her pillow, she said to herself that no money had ever been better expended, since it had brought him back to his own house. He had thanked her for it in his own open way, declaring that he would pay it back to her during the coming year, and comforting her heart by his rejoicing that the property had not been sold.

"I don't like the idea of parting with an acre of it," he had said.

"Of course not, Ludovic. Never let the estate decrease in your hands. It is only by such resolutions as that that English noblemen and English gentlemen can preserve their country. I cannot bear to see property changing hands."

"Well, I suppose it's a good thing to have land in the market sometimes, so that the millionnaires may know what to do with their money."

"God forbid that yours should be there!" And the widow made a little mental prayer that her son's acres might be protected from the millionnaires and other Philistines.

"Why, yes: I don't exactly want to see a Jew tailor investing his earnings at Lufton," said the lord.

"Heaven forbid!" said the widow.

All this, as I have said, was very nice. It was manifest to her ladyship, from his lordship's way of talking, that no vital injury had as yet been done: he had no cares on his mind, and spoke freely about the property: but nevertheless there were clouds even now, at this period of bliss, which somewhat obscured the brilliancy of Lady Lufton's sky. Why was Ludovic so slow in that affair of Griselda Grantly? why so often in these latter winter days did he saunter over to the Parsonage? And then that terrible visit to Gatherum Castle!

What actually did happen at Gatherum Castle, she never knew. We, however, are more intrusive, less delicate in our inquiries, and we can say. He had a very bad day's sport with the West Bassetshire. The county is altogether short of foxes, and some one who understands the matter must take that point up before they can do any good. And after that he had had rather a dull dinner with the duke. Sowerby had been there, and in the evening he and Sowerby had played billiards. Sowerby had won a pound or two, and that had been the extent of the damage done.

But those saunterings over to the Parsonage might be more dangerous. Not that it ever occurred to Lady Lufton as possible that her son should fall in love with Lucy Roberts. Lucy's personal attractions were not of a nature to give ground for such a fear as that. But he might turn the girl's head with his chatter; she might be fool enough to fancy any folly; and, moreover, people would talk. Why should he go to the Parsonage now more frequently than he had ever done before Lucy came there?

And then her ladyship, in reference to the same trouble, hardly knew how to manage her invitations to the Parsonage. These hitherto had been very frequent, and she had been in the habit of thinking that they could hardly be too much so; but now she was almost afraid to continue the

custom. She could not ask the parson and his wife without Lucy; and when Lucy was there, her son would pass the greater part of the evening in talking to her, or playing chess with her. Now this did disturb Lady Lufton not a little.

And then Lucy took it all so quietly. On her first arrival at Framley she had been so shy, so silent, and so much awe-struck by the grandeur of Framley Court, that Lady Lufton had sympathized with her and encouraged her. She had endeavoured to moderate the blaze of her own splendour, in order that Lucy's unaccustomed eyes might not be dazzled. But all this was changed now. Lucy could listen to the young lord's voice by the hour together—without being dazzled in the least.

Under these circumstances two things occurred to her. She would speak either to her son or to Fanny Roberts, and by a little diplomacy have this evil remedied. And then she had to determine on which step she would take.

"Nothing could be more reasonable than Ludovic." So at least she said to herself over and over again. But then Ludovic understood nothing about such matters; and he had, moreover, a habit, inherited from his father, of taking the bit between his teeth whenever he suspected interference. Drive him gently without pulling his mouth about, and you might take him anywhere, almost at any pace; but a smart touch, let it be ever so slight, would bring him on his haunches, and then it might be a question whether you could get him another mile that day. So that on the whole Lady Lufton thought that the other plan would be the best. I have no doubt that Lady Lufton was right.

She got Fanny up into her own den one afternoon, and seated her discreetly in an easy arm-chair, making her guest take off her bonnet, and showing by various signs that the visit was regarded as one of great moment.

"Fanny," she said, "I want to speak to you about something that is important and necessary to mention, and yet it is a very delicate affair to speak of." Fanny opened her eyes, and said that she hoped that nothing was wrong.

"No, my dear, I think nothing is wrong: I hope so, and I think I may say I'm sure of it; but then it's always well to be on one's guard."

"Yes, it is," said Fanny, who knew that something unpleasant was coming—something as to which she might probably be called upon to differ from her ladyship. Mrs. Roberts' own fears, however, were running entirely in the direction of her husband;—and, indeed, Lady Lufton had a word or two to say on that subject also, only not exactly now. A hunting parson was not at all to her taste; but that matter might be allowed to remain in abeyance for a few days.

"Now, Fanny, you know that we have all liked your sister-in-law, Lucy, very much." And then Mrs. Roberts' mind was immediately opened, and she knew the rest as well as though it had all been spoken. "I need hardly tell you that, for I am sure we have shown it."

"You have, indeed, as you always do."

"And you must not think that I am going to complain," continued Lady Lufton.

"I hope there is nothing to complain of," said Fanny, speaking by no means in a defiant tone, but humbly as it were, and deprecating her ladyship's wrath. Fanny had gained one signal victory over Lady Lufton, and on that account, with a prudence equal to her generosity, felt that she could afford to be submissive. It might, perhaps, not be long before she would be equally anxious to conquer again.

"Well, no; I don't think there is," said Lady Lufton. "Nothing to complain of; but a little chat between you and me may, perhaps, set matters right, which, otherwise, might become troublesome."

"Is it about Lucy?"

"Yes, my dear—about Lucy. She is a very nice, good girl, and a credit to her father——"

"And a great comfort to us," said Fanny.

"I am sure she is: she must be a very pleasant companion to you, and so useful about the children; but——" And then Lady Lufton paused for a moment; for she, eloquent and discreet as she always was, felt herself rather at a loss for words to express her exact meaning.

"I don't know what I should do without her," said Fanny, speaking with the object of assisting her ladyship in her embarrassment.

"But the truth is this: she and Lord Lufton are getting into the way of being too much together—of talking to each other too exclusively. I am sure you must have noticed it, Fanny. It is not that I suspect any evil. I don't think that I am suspicious by nature."

"Oh! no," said Fanny.

"But they will each of them get wrong ideas about the other, and about themselves. Lucy will, perhaps, think that Ludovic means more than he does, and Ludovic will——" But it was not quite so easy to say what Ludovic might do or think; but Lady Lufton went on:

"I am sure that you understand me, Fanny, with your excellent sense and tact. Lucy is clever, and amusing, and all that; and Ludovic, like all young men, is perhaps ignorant that his attentions may be taken to mean more than he intends——"

"You don't think that Lucy is in love with him?"

"Oh dear, no—nothing of the kind. If I thought it had come to that, I should recommend that she should be sent away altogether. I am sure she is not so foolish as that."

"I don't think there is anything in it at all, Lady Lufton."

"I don't think there is, my dear, and therefore I would not for worlds make any suggestion about it to Lord Lufton. I would not let him suppose that I suspected Lucy of being so imprudent. But still, it may be well that you should just say a word to her. A little management now and then, in such matters, is so useful."

"But what shall I say to her?"

"Just explain to her that any young lady who talks so much to the

same young gentleman will certainly be observed—that people will accuse her of setting her cap at Lord Lufton. Not that I suspect her—I give her credit for too much proper feeling: I know her education has been good, and her principles are upright. But people will talk of her. You must understand that, Fanny, as well as I do."

Fanny could not help meditating whether proper feeling, education, and upright principles did forbid Lucy Robarts to fall in love with Lord Lufton; but her doubts on this subject, if she held any, were not communicated to her ladyship. It had never entered into her mind that a match was possible between Lord Lufton and Lucy Robarts, nor had she the slightest wish to encourage it now that the idea was suggested to her. On such a matter she could sympathize with Lady Lufton, though she did not completely agree with her as to the expediency of any interference. Nevertheless, she at once offered to speak to Lucy.

"I don't think that Lucy has any idea in her head upon the subject," said Mrs. Robarts.

"I dare say not—I don't suppose she has. But young ladies sometimes allow themselves to fall in love, and then to think themselves very ill-used, just because they have had no idea in their head."

"I will put her on her guard if you wish it, Lady Lufton."

"Exactly, my dear; that is just it. Put her on her guard—that is all that is necessary. She is a dear, good, clever girl, and it would be very sad if anything were to interrupt our comfortable way of getting on with her."

Mrs. Robarts knew to a nicety the exact meaning of this threat. If Lucy would persist in securing to herself so much of Lord Lufton's time and attention, her visits to Framley Court must become less frequent. Lady Lufton would do much, very much, indeed, for her friends at the Parsonage; but not even for them could she permit her son's prospects in life to be endangered.

There was nothing more said between them, and Mrs. Robarts got up to take her leave, having promised to speak to Lucy.

"You manage everything so perfectly," said Lady Lufton, as she pressed Mrs. Robarts' hand, "that I am quite at ease now that I find you will agree with me." Mrs. Robarts did not exactly agree with her ladyship, but she hardly thought it worth her while to say so.

Mrs. Robarts immediately started off on her walk to her own home, and when she had got out of the grounds into the road, where it makes a turn towards the Parsonage, nearly opposite to Podgens' shop, she saw Lord Lufton on horseback, and Lucy standing beside him. It was already nearly five o'clock, and it was getting dusk, but as she approached, or rather as she came suddenly within sight of them, she could see that they were in close conversation. Lord Lufton's face was towards her, and his horse was standing still; he was leaning over towards his companion, and the whip, which he held in his right hand, hung almost over her arm and down her back, as though his hand had touched and perhaps rested on her shoulder. She was standing by his side, looking up into his face,

with one gloved hand resting on the horse's neck. Mrs. Roberts, as she saw them, could not but own that there might be cause for Lady Lufton's fears.

But then Lucy's manner, as Mrs. Roberts approached, was calculated to dissipate any such fears, and to prove that there was no ground for them. She did not move from her position, or allow her hand to drop, or show that she was in any way either confused or conscious. She stood her ground, and when her sister-in-law came up, was smiling and at her ease.

"Lord Lufton wants me to learn to ride," said she.

"To learn to ride!" said Fanny, not knowing what answer to make to such a proposition.

"Yes," said he. "This horse would carry her beautifully: he is as quiet as a lamb, and I made Gregory go out with him yesterday with a sheet hanging over him like a lady's habit, and the man got up into a lady's saddle."

"I think Gregory would make a better hand of it than Lucy."

"The horse cantered with him as though he had carried a lady all his life, and his mouth is like velvet—indeed, that is his fault, he is too soft-mouthed."

"I suppose that's the same sort of thing as a man being soft-hearted," said Lucy.

"Exactly: you ought to ride them both with a very light hand. They are difficult cattle to manage, but very pleasant when you know how to do it."

"But you see I don't know how to do it," said Lucy.

"As regards the horse, you will learn in two days, and I do hope you will try. Don't you think it will be an excellent thing for her, Mrs. Roberts?"

"Lucy has got no habit," said Mrs. Roberts, making use of the excuse common on all such occasions.

"There is one of Justinia's in the house, I know. She always leaves one here, in order that she may be able to ride when she comes."

"She would not think of taking such a liberty with Lady Meredith's things," said Fanny, almost frightened at the proposal.

"Of course it is out of the question, Fanny," said Lucy, now speaking rather seriously. "In the first place, I would not take Lord Lufton's horse; in the second place, I would not take Lady Meredith's habit; in the third place, I should be a great deal too much frightened; and, lastly, it is quite out of the question for a great many other very good reasons."

"Nonsense," said Lord Lufton.

"A great deal of nonsense," said Lucy, laughing, "but all of it of Lord Lufton's talking. But we are getting cold—are we not, Fanny?—so we will wish you good-night." And then the two ladies shook hands with him, and walked on towards the Parsonage.

That which astonished Mrs. Roberts the most in all this was the perfectly collected manner in which Lucy spoke and conducted herself. This connected, as she could not but connect it, with the air of chagrin with which Lord Lufton received Lucy's decision, made it manifest to

Mrs. Roberts that Lord Lufton was annoyed because Lucy would not consent to learn to ride; whereas she, Lucy herself, had given her refusal in a firm and decided tone, as though resolved that nothing more should be said about it.

They walked on in silence for a minute or two, till they reached the Parsonage gate, and then Lucy said, laughing, "Can't you fancy me sitting on that great big horse? I wonder what Lady Lufton would say if she saw me there, and his lordship giving me my first lesson?"

"I don't think she would like it," said Fanny.

"I'm sure she would not. But I will not try her temper in that respect. Sometimes I fancy that she does not even like seeing Lord Lufton talking to me."

"She does not like it, Lucy, when she sees him flirting with you."

This Mrs. Roberts said rather gravely, whereas Lucy had been speaking in a half-bantering tone. As soon as even the word flirting was out of Fanny's mouth, she was conscious that she had been guilty of an injustice in using it. She had wished to say something which would convey to her sister-in-law an idea of what Lady Lufton would dislike; but in doing so, she had unintentionally brought against her an accusation.

"Flirting, Fanny!" said Lucy, standing still in the path, and looking up into her companion's face with all her eyes. "Do you mean to say that I have been flirting with Lord Lufton?"

"I did not say that."

"Or that I have allowed him to flirt with me?"

"I did not mean to shock you, Lucy."

"What did you mean, Fanny?"

"Why, just this: that Lady Lufton would not be pleased if he paid you marked attentions, and if you received them;—just like that affair of the riding; it was better to decline it."

"Of course, I declined it; of course I never dreamt of accepting such an offer. Go riding about the country on his horses! What have I done, Fanny, that you should suppose such a thing?"

"You have done nothing, dearest."

"Then why did you speak as you did just now?"

"Because I wished to put you on your guard. You know, Lucy, that I do not intend to find fault with you; but you may be sure, as a rule, that intimate friendships between young gentlemen and young ladies are dangerous things."

They then walked up to the hall-door in silence. When they had reached it, Lucy stood in the doorway instead of entering it, and said, "Fanny, let us take another turn together, if you are not tired."

"No, I'm not tired."

"It will be better that I should understand you at once,"—and then they again moved away from the house. "Tell me truly now, do you think that Lord Lufton and I have been flirting?"

"I do think that he is a little inclined to flirt with you."



"And Lady Lufton has been asking you to lecture me about it?"

Poor Mrs. Roberts hardly knew what to say. She thought well of all the persons concerned, and was very anxious to behave well by all of them;—was particularly anxious to create no ill feeling, and wished that everybody should be comfortable, and on good terms with everybody else. But yet the truth was forced out of her when this question was asked so suddenly.

"Not to lecture you, Lucy," she said at last.

"Well, to preach to me, or to talk to me, or to give me a lesson; to say something that shall drive me to put my back up against Lord Lufton?"

"To caution you, dearest. Had you heard what she said, you would hardly have felt angry with Lady Lufton."

"Well, to caution me. It is such a pleasant thing for a girl to be cautioned against falling in love with a gentleman, especially when the gentleman is very rich, and a lord, and all that sort of thing!"

"Nobody for a moment attributes anything wrong to you, Lucy."

"Anything wrong—no. I don't know whether it would be anything wrong, even if I were to fall in love with him. I wonder whether they cautioned Griselda Grantly when she was here? I suppose when young lords go about, all the girls are cautioned as a matter of course. Why do they not label him 'dangerous?'" And then again they were silent for a moment, as Mrs. Roberts did not feel that she had anything further to say on the matter.

"'Poison' should be the word with any one so fatal as Lord Lufton; and he ought to be made up of some particular colour, for fear he should be swallowed in mistake."

"You will be safe, you see," said Fanny, laughing, "as you have been specially cautioned as to this individual bottle."

"Ah! but what's the use of that after I have had so many doses? It is no good telling me about it now, when the mischief is done,—after I have been taking it for I don't know how long. Dear! dear! dear! and I regarded it as a mere commonplace powder, good for the complexion. I wonder whether it's too late, or whether there's any antidote?"

Mrs. Roberts did not always quite understand her sister-in-law, and now she was a little at a loss. "I don't think there's much harm done yet on either side," she said, cheerily.

"Ah! you don't know, Fanny. But I do think that if I die—as I shall—I feel I shall;—and if so, I do think it ought to go very hard with Lady Lufton. Why didn't she label him 'dangerous' in time?" and then they went into the house and up to their own rooms.

It was difficult for any one to understand Lucy's state of mind at present, and it can hardly be said that she understood it herself. She felt that she had received a severe blow in having been thus made the subject of remark with reference to Lord Lufton. She knew that her pleasant evenings at Lufton Court were now over, and that she could not again talk to him in an unrestrained tone and without embarrassment. She had

felt the air of the whole place to be very cold before her intimacy with him, and now it must be cold again. Two homes had been open to her, Framley Court and the Parsonage; and now, as far as comfort was concerned, she must confine herself to the latter. She could not again be comfortable in Lady Lufton's drawing-room.

But then she could not help asking herself whether Lady Lufton was not right. She had had courage enough, and presence of mind, to joke about the matter when her sister-in-law spoke to her, and yet she was quite aware that it was no joking matter. Lord Lufton had not absolutely made love to her, but he had latterly spoken to her in a manner which she knew was not compatible with that ordinary comfortable masculine friendship with the idea of which she had once satisfied herself. Was not Fanny right when she said that intimate friendships of that nature were dangerous things?

Yes, Lucy, very dangerous. Lucy, before she went to bed that night, had owned to herself that they were so; and lying there with sleepless eyes and a moist pillow, she was driven to confess that the label would in truth be now too late, that the caution had come to her after the poison had been swallowed. Was there any antidote? That was all that was left for her to consider. But, nevertheless, on the following morning she could appear quite at her ease. And when Mark had left the house after breakfast, she could still joke with Fanny as to Lady Lufton's poison cupboard.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### MR. CRAWLEY OF HOGGLESTOCK.

AND then there was that other trouble in Lady Lufton's mind, the sins, namely, of her selected parson. She had selected him, and she was by no means inclined to give him up, even though his sins against parsondom were grievous. Indeed she was a woman not prone to give up anything, and of all things not prone to give up a *protégé*. The very fact that she herself had selected him was the strongest argument in his favour.

But his sins against parsondom were becoming very grievous in her eyes, and she was at a loss to know what steps to take. She hardly dared to take him to task, him himself. Were she to do so, and should he then tell her to mind her own business—as he probably might do, though not in those words—there would be a schism in the parish; and almost anything would be better than that. The whole work of her life would be upset, all the outlets of her energy would be impeded if not absolutely closed, if a state of things were to come to pass in which she and the parson of her parish should not be on good terms.

But what was to be done? Early in the winter he had gone to Chaldicotes and to Gatherum Castle, consorting with gamblers, whigs, atheists, men of loose pleasure, and Proudies. That she had condoned;

and now he was turning out a hunting parson on her hands. It was all very well for Fanny to say that he merely looked at the hounds as he rode about his parish. Fanny might be deceived. Being his wife, it might be her duty not to see her husband's iniquities. But Lady Lufton could not be deceived. She knew very well in what part of the county Cobbold's Ashes lay. It was not in Framley parish, nor in the next parish to it. It was half-way across to Chaldicotes—in the western division; and she had heard of that run in which two horses had been killed, and in which parson Roberts had won such immortal glory among West Barsetshire sportsmen. It was not easy to keep Lady Lufton in the dark as to matters occurring in her own county.

All these things she knew, but as yet had not noticed, grieving over them in her own heart the more on that account. Spoken grief relieves itself; and when one can give counsel, one always hopes at least that that counsel will be effective. To her son she had said, more than once, that it was a pity that Mr. Roberts should follow the hounds.—“The world has agreed that it is unbecoming in a clergyman,” she would urge, in her deprecatory tone. But her son would by no means give her any comfort. “He doesn't hunt, you know—not as I do,” he would say. “And if he did, I really don't see the harm of it. A man must have some amusement, even if he be an archbishop.” “He has amusement at home,” Lady Lufton would answer. “What does his wife do—and his sister?” This allusion to Lucy, however, was very soon dropped.

Lord Lufton would in no wise help her. He would not even passively discourage the vicar, or refrain from offering to give him a seat in going to the meets. Mark and Lord Lufton had been boys together, and his lordship knew that Mark in his heart would enjoy a brush across the country quite as well as he himself; and then what was the harm of it?

Lady Lufton's best aid had been in Mark's own conscience. He had taken himself to task more than once, and had promised himself that he would not become a sporting parson. Indeed, where would be his hopes of ulterior promotion, if he allowed himself to degenerate so far as that? It had been his intention, in reviewing what he considered to be the necessary proprieties of clerical life, in laying out his own future mode of living, to assume no peculiar sacerdotal strictness; he would not be known as a denouncer of dancing or of card-tables, of theatres or of novel-reading; he would take the world around him as he found it, endeavouring by precept and practice to lend a hand to the gradual amelioration which Christianity is producing; but he would attempt no sudden or majestic reforms. Cake and ale would still be popular, and ginger be hot in the mouth, let him preach ever so—let him be never so solemn a hermit; but a bright face, a true trusting heart, a strong arm, and an humble mind, might do much in teaching those around him that men may be gay and yet not profligate, that women may be devout and yet not dead to the world.

Such had been his ideas as to his own future life; and though many will think that as a clergyman he should have gone about his work with

more serious devotion of thought, nevertheless there was some wisdom in them;—some folly also, undoubtedly, as appeared by the troubles into which they led him.

"I will not affect to think that to be bad," said he to himself, "which in my heart of hearts does not seem to be bad." And thus he resolved that he might live without contamination among hunting squires. And then, being a man only too prone by nature to do as others did around him, he found by degrees that that could hardly be wrong for him which he admitted to be right for others.

But still his conscience upbraided him, and he declared to himself more than once that after this year he would hunt no more. And then his own Fanny would look at him on his return home on those days in a manner that cut him to the heart. She would say nothing to him. She never inquired in a sneering tone, and with angry eyes, whether he had enjoyed his day's sport; but when he spoke of it, she could not answer him with enthusiasm; and in other matters which concerned him she was always enthusiastic.

After a while, too, he made matters worse, for about the end of March he did another very foolish thing. He almost consented to buy an expensive horse from Sowerby—an animal which he by no means wanted, and which, if once possessed, would certainly lead him into further trouble. A gentleman, when he has a good horse in his stable, does not like to leave him there eating his head off. If he be a gig-horse, the owner of him will be keen to drive a gig; if a hunter, the happy possessor will wish to be with a pack of hounds.

"Mark," said Sowerby to him one day, when they were out together, "this brute of mine is so fresh, I can hardly ride him; you are young and strong; change with me for an hour or so." And then they did change, and the horse on which Roberts found himself mounted went away with him beautifully.

"He's a splendid animal," said Mark, when they again met.

"Yes, for a man of your weight. He's thrown away upon me;—too much of a horse for my purposes. I don't get along now quite as well as I used to do. He is a nice sort of hunter; just rising six, you know."

How it came to pass that the price of the splendid animal was mentioned between them, I need not describe with exactness. But it did come to pass that Mr. Sowerby told the parson that the horse should be his for 130*l*.

"And I really wish you'd take him," said Sowerby. "It would be the means of partially relieving my mind of a great weight."

Mark looked up into his friend's face with an air of surprise, for he did not at the moment understand how this should be the case.

"I am afraid, you know, that you will have to put your hand into your pocket sooner or later about that accursed bill—" Mark shrank as the profane word struck his ears—"and I should be glad to think that you had got something in hand in the way of value."

"Do you mean that I shall have to pay the whole sum of 500*l*?"

"Oh! dear, no; nothing of the kind. But something I dare say you will have to pay: if you like to take Dandy for a hundred and thirty, you can be prepared for that amount when Tozer comes to you. The horse is dog cheap, and you will have a long day for your money."

Mark at first declared, in a quiet, determined tone, that he did not want the horse; but it afterwards appeared to him that if it were so fated that he must pay a portion of Mr. Sowerby's debts, he might as well repay himself to any extent within his power. It would be as well perhaps that he should take the horse and sell him. It did not occur to him that by so doing he would put it in Mr. Sowerby's power to say that some valuable consideration had passed between them with reference to this bill, and that he would be aiding that gentleman in preparing an inextricable confusion of money-matters between them. Mr. Sowerby well knew the value of this. It would enable him to make a plausible story, as he had done in that other case of Lord Lufton.

"Are you going to have Dandy?" Sowerby said to him again.

"I can't say that I will just at present," said the parson. "What should I want of him now the season's over?"

"Exactly, my dear fellow; and what do I want of him now the season's over? If it were the beginning of October instead of the end of March, Dandy would be up at two hundred and thirty instead of one: in six months' time that horse will be worth anything you like to ask for him. Look at his bone."

The vicar did look at his bones, examining the brute in a very knowing and unclerical manner. He lifted the animal's four feet, one after another, handling the frogs, and measuring with his eye the proportion of the parts; he passed his hand up and down the legs, spanning the bones of the lower joint; he peered into his eyes, took into consideration the width of his chest, the dip of his back, the form of his ribs, the curve of his haunches, and his capabilities for breathing when pressed by work. And then he stood away a little, eyeing him from the side, and taking in a general idea of the form and make of the whole. "He seems to stand over a little," I think, said the parson.

"It's the lie of the ground. Move him about, Bob. There now, let him stand there."

"He's not perfect," said Mark. "I don't quite like his heels; but no doubt he's a nicish cut of a horse."

"I rather think he is. If he were perfect, as you say, he would not be going into your stables for a hundred and thirty. Do you ever remember to have seen a perfect horse?"

"Your mare Mrs. Gamp was as nearly perfect as possible."

"Even Mrs. Gamp had her faults. In the first place she was a bad feeder. But one certainly doesn't often come across anything much better than Mrs. Gamp." And thus the matter was talked over between them with much stable conversation, all of which tended to make Sowerby more

and more oblivious of his friend's sacred profession, and perhaps to make the vicar himself too frequently oblivious of it also. But no: he was not oblivious of it. He was even mindful of it; but mindful of it in such a manner that his thoughts on the subject were nowadays always painful.

There is a parish called Hogglesstock lying away quite in the northern extremity of the eastern division of the county—lying also on the borders of the western division. I almost fear that it will become necessary, before this history be completed, to provide a map of Bassetshire for the due explanation of all these localities. Framley is also in the northern portion of the county, but just to the south of the grand trunk line of railway from which the branch to Barchester strikes off at a point some thirty miles nearer to London. The station for Framley Court is Silverbridge, which is, however, in the western division of the county. Hogglesstock is to the north of the railway, the line of which, however, runs through a portion of the parish, and it adjoins Framley, though the churches are as much as seven miles apart. Bassetshire taken altogether is a pleasant green tree-becrowded county, with large bosky hedges, pretty damp deep lanes, and roads with broad grass margins running along them. Such is the general nature of the county; but just up in its northern extremity this nature alters. There it is bleak and ugly, with low artificial hedges and without wood; not uncultivated, as it is all portioned out into new-looking large fields, bearing turnips and wheat and mangel, all in due course of agricultural rotation; but it has none of the special beauties of English cultivation. There is not a gentleman's house in the parish of Hogglesstock besides that of the clergyman; and this, though it is certainly the house of a gentleman, can hardly be said to be fit to be so. It is ugly, and straight, and small. There is a garden attached to the house, half in front of it and half behind; but this garden, like the rest of the parish, is by no means ornamental, though sufficiently useful. It produces cabbages, but no trees: potatoes of, I believe, an excellent description, but hardly any flowers, and nothing worthy of the name of a shrub. Indeed the whole parish of Hogglesstock should have been in the adjoining county, which is by no means so attractive as Bassetshire;—a fact well known to those few of my readers who are well acquainted with their own country.

Mr. Crawley, whose name has been mentioned in these pages, was the incumbent of Hogglesstock. On what principle the remuneration of our parish clergymen was settled when the original settlement was made, no deepest, keenest lover of middle-aged ecclesiastical black-letter learning can, I take it, now say. That the priests were to be paid from tithes of the parish produce, out of which tithes certain other good things were to be bought and paid for, such as church repairs and education, of so much the most of us have an inkling. That a rector, being a big sort of parson, owned the tithes of his parish in full,—or at any rate that part of them intended for the clergyman,—and that a vicar was somebody's deputy, and therefore entitled only to little tithes, as being a little body: of so much

we that are simple in such matters have a general idea. But one cannot conceive that even in this way any approximation could have been made, even in those old mediæval days, towards a fair proportioning of the pay to the work. At any rate, it is clear enough that there is no such approximation now.

And what a screech would there not be among the clergy of the Church, even in these reforming days, if any over-bold reformer were to suggest that such an approximation should be attempted? Let those who know clergymen, and like them, and have lived with them, only fancy it! Clergymen to be paid, not according to the temporalities of any living which they may have acquired either by merit or favour, but in accordance with the work to be done! O Doddington! and O Stanhope, think of this, if an idea so sacrilegious can find entrance into your warm ecclesiastical bosoms! Ecclesiastical work to be bought and paid for according to its quantity and quality!

But, nevertheless, one may prophesy that we Englishmen must come to this, disagreeable as the idea undoubtedly is. Most pleasant-minded churchmen feel, I think, on this subject pretty much in the same way. Our present arrangement of parochial incomes is beloved as being time-honoured, gentlemanlike, English, and picturesque. We would fain adhere to it closely as long as we can, but we know that we do so by the force of our prejudices, and not by that of our judgment. A time-honoured, gentlemanlike, English, picturesque arrangement is so far very delightful. But are there not other attributes very desirable—nay, absolutely necessary—in respect to which this time-honoured, picturesque arrangement is so very deficient?

How pleasant it was, too, that one bishop should be getting fifteen thousand a year and another with an equal cure of parsons only four! That a certain prelate could get twenty thousand one year and his successor in the same diocese only five the next! There was something in it pleasant, and picturesque; it was an arrangement endowed with feudal charms, and the change which they have made was distasteful to many of us. A bishop with a regular salary, and no appanage of land and land-bailiffs, is only half a bishop. Let any man prove to me the contrary ever so thoroughly—let me prove it to my own self ever so often, my heart in this matter is not thereby a whit altered. One liked to know that there was a dean or two who got his three thousand a year, and that old Dr. Purple held four stalls, one of which was golden, and the other three silver-gilt! Such knowledge was always pleasant to me! A golden stall! How sweet is the sound thereof to church-loving ears!

But bishops have been shorn of their beauty, and deans are in their decadence. A utilitarian age requires the fatness of the ecclesiastical land, in order that it may be divided out into small portions of provender, on which necessary working clergymen may live,—into portions so infinitesimally small that working clergymen can hardly live. And the full-blown rectors and vicars, with full-blown tithes—with tithes when too

full-blown for strict utilitarian principles—will necessarily follow. Stanhope and Doddington must bow their heads, with such compensation for temporal rights as may be extracted,—but probably without such compensation as may be desired. In other trades, professions, and lines of life, men are paid according to their work. Let it be so in the Church. Such will sooner or later be the edict of a utilitarian, reforming, matter-of-fact House of Parliament.

I have a scheme of my own on the subject, which I will not introduce here, seeing that neither men nor women would read it. And with reference to this matter, I will only here further explain that all these words have been brought about by the fact, necessary to be here stated, that Mr. Crawley only received one hundred and thirty pounds a year for performing the whole parochial duty of the parish of Hoggstock. And Hoggstock is a large parish. It includes two populous villages, abounding in brickmakers, a race of men very troublesome to a zealous parson who won't let men go rollicking to the devil without interference. Hoggstock has full work for two men; and yet all the funds therein applicable to parson's work is this miserable stipend of one hundred and thirty pounds a year. It is a stipend neither picturesque, nor time-honoured, nor feudal, for Hoggstock takes rank only as a perpetual curacy.

Mr. Crawley has been mentioned before as a clergyman of whom Mr. Robarts said, that he almost thought it wrong to take a walk out of his own parish. In so saying Mark Robarts of course burlesqued his brother parson; but there can be no doubt that Mr. Crawley was a strict man,—a strict, stern, unpleasant man, and one who feared God and his own conscience. We must say a word or two of Mr. Crawley and his concerns.

He was now some forty years of age, but of these he had not been in possession even of his present benefice for more than four or five. The first ten years of his life as a clergyman had been passed in performing the duties and struggling through the life of a curate in a bleak, ugly, cold parish on the northern coast of Cornwall. It had been a weary life and a fearful struggle, made up of duties ill requited and not always satisfactorily performed, of love and poverty, of increasing cares, of sickness, debt, and death. For Mr. Crawley had married almost as soon as he was ordained, and children had been born to him in that chill, comfortless Cornish cottage. He had married a lady well educated and softly nurtured, but not dowered with worldly wealth. They two had gone forth determined to fight bravely together; to disregard the world and the world's ways, looking only to God and to each other for their comfort. They would give up ideas of gentle living, of soft raiment, and delicate feeding. Others,—those that work with their hands, even the bettermost of such workers—could live in decency and health upon even such provision as he could earn as a clergyman. In such manner would they live, so poorly and so decently, working out their work, not with their hands but with their hearts.

And so they had established themselves, beginning the world with one



bare-footed little girl of fourteen to aid them in their small household matters; and for a while they had both kept heart, loving each other dearly, and prospering somewhat in their work. But a man who has once walked the world as a gentleman knows not what it is to change his position, and place himself lower down in the social rank. Much less can he know what it is so to put down the woman whom he loves. There are a thousand things, mean and trifling in themselves, which a man despises when he thinks of them in his philosophy, but to dispense with which puts his philosophy to so stern a proof. Let any plainest man who reads this think of his usual mode of getting himself into his matutinal garments, and confess how much such a struggle would cost him.

And then children had come. The wife of the labouring man does rear her children, and often rears them in health, without even so many appliances of comfort as found their way into Mrs. Crawley's cottage; but the task to her was almost more than she could accomplish. Not that she ever fainted or gave way: she was made of the sterner metal of the two, and could last on while he was prostrate.

And sometimes he was prostrate—prostrate in soul and spirit. Then would he complain with bitter voice, crying out that the world was too hard for him, that his back was broken with his burden, that his God had deserted him. For days and days, in such moods, he would stay within his cottage, never darkening the door or seeing other face than those of his own inmates. Those days were terrible both to him and her. He would sit there unwashed, with his unshorn face resting on his hand, with an old dressing-gown hanging loose about him, hardly tasting food, seldom speaking, striving to pray, but striving so frequently in vain. And then he would rise from his chair, and, with a burst of frenzy, call upon his Creator to remove him from this misery.

In these moments she never deserted him. At one period they had had four children, and though the whole weight of this young brood rested on her arms, on her muscles, on her strength of mind and body, she never ceased in her efforts to comfort him. Then at length, falling utterly upon the ground, he would pour forth piteous prayers for mercy, and, after a night of sleep, would once more go forth to his work.

But she never yielded to despair: the struggle was never beyond her powers of endurance. She had possessed her share of woman's loveliness, but that was now all gone. Her colour quickly faded, and the fresh, soft tints soon deserted her face and forehead. She became thin, and rough, and almost haggard: thin, till her cheek-bones were nearly pressing through her skin, till her elbows were sharp, and her finger-bones as those of a skeleton. Her eye did not lose its lustre, but it became unnaturally bright, prominent, and too large for her wan face. The soft brown locks which she had once loved to brush back, scorning, as she would boast to herself, to care that they should be seen, were now sparse enough and all untidy and unclean. It was matter of little thought now whether they were seen or no. Whether he could be made fit to go into

his pulpit—whether they might be fed—those four innocents—and their backs kept from the cold wind—that was now the matter of her thought.

And then two of them died, and she went forth herself to see them laid under the frost-bound sod, lest he should faint in his work over their graves. For he would ask aid from no man—such at least was his boast through all.

Two of them died, but their illness had been long; and then debts came upon them. Debt, indeed, had been creeping on them with slow but sure feet during the last five years. Who can see his children hungry, and not take bread if it be offered? Who can see his wife lying in sharpest want, and not seek a remedy if there be a remedy within reach? So debt had come upon them, and rude men pressed for small sums of money—for sums small to the world, but impossibly large to them. And he would hide himself within there, in that cranny of an inner chamber—hide himself with deep shame from the world, with shame, and a sinking heart, and a broken spirit.

But had such a man no friend? it will be said. Such men, I take it, do not make many friends. But this man was not utterly friendless. Almost every year one visit was paid to him in his Cornish curacy by a brother clergyman, an old college friend, who, as far as might in him lie, did give aid to the curate and his wife. This gentleman would take up his abode for a week at a farmer's in the neighbourhood, and though he found Mr. Crawley in despair, he would leave him with some drops of comfort in his soul. Nor were the benefits in this respect all on one side. Mr. Crawley, though at some periods weak enough for himself, could be strong for others; and, more than once, was strong to the great advantage of this man whom he loved. And then, too, pecuniary assistance was forthcoming—in those earlier years not in great amount, for this friend was not then among the rich ones of the earth—but in amount sufficient for that moderate hearth, if only its acceptance could have been managed. But in that matter there were difficulties without end. Of absolute money tenders Mr. Crawley would accept none. But a bill here and there was paid, the wife assisting; and shoes came for Kate—till Kate was placed beyond the need of shoes; and cloth for Harry and Frank found its way surreptitiously in beneath the cover of that wife's solitary trunk—cloth with which those lean fingers worked garments for the two boys, to be worn—such was God's will—only by the one.

Such were Mr. and Mrs. Crawley in their Cornish curacy, and during their severest struggles. To one who thinks that a fair day's work is worth a fair day's wages, it seems hard enough that a man should work so hard and receive so little. There will be those who think that the fault was all his own in marrying so young. But still there remains that question, Is not a fair day's work worth a fair day's wages? This man did work hard—at a task perhaps the hardest of any that a man may do; and for ten years he earned some seventy pounds a year. Will any one say that he received fair wages for his fair work, let him be married or single?

And yet there are so many who would fain pay their clergy, if they only knew how to apply their money! But that is a long subject, as Mr. Robarts had told Miss Dunstable.

Such was Mr. Crawley in his Cornish curacy.

## CHAPTER XV.

### LADY LUFTON'S AMBASSADOR.

AND then, in the days which followed, that friend of Mr. Crawley's, whose name, by-the-by, is yet to be mentioned, received quick and great promotion. Mr. Arabin by name he was then;—Dr. Arabin afterwards, when that quick and great promotion reached its climax. He had been simply a Fellow of Lazarus in those former years. Then he became Vicar of St. Ewold's, in East Barsetshire, and had not yet got himself settled there when he married the Widow Bold, a widow with belongings in land and funded money, and with but one small baby as an encumbrance. Nor had he even yet married her,—had only engaged himself so to do, when they made him Dean of Barchester—all which may be read in the diocesan and county chronicles.

And now that he was wealthy, the new dean did contrive to pay the debts of his poor friend, some lawyer of Camelford assisting him. It was but a paltry schedule after all, amounting in the total to something not much above a hundred pounds. And then, in the course of eighteen months, this poor piece of preferment fell in the dean's way, this incumbency of Hoggstock with its stipend reaching one hundred and thirty pounds a year. Even that was worth double the Cornish curacy, and there was, moreover, a house attached to it. Poor Mrs. Crawley, when she heard of it, thought that their struggles of poverty were now well nigh over. What might not be done with a hundred and thirty pounds by people who had lived for ten years on seventy?

And so they moved away out of that cold, bleak country, carrying with them their humble household gods, and settled themselves in another country, cold and bleak also, but less terribly so than the former. They settled themselves, and again began their struggles against man's hardness and the devil's zeal. I have said that Mr. Crawley was a stern, unpleasant man; and it certainly was so. The man must be made of very sterling stuff, whom continued and undeserved misfortune does not make unpleasant. This man had so far succumbed to grief, that it had left upon him its marks, palpable and not to be effaced. He cared little for society, judging men to be doing evil who did care for it. He knew as a fact, and believed with all his heart, that these sorrows had come to him from the hand of God, and that they would work for his weal in the long run; but not the less did they make him morose, silent, and dogged. He had always at his heart a feeling that he and his had been ill-used,

and too often solaced himself, at the devil's bidding, with the conviction that eternity would make equal that which life in this world had made so unequal;—the last bait that with which the devil angles after those who are struggling to elude his red and line.

The Framley property did not run into the parish of Hogglesstock; but, nevertheless, Lady Lufton did what she could in the way of kindness to these new comers. Providence had not supplied Hogglesstock with a Lady Lufton, or with any substitute in the shape of lord or lady, squire or squiress. The Hogglesstock farmers, male and female, were a rude, rough set, not bordering in their social rank on the farmer gentle; and Lady Lufton, knowing this, and hearing something of these Crawleys from Mrs. Arabin, the dean's wife, trimmed her lamps, so that they should shed a wider light, and pour forth some of their influence on that forlorn household.

And as regards Mrs. Crawley Lady Lufton by no means found that her work and good-will were thrown away. Mrs. Crawley accepted her kindness with thankfulness, and returned to some of the softnesses of life under her hand. As for dining at Framley Court, that was out of the question. Mr. Crawley, she knew, would not hear of it, even if other things were fitting and appliances were at command. Indeed Mrs. Crawley at once said that she felt herself unfit to go through such a ceremony with anything like comfort. The dean, she said, would talk of their going to stay at the deanery; but she thought it quite impossible that either of them should endure even that. But, all the same, Lady Lufton was a comfort to her; and the poor woman felt that it was well to have a lady near her in case of need.

The task was much harder with Mr. Crawley, but even with him it was not altogether unsuccessful. Lady Lufton talked to him of his parish and of her own; made Mark Roberts go to him, and by degrees did something towards civilizing him. Between him and Roberts too there grew up an intimacy rather than a friendship. Roberts would submit to his opinion on matters of ecclesiastical and even theological law, would listen to him with patience, would agree with him where he could, and differ from him mildly when he could not. For Roberts was a man who made himself pleasant to all men. And thus, under Lady Lufton's wing, there grew up a connection between Framley and Hogglesstock, in which Mrs. Roberts also assisted.

And now that Lady Lufton was looking about her, to see how she might best bring proper clerical influence to bear upon her own recreant fox-hunting parson, it occurred to her that she might use Mr. Crawley in the matter. Mr. Crawley would certainly be on her side as far as opinion went, and would have no fear as to expressing his opinion to his brother clergyman. So she sent for Mr. Crawley.

In appearance he was the very opposite to Mark Roberts. He was a lean, slim, meagre man, with shoulders slightly curved, and pale, lank, long locks of ragged hair; his forehead was high, but his face was narrow; his small grey eyes were deeply sunken in his head, his nose was well-formed,

his lips thin and his mouth expressive. Nobody could look at him without seeing that there was a purpose and a meaning in his countenance. He always wore, in summer and winter, a long dusky gray coat, which buttoned close up to his neck and descended almost to his heels. He was full six feet high, but being so slight in build, he looked as though he were taller.

He came at once at Lady Lufton's bidding, putting himself into the gig beside the servant, to whom he spoke no single word during the journey. And the man, looking into his face, was struck with taciturnity. Now Mark Robarts would have talked with him the whole way from Hoggstock to Framley Court; discoursing partly as to horses and land, but partly also as to higher things.

And then Lady Lufton opened her mind and told her griefs to Mr. Crawley, urging, however, through the whole length of her narrative, that Mr. Robarts was an excellent parish clergyman,—“just such a clergyman in his church, as I would wish him to be,” she explained, with the view of saving herself from an expression of any of Mr. Crawley's special ideas as to church teaching, and of confining him to the one subject-matter in hand; “but he got this living so young, Mr. Crawley, that he is hardly quite as steady as I could wish him to be. It has been as much my fault as his own in placing him in such a position so early in life.”

“I think it has,” said Mr. Crawley, who might perhaps be a little sore on such a subject.

“Quite so, quite so,” continued her ladyship, swallowing down with a gulp a certain sense of anger. “But that is done now, and is past cure. That Mr. Robarts will become a credit to his profession, I do not doubt, for his heart is in the right place and his sentiments are good; but I fear that at present he is succumbing to temptation.”

“I am told that he hunts two or three times a week. Everybody round us is talking about it.”

“No, Mr. Crawley; not two or three times a week; very seldom above once, I think. And then I do believe he does it more with the view of being with Lord Lufton than anything else.”

“I cannot see that that would make the matter better,” said Mr. Crawley.

“It would show that he was not strongly imbued with a taste which I cannot but regard as vicious in a clergyman.”

“It must be vicious in all men,” said Mr. Crawley. “It is in itself cruel, and leads to idleness and profligacy.”

Again Lady Lufton made a gulp. She had called Mr. Crawley thither to her aid, and felt that it would be inexpedient to quarrel with him. But she did not like to be told that her son's amusement was idle and profligate. She had always regarded hunting as a proper pursuit for a country gentleman. It was, indeed, in her eyes one of the peculiar institutions of country life in England, and it may be almost said that she looked upon the Barsetshire hunt as something sacred. She could not

endure to hear that a fox was trapped, and allowed her turkeys to be purloined without a groan. Such being the case, she did not like being told that it was vicious, and had by no means wished to consult Mr. Crawley on that matter. But nevertheless she swallowed down her wrath.

"It is at any rate unbecoming in a clergyman," she said; "and as I know that Mr. Robarts places a high value on your opinion, perhaps you will not object to advise him to discontinue it. He might possibly feel aggrieved were I to interfere personally on such a question."

"I have no doubt he would," said Mr. Crawley. "It is not within a woman's province to give counsel to a clergyman on such a subject, unless she be very near and very dear to him—his wife, or mother, or sister."

"As living in the same parish, you know, and being, perhaps——" the leading person in it, and the one who naturally rules the others. Those would have been the fitting words for the expression of her ladyship's ideas; but she remembered herself, and did not use them. She had made up her mind that, great as her influence ought to be, she was not the proper person to speak to Mr. Robarts as to his pernicious, unclerical habits, and she would not now depart from her resolve by attempting to prove that she was the proper person.

"Yes," said Mr. Crawley, "just so. All that would entitle him to offer you his counsel if he thought that your mode of life was such as to require it, but could by no means justify you in addressing yourself to him."

This was very hard upon Lady Lufton. She was endeavouring with all her woman's strength to do her best, and endeavouring so to do it that the feelings of the sinner might be spared; and yet the ghostly comforter whom she had evoked to her aid, treated her as though she were arrogant and overbearing. She acknowledged the weakness of her own position with reference to her parish clergyman by calling in the aid of Mr. Crawley; and under such circumstances, he might, at any rate, have abstained from throwing that weakness in her teeth.

"Well, sir; I hope my mode of life may not require it; but that is not exactly to the point: what I wish to know is, whether you will speak to Mr. Robarts?"

"Certainly I will," said he.

"Then I shall be much obliged to you. But, Mr. Crawley, pray—pray, remember this: I would not on any account wish that you should be harsh with him. He is an excellent young man, and——"

"Lady Lufton, if I do this, I can only do it in my own way, as best I may, using such words as God may give me at the time. I hope that I am harsh to no man; but it is worse than useless, in all cases, to speak anything but the truth."

"Of course—of course."

"If the ears be too delicate to hear the truth, the mind will be too perverse to profit by it." And then Mr. Crawley got up to take his leave.

But Lady Lufton insisted that he should go with her to luncheon. He hummed and ha'd and would fain have refused, but on this subject

she was peremptory. It might be that she was unfit to advise a clergyman as to his duties, but in a matter of hospitality she did know what she was about. Mr. Crawley should not leave the house without refreshment. As to this, she carried her point; and Mr. Crawley—when the matter before him was cold roast-beef and hot potatoes, instead of the relative position of a parish priest and his parishioner—became humble, submissive, and almost timid. Lady Lufton recommended Madeira instead of Sherry, and Mr. Crawley obeyed at once, and was, indeed, perfectly unconscious of the difference. Then there was a basket of seakale in the gig for Mrs. Crawley; that he would have left behind had he dared, but he did not dare. Not a word was said to him as to the marmalade for the children which was hidden under the seakale, Lady Lufton feeling well aware that that would find its way to its proper destination without any necessity for his co-operation. And then Mr. Crawley returned home in the Framley Court gig.

Three or four days after this he walked over to Framley Parsonage. This he did on a Saturday, having learned that the hounds never hunted on that day; and he started early, so that he might be sure to catch Mr. Roberts before he went out on his parish business. He was quite early enough to attain this object, for when he reached the Parsonage door at about half-past nine, the vicar, with his wife and sister, were just sitting down to breakfast.

"Oh, Crawley," said Roberts, before the other had well spoken, "you are a capital fellow;" and then he got him into a chair, and Mrs. Roberts had poured him out tea, and Lucy had surrendered to him a knife and plate, before he knew under what guise to excuse his coming among them.

"I hope you will excuse this intrusion," at last he muttered; "but I have a few words of business to which I will request your attention presently."

"Certainly," said Roberts, conveying a broiled kidney on to the plate before Mr. Crawley; "but there is no preparation for business like a good breakfast. Lucy, hand Mr. Crawley the buttered toast. Eggs, Fanny; where are the eggs?" And then John, in livery, brought in the fresh eggs. "Now we shall do. I always eat my eggs while they're hot, Crawley, and I advise you to do the same."

To all this Mr. Crawley said very little, and he was not at all at home under the circumstances. Perhaps a thought did pass across his brain, as to the difference between the meal which he had left on his own table, and that which he now saw before him; and as to any cause which might exist for such difference. But, if so, it was a very fleeting thought, for he had far other matter now fully occupying his mind. And then the breakfast was over, and in a few minutes the two clergymen found themselves together in the Parsonage study.

"Mr. Roberts," began the senior, when he had seated himself uncomfortably on one of the ordinary chairs at the further side of the well-

stored library table, while Mark was sitting at his ease in his own arm-chair by the fire, "I have called upon you on an unpleasant business."

Mark's mind immediately flew off to Mr. Sowerby's bill, but he could not think it possible that Mr. Crawley could have had anything to do with that.

"But as a brother clergyman, and as one who esteems you much and wishes you well, I have thought myself bound to take this matter in hand."

"What matter is it, Crawley?"

"Mr. Robarts, men say that your present mode of life is one that is not befitting a soldier in Christ's army."

"Men say so! what men?"

"The men around you, of your own neighbourhood; those who watch your life, and know all your doings; those who look to see you walking as a lamp to guide their feet, but find you consorting with horse jockeys and hunters, galloping after hounds, and taking your place among the vainest of worldly pleasure-seekers. Those who have a right to expect an example of good living, and who think that they do not see it."

Mr. Crawley had gone at once to the root of the matter, and in doing so, had certainly made his own task so much the easier. There is nothing like going to the root of the matter at once when one has on hand an unpleasant piece of business.

"And have such men deputed you to come here?"

"No one has or could depute me. I have come to speak my own mind, not that of any other. But I refer to what those around you think and say, because it is to them that your duties are due. You owe it to those around you to live a godly, cleanly life;—as you owe it also, in a much higher way, to your Father who is in heaven. I now make bold to ask you whether you are doing your best to lead such a life as that?" And then he remained silent, waiting for an answer.

He was a singular man; so humble and meek, so unutterably inefficient and awkward in the ordinary intercourse of life, but so bold and enterprising, almost eloquent on the one subject which was the work of his mind! As he sat there, he looked into his companion's face from out his sunken grey eyes with a gaze which made his victim quail. And then repeated his words: "I now make bold to ask you, Mr. Robarts, whether you are doing your best to lead such a life as may become a parish clergyman among his parishioners?" And again he paused for an answer.

"There are but few of us," said Mark in a low tone, "who could safely answer that question in the affirmative."

"But are there many, think you, among us who would find the question so unanswerable as yourself? And even, were there many, would you, young, enterprising, and talented as you are, be content to be numbered among them? Are you satisfied to be a castaway after you have taken upon yourself Christ's armour? If you will say so, I am



mistaken in you, and will go my way." There was again a pause, and then he went on. "Speak to me, my brother, and open your heart if it be possible." And rising from his chair, he walked across the room, and laid his hand tenderly on Mark's shoulder.

Mark had been sitting lounging in his chair, and had at first, for a moment only, thought to brazen it out. But all idea of brazening had now left him. He had raised himself from his comfortable ease, and was leaning forward with his elbow on the table; but now, when he heard these words, he allowed his head to sink upon his arms, and he buried his face between his hands.

"It is a terrible falling off," continued Crawley: "terrible in the fall, but doubly terrible through that difficulty of returning. But it cannot be that it should content you to place yourself as one among those thoughtless sinners, for the crushing of whose sin you have been placed here among them. You become a hunting parson, and ride with a happy mind among blasphemers and mocking devils—you, whose aspirations were so high, who have spoken so often and so well of the duties of a minister of Christ; you, who can argue in your pride as to the petty details of your church, as though the broad teachings of its great and simple lessons were not enough for your energies! It cannot be that I have had a hypocrite beside me in all those eager controversies!"

"Not a hypocrite—not a hypocrite," said Mark, in a tone which was almost reduced to sobbing.

"But a castaway! Is it so that I must call you? No, Mr. Robarts, not a castaway; neither a hypocrite, nor a castaway; but one who in walking has stumbled in the dark and bruised his feet among the stones. Henceforth let him take a lantern in his hand, and look warily to his path, and walk cautiously among the thorns and rocks,—cautiously, but yet boldly, with manly courage, but Christian meekness, as all men should walk on their pilgrimage through this vale of tears." And then without giving his companion time to stop him he hurried out of the room, and from the house, and without again seeing any others of the family, stalked back on his road to Hoggstock, thus tramping fourteen miles through the deep mud in performance of the mission on which he had been sent.

It was some hours before Mr. Robarts left his room. As soon as he found that Crawley was really gone, and that he should see him no more, he turned the lock of his door, and sat himself down to think over his present life. At about eleven his wife knocked, not knowing whether that other strange clergyman were there or no, for none had seen his departure. But Mark, answering cheerily, desired that he might be left to his studies.

Let us hope that his thoughts and mental resolves were then of service to him.

## Campaigning in China.

AT a time when military operations in China are about to be undertaken upon a more extended scale than have hitherto been attempted in the Celestial Empire, some account of the longest march into the interior of the country ever yet performed by British troops may not be uninteresting. To judge from the recent accounts which we have received from India, the prospect of Chinese campaigning, so far from exciting that enthusiasm which the novelty and interest of the undertaking might have been expected to awaken, has produced the very opposite effect. The military departmental mind is filled with doubts and vague misgivings. The Quartermaster-General's staff shake their heads with a mysterious despondency, already oppressed with the weight of prospective cares, the nature of which can only be appreciated by those who have shared in the duties and responsibilities of their office. The Commissariat is no less overwhelmed with a sense of its probable inefficiency, modestly diffident of its capacity to perform its functions in the unknown regions of the far East; while the parallel which has been drawn by those who have visited both countries, between the plains of Chih-li and the steppes of the Crimea, are by no means reassuring to the Land Transport Corps, who are reminded by the comparison of experience not altogether encouraging. So we have croaking articles in the Indian journals, and gloomy forebodings on the part of officers experienced in Indian warfare, who have never been in China, but who "know the East," and are, therefore, qualified to speak with confidence and authority upon all affairs, military or diplomatic, which may be undertaken anywhere between Cairo and the Sandwich Islands.

It is as well that we should remember, at this early period of our operations, that whatever may be their result, there will be a large class of persons who "always told us so," and who some years hence, on the occasion of the next Chinese war, will also inform us triumphantly that they "always said that sooner or later there would be another row." These gentlemen now talk learnedly about blocking up the Grand Canal, which no longer exists; and occupying Nankin, which is no longer Imperial; and operating up the Yang-tse-kiang, though we are left in doubt as to the nature of the operations they propose. They foresee the most formidable obstacles to a march of thirty miles across the plains of Chih-li, but it remains to be seen whether this foresight will be made available to provide against these difficulties, or whether the greatest impediment may not arise from the entire misapplication of the very quality assumed. Some remarkable cases of this description of forethought occurred during the Crimean war, to which it is not necessary now to allude, more especially as more recent instances exist in connection with the Chinese operations contemplated in 1857. We would suggest that those

ponderous iron grates, for example, which now ornament the dockyard at Hong Kong, where they are stacked in tiers, and which had considerably been supplied to the army in the event of a campaign, be left where they are, as it will probably be found that a Whitworth's gun weighing 200 pounds will be more useful and less troublesome on the march than a grate of twice that weight: temporary fireplaces may be constructed with three bricks, and the plains of Chih-li abound in kilns. Doubtless, if the army is detained in the north until a late period of the year, fires will be an immense comfort; but if those sepoys who are destined to encounter the severity of the winter are not provided with flannel waistcoats, the tiers of iron grates will fail to supply them with a sufficient amount of caloric.

It is not improbable, that if the army reaches Tien-tsin, and its occupation of that city is protracted over any space of time, telegraphic communication with the coast may be deemed a desirable object. Should any such project be entertained, we trust it will not be considered impertinent if we express a hope that batteries be sent out as well as wire. Upon the last occasion, when a similar attempt was made in China, it was not until after the wire was laid down from the landing-place to head-quarters that the discovery was made that the most essential item had been forgotten, and that a wire, however well laid, if it had nothing but a general at one end and an admiral at the other, could not possibly convey a message.

Meantime, the observations made during a march of five days with a thousand men, in the province of Quang-tung, just a year ago, may be of interest to those who do not "know the East." And here we would remind the reader, who may make any use of this information he pleases, that there are men in China who have an intimate knowledge of the country, who have already had a military experience of some years there, and whose hints will probably be more useful before the operations commence, than after our ignorance has led us into serious difficulty.

The expedition about to be described was undertaken in the early spring of last year. Its destination was Fayune, a town situated between thirty and forty miles north of Canton, or about the same distance as Tien-tsin is from the mouth of the Peiho. Its object was to strike terror into the Braves of the ninety-six villages—a confederation which had, during the preceding year, combined to furnish a force of local militia, or rather blackguards, for the purpose of harassing our garrison at Canton. During the summer their attacks had been constant and most annoying. The climate at that time of year rendered any attempt at retaliation on the part of our troops most dangerous; and it was, therefore, deemed more advisable to submit to a nightly discharge of rockets and gingals, than to expose the men to the risk of sunstrokes.

We were the more anxious to inflict a summary chastisement upon these so-called "Braves," so soon as the season should admit of it, as diplomatic pressure had been exerted in vain at Tien-tsin to effect the same object; the Court of Peking repudiating any complicity in the

hostilities in the south, though documents subsequently came into the possession of the authorities, clearly proving, not only the cognizance of the government, but the fact that the military organization of the south was being actually carried on under Imperial auspices, and the leaders of it honoured with buttons and promotion. These leaders were formed into committees and sub-committees, and styled "managers of barbarian affairs." In consequence, however, of the representations of the British authorities, their functions in this capacity were no longer recognized, and they had latterly for some time past appeared in proclamations as "Commissioners for the enlistment of militia." The most notorious of these committees was that known as the "Gang-leang," which was divided into four sub-committees.

The most active members were three mandarins in mourning, by name Lung, Soo, and Lo. These men were of considerable standing in the government service, but the fact of their being in mourning deprived them of the power of accepting any official position for a term of years. It did not, however, debar them from serving their country in a promiscuous manner, and they chose their present occupation of organizing Braves against barbarians, as the one most acceptable to the government, and most likely to lead to honour and distinction. In the prosecution of their functions, they levied heavy taxes upon the unfortunate country people, who thus found themselves between two fires;—in danger, on the one hand, of being mistaken for Braves by our troops, and on the other, obliged to contribute to a body of ruffians, who, when not engaged in attacking us, amused themselves in plundering the unhappy peasantry. These committees formed, in fact, the rallying points for the miscreants of all the surrounding districts; rebels who found rebellion did not pay, robbers who had made their own neighbourhood too hot to hold them, scamps who loved plunder better than toil,—all flocked to the standards of Lung, Soo and Lo, who received them with open arms, and gave them a *carte blanche* to bully the country people, and squeeze their own living out of unprotected rustics.

One of the most important of the sub-committees of the Gang-leang was at a village called Shek-tsing, distant about eight miles from Canton. Here a notorious Brave leader, by name Leang-paou-heun, held his court, and from here he issued one fine morning and attacked a party of our troops exercising in the neighbourhood of Canton. It was resolved to commence the operations of the winter by honouring Leang with a morning call, of a character to which he was not accustomed. In pursuance of this design, the necessary preparations were made, and rumours thereof reaching the ears of the Fayune Commissioners, they issued a proclamation calling upon the people to arm, which was found among their papers after the capture of Shek-tsing, an extract from which, as a curious specimen of Chinese military tactics, is worthy of insertion. The various villages are directed "to provide themselves with a number of gongs and horns, and thus simulate the presence of an imposing force. At daylight on the 8th, ranges of cooking places will be constructed in the Shek-tsing hills,

in which food may be prepared for the people who collect there, and permission to do so is given to all classes, whether old or young, strong or infirm. All the expenses will be defrayed by this committee; and it has been already resolved that every person coming to the assembly shall receive a daily ration of four candareens (about six cents), but this money will have in the first instance to be advanced by the committee of each village. Every person who comes armed and prepared to fight will, in addition, receive one mace of silver (about fourteen cents) as his daily pay: each committee is also requested to provide cooking utensils."

A well-contrived attack upon the Brave position at Shek-ting resulted in the utter discomfiture of the nondescript army, collected in obedience to the foregoing mandate, the casualties on our side amounting only to four wounded. The house of the notorious Leang-paou-heun was gutted and burned, to the great satisfaction of the country people, whom he had been squeezing for some months past, at the rate of twelve catties of grain per mow, which was, in fact, a tax of from twelve to twenty per cent. No wonder they exclaimed, as they clustered joyfully round the smouldering embers, and waited till they should cool sufficiently for purposes of closer investigation: "Oh! Amidha Buddha! blessed be Heaven for having willed its destruction, and the barbarians for having effected it." Pihquei afterwards accused Leang of having appropriated the pay of one thousand Braves who had never been enrolled.

The affair of Shek-ting was productive of so salutary an effect upon both the peasantry and the Braves, that it was deemed desirable to confirm the impression by military promenades in the neighbourhood of Canton, whereby we should give indisputable evidence of our power—hitherto always denied by the Chinese—to operate by land as well as by water.

The three chief Commissioners were still holding court in fancied security in the mountain village of Fayune; and although their efforts to re-enlist Braves were by no means so successful as formerly, still it was thought expedient to run these gentry to earth, if possible, and thus extinguish the vital principle of an organization which had been a source of considerable annoyance to us during our occupancy of Canton.

The force destined for this operation consisted of only a thousand men, of whom one hundred and fifty were French blue-jackets. We marched out of the north-west gate of Canton upon a sharp, clear February morning. The chances of a skirmish, though somewhat remote, were sufficient to produce an exhilarating effect upon the men, who stepped briskly out as they filed in a thin irregular line along the narrow ridges which divided the now dry rice-fields. In three hours we reached the village of Shek-ting, with its clear winding river, spanned by a charmingly picturesque bridge of seven quaint arches, its groves of bamboo, its fir-clothed knolls, shattered yamun and field of conflict. Here the country people approached reverentially, and we once more wandered amid the ruins caused by our own artillery, and gazed from the hill in rear over the peaceful landscape, across which the progress of the troops was indicated by a winding

black thread. About five miles beyond Shek-ting we reached Kong-soong, a village situated upon a river, which it was necessary to ferry.



As this was an operation which involved some delay, considering the limited number of ferry-boats, and the large quantity of camp-followers, it was decided to camp here for the night, and those among us who were mounted, and did not mind a wetting, scrambled across to the opposite shore, where a fair was going on, and the dirty little streets of the village were crowded with unctuous Chinamen. We rode among this noisy, chattering rabble without provoking the slightest expression of animosity. Curiosity and avarice were the predominating sentiments here, as they always will be wherever a European army presents itself in China. The first impulse of a peasant under these circumstances is to stare at you, the next to sell something to you. Even when alone and unarmed, it does not enter into his head to insult you, unless incited thereto by the authorities. The population at large consider an invading army hostile to the troops of their government, but by no means hostile to themselves: hence they stand and look on as impartial spectators upon the occasion of a conflict, and even before it is over come actually under fire to see if anything in the way of trade may be managed. Under these circumstances an invading force need never be under apprehension on the score of commissariat.

For months past the efforts of the Commissioners had been directed towards prejudicing the mind of the country people against us; the most absurd stories of our cruel and barbarous nature had become current among them; the government at Peking had lent itself to the fabrication of these, and had even issued a secret edict on the subject, the nature of which will be gathered from the following extract:—

"As to the Province of Kwang-tung, which has hitherto been famed for its loyalty and patriotism, and on a former occasion received from his late Majesty the monumental inscription—'A Sovereign's reward for a people's devotion,' and a special edict expressing his marked approval of their conduct, and the gratification it afforded him,—we look to those high ministers, Lo and others (the Fayune Commissioners), to give effect to our wishes. On them the duty rests of making in secret all the necessary arrangements, of marshalling the rural population without attracting observation, and of everywhere establishing train-bands; and by securing among them combination, as well as by rousing them to exertion, and keeping their communications everywhere complete, they may present to the outer barbarians such a display of the power of China, as shall cause them to retire from the position they have assumed.

"In order to secure secrecy in their proceedings, and to prevent any notice of the scheme escaping, the authorities must no longer appear to act a hostile part (towards the foreigners), but must only direct the people to oppose them. Nor need any communication whatever be held with the local functionaries, nor even with the governor-general and the governor of the province. Thus, if victory attend us, we may be assured that we are fulfilling the demands of heaven; but if defeat, we shall still avoid being involved in war. And it is not impossible that we may see, as the result of this scheme, peace gradually taking the place of those foreign troubles, and assaults upon our nation, which we have experienced during some years past. We may see a stop put to barbarian encroachments, and glory again descending upon the civilization of China.

"Let the efforts of you, my Ministers (the Fayune Commissioners), be directed to this end, and do not disappoint the hopes of your sovereign. When you shall have received this secret edict, hasten to draw up a minute statement of the measures which you think necessary for the execution of these objects, and forward to us by flying courier. Let there be no delay; and let this important edict, which is for the information of the Commissioners, be forwarded to them by an express of 600 li per day."

Considering that this singular manifesto of the Imperial policy, which came into our hands in the course of our operations, reached Fayune in November, or about three months prior to our arrival there, and that during this interval no effort had been spared to incite the population against us, we had no reason to anticipate an actually friendly demeanour on the part of the people. So far, however, from the machinations of the Commissioners against us having operated to our prejudice, we found the rural population on all occasions overwhelmingly polite; and their disposition in this respect is worthy of note, as corresponding precisely to that manifested by the villagers on the banks of the Peiho, on the occasion of the ascent of the allied forces up that river after the first attack upon the forts at Taku, and entitles us to expect a similar reception again, in the event of a march across the plains of Chih-li upon Tien-tsin becoming necessary.

Our day's march had led us through a country pleasantly diversified, although at this time of year it was dry, and the crops few and far between. Numerous undulations, and conical mounds of tumulus form, richly wooded, relieved the landscape of all monotony, and often furnished agreeable scenic effects. Clear broad streams, navigated by flat-bottomed boats, flowed between fertile banks and past flourishing villages, seaward; and picturesquely situated upon one of these was a quaint old joss-house, which was converted into General Straubenzee's head-quarters for the night. As viewed from the edge of the river bank, the scene was eminently picturesque. Ferry-boats, crowded with men, were plying

actively from shore to shore; horsemen were fording, coolies shouting, and villagers were rushing in excited groups to wonder at the strange proceedings of the barbarian horde. Meantime a canvas village is rapidly springing up all round the joss-house; arms are piled, sentries posted, camp-fires blaze, kettles bubble, corks pop, and the contents of hampers are strewn upon the ground; a Babel of tongues rises above the clatter of dinner preparations, as Hindustani and French, Chinese and English, mingle in discordant tumult. Here a group of our Gallican allies are clustered eagerly over a salad; in close proximity a party of sepoy are scouring brass cooking vessels, carefully guarding them from the defiling touch of the infidel. There some of the Coolie Corps, composed of sleek Chinamen, who have grown juicy on British pay, are returning laden with the offal of some domestic animal, or other culinary delicacy, from the village. John Bull is making a very coarse brew of coffee, and doing his best to spoil the materials with which he has been furnished for his evening meal. Then the band strikes up, and the wondering villagers, who have been sufficiently confused by strange sights, now listen to strange sounds, and only disperse reluctantly at last as evening closes in; and the men get tired of singing choruses, and crowd into the tents; and the full moon rises above the flaming waters of the river, as they rush over a pebbly bed, and throws dark shadows into the bamboo grove, upon the edge of which the flash of a sentry's bayonet is here and there visible.

Day had not dawned before our camp was astir on the following morning, and, quitting the relics of our festivities of the previous evening, we were once more filing along the dividing ridges of paddy-fields. The narrowness of the paths and bridges caused considerable embarrassment to our artillery, although the force was only accompanied by light 3-pounder field-pieces. A log bridge is an obstacle even to this portable arm, and it is satisfactory to know that, in the country about to be traversed in the north, no difficulties of this description present themselves: the roads are broad enough for wheeled vehicles, unknown in the south, and Indian corn, and other cereals requiring dry cultivation, do not render the whole country a swamp at certain seasons of the year; but if we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the character of the country being totally different in Chih-li from that of Quang-tung, we may esteem ourselves no less fortunate that our experience of the disposition of the inhabitants is equally favourable in both. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the advance of the gunboats up the Peiho in 1858, after the capture of the forts at Taku, the country people on the banks welcomed us as the precursors of a new dynasty, seeking to ingratiate themselves into favour by offering us provisions, and even, according to the statement of Sir Michael Seymour, assisting us in extricating our gunboats from difficulties, in the course of their passage up that little-known stream. So, throughout our march to Fayune, we met with nothing but civility from the peasantry, although our progress was to all intents and purposes that of an invading army, hostile to their govern-



ment, and avowedly undertaken for the purpose of encountering and defeating the troops raised by the Imperial government to resist us. At every village the elders came forth and stood by the roadside, presiding over tables, upon which cups of tea for the refreshment of the troops were ranged in tempting array, and presented us with slips of pink paper, the tokens of amity and good-will. In return for these, we distributed proclamations of a reassuring character, and had every reason to believe that our presence, so far from inspiring mistrust or alarm, was productive of the most wholesome effect, as tending to disabuse the minds of the people of the prejudices which had been excited against us.

A practical evidence of the confidence established was furnished by the readiness with which we obtained coolies from the villages through which we passed, to assist in the conveyance of baggage; so that, in addition to the Land Transport Corps, composed entirely of Chinamen, some hundreds of the peasantry might have been seen jogging merrily in long single file under the burdens imposed upon their shoulders by the enemy, who had become converted into friends by the transfer of a few dollars.

Although we should be far from recommending the authorities to rely absolutely upon the co-operation of the country people in the north of China, the possibility of their being rendered available should not be lost sight of, whilst it is impossible to over-estimate the value of a corps which was raised at the commencement of the operations in the south, and which proved of the utmost service throughout the hostilities at Canton. The men composing this corps are recruited from Canton and its neighbourhood: hardy, patient, and enduring, their patriotic scruples, if they ever existed, vanish before the pay and comfort with which they are now provided. The English officers in charge have always spoken in the highest terms of the obedience and efficiency of these men, and it is most desirable that their numbers should be augmented in the event of a campaign being undertaken in the north. Hitherto they have always behaved admirably under the fire of their own countrymen, and delight in contrasting their favoured condition with that of their less fortunate relatives or friends who have not shaken off their allegiance. For dragging guns, carrying sick or wounded, and doing all the heavy work of an army on the march, they answer all the purposes of beasts of burden, and, with a little previous drilling and discipline, are much more useful. Their uniform consists of a conical straw hat and cross-belt, with the name and number of the corps marked upon it.

The day's march led us through a more arid and Indian-looking country than that of yesterday. At this time of year, almost the only grain cultivated is wheat. After two crops of rice have been taken off the ground, they are followed by an edition of wheat, so sparse and sickly as to give a somewhat sterile aspect to the country. Towards midday we halted at a pretty little village, in a fir wood, for luncheon. Here the whole population turned out, as usual, to inspect us: women, on small feet, hobbled impetuously across the rough fields, to the peril of the infants swung at

their backs or carried in their arms; but female curiosity is as strong in Quang-tung as elsewhere, and doubtless was succeeded by those sentiments of admiration which a red coat always excites in the feminine breast. The chief magistrate of Fayune met us here, and endeavoured to propitiate us with sweetmeats. The Fayune Commissioners, he said, had vanished, and were nowhere to be heard of. His own heart was filled with pleasure at the prospect of a visit from so charming a company in his secluded house. Any arrangements necessary for the comfort of the troops should be promptly attended to. In fact, if this old gentleman had been the Pope, and we had been an army of Austrians, he could not have appeared more delighted to receive us.

Gaiety and merrymaking being the order of the day, the band was ordered to play, and while the elders were crowding around it, we effected a diversion in their favour by giving scrambles for cash to the juvenile portion of the community. Altogether, we had every reason to believe that, after spending two hours in this little village with a long and unpronounceable name, we left it universally beloved and regretted.

We halted for the night at a village called Ping-shan, situated upon a dry paddy-field expanse, out of which isolated wooded hills rose like islands. Here we found a magnificent ancestral hall, highly decorated, dedicated to the memory of sundry eminent men who had sprung from the surrounding villages, and whose fame and virtues were recorded upon elaborate tablets. These buildings are common throughout China, being used by the descendants of the persons in whose honour they have been erected, as a sort of club. As they are generally of great extent, containing numerous suites of apartments, and affording shelter for a large party of men and beasts, they are most convenient for officers' quarters; and it was with no little satisfaction that we took possession of the rooms usually occupied by the Fayune Commissioners, and established ourselves luxuriously for the night. It is worthy of note that in respect of accommodation of this description, the numerous temples, yamuns, and ancestral and Confucian halls, &c., with which all districts of the empire abound, offer great advantages to an invading army.

On the following day we reached Fayune. Our first view of the town, from the summit of a hill, to which we clambered for the purpose of a general survey, was charming. Nestling snugly at the base of a range of hills from 1,500 feet to 2,000 feet in height, the little walled village looked like the stronghold of some mountain robber who had established himself on the edge of the rich country stretching away to the south. Groves of magnificent trees dotted the landscape, and seemed to bestow their especial patronage upon the town itself, a part of which was buried in rich foliage. To its left was a remarkable conical hill, surmounted by a pagoda. After feasting our eyes upon the scene at our feet, we descended into the valley, and forming in more regular order, filed between the rows of people who had come out to meet us, and passed through the massive gateway into the town, the band leading the way, and the Chinese guard turning out to

salute us. So, then, we found ourselves in the lions' den without having encountered the slightest opposition, or, apparently, excited any alarm. Although but a few weeks had elapsed since the most violent manifestoes had been issued against us from this very spot, and it had been for months the focus from whence had radiated the hostility of both the Imperial authorities and gentry, yet we found ourselves the objects of universal attention and civility, and explored at pleasure the town and neighbourhood, alone and unarmed. The town itself was mean and insignificant, but was surrounded by a wall in perfect order; the embrasures, however, had been denuded of their guns prior to our arrival. The wall was not above a mile in circumference, so that the place presented almost the appearance of a fort. It had a wild, cut-throat look—as different from an ordinary Chinese town as a pirate schooner from an old East Indianan. We appropriated the yamun, which had been for some months past occupied by the Commissioners, who had considerably evacuated the premises in our favour. The most profound ignorance was assumed as to the present hiding-place of these gentry, so we were obliged to content ourselves with using their bedrooms and exploring their establishment. Most of the troops were comfortably lodged in the temples and public buildings of the town, others were camped on a hill in rear.

The proximity of the mountain range tempted some of us to explore its unknown beauties. Nor were we disappointed with the result of our exertions. After a hard scramble without guides, we reached the summit, Kow-pak-chang, or the thousand-chang-hill, and gazed from it over beautiful broken country, stretching northward, with secluded valleys, highly cultivated, winding between rugged mountain ranges, where villages in a setting of rich verdure hugged the banks of brawling streams, spanned by quaint high-arched bridges, and square feudal towers rose above the tree-clumps. It was singular to think that two Europeans should find themselves in a position of perfect safety, five or six miles away from assistance, looking down upon scenes, in all probability, never before witnessed by the eye of a foreigner, in the midst of a population with whom we were supposed to be in an attitude of open hostility. The top of a hill two thousand feet high, in the month of February, is a very cold place, even in the south of China, and we were glad to turn our backs upon its bleak summit, and taking one last look at the lovely scene beyond us, to hurry down into the sunny plain. We observed on our way numerous granite quarries, indicating the formation of the range.

Our exertions enabled us to do ample justice to an elaborate Chinese repast, which the chief magistrate, in the plenitude of his civility, sent over to us on our return. Before leaving Fayune, the general and a number of officers were entertained at dinner by this high functionary, and the head of the gentry of the district. The latter personage had been very active in the enlistment of Braves against us, and like the rest of his class, had hoped by the manifestation of zeal in his hostility to barbarians, to curry favour with the government: he now professed the utmost friend-

ship for us, and expressed sincere regret for what had occurred, in opposition, as he declared, to his urgent remonstrances. After the usual interchange of pretty speeches, and consumption of greasy viands, we took leave of our smooth-tongued hosts, and once more striking camp, marched out of Fayune, having thoroughly accomplished the object of our visits. The troops re-entered Canton on the evening of the following day, having marched between sixty and seventy miles in five days, without encountering any of those difficulties which are predicted in the coming operations, and having achieved the very satisfactory result of instilling confidence into the country people, and inspiring the Braves with a due respect for our arms. Since then the neighbourhood of Canton has been tranquil, and foreigners have been enabled to extend their explorations to greater distances than formerly, with perfect security.

The same effect will be produced in the north of China if the same means are resorted to. It was not until the local militia at Canton received a lesson which taught them our power of inflicting chastisement, that they subsided into respectful quiescence. So, in 1858, the Court of Peking changed its tone of arrogance for one of subserviency the moment we arrived at Tien-tsin: a feat supposed impracticable by the Chinese government.

The effect of our unexpected appearance there may be best appreciated by the following paragraph, extracted from the secret edict already quoted. The Emperor, apologizing for the concessions made to us upon that occasion, asks, "Why is it then that we have succumbed to circumstances, and permitted the acceptance of terms of peace from the said barbarians? It was indeed for no other reason than that war had reached the portals of our Imperial domains; the enemy was at the gates of our capital, and in the train of war follow alarm and disorder; the people are scattered and rendered homeless. How could we endure that our people should suffer? Our rest was disturbed, and we could not eat in peace. No other course, therefore, was open to us but to concede what they requested, in order to put an end to the present distress."

The distress here alluded to was in reality not felt by the people, not one of whom was turned out of his home by our presence at Tien-tsin, but by the Emperor himself. The impression at Peking at present is, that the river having been staked, our reappearance at Tien-tsin is impossible. Hence the stubborn attitude of the Chinese government, encouraged by their confidence in the Tartar general, Sang-ko-lin-sin, who commanded at the last Peiho affair, and who has declared his intention, on all future occasions, of dealing with us in the same summary manner. His defeat, and the march of our troops to Tien-tsin, will produce the same result as our march to Fayune, or as our former operations on Tien-tsin. The difficulty of our diplomatists in China consists not so much in the process of extracting a treaty from the Chinese government, as in obliging them to keep it in the spirit in which it is made. This can only be done by exerting a continuous pressure upon the Cabinet at Peking. The moment

the pressure is removed, the government interprets obnoxious stipulations in its own manner; its functionaries at distant ports take their cue from the disposition at head-quarters, and complications arise with local officials, out of which ultimately spring new wars.

By dealing directly with the highest functionaries at the capital, these may invariably be prevented; but the isolation of a foreign minister at Peking might possibly expose him to inconveniences, and even insults, which, in the absence of any force, it would be impossible to resent. Under these circumstances the most desirable compromise which could be made, would be in the selection of Tien-tsin, as a summer abode for the British plenipotentiary, with the right reserved to him of visiting the capital at pleasure. Here, at a distance of only fifty miles from Peking, communication with the high functionaries there could be rapidly and easily maintained, while the occasional visits of members of the foreign missions would tend to familiarize the people, as well as the authorities, with the contact of Europeans, and go far to remove those prejudices which must ever, otherwise, subsist against us, and develop themselves through the means of local authorities at distant ports. Concurrently with the establishment of a mission at Tien-tsin, that city might be opened as a port to trade, and the reassuring influence of commerce be thus brought to second the efforts of a skilful and judicious diplomacy. During the winter months, when the Peiho would be frozen, and the port closed, the Minister would remove his establishment to Shanghai, not a little pleased to return to a higher state of civilization; while the terrible heats of summer, at this latter place, would be agreeably exchanged for the dry, healthy climate of Tien-tsin. Two or three gunboats, necessary, under any circumstances, for the protection of our commerce in the gulf and river, would also serve as an adequate and efficient support to our diplomacy. We might thus hope to achieve all the advantages to be derived from a residence at Peking, without any of its inconveniences; and while leaving the prestige of the Imperial government comparatively uninjured, pave the way for the assimilation of our diplomatic relations with China to those of other countries.

Whether this be the course ultimately adopted or not, one thing is certain,—that Tien-tsin is the key of the position. All military and diplomatic action must, for the present, be alike centred upon it; and if a campaign in this quarter becomes necessary, we have little doubt that it will terminate within two months, in a treaty embracing larger concessions, based upon broader principles, and ensuring a more durable peace than that signed by Sir Henry Pottinger in 1842, after a bloody and expensive war, which extended along the whole southern seaboard of China, and was protracted over a period of two years.

## Little Scholars.

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YESTERDAY morning, as I was walking up a street in Pimlico, I came upon a crowd of little persons issuing from a narrow alley. Ever so many little people there were streaming through a wicket; running children, shouting children, loitering children, chattering children, and children spinning tops by the way, so that the whole street was awakened by the pleasant childish clatter. As I stand for an instant to see the procession go by, one little girl pops me an impromptu curtsy, at which another from a distant quarter, not behindhand in politeness, pops me another; and presently quite an irregular little volley of curtseys goes off in every direction. Then I blandly inquire if school is over? and if there is anybody left in the house? A little brown-eyes nods her head, and says, "There's a great many people left in the house." And so there are, sure enough, as I find when I get in.

Down a narrow yard, with the workshops on one side and the schools on the other, in at a little door which leads into a big room where there are rafters, maps hanging on the walls, and remarks in immense letters, such as, "COFFEE IS GOOD FOR MY BREAKFAST," and pictures of useful things, with the well-thumbed story underneath; a stove in the middle of the room; a paper hanging up on the door with the names of the teachers; and everywhere wooden benches and tables, made low and small for little legs and arms.

Well, the schoolroom is quite empty and silent now, and the little turmoil has poured eagerly out at the door. It is twelve o'clock, the sun is shining in the court, and something better than schooling is going on in the kitchen yonder. Who cares now where coffee comes from? or which are the chief cities in Europe? or in what year Stephen came to the throne? For is not twelve o'clock dinner-time with all sensible people? and what periods of history, what future aspirations, what distant events are as important to us—grown-up folks, and children, too—as this pleasant daily recurring one?

The kind, motherly schoolmistress who brought me in, tells me, that for a shilling, half-a-dozen little boys and girls can be treated to a wholesome meal. I wonder if it smells as good to them as it does to me, when I pull my shilling out of my pocket. The food costs more than twopence, but there is a fund to which people subscribe, and, with its help, the kitchen cooks all through the winter months.

All the children seem very fond of the good Mrs. K—. As we leave the schoolroom, one little thing comes up crying, and clinging to her, "A boy has been and 'it me!" But when the mistress says, "Well, never mind, you shall have your dinner," the child is instantly consoled; "and you, and you, and you," she continues; but this selection is too heartrending; and with the help of another lucky shilling, nobody

present is left out. I remember particularly a lank child, with great black eyes and fuzzy hair, and a pinched grey face, who stood leaning against a wall in the sun: once, in the Pontine Marshes, years ago, I remember seeing such another figure. "That poor thing is seventeen," says Mrs. K—. "She sometimes loiters here all day long; she has no mother: and she often comes and tells me her father is so drunk she dare not go home. I always give her a dinner when I can. This is the kitchen."

The kitchen is a delightful little clean-scrubbed place, with rice pudding baking in the oven, and a young mistress, and a big girl, busy bringing in great caldrons full of the mutton broth I have been scenting all this time. It is a fresh, honest, hungry smell, quite different from that unwholesome compound of fry and sauce, and hot, pungent spice, and stew and mess, which comes steaming up, some seven hours later, into our dining-rooms, from the reeking kitchens below. Here a poor woman is waiting, with a jug, and a round-eyed baby. The mistress tells me the people in the neighbourhood are too glad to buy what is left of the children's dinner. "Look what good stuff it is," says Mrs. K—, and she shows me a bowl full of the jelly, to which it turns when cold. As the two girls come stepping through the sunny doorway, with the smoking jar between them, I think Mr. Millais might make a pretty picture of the little scene; but my attention is suddenly distracted by the round-eyed baby, who is peering down into the great soup-jug with such wide wide open eyes, and little hands outstretched—such an eager, happy face, that it almost made one laugh, and cry too, to see. The baby must be a favourite, for he is served, and goes off in his mother's arms, keeping vigilant watch over the jug, while four or five other jugs and women are waiting still in the next room. Then into rows of little yellow basins our mistress pours the broth, and we now go in to see the company in the dining-hall, waiting for its banquet. Ah me! but it is a pleasanter sight to see than any company in all the land. Somehow, as the children say grace, I feel as if there was indeed a blessing on the food: a blessing which brings colour into these wan cheeks, and strength and warmth into these wasted little limbs. Meanwhile, the expectant company is growing rather impatient, and is battering the benches with its spoons, and tapping neighbouring heads as well. There goes a little guest, scrambling from his place across the room and back again. So many are here to-day, that they have not all got seats. I see the wan girl still standing against the wall, and there is her brother—a sociable little fellow, all dressed in corduroys—who is making funny faces at me across the room, at which some other little boys burst out laughing. But the infants on the dolls'-benches, at the other end, are the best fun. There they are—three, four, five years old—whispering and chattering, and tumbling over one another. Sometimes one infant falls suddenly forward, with its nose upon the table, and stops there quite contentedly; sometimes another disappears entirely under the legs, and is tugged up by its neighbours. A certain number of the infants have their dinner every day, the mistress tells me. Mrs. — has said so,

and hers is the kind hand which has provided for all these young ones; while a same kind heart has schemed how to shelter, to feed, to clothe, to teach, the greatest number of these hungry, and cold, and neglected little children.

As I am replying to the advances of my young friend in the corduroys, I suddenly hear a cry of "Ooo! ooo! ooo!—noo spoons—noo spoons—ooo! ooo! ooo!" and all the little hands stretch out eagerly as one of the big girls goes by with a paper of shining metal spoons. By this time the basins of soup are travelling round, with hunches of home-made bread. "The infants are to have pudding first," says the mistress, coming forward; and, in a few minutes more, all the little birds are busy pecking at their bread and pudding, of which they take up very small mouthfuls, in very big spoons, and let a good deal slobber down over their pinafores.

One little curly-haired boy, with a very grave face, was eating pudding very slowly and solemnly—so I said to him:

"Do you like pudding best?"

*Little Boy.* "Isss."

"And can you read?"

*Little Boy.* "Isss."

"And write?"

*Little Boy.* "Isss."

"And have you got a sister?"

*Little Boy.* "Isss."

"And does she wash your face so nicely?"

*Little Boy, extra solemn.* "No, see is wite a little girl; see is on'y four year old."

"And how old are you?"

*Little Boy, with great dignity.* "I am fi' year old."

Then he told me Mrs. Willis "wassed" his face, and he brought his sister to school.

"Where is your sister?" says the mistress, going by.

But four-years was not forthcoming.

"I s'pose see has walt home," says the child, and goes on with his pudding.

This little pair are orphans out of the workhouse, Mrs. K—— told me. But somebody pays Mrs. Willis for their keep.

There was another funny little thing, very small, sitting between two bigger boys, to whom I said—

"Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

"Little dirl," says this baby, quite confidently.

"No, you ain't," cries the left-hand neighbour, very much excited.

"Yes, she is," says right-hand neighbour.

And then three or four more join in, each taking a different view of the question. All this time corduroys is still grinning and making faces in his corner. I admire his brass buttons, upon which three or four more



children instantly crowd round to look at them. One is a poor little deformed fellow, to whom buttons would be of very little use. He is in quite worn and ragged clothes: he looks as pale and thin almost as that poor girl I first noticed. He has no mother; he and his brother live alone with their father, who is out all day, and the children have to do everything for themselves. The young ones here who have no mothers seem by far the worst off. This little deformed boy, poor as he is, finds something to give away. Presently I see him scrambling over the backs of the others, and feeding them with small shreds of meat, which he takes out of his soup with his grubby little fingers, and which one little boy, called Thompson, is eating with immense relish. Mrs. K—— here comes up, and says that those who are hungry are to have some more. Thompson has some more, and so does another rosy little fellow; but the others have hardly finished what was first given them, and the very little ones send off their pudding half eaten, and ask for soup. The mistresses here are quite touchingly kind and thoughtful. I did not hear a sharp tone. All the children seemed at home, and happy, and gently dealt with. However cruelly want, and care, and harshness haunt their own homes, here at least there are only kind words and comfort for these poor little pilgrims whose toil has begun so early. Mrs. —— told me once, that often in winter time these children come barefooted through the snow, and so cold and hungry that they have fallen off their seats half fainting. We may be sure that such little sufferers—thanks to these Good Samaritans—will be tenderly picked up and cared for. But, I wonder, must there always be children in the world hungry and deserted? and will there never, out of all the abundance of the earth, be enough to spare to content those who want so little to make them happy?

Mrs. —— came in while I was still at the school, and took me over the workshops where the elder boys learn to carpenter and carve. Scores of drawing-rooms in Belgravia are bristling with the pretty little tables and ornaments these young artificers design. A young man with a scriptural name superintends the work; the boys are paid for their labour, and send out red velvet and twisted legs, and wood ornamented in a hundred devices. There is an industrial class for girls, too. The best and oldest are taken in, and taught housework, and kitchen-work, and sewing. Even the fathers and mothers come in for a share of the good things, and are invited to tea sometimes, and amused in the evening with magic lanterns, and conjurors, and lecturings. I do not dwell at greater length upon the industrial part of these schools, because I want to speak of another very similar institution I went to see another day.

On my way thither I had occasion to go through an old churchyard, full of graves and sunshine: a quaint old suburban place, with tree-tops and old brick houses all round about, and ancient windows looking down upon the quiet tombstones. Some children were playing among the graves, and two rosy little girls in big bonnets were sitting demurely on a stone, and grasping two babies that were placidly basking in the sun. The little

girls look up and grin as I go by. I would ask them the way, only I know they won't answer, and so I go on, out at an old iron gate, with a swinging lamp, up "Church Walk" (so it is written), and along a trim little terrace, to where a maid-of-all-work is scrubbing at her steps. When I ask the damsel my way to B—— Street, she says she "do-ant know B—— Street, but there's Little Davis Street round the corner;" and when I say I'm afraid Little Davis Street is no good to me, she says, "'Tain't Gunter's Row, is it?" So I go off in despair, and after some minutes of brisk walking, find myself turning up the trim little terrace again, where the maid-of-all-work is still busy at her steps. This time, as we have a sort of acquaintance, I tell her that I am looking for a house where girls are taken in, and educated, and taught to be housemaids. At which confidence she brightens up, and says, "There's a 'ouse round the-ar with somethink wrote on the door, jest where the little boy's a-trundlin' of his 'oop."

And so, sure enough, following the hoop, I come to an old-fashioned house in a courtyard, and ring at a wooden door on which "Girls' Industrial Schools" is painted up in white letters.

A little industrious girl, in a lilac pinafore, let me in, with a curtsy.

"May I come in and see the place?" say I.

"Please, yes," says she (another curtsy). "Please, what name?—please, walk this way."

"This way" leads through the court, where clothes are hanging on lines, into a little office-room, where my guide leaves me, with yet another little curtsy. In a minute the mistress comes out from the inner room. She is a kind smiling young woman, with a fresh face and a pleasant manner. She takes me in, and I see a dozen more girls in lilac pinafores reading round a deal table. They look mostly about thirteen or fourteen years old. I ask if this is all the school.

"No, not all," the mistress says, counting, "some are in the laundry, and some are not at home. When they are old enough, they go out into the neighbourhood to help to wash, or cook, or what not. Go on, girls!" and the girls instantly begin to read again, and the mistress, opening a door, brings us out into the passage. "We have room for twenty-two," says the little mistress; "and we dress them, and feed them, and teach them as well as we can. On week-days they wear anything we can find for them, but they have very nice frocks on Sundays. I never leave them; I sit with them, and sleep among them, and walk with them; they are always friendly and affectionate to me and among themselves, and are very good companions."

In answer to my questions, she said that most of the children were put in by friends who paid half-a-crown a week for them, sometimes the parents themselves, but they could rarely afford it. That besides this, and what the girls could earn, 200*l.* a year is required for the rent of the house and expenses. "It has always been made up," says the mistress, "but we can't help being very anxious at times, as we have nothing certain, nor

any regular subscriptions. Won't you see the laundry?" she adds, opening a door.

In the laundry is a steam, and a clatter, and irons, and linen, and a little mangle, turned by two little girls, while two or three more are busy ironing under the superintendence of a washerwoman with tucked-up sleeves; piles of shirt-collars and handkerchiefs and linen are lying on the shelves, shirts and clothes are hanging on lines across the room. The little girls don't stop, but go on busily.

"Where is Mary Anne?" says the mistress, with a little conscious pride.

"There she is, mum," says the washerwoman, and Mary Anne steps out blushing from behind the mangle, with a hot iron in her hand and a hanging head.

"Mary Anne is our chief laundry-maid," says the mistress, as we come out into the hall again. "For the first year I could make nothing of her; she was miserable in the kitchen, she couldn't bear housework, she wouldn't learn her lessons. In fact, I was quite unhappy about her, till one day I set her to ironing; she took to it instantly, and has been quite cheerful and busy ever since."

So leaving Mary Anne to her vocation in life, we went up-stairs to the dormitories. The first floor is let to a lady, and one of the girls is chosen to wait upon her; the second floor is where they sleep, in fresh light rooms with open windows and sweet spring breezes blowing in across gardens and courtyards. The place was delightfully trim, and fresh, and peaceful; the little gray-coated beds stood in rows, with a basket at the foot of each, and texts were hanging up on the wall. In the next room stood a wardrobe full of the girls' Sunday clothes, of which one of them keeps the key; after this came the mistress's own room, as fresh and light and well kept as the rest.

These little maidens scrub, and cook, and wash, and sew. They make broth for the poor, and puddings. They are taught to read and write and count, and they learn geography and history as well. Many of them come from dark unwholesome alleys in the neighbourhood—from a dreary country of dirt and crime and foul talk. In this little convent all is fresh and pure, and the sunshine pours in at every window. I don't know that the life is very exciting there, or that the days spent at the mangle, or round the deal table, can be very stirring ones. But surely they are well spent, learning useful arts, and order, and modesty, and cleanliness. Think of the cellars and slums from which these children come, and of the quiet little haven where they are fitted for the struggle of life, and are taught to be good, and industrious, and sober, and honest. It is only for a year or two, and then they will go out into the world again; into a world indeed of which we know but little—a world of cooks and kitchen-maids and general servants. I daresay these little industrious girls, sitting round that table and spelling out the Gospel of St. John this sunny afternoon, are longing and wistfully thinking about that wondrous coming

time. Meanwhile the quiet hour goes by. I say farewell to the kind, smiling mistress; Mary Anne is still busy among her irons; I hear the mangle click as I pass, and the wooden door opens to let me out.

In another old house, standing in a deserted old square near the City, there is a school which interested me as much as any of those I have come across—a school for little Jewish boys and girls. We find a tranquil roomy old house with light windows, looking out into the quiet square with its ancient garden; a carved staircase; a little hall paved with black and white mosaic, whence two doors lead respectively to the Boys' and Girls' schools. Presently a little girl unlocks one of these doors, and runs up before us into the schoolroom—a long well-lighted room full of other little girls busy at their desks: little Hebrew maidens with Oriental faces, who look up at us as we come in. This is always rather an alarming moment; but Dr. —, who knows the children, comes kindly to our help, and begins to tell us about the school. "It is an experiment," he says, "and one which has answered admirably well. Any children are admitted, Christians as well as Jews; and none come without paying something every week, twopence or threepence, as they can afford, for many of them belong to the very poorest of the Jewish community. They receive a very high class of education." (When I presently see what they are doing, and hear the questions they can answer, I begin to feel a very great respect for these little bits of girls in pinafores, and for the people who are experimenting on them.) "But the chief aim of the school is to teach them to help themselves, and to inculcate an honest self-dependence and independence." And indeed, as I look at them, I cannot but be struck with a certain air of respectability and uprightness among these little creatures, as they sit there, so self-possessed, keen-eyed, well-mannered. "Could you give them a parsing lesson?" the doctor asks the schoolmistress, who shakes her head, and says it is their day for arithmetic, and she may not interrupt the order of their studies; but that they may answer any questions the doctor likes to put to them.

Quite little things, with their hair in curls, can tell you about tons and hundredweights, and how many horses it would take to draw a ton, and how many little girls to draw two-thirds of a ton, if so many little girls went to a horse; and if a horse were added, or a horse taken away, or two-eighths of the little girls, or three-fourths of the horse, or one-sixth of the ton,—until the room begins to spin breathlessly round and round, and I am left ever so far behindhand.

"Is *avoirduois* an English word?" Up goes a little hand, with fingers working eagerly, and a pretty little creature, with long black hair and a necklace, cries out that it is French, and means, *have weight*.

Then the doctor asks about early English history, and the hands still go up, and they know all about it; and so they do about civilization, and despotism, and charters, and Picts and Scots, and dynasties, and early lawgivers, and colonization, and reformation.

"Who was Martin Luther? Why did he leave the Catholic Church? What were indulgences?"

"You gave the Pope lots of money, sir, and he gave you dispensations." This was from our little portress.

There was another little shrimp of a thing, with wonderful, long-slit, flashing eyes, who could answer anything almost, and whom the other little girls accordingly brought forward in triumph from a back row.

"Give me an instance of a free country?" asks the tired questioner.

"England, sir!" cry the little girls in a shout.

"And now of a country which is not free."

"America," cry two little voices; and then one adds, "Because there are slaves, sir." "And France," says a third; "and we have seen the emperor in the picture-shops."

As I listen to them, I cannot help wishing that many of our little Christians were taught to be as independent and self-respecting in their dealings with the grown-up people who come to look at them. One would fancy that servility was a sacred institution, we cling to it so fondly. We seem to expect an absurd amount of respect from our inferiors; we are ready to pay back just as much to those above us in station: and hence I think; notwithstanding all the kindness of heart, all the well-meant and well-spent exertion we see in the world, there is often too great an inequality between those who teach and those who would learn, those who give and those whose harder part it is to receive.

We were quite sorry at last when the doctor made a little bow, and said, "Good morning, young ladies," quite politely, to his pupils. It was too late to stop and talk to the little boys down below, but we went for a minute into an inner room out of the large boys' schoolroom, and there we found half-a-dozen little men, with their hats on their heads, sitting on their benches, reading the *Psalms* in Hebrew; and so we stood, for this minute before we came away, listening to David's words spoken in David's tongue, and ringing rather sadly in the boys' touching childish voice.

But this is not by any means the principal school which the Jews have established in London. Deep in the heart of the City—beyond St. Paul's—beyond the Cattle Market, with its countless pens—beyond Finsbury Square, and the narrow Barbican, travelling on through a dirty, close, thickly peopled region, you come to Bell Lane, in Spitalfields. And here you may step in at a door and suddenly find yourself in a wonderful country, in the midst of an unknown people, in a great hall sounding with the voices of hundreds of Jewish children. I know not if it is always so, or if this great assemblage is only temporary, during the preparation for the Passover, but all along the sides of this great room were curtained divisions, and classes sitting divided, busy at their tasks, and children upon children as far as you could see; and somehow as you look you almost see, not these children only, but their forefathers, the Children of Israel, camping in their tents, as they camped at Succoth, when they fled out of the land of Egypt and the house of bondage. Some of these here present to-day are still flying from the house of bondage; many of them are the children of Poles, and Russians, and Hungarians, who have escaped

over here to avoid conscription, and who arrive destitute and in great misery. But to be friendless, and in want, and poverty-stricken, is the best recommendation for admission to this noble charity. And here, as elsewhere, any one who comes to the door is taken in, Christian as well as Jew.

I have before me now the Report for the year 5619 (1858), during which 1,800 children have come to these schools daily. 10,000 in all have been admitted since the foundation of the school. The working alone of the establishment—salaries, repairs, books, laundresses, &c.—amounts to more than 2,000*l.* a year. Of this a very considerable portion goes in salaries to its officers, of whom I count more than fifty in the first page of the pamphlet. “12*l.* to a man for washing boys,” is surely well-spent money; “3*l.* to a beadle; 14*l.* for brooms and brushes; 1*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* for repair of clocks,” are among the items. The annual subscriptions are under 500*l.*, and the very existence of the place (so says the Report) depends on voluntary offerings at the anniversary. That some of these gifts come in with splendid generosity, I need scarcely say. Clothing for the whole school arrives at Easter once a year, and I saw great bales of boots for the boys waiting to be unpacked in their schoolroom. Tailors and shoemakers come and take measurings beforehand, so that everybody gets his own. To-day these artists having retired, carpenters and bricklayers are at work all about the place, and the great boys’ school, which is larger still than the girls’, is necessarily empty,—except that a group of teachers and monitors are standing in one corner talking and whispering together. The head master, with a black beard, comes down from a high desk in an inner room, and tells us about the place—about the cleverness of the children, and the scholarship lately founded; how well many of the boys turn out in after life, and for what good positions they are fitted by the education they are able to receive here;—“though Jews,” he said, “are debarred by their religious requirements from two-thirds of the employments which Christians are able to fill. Masters cannot afford to employ workmen who can only give their time from Monday to Friday afternoon. There are, therefore, only a very limited number of occupations open to us. Some of our boys rise to be ministers, and many become teachers here, in which case Government allows them a certain portion of their salary.”

The head mistress in the girls’ school was not less kind and ready to answer our questions. During the winter mornings, hot bread-and-milk are given out to any girl who chooses to ask for it, but only about a hundred come forward, of the very hungriest and poorest. When we came away from — Square a day before, we had begun to think that all poor Jews were well and warmly clad, and had time to curl their hair and to look clean, and prosperous, and respectable, but here, alas! comes the old story of want, and sorrow, and neglect. What are these brown, lean, wan little figures, in loose gowns falling from their shoulders—black eyes, fuzzy, unkempt hair, strange bead necklaces round their throats, and ear-rings in their ears? I fancied these must be the Poles and Russians, but when I

spoke to one of them she smiled and answered very nicely, in perfectly good English, and told me she liked writing best of all, and showed me a copy very neat, even, and legible.

Whole classes seemed busy sewing at lilac pinafores, which are, I suppose, a great national institution; others were ciphering and calling out the figures as the mistress chalked the sum upon a slate. Hebrew alphabets and sentences were hanging up upon the walls. All these little Hebrew maidens learn the language of their nation.

In the infant-school, a very fat little pouting baby, with dark eyes, and a little hook-nose and curly locks, and a blue necklace and funny earrings in her little rosy ears, came forward, grasping one of the mistresses' fingers.

"This is a good little girl," said that lady, "who knows her alphabet in Hebrew and in English."

And the little girl looks up very solemn, as children do, to whom everything is of vast importance, and each little incident a great new fact. The infant-schools do not make part of the Bell Lane Establishment, though they are connected with it, and the children, as they grow up, and are infants no longer, draft off into the great free-school.

The infant-school is a light new building close by, with arcaded playgrounds, and plenty of light, and air, and freshness, though it stands in this dreary, grimy region. As we come into the schoolrooms we find, piled up on steps at either end, great living heaps of little infants, swaying, kicking, shouting for their dinner, beating aimlessly about with little legs and arms. Little Jew babies are uncommonly like little Christians; just as funny, as hungry, as helpless, and happy now that the bowls of food come steaming in. One, two, three, four, five little cook-boys, in white jackets, and caps, and aprons, appear in a line, with trays upon their heads, like the processions out of the Arabian Nights; and as each cook-boy appears, the children cheer, and the potatoes steam hotter and hotter, and the mistresses begin to ladle them out.

Rice and browned potatoes is the manna given twice a week to these hungry little Israelites. I rather wish for the soup and pudding certain small Christians are gobbling up just about this time in another corner of London; but this is but a halfpenny-worth, while the other meal costs a penny. You may count by hundreds here instead of by tens; and I don't think there would be so much shouting at the little cook-boys if these hungry little beaks were not eager for their food. I was introduced to one little boy here, who seemed to be very much looked up to by his companions because he had one long curl right along the top of his head. As we were busy talking to him, a number of little things sitting on the floor were busy stroking and feeling with little gentle fingers the soft edges of a coat one of us had on, and the silk dress of a lady who was present.

The lady who takes chief charge of these 400 babies told us how the mothers as well as the children got assistance here in many ways, sometimes coming for advice, sometimes for small loans of money, which they

always faithfully repay. She also showed us letters from some of the boys who have left and prospered in life. One from a youth who has lately been elected alderman in some distant colony. She took us into a classroom and gave a lesson to some twenty little creatures, while, as it seemed to me, all the 380 others were tapping at the door, and begging to be let in. It was an object-, and then a scripture- lesson, and given with the help of old familiar pictures. There was Abraham with his beard, and Isaac and the ram, hanging up against the wall; there was Moses, and the Egyptians, and Joseph, and the sack and the brethren, somewhat out of drawing. All these old friends gave one quite a homely feeling, and seemed to hold out friendly hands to us strangers and Philistines, standing within the gates of the chosen people. .

Before we came away the mistress opened a door and showed us one of the prettiest and most touching sights I have ever seen. It was the arcaded playground full of happy, shouting, tumbling, scrambling little creatures: little tumbled-down ones kicking and shouting on the ground, absurd toddling races going on, whole files of little things wandering up and down with their arms round one another's necks: a happy, friendly little multitude indeed: a sight good for sore eyes.

And so I suppose people of all nations and religions love and tend their little ones, and watch and yearn over them. I have seen little Catholics cared for by kind nuns with wistful tenderness, as the young ones came clinging to their black veils and playing with their chaplets;—little high-church maidens growing up rosy and happy amid crosses and mediaeval texts, and chants, and dinners of fish, and kind and melancholy ladies in close caps and loose-cut dresses;—little low-church children smiling and dropping curtsies as they see the Rev. Mr. Faith-in-grace coming up the lane with tracts in his big pockets about pious negroes, and broken vessels, and devouring worms, and I dare say pennies and sugar-plums as well.

Who has not seen and noted these things, and blessed with a thankful, humble heart that fatherly Providence which has sent this pure and tender religion of little children to all creeds and to all the world? \*

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## The Carver's Lesson.

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TRUST me, no mere skill of subtle tracery,  
No mere practice of a dexterous hand,  
Will suffice, without a hidden spirit,  
That we may, or may not, understand.

And those quaint old fragments that are left us  
Have their power in this,—the Carver brought  
Earnest care, and reverent patience, only  
Worthily to clothe some noble thought.

Shut, then, in the petals of the flowers,  
Round the stems of all the lilies twine,  
Hide beneath each bird's or angel's pinion,  
Some wise meaning or some thought divine.

Place in stony hands that pray for ever  
Tender words of peace, and strive to wind  
Round the leafy scrolls and fretted niches  
Some true, loving message to your kind.

Some will praise, some blame, and, soon forgetting,  
— Come and go, nor even pause to gaze;  
Only now and then a passing stranger  
Just may loiter with a word of praise.

But, I think, when years have floated onward,  
And the stone is gray, and dim, and old,  
And the hand forgotten that has carved it,  
And the heart that dreamt it still and cold:

There may come some weary soul, o'erladen  
With perplexed struggle in his brain,  
Or, it may be, fretted with life's turmoil,  
Or made sore with some perpetual pain.

Then, I think, those stony hands will open,  
And the gentle lilies overflow,  
With the blessing and the loving token  
That you hid there many years ago.

And the tendrils will unroll, and teach him  
How to solve the problem of his pain;  
And the birds' and angels' wings shake downward  
On his heart a sweet and tender rain.

While he marvels at his fancy, reading  
Meaning in that quaint and ancient scroll,  
Little guessing that the loving Carver  
Left a message for his weary soul.

# William Hogarth:

PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER.

*Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.*

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## IV.—THE PAINTER'S PROGRESS.

ABOUT the year of grace 1727 the world began to hear of William Hogarth, not only as a designer and engraver of pasquinades and book-plates, but as a painter in oils. He had even begun to know what patronage was; and it was, doubtless, not without a reason that his *Hudibras* series was dedicated to "William Ward, Esquire, of Great Houghton, Northamptonshire." In his early heraldic days, I find that he was once called upon to engrave an "Apollo in all his glory, azure." He probably copied the figure from some French print; but in 1724 he was hard at work copying Apollo, and Marsyas to boot, at Thornhill's Academy. Although he was sensible enough not to neglect the cultivation of the main chance, and with all convenient speed betook himself to the profitable vocation of portraiture or "face painting;" obtaining almost immediately, from his connection with the king's serjeant painter, some aristocratic commissions—it is curious to observe that the young man's bent lay in the direction of the historico-allegorical, then running neck-and-neck with the upholstery style of adornment. He had the epic-fever. Who among us has not suffered from that *fièvre brûlante*—that generous malady of youth? How many contented sub-editors and quiet booksellers' readers do we not know, who, in their hot adolescence, came to town, their portmanteaus bursting with the "Somethingiad," in twenty-four cantos, or with blank-verse tragedies running to the orthodox five acts? Stipple, the charming domestic painter; Jonquil, who limns flowers and fruits so exquisitely, commenced with their enormous cartoons and show-clock oil-pictures: "Orestes pursued by the Eumenides," "Departure of Regulus,"—*la vieille patraque*, in short—the old, heroic, impossible undertakings. And did not Liston imagine that he was born to play *Macbeth*? and did not Douglas Jerrold project a treatise on Natural Philosophy? and where is the little boarding-school miss that has not dreamt of riding in a carriage with a coronet on the panels, and being called her ladyship? Amina thinks the grandiloquent music of *Norma* would suit her; the maiden speech of young Quintus Briscus is a tremendous outburst against ministers. Quintus is going to shake the country, and cut the Gordian knot of red-tape. The session after next he will be a junior Lord of the Treasury, the demurest and most complacent of placemen. Peers, politicians, pamphleteers, and players: we all find our level. Rolling about the board is not to be tolerated for any

length of time: we *must* peg in somewhere, and happy the man who finds himself in the right hole, and is satisfied with that state of life into which it has pleased heaven to call him!

Hogarth has his *fièvre brulante*; and, although he painted portraits, "conversations," and "assemblies," to eke out that livelihood of which the chief source was the employment given him by Philip Overton, Black-Horse Bowles, and the booksellers, he continued to hanker after torsos, and flying trumpets, and wide-waving wings, and flaunting drapery, and the other paraphernalia that went to furnish forth the apotheoses of monarchs and warriors in full-bottomed wigs. This preposterous school of art has long been in hopeless decay. You see the phantom caricature of it, only, in hair-dressers' "toilette saloons" and provincial music-halls. Timon's villa—the futile, costly caprice—has vanished. Old Montagu House is no more. Doctor Misaubin's house, in St. Martin's Lane, the staircase painted by Clermont (the Frenchman asked a thousand, and actually received five hundred guineas for his work), is not within my ken. Examples of this florid, truculent style, are becoming rarer and rarer every day. Painted ceilings and staircases yet linger in some grand old half-deserted country mansions, and in a few erst gorgeous merchants' houses in Fenchurch and Leadenhall, now let out in flats as offices and chambers. If you have no objection to hazard a crick in your neck, you may crane it, and stare upwards at the ceil-paintings at Marlborough House, in Greenwich Hall, and on Hampton Court Palace staircase. The rest has ceded before stucco and stencilled paper-hangings; and even the French, who never neglect an opportunity or an excuse for ornamentation, and who still occasionally paint the ceilings of their palaces, seem to have quite lost the old Lebrun and Coypel traditions of perspective and foreshortening—overcharged and unnatural as they were (P. P. Rubens, in the Banqueting House, Whitehall, inventor)—and merely give you a picture stuck upon a roof-tree, in which the figures are attenuated vertically, instead of sprawling down upon you, isometrically upside down.

Hogarth became useful to Sir James Thornhill. This last, a worthy, somewhat pompous, but industrious magnifico of the moment, a Covent Garden Caravaggio and cross between Raphael Mengs and the Groom-porter, had wit enough to discern the young designer and graver's capacity, and condescended to patronize him. There is reason to believe that he employed William to assist in the production of his roomy works. When ceilings and domes were to be painted at two guineas the Flemish ell, it is not likely that Royal Sergeant painters and knights of the shire for Melcombe Regis could afford or would vouchsafe to cover with pigments and with their own courtly hands the whole of the required area. The vulgar, of course, imagined that the painter did all; that Thornhill lay for ever stretched on a mattress, swinging in a basket three hundred feet high in the empyrean of Wren's dome, daubing away at his

immense Peters and Pauls, or else stepping backwards to the edge of a crazy platform to contemplate the work he had done, and being within an ace of toppling over to inevitable crash of death beneath, when an astute colour-grinder saved his beloved master by flinging a brush at Paul's great toe—cruel to be kind, and so causing the artist, in indignant apprehension of injury to his beloved saint, to rush forward, saving his own life and the toe likewise. A pretty parallel to this story is in that of the little boy in the Greek epigram who has crawled to the very edge of a precipice, and is attracted from his danger by the sight of his mother's breast. A neat little anecdote, but—it is somewhat musty. It is a myth, I fear. The vulgar love such terse traditions. Zeuxis refusing to sell his pictures, because no sum of money was sufficient to buy them, and imitating fruit so nicely that the birds came and pecked at it; Parrhasius cozening Zeuxis into the belief that his simulated curtain was real, and crucifying a bondman (the wretch!) that he might transfer his contortions to canvas; Apelles inducing a horse to neigh in recognition of the steed he had drawn; Amurath teaching a French painter how properly to design the contracted muscles of the neck when the head is severed from the body by causing a slave to be decapitated in his presence: Correggio receiving the price of his master-work in farthings, or some vile copper Italian coinage, and dying under the weight of the sack in which he was carrying the sordid wage home; Cimabue ruddling the fleeces of his lambs with saintly triptichs, and the late Mr. Fuseli eating raw pork-chops for supper in order to design the "Nightmare," more to the life: all these are *ben trovati*,—*ma non son veri*, I suspect.

Thornhill had not all his domes and ceilings and staircases to himself. When Augustus found Rome of brick and left it of marble, he did not execute all the quarrying and chiselling with his own imperial hands. In 1727, the painter M. P. for Melcombe Regis was at the high tide of celebrity. Many of the Flemish ells were covered by assistants. Here, I fancy, Van Shackaback of Little Britain, and sometime of Ghent in the Low Countries, was dexterous at war and art trophies, lyres, kettle-drums, laurel wreaths, bass-voils, and S. P. Q. R.'s, charmingly heaped up on a solid basis of cloud. Then little Vander-scamp, who had even been employed about the great king's alcoves at Versailles, was wondrous cunning at the confection of those same purple and cream-coloured vapours. Lean Monsieur Carogne from Paris excelled in drapery; Gianbattista Ravioli, ex-history painter to the Signiory of Venice, but vehemently suspected of having been a galley-slave in the Venetian arsenal, was unrivalled in flying Cupids. All these foreign aides-de-camp sprawled on their mattresses and made their fancy's children to sprawl; goodman Thornhill superintending, touching up now and then, blaming, praising, pooh-poohing, talking of the gusto, taking snuff, then putting on his majestic wig and his grand laced hat, and departing in a serene manner in his coach to St. James's or the House, thinking perhaps of one Raffaellé who painted the *loggias*

and *stanze* of the Vatican, and of what a clever fellow he, James Thornhill, was.

To him presently entered young Hogarth. The indulgence of William's own caustic whim had served an end he may not have recked of. He had contrived to pay Thornhill the most acceptable compliment that can be paid to a vain, shallow, pompous man. He had lampooned and degraded his rival. He had pilloried Kent in the parody of the wretched St. Clement Danes' altar-piece, and had had a fling at him, besides, in *Burlington Gate*, where in sly ridicule of the earl's insatiation for this Figaro of art, Kent's effigy is placed on a pinnacle above the statues of Raphael and Michael Angelo. It is a capital thing to have a friend in court with a sharp tongue, or better still, with a sharp pen or pencil, who will defend you, and satirize your enemies. The watch-dog Tearem at home, to defend the treasure-chest, is all very well in his way; but the wealthy worldling should also entertain Snarler, the bull-terrier, to bite and snap at people's heels. Not that for one moment I would insinuate that Hogarth strove at all unworthily to toady or to curry favour with Sir James Thornhill. The sturdiness and independence of the former are visible in his very first etching. The acorn does not grow up to be a parasite. But Hogarth's poignant humour happened to tally with the knight's little malices. Hogarth, there is reason to assume, believed in Thornhill more than he believed in Kent. The first, at least, could work, was a fair draughtsman, and a not contemptible painter, albeit his colour was garish, his conception preposterous, his execution loaded and heavy. He showed at all events a genuine interest in, and love for that art, in which he might not himself have excelled. Kent was a sheer meretricious impostor and art-manufacturing quack, and Hogarth was aware of him at once, and so scarified him. Moreover, a young man can scarcely—till his wisdom-teeth be cut—avoid drifting temporarily into some clique or another. Cibber must have had his admirers, who mauled Pope prettily among themselves; and moreover, Sir James Thornhill, knight, sergeant painter, and M.P., had a DAUGHTER—one mistress Jane—but I am forestalling matters again.

Although it is difficult to imagine anything more confused, misunderstood, and hampered with rags and tatters of ignorance, or—worse than ignorance—false taste, than was English Art in 1727, Cimmerian darkness did not wholly reign. There were men alive who had heard their fathers tell of the glories of Charles the First's gallery at Whitehall; there were some princely English nobles, then as now patrons and collectors; there were treasures of art in England, although no Waagen, no Jameson, had arisen to describe them, and there were amateurs to appreciate those treasures. The young peer who went the grand tour took something else abroad with him besides a negro-boy, a tipsy chaplain, and a pug-dog. He brought other things home beyond a broken-nosed busto, a rusted medal, a receipt for cooking *risotto* and the portrait of a Roman beggar and a Venetian *corteggiana*. He frequently acquired exquisite gems of painting and statuary abroad, and on his return formed a

noble gallery of art. It is unfortunately true that his lordship sometimes played deep at "White's" or the "Young Man's," and, losing all, was compelled to send his pictures to the auction room; but even then his treasures were disseminated, and wise and tasteful men were the purchasers. To their credit, the few celebrated artists then possessed by our country were assiduous gatherers in this field. Sir Godfrey Kneller collected Vandikes. Richardson the elder, a pleasing painter, whose daughter married Hudson, Sir Joshua Reynolds's master, left Rafuelle and Andrea del Sarto drawings, worth a large sum.\* Jervas, Pope's friend, and by that polished, partial man artistically much overrated, being at the best but a weak, diaphanous, grimacing enlarger of fans and firescreens, became rich enough to form a handsome cabinet of paintings, drawings, and engravings. We are apt to bear much too hardly on the patron-lords and gentlemen of the eighteenth century. Many were munificent, enlightened, and accomplished; but we devour the piquant satires on Timon and Curio and Bubo, and have patron and insolence, patron and ignorance, patron and neglect, patron and gaol, too glibly at our tongue's end. Is it not to be wished that thinking people should bear *this* in mind: that not only were there strong men who lived *before* Agamemnon, but that there were strong men who lived *besides* Agamemnon—his contemporaries, in fine, to whom posterity has not been generous, not even just, and whose strength has been forgotten?

The earliest known picture of William Hogarth is one called the *Wanstead Assembly*, long, and by a ridiculous blunder, corrupted into "Wandsworth." The term "Assembly" was a little bit of art-slang. A portrait being a portrait, and a "conversation" a group of persons generally belonging to one family; by an "assembly" was understood a kind of pictorial rent-roll, or domestic "achievement," representing the

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\* Richardson, senior, was a pupil of Charles the Second's Riley. He was born in 1666, was apprenticed to a scrivener, and at twenty turned painter. In 1734, he edited an edition of *Paradise Lost*, with notes. He was not a highly educated man, but had given his son a university training; and, once letting fall the unfortunate expression, that "he looked at classical literature through his son," remorseless Hogarth drew Richardson, junior, impaled with a telescope, the sire peeping through at a copy of Virgil. But Richardson seems to have been an honest, kindly-hearted man; and William Hogarth, as in every case where he had not a downright rogue to deal with, repented of his severity, cancelled the copies of his squib, and destroyed the plate. Richardson was quite a Don in the Art world. He died in 1745, and two years afterwards his collections were sold. The sale lasted eighteen days. The drawings fetched 2,060*l.*; the pictures, 700*l.* Richardson's son, to all appearances, might have served very well as a sample of those monstrous jackasses that the South Sea Bubble proposed to import from Spain. He declared himself "a connoisseur, and nothing but a connoisseur," and babbled and scribbled much balderdash in Italianized English. He was not alone. Pope even proposed to found a science of "picture tasting," and to call it "connoissance." In our days the science has been christened "fudge." I have seen the portrait of Richardson the elder, in whose features some one has said that "the good sense of the nation is characterized;" but if this dictum be true, the most sensible-looking man in England must have been a foolish, fat scullion.

lord, or the squire, the ladies and children, the secretaries, chaplains, pensioned poets, led-captains, body-flatterers, hangers-on, needy clients, lick-trenchers, and scrape-plates, the governesses and tutors, the tenants, the lacqueys, the black-boys, the monkeys, and the lapdogs: *tutta la baracca*, in fact. In the *Wanstead Assembly* was a portrait of the first Earl Tylney, and many of his vassals and dependants; and shortly after the completion of the picture, Mitchell, for whose opera of *The Highland Clans* Hogarth designed a frontispiece, complimented the artist on his performance in smooth couplets:—

“Large families obey your hand,  
Assemblies rise at your command.”

It was William's frequent fortune during life to be much celebrated in verse. Swift, you know, apostrophized him as “hum'rous Hogart;” Mitchell, as we have seen, lauds his “families” and “assemblies.” Shortly afterwards, the tender and graceful Vincent Bourne, who wrote the *Jackdaw*, and whose innocent memory as “Vinny Bourne” is yet cherished in Westminster School, where he was junior master, addressed the painter in Latin “hendecasyllables.” Hoadley, chancellor and bishop, spurred a clumsy Pegasus to paraphrase his pictures in verse. Churchill, when he was old, tried to stab him with an epistle; David Garrick and Samuel Johnson competed for the honour of writing his epitaph.

Between 1727 and 1730, Hogarth appears to have painted dozens of single portraits, “conversations,” and “assemblies.” In the list he himself scheduled are to be noticed “four figures for Mr. Wood” (1728); “six figures for Mr. Cock” (1728); “an assembly of twenty-five figures for my Lord Castlemaine” (1729); “five for the Duke of Montagu;” nine for Mr. Vernon, four for Mr. Wood, and so forth. The prices paid for “Assemblies” appear to have fluctuated between ten and thirty guineas. The oddest, and nearly the earliest commission he received for a portrait was in 1726, when several of the eminent surgeons of the day subscribed their guinea a-piece for him to compose a burlesque “conversation” of Mary Tofts, the infamous rabbit-breeding impostor of Godalming; and St. André, surgeon to the King's household, a highly successful and most impudent quack, who had made himself very busy in the scandalous hoax, and pretended to believe in Tofts. For the story that Hogarth made a drawing of Jack Sheppard in Newgate (1724), at the time when Sir James painted the robber's half-length in oils—the imaginary scene is admirably etched by George Cruikshank in one of his illustrations to Mr. Ainsworth's strange novel—there does not seem any foundation. W. H. certainly painted Sarah Malcolm, the murderess, in her cell, in 1733; and from that well-known and authenticated fact some persons may have jumped at the conclusion that he was limner in ordinary to the Old Bailey.

I dwelt persistently in the preceding section of these essays upon the scenes and characters, the vices and follies, the humours and eccentricities, the beauties and uglinesses, that Hogarth must have seen in his young

manhood, and asked and thought about, and which must have sunk into his mind and taken root there. Satirists can owe but little to inspiration. They can move the world with the lever of wit, but they must have a fulcrum of fact. Their philosophy is properly of the inductive order. Without facts, facts to reason upon, their arguments would be tedious and pointless. Wherein lies the force or direction of satirizing that Chinese mandarin whom you never saw—that Zulu Kaffir who never came out of his kraal but once, and then to steal a cow? It was Hogarth's faculty to catch the manners living as they rose; it was his province to watch their rising, and to walk abroad, an early bird, to pick up the worms of knavery and vice, to range the ample field, and see what the open and what the covert yielded. From twenty to thirty the social philosopher must OBSERVE. If he grovel in the mud even, he must observe and take stock of the humane passer-by who stoops to pick him up. After thirty he had better go into his study, turn on his lamp, and turn out the contents of his mind's commonplace book upon paper. This is the only valid excuse for what is termed, after a Frenchman's Quartier-Latin-argot phrase "Bohemianism:" the only excuse for Fielding's Covent Garden escapades, for Callot's gipsy flights, for Shakspeare's deer-stealing. Young Diogenes the cynic is offensive and reprehensible, but he is no monstrosity. He is going to the deuce, but he may come back again. I will pardon him his tub, his dingy body-linen, his nails bordered sable; but the tub-career should have its term, and Diogenes should go and wash, and if he can afford it, wear fine linen with a purple hem thereunto, as Plato did. It is pleasanter to walk in the groves of Academe, than to skulk about the purlieus of the Mint. Besides, Bohemianism has its pains as well as its pleasures, and Fortune delights in disciplining with a scourge of scorpions those whom she destines to be great men: *Alla gioventù molto si perdona*. Cæsar was snatched from the stews of Rome to conquer the world. But for the middle-aged Bohemian—the old, ragged, uncleanly, shameful Diogenes—there is no hope and no excuse.

In that which I daresay you thought a mere digression, I strove my best to guide you through the labyrinthine London, which Hogarth must have threaded time after time before he could sit down, pencil or graver in hand, and say, "This is 'Tom King's coffee-house,' this is a 'modern midnight conversation,' this is the 'progress of a rake,' and this the 'career of a courtesan.' I have seen these things, and I know them to be true."\* Nor in the least do I wish to convey that in ranging the streets and beating the town Hogarth had any fixed notions of collecting materials for future melodramas and satires. Eminently to be distrusted are those persons who prowl about the tents of Kedar, and pry into the cave of Adullam, when they should be better employed, pleading their desire to "see life," and to "pick up charac-

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\* "*J'ai vu les mœurs de mon temps, et j'ai publié ces lettres.*"—J. J. ROUSSEAU: *La Nouvelle Héloïse*.



ter." They are generally blind as bats to all living, breathing life; and the only character they pick up is a bad one for themselves. I apprehend that Hogarth just took life as it came; only the Light was in him to see and to comprehend. A right moral feeling, an intuitive hatred of all wicked and cruel things, guided and strengthened him. Amid the loose life of a loose age the orgies at Moll King's and Mother Douglass's might have been frolics *at the time* to him, and only frolics. A fight in a night-cellar was to him precisely as the yellow primrose was to Peter Bell: a yellow primrose, and nothing more. He was to be afterwards empowered and commanded to turn his youthful follies to wise ends, and to lash the vices which he had once tolerated by his presence.

The philosophic prelude to his work was undoubtedly his town wanderings, 1720-30. The great manipulative skill, the grace of drawing visible when taken in comparison with the comic excrescences in the *Hudibras*—the brilliance, and harmony of colour he manifested in the *Progresses* and the *Marriage à la Mode*—have yet to be accounted for. A lad does not step at once from the engraving bench to the easel, and handle the hog's hair brush with the same skill as he wields the burin and the etching point. The Hogarthian transition from the first to the second of these stages is the more remarkable when it is remembered that, although bred an engraver, and although always quick, dexterous, and vigorous with the sharp needle and the trenchant blade, he could never thoroughly master that clear, harmonious, full-bodied stroke in which the French engravers excelled, in which Hogarth's own assistants in after life (Ravenet, Scotin, and Grignion) surpassed him, but which was afterwards, to the pride and glory of English chalcography, to be brought to perfection by Woollett and Strange. Yet Hogarth the engraver seemed in 1730 to change with pantomimic rapidity into Hogarth the painter. The matter of his pictures may often be questionable: the manner leaves scarcely anything for exceptional criticism. His colour is deliciously pure and fresh; he never loads, never spatters paint about with his palette knife; never lays tint over tint till a figure has as many vests as the gravedigger in *Hamlet*. Whites, grays, carnations *stand* in his pictures and defy time; no uncertain glazings have changed his foregrounds into smears and streaks and stains. He was great at Manchester in 1857; great at the British Institution in 1814, when not less than fifty of his works were exhibited, great in body, richness, transparency; he is great, nay prodigious, in the English section of the National Gallery, where gorgeous Sir Joshua, alas! runs and welters and turns into adipocere; and Gainsborough (in his portraits—his landscapes are as rich as ever)—grows pallid and threadbare, and Turner's suns are grimed, and even Wilkie cracks and tessellates. I think Hogarth came fresh, assured and decided, to his picture-painting work, from a kind of second apprenticeship under Thornhill, and from compassing the "conversations" and "assemblies." The historico-allegorico-mural decorations were a species of scene-painting; they involved broad and decisive treatment. The hand learnt perforce to strike lines and mark-in muscles at once. The maul-stick

could seldom be used, the fluttering wrist, the nerveless grasp were fatal, the eye could not be performing a perpetual goose-step between canvas and model. Look at Salvator, at Loutherbouurg, at Stanfield, and Roberts, to show what good a scene-painting novice can do in teaching an artist to paint in one handling, *à la brochette* as it were. Who can relish a Madonna when one fancies half-a-dozen other Madonnas simpering beneath the built-up tints? Next, Hogarth went to his portraits. They were a course of physiognomy invaluable to him—of fair faces, stern faces, sensual, stupid, hideous and pretty little baby faces. From the exigencies of the “conversations” and “assemblies” he learnt composition, and the treatment of accessories; learnt to paint four-and-twenty fiddlers, not “all of a row,” but disposed in ellipse or in pyramid-form. The perception of female beauty and the power of expressing it were his by birthright, by heaven’s kindness; I am despondent only at his animals, which are almost invariably impossible deformities.\*

The Duke of Montagu and my Lord Castlemaine having ordered “conversations” from Hogarth, there was of course but one thing necessary to put the seal to his artistic reputation. That thing, so at least the patron may have thought, was the patronage of the eminent Morris. Morris is quite snuffed out now—evaporated even as the carbonic acid gas from yesterday’s flask of champagne; but in 1727, he was a somewhat notable person. He was a fashionable upholsterer in Pall Mall, and not only sold, but manufactured, those tapestry arras hangings which, paper-staining being in embryo, were still conspicuous ornaments of the walls of palaces, the nobility’s saloons. Morris kept a shop much frequented by the noble tribes, at the sign of the “Golden Ball,” in Pall Mall. There seems to have been a plethora of Golden Balls in London about this time, just as though all the Lombards had quarrelled among themselves, and set up in business each man for himself, with no connection with the golden ball over the way. In 1727, and, for a century and a half before, the best and most celebrated painters were employed to execute designs for tapestry. You know who drew for the Flemish weavers that immortal dozen of cartoons, seven of which are at Hampton Court, and which have been recently so wonderfully photographed. Rubens and Vandyke, the stately Lebrun, and the meek Lesueur, made designs also for these woven pictures. There are penitent thieves and jesting Pilates from Hans

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\* Beautiful female faces in Hogarth’s plates and pictures. Among others, the bride-elect with handkerchief passed through her wedding-ring; the countess kneeling to her dying lord (in the *Marriage*); the charming wife mending the galligaskins in the *Distressed Poet*; the poor wretch whom the taskmaster is about to strike with a cane, in the Bridewell scene of the *Rake’s Progress*; the milkmaid, in the *Enraged Musician*; the blooming English girl (for she is no more an Egyptian than you or I) in “*Pharaoh’s Daughter*,” the pure soul who sympathizes with the mad spendthrift, in the Bedlam scene of the *Rake’s Progress*; the hooped belle who is chucking the little black boy under the chin, in the *Taste in High Life*—a priceless performance, and one that should be re-engraved in this age, as a satire against exaggerated crinoline. Lord Charlemont’s famous picture, *Virtue in Danger*, I have not seen.

Holbein's inspiration in many faded hangings. Thornhill had been himself commissioned by Queen Anne to make sketches for a set of tapestry hangings emblematic of the union between England and Scotland. And does not the fabric of the Gobelins yet flourish? Did not Napoleon the Third vouchsafe the gift of a magnificent piece of tapisserie to one of our West-end clubs? Morris, the upholsterer, had many of the "first foreign hands" in his employ; but, being a Briton, bethought himself magnanimously to encourage real native British talent. My lord duke had employed Hogarth; Morris likewise determined on giving a commission to the rising artist. He sought out William, conferred with him, explained his wishes, and a solemn contract was entered into between William Hogarth for the first part, and Joshua Morris for the second, in which the former covenanted to furnish the latter with a design on canvas of the *Element of Earth*, to be afterwards worked in tapestry. The painter squared his canvas and set to work; but when the design was completed Morris flatly refused to pay the thirty pounds agreed upon as remuneration. It seems that the timorous tradesman, who must clearly have possessed a large admixture of the "element of earth" in his composition, had been informed by some good-natured friend of Hogarth that the tapestry-designer was no painter, but a "low engraver." Horror! To think of a mean wretch who had earned his livelihood by flourishing initials on flacons and cutting plates in *taille douce* for the booksellers, presuming to compete with the flourishing foreigners employed by the eminent and ineffable Morris! 'Twas as though some destitute index-maker of the Hop Gardens, some starved ballad-monger of Lewkner's Lane, had seduced Mr. Jacob Tonson into giving him an order for a translation of the *Aeneid* into heroic verse. Amazed and terrified, the deceived Joshua Morris rushed to Hogarth's painting-room and accused him of misrepresentation, fraud, covin, and other crimes. How would ever my lord duke and her ladyship—perhaps Madam Schuylenburg-Kendal herself—tolerate tapestry in their apartments designed by a base churl, the quondam apprentice of a silversmith in Cranbourn Alley, the brother of two misguided young women who kept a slop-shop? Hogarth coolly stated that he should hold the upholsterer to his bargain. He admitted that the *Element of Earth* was "a bold undertaking," but expressed an opinion that he should "get through it well enough." He brought the thing to a termination; and it was, I daresay, sufficiently of the earth earthy. Joshua resolutely withheld payment. No copper-scratcher should defraud him of thirty pounds. The young man, formerly of Little Cranbourn Alley, was not to be trifled with. If Morris had been a lord and had refused (as one of Hogarth's sitters absolutely did) to pay for his portrait, on the ground that it wasn't like him, the artist might have taken a satirical revenge, and threatened to add tails to all the figures in the *Element of Earth*, and send the canvas to Mr. Hare, the wild-beast-man, as a showcloth. But the Pall Mall upholsterer was a tradesman, and Hogarth, all artist as he knew himself to be, was a tradesman, too. So

he went to his lawyer's, and sued Morris for the thirty pounds, "painter's work done." Bail was given and justified, and on the 28th of May, 1728, the great case of Hogarth against Morris came on *in communi banco*, before the chief justice in Eyre. The defendant pleaded *non assumpsit*. Issue was joined, and the gentlemen of the long-robe went to work. For the defendant, the alleged fraudulent substitution of an engraver for a painter was urged. The eminence of Morris's tapestry and upholstery was adduced. It was sworn to that he employed "some of the finest hands in Europe." Bernard Dorridor, De Friend, Phillips, Danten, and Pajou, "some of the finest hands," appeared in the witness-box and deposed to what first-rate fellows they all were, and to William Hogarth being a mere mechanic, the last of the lowest, so to speak. But the ready painter was not without friends. He subpoenaed more of the "finest hands." Up came King, Vanderbank, the opera scene-painter, Laguerre, son and successor to Charles the Second's Laguerre, and Verrio's partner, and the serene Thornhill himself, who, I doubt it not, was bidden by my Lord to sit on the bench, was oracular in his evidence as to the young man's competency, smiled on the chief justice, and revolved in his majestic mind the possibility of the lords of the Treasury giving him a commission (had they the power) to paint the walls and ceilings of all the courts of justice with allegories of Themis, Draco, Solon, Justinian, and Coke upon Lyttleton, to be paid for out of the suitors' fee fund. We know now how tawdry and trashy these painted allegories were; but Thornhill and Laguerre were really the most reliable authorities to be consulted as to the standard of excellence then accepted in such performances. The verdict very righteously went against the defendant, whose plea was manifestly bad, and Joshua Morris was cast in thirty pounds. I delight to fancy that the successful party straightway adjourned to the Philazers' Coffee-house, in Old Palace Yard, and there, after a slight refection of hung beef and Burton ale, betook themselves to steady potations of Lisbon wine in magnums—there were prohibitive duties on claret—until each man began to see allegories of his own, in which Bacchus was the capital figure. I delight to fancy that the Anglo-Frenchman Laguerre clapped Hogarth on the back, and told him that he was "von clevere fellow," and that Sir James shook his young friend by the hand, enjoined him to cultivate a true and proper gusto, and bade him Godspeed. Majestic man! he little thought that when his own celebrity had vanished, or was but as the shadow of the shadow of smoke, his young friend was to be famous to the nations and the glory of his countrymen.\*

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\* The damages and costs must have amounted to a round sum; but it is to me marvellous that in those days of legal chicanery the action should have been so brief, and so conclusively decided. Those were the days when, if you owed any one forty shillings, you were served with writs charging you with having committed a certain trespass, to wit at Brentford, being in the company of Job Doe (not always John Doe); with "that having no settled abode, you had been lurking and wandering about as a

For all the handshakings and libations of Lisbon, Sir James was to live to be very angry with his young friend, although the quarrel was to last but a little while. Hogarth had looked upon Thornhill's daughter Jane, and she was fair, and regarded him, too, with not unfavourable eyes. He who has gained a lawsuit should surely be successful in love. Meanwhile—I don't think he was much given to sighing or dying—he went on painting, in spite of all the Morrises in upholsterydom. Poor Joshua himself came to grief. He seems to have been bankrupt; and on the 15th of May, 1729, the auctioneer knocked down to the highest bidder all the choice stock of tapestry in Pall Mall. Hogarth's *Element of Earth* may have been "Lot 90;" but one rather inclines to surmise that Morris slashed the fatal canvas with vindictive peissors to shreds and nippets the day his lawyer's bill came in.

To record the tremendous success of that *Newgate Pastoral*, the vagabond;" with that (this was in the Exchequer) "out of deep hatred and malice to the body politic, you had kept our sovereign lord the king from being seised of a certain sum, to wit, two millions of money, for which it was desirable to escheat the sum of forty shillings towards the use of our sovereign and suffering lord aforesaid." In the declaration, it was set forth, that you had gone with sticks and staves, and assaulted and wounded divers people; and the damages were laid at 10,000*l.*, of which the plaintiff was reasonable enough to claim only the moderate sum of forty shillings. The capias took you at once for any sum exceeding 2*l.*, and you had to find and justify bail, if you did not wish to pine in a spunging-house, or rot in the Fleet. These were the days, not quite five thousand, and some of them not quite one hundred and fifty years ago, when criminal indictments were drawn in Latin, and Norman-French was an important part of legal education (see Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies*, "*Stradling versus Styles*"), and prisoners were brought up on habeas laden with chains. See Layer's case in the *State Trials*, Lord Campbell's agreeable condensation in the *Lives of the Chief Justices*. Layer was a barrister, a man of birth and education, but was implicated in an abortive Jacobite plot. His chains were of such dreadful weight, that he could sleep only on his back. He was suffering from an internal complaint, and pathetically appealed to Pratt, C.J., who was suffering from a similar ailment, to order his irons to be taken off, were it only on the ground of common sympathy. The gentleman gaoler of the Tower, who stood by him on the floor of the court while he made this application, was humanely employed in holding up the captive's fetters to ease him, partially, of his dreadful burden. Prisoner's counsel urged that the indignity of chains was unknown to his "majesty's prisoners in the Tower;" that the gentleman gaoler and the warders did not know how to set about the hangman's office of shackling captives; that there were no fetters in the Tower beyond the "Scavenger's Daughter," and the Spanish Armada relics, and that they had been obliged to procure fetters from Newgate. But Pratt, C.J., was inexorable. He was a staunch Whig; and, so civilly, but sternly remanded the prisoner, all ironed as he was, to the Tower. Christopher Layer was soon afterwards put out of his misery by being hanged, drawn, and quartered; but he was much loved by the people, and his head had not been long on Temple Bar when it was carried off as a relic. It is almost impossible to realize this cool, civil, legal savagery, in the era so closely following Anna Augusta's silver age. Sir Walter Scott was in evidently an analogous bewilderment of horror when he described the execution of Feargus McIvor: a fiction certainly, but with its dreadful parallels of reality in the doom of Colonel Townely, Jemmy Dawson, Dr. Cameron, and scores more unfortunate and misguided gentlemen who suffered the horrible sentence of the law of high treason at Carlisle, at Tyburn, or on Kennington Common.

suggestion of the first idea of which lies between Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay, does not come within my province. The history of the *Beggar's Opera*, that made "Rich Gay and Gay Rich," is too well known to bear repetition. Hogarth, however, has left his mark on the famous operatic score. For Rich, the Covent Garden manager, he painted (1729), a picture of the prison scene in which Lucy and Polly are wrangling over Macheath, of which several replicas in oil, some slightly varied, as well as engravings, were afterwards executed. Portraits of many of the great personages of the day are introduced in open boxes on the stage. Macheath was a portrait of the comedian Walker; and the Polly was the beautiful Lavinia Fenton, the handsome, kindly, true-hearted actress with whom the Duke of Bolton, to the amusement and amazement of the town, fell in love, and fairly ran away. The Duchess of Bolton was then still alive, and lived for many years afterwards; and poor Polly had to suffer some part of the penalty which falls on those with whom dukes elope; but at the duchess's death, her lord showed that he was not of Mrs. Peachum's opinion, that "'tis marriage makes the blemish," and right nobly elevated Polly to the peerage. She lived long and happily with him, survived him, and died late in the last century, very old, and beloved, and honoured for her modesty, charity, and piety. "The lovely young Lavinia once had friends," writes Thomson in the *Seasons*; but our Lavinia lost not her friends to her dying day. If Tenison, and Atterbury, and Sherlock, had nothing to say against Eleanor Gwyn, let us trust that the severest moralist could find charitable words wherewith to speak of Lavinia, Duchess of Bolton.\*

A sterner subject, the prologue to a dismal drama of human life, was now to engross the pencil of this painter, who was now making his presence known and felt among his contemporaries. I speak of the strange solemn picture of the *Committee of the House of Commons* taking evidence of the enormities wreaked on the wretched prisoners in the Fleet by Huggins and Bambridge. Let us drag these mouldering scoundrels from their dishonoured graves, and hang them up here on Cornhill, for all the world to gaze at, even as the government of the Restoration (but with less reason) hung the carcasses of Cromwell and Bradshaw on Tyburn gibbet. Huggins—save the mark!—was of gentle birth, and wrote himself "Armiger." He had bought the patent of the wardenship of the Fleet from a great court lord, and when the trade of torturing began, through usance, to tend towards satiety, he sold his right to one Bambridge, a twin demon. The atrocities committed by the pair may very rapidly be glanced at. Huggins's chief delight was to starve his prisoners, unless they were rich enough to bribe him. Bambridge's genius lay more towards confining his victims charged with fetters in underground dungeons, with the occasional recreation of attempting to pistol and stab them. The moneyed debtors

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\* Hogarth painted a beautiful separate portrait of her—a loving, trustful face, and such lips—which has been engraved in mezzotint. I should properly have added it to my catalogue of the Hogarthian Beauties.

both rascals smiled upon. Smugglers were let out through a yard in which dogs were kept; ran their cargoes; defrauded the revenue, and came back to "college." One, who owed 10,000*l.* to the crown, was permitted to make his escape altogether. A certain T. Dumay went several times to France, being all the time in the "custody," as the sham was facetiously termed, of the Warden of the Fleet. What was such a fraud in an age when the highest legal authorities (who would not take the fetters off Christopher Layer) gravely doubted whether the rules of the King's Bench might not extend to Bombay, in the East Indies? \* These surreptitiously enlarged prisoners were called "pigeons." They had bill transactions with the tipstaves; they drew on Huggins, and then pleaded their insolvency. On the other hand, the poor debtors were very differently treated. A broken-down baronet, Sir William Rich, on refusing to pay the "baronet's fee," or "garnish," of five pounds, was heavily fettered, kept for months in a species of subterranean dog-kennel; the vivacious Bambridge sometimes enlivening his captivity by threatening to run a red-hot poker through his body. This cheerful philanthropist, who was wont to range about the prison with a select gang of turnkeys, armed with halberts and firelocks, ordered one of his myrmidons to fire on "Captain Mackphedris" — (what a name for a captain in difficulties! Lieutenant Lismahago is nothing to it). As, however, even these callous bravoës hesitated to obey so savage a behest, and as there was absolutely nothing to be squeezed in the way of garnish out of this lackpenny Captain Mackphedris, Bambridge locked the poor wretch out of his room, and turned him out to starve in an open yard called the "Bare." Here, Mack, who was seemingly an old campaigner, built himself out of broken tiles and other rubbish, a little hovel in an angle of the wall, just as the evicted Irish peasantry in famine and fever times were wont to build little kraals of turf-sods and wattles over dying men in ditches; but Bambridge soon heard of the bivouac, and ordered it to be pulled down. J. Mendez Sola, a Portuguese, was by the same kind guardian fettered with a hundredweight of iron, and incarcerated in a deadhouse, *with dead people in it*, moreover! Others languished in dens called "Julius Cæsar's chapel," the upper and lower "Ease," and the "Lyon's Den," where they were stapled to the floor. Attached to the prison itself was an auxiliary inferno in the shape of a spunging-house kept by Corbett, a creature of Bambridge. The orthodox process seemed to be, first to fleece you in the spunging-house, and then to flay you alive in the gaol. Of course, Mr. Bambridge went snacks with Mr. Corbett. Very few scruples were felt in getting fish for this net. In one flagrant instance, a total stranger was seized as he was giving charity at the grate for poor prisoners, dragged into Corbett's, and only released on paying "garnish," and undertaking not to institute any proceedings against his kidnappers. When a prisoner had money to pay the debt for which he had been

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\* A similar doubt—was it not by Lord Ellenborough?—has been expressed within our own times.

arrested, he often lay months longer in hold for his "fees." The caption fee was 5*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.*; the "Philazer"—who ever that functionary may have been, but his was a patent place in the Exchequer—the judge's clerk, the tipstaves, the warden, all claimed their fees. Fees had to be paid for the favour of lighter irons, and every fresh bird in the spunging-house cage paid his "footing," in the shape of a six shilling bowl of punch. When, as from time to time, and to the credit of human nature, occurred, a person visited the gaol, "on behalf of an unknown lady," to discharge all claims against persons who lay in prison for their fees only, Bambridge often sequestered his prisoners 'till the messenger of mercy had departed. But he was always open to pecuniary conviction, and from the wife of one prisoner he took, as a bribe, forty guineas and a "toy," being the model of a "Chinese Jonque in amber set with silver," for which the poor woman had been offered eighty broadpieces. In these our days, Bambridge would have discounted bills, and given one-fourth cash, one-fourth wine, one-fourth camels' bridles, and one-fourth ivory frigates. When an Insolvent Act was passed, Bambridge demanded three guineas a piece from those desirous of availing themselves of the relief extended by the law; else he would not allow them to be "listed," or inserted in the schedule of Insolvents. And by a stroke of perfectly infernal cunning this gaoler-devil hit upon a plan of preventing his victims from taking proceedings against him by taking proceedings against *them*. After some outrage of more than usual enormity, he would slip round to the Old Bailey and prefer a bill of indictment against the prisoners he had maltreated, for riot, or an attempt to break prison. He had always plenty of understrappers ready to swear for him; and the poor, penniless, friendless gaol-bird was glad to compromise with his tormentor by uncomplaining silence.\*

Already had these things been censured by highest legal authorities; at least the judges had occasionally shaken their wise heads and declared the abuses in the Fleet to be highly improper: "You may raise your walls higher," quoth Lord King; "but there must be no prison within a prison." An excellent dictum if only acted upon. At last, the prisoners began to die of ill-usage, of starvation and disease, or rather, *it began to be known*, that they were so dying, and died every year of our Lord. A great public outcry arose. Humane men bestirred themselves. The legislature

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\* These horrors were not confined to the Fleet. The King's Bench and the Marshalsea were nearly as bad; and, in the former prison, gangs of drunken soldiers—what could the officers have been about?—were frequently introduced to coerce the unhappy inmates. The Bench and Marshalsea were excellent properties. The patent rights were purchased from the Earl of Radnor for 5,000*l.*, and there were some sixteen shareholders in the profits accruing from the gaol. Of the Marshalsea, evidence is given of the turnkeys holding a drinking bout in the lodge, and calling in a poor prisoner to "divert" them. On this miserable wretch they put an iron skull-cap and a pair of thumbscrews, and so tortured him for upwards of half-an-hour. Then, somewhat frightened, they gave him his discharge, as a *douceur*; but the miserable man fainted in the Borough High Street, and being carried into St. Thomas's Hospital, presently died there.



was besieged with petitions. Parliamentary commissioners visited the gaol, and a committee of the House of Commons sat to hear those harrowing details of evidence of which I have given you a summary. Bambridge was removed from his post, but the *vindictæ publicæ* was not appeased. First, Huggins, the retired esquire, and Barnes, his assistant, were tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of Edward Arne, a prisoner. Page, the hanging judge, presided, but from that stern fount there flowed waters of mercy for the monster of the Fleet. Owing chiefly to his summing up, a special verdict was returned, and Huggins and the minor villain were acquitted. Huggins's son was a well-to-do gentleman of Headley Park, Hants, had a taste for the fine arts, translated *Ariosto*, and collected Hogarthian drawings! It was as though Sanson should have collected miniatures of Louis the Sixteenth, or Simon the cobbler statuettes of the poor little captive Capet of the Temple.

Next, the coarser scoundrels, Bambridge and Corbett, were tried for the murder of a Mr. Castell, who had been thrust into Corbett's spunging-house while the small-pox was raging there, and died. Bambridge, too, was acquitted through some legal quibble; but the widow of the murdered man had another quibble, by which she hoped to obtain redress. She retained the famous casuist Lee, the sage who in a single action once pleaded seventy-seven pleas. She sued out an appeal of murder against the warden and his man. This involved the "wager of battle," which you remember in the strange Yorkshire case some forty years ago, and which was at last put an end to by statute. The appellee could either fight the appellant *à la* dog of Montargis, or throw himself on his country, *i.e.* submit to be tried again. Bambridge and Corbett chose the latter course, were again tried, and again escaped. They were, however, very near being torn to pieces by the populace. Lord Campbell says, I venture to think unjustly, that Mrs. Castell was incited to the appeal by a "mobbish confederation."\* Good heaven! was anything but a confederation of the feelings of common humanity necessary to incite all honest men to bring these wretches to justice? I suppose that it was by a "mobbish confederation" that the villanous Austin, of Birmingham gaol, was tried, and that after all his atrocities of gagging, "jacketing," and cramming salt down his prisoners' throats, he, too, escaped with an almost nominal punishment. Lee, the casuist (he was afterwards Chief Justice), was so disgusted with the result of the trial, that he vowed he would never have

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\* Did the poet Thomson, the kind-hearted, tender, pure-minded man, belong to the "mobbish confederation?" Hear him in the *Seasons*, in compliment to the commissioners for inquiring into the state of the gaols:—

"Where sickness pines, where thirst and hunger burn,  
Ye sons of mercy, yet resume the search;  
Drag forth the legal monsters into light!  
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,  
And make the cruel feel the pains they give."

It is slightly consolatory to be told by antiquary Oldys, that Bambridge cut his throat in 1749; but the ruffian should properly have swung as high as Haman.

ought to do with facts again, but henceforth would stick to law alone. I am not lawyer enough to know why the case against Bambridge and Corbett broke down; I only know that these men were guilty of murder most foul and most unnatural, and that one of our most ancient legal maxims is explicit as to their culpability.\*

A committee of gentlemen in large wigs, sitting round a table in a gloomy apartment, and examining witnesses likewise in wigs, is not a very inspiring theme for a painter; but I have always considered Hogarth's rendering of the proceedings to be one of the most masterly of Hogarth's tableaux. The plate was a great favourite with Horace Walpole, who described with much discrimination the various emotions of pity, horror, and indignation on the countenances of the spectators; the mutely eloquent testimony of the shackles and manacles on the table; the pitiable appearance of the half-starved prisoner who is giving evidence; and, especially, the Judas-like appearance of Bambridge (who was present), his yellow cheeks and livid lips, his fingers clutching at the button-holes in his coat, and his face advanced, "as if eager to lie." There was a large sale for the engraving taken from this picture, and Hogarth gained largely in reputation from its production.

He had need of reputation, and of money too. A very serious crisis in his life was approaching. He had found more favour in the eyes of Jane Thornhill. "*On n'épouse pas les filles de grande maison avec des coquilles de noix*," writes a wise Frenchman, and William Hogarth's fortune might decidedly at this time have been comfortably "put into a wine-glass and covered over with a gooseberry leaf," as was suggested of the immortal Mr. Bob Sawyer's profits from his druggist's shop. Sir James Thornhill was a greater don in art than Sir Godfrey, or than Richardson, or Jervas. He hated Sir Godfrey, and strove to outshine him. If extent of area is to be taken as a test of ability, Thornhill certainly beat Kneller hollow. To a Lombard Street of allegory and fable in halls and on staircases the German could only show a china orange of portraiture. Thornhill was a gentleman. His father was poor enough; but he was clearly descended from Ralph de Thornhill (12 Henry III. 1228).† When he became prosperous, he bought back the paternal acres, and built a grand house at Thornhill, hard by Weymouth. He had been a favourite with Queen Anne. He had succeeded Sir Christopher Wren in the representation of Melcombe Regis, his native place. His gains were enormous. Though he received but two guineas a yard for St. Paul's, and twenty-five shillings a yard for painting the staircase of the South Sea House (with bubbles,

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\* "If a prisoner die through duresse of the gaoler, it is murder in the gaoler."—St. German's *Doctor and Student*. Why was this not quoted at Birmingham?

† Rev. James Dallaway, whose notes to Walpole's *Anecdotes* are very excellent. Mr. Wornum, the last editor of Walpole, annotated by Dallaway, puzzles me. He must be an accomplished art-scholar: is he not the Wornum of the Marlborough House School? but he calls Swift's Legion Club the "Congenial Club," utterly ignoring Swift's ferocious text, an excerpt from which he quotes.

or with an allegory of Mercury putting the world in his pocket?), instead of 1,500*l.* which he demanded, he had a magnificent wage for painting the hall at Blenheim, and from the noted Styles, who is said to have spent 150,000*l.* in the embellishments of Moor Park, he received, after a lawsuit and an arbitration, 4,000*l.* To be sure Lafosse got nearly 3,000*l.* for the staircase and saloons of Montagu House (the old British Museum). Look at the etching of Sir James Thornhill, by Worlidge. He is painting in an elaborately-laced coat with brocaded sleeves; and his wig is as so many curds in a whey of horsehair, and no one but a Don could have such a double chin.

With the daughter of this grandee of easeldom, this favourite of monarchs, this Greenwich and Hampton Court Velasquez, William Hogarth, painter, engraver, and philosopher, but as yet penniless, had the inconceivable impudence not only to fall in love, but to run away. I rather think that Lady Thornhill connived at the surreptitious courtship, and was not inexorably angry when the stolen match took place; but as for the knight, he would very probably just as soon have thought of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo and Virorum coming down from an allegorical staircase, and dancing a saraband to the tune of "Green Sleeves" on the north side of Covent Garden Piazza, as of his young *protégé* and humble friend Willy Hogarth presuming to court or to marry his daughter. Oh! it is terrible to think of this rich man, this father of a disobedient Dinah, walking his studio all round, vowing vengeance against that rascally Villikins, and declaring that of his large fortune she shan't reap the benefit of one single pin! Oh! cruel "parent," outraged papa, Lear of genteel life! He frets, he fumes, he dashes his wig to the ground. He remembers him, perchance, of sundry small moneys he has lent to Hogarth, and vows he will have him laid by the heels in a spunging-house ere the day be out. Send for a *capias*, send for a *mittimus*! Send for the foot-guards, the tipstaves, and the train-bands, for Jane Thornhill has levanted with William Hogarth!

They were married at old Paddington Church on the 23rd of March, 1729. Thus runs the parish register: "William Hogarth, Esq. and Jane Thornhill, of St. Paul's, Covent Garden." Marriage and hanging go together they say, and William and Jane went by Tyburn to have *their* noose adjusted. In the *Historical Chronicle* for 1729, the bridegroom is described as "an eminent designer and engraver;" but in Hogarth's own family Bible, a worn, squat, red-ink-interlined little volume, printed early in the reign of Charles the First, and now reverentially preserved by Mr. Graves, the eminent print-publisher of Pall Mall, there is a certain flyleaf, which I have seen, and which to me is of infinitely greater value than *Historical Chronicle* or *Paddington Parish Register*, for there, in the painter's own handwriting, I read—"W. Hogarth married Sir James Thornhill's daughter, March 23rd, 1729."

Papa-in-law was in a fury, set his face and wig against the young couple, would not see them, would not give them any money, cast them

out of the grand piazza mansion to starve, if they so chose, among the cabbage-stumps of the adjacent market. It behoved William to work hard. I don't think he ever resided with his wife in Cranbourn Alley. He had given that message up to his sisters. What agonies the member for Melcombe Regis, the scion of Henry the Third's Thornhills, must have endured at the thought of that abhorred "old frock-shop!" There is reason to believe that for some time previous to his marriage Hogarth had resided in Thornhill's own house, and had so found opportunities for his courtship of the knight's daughter: Of young Thornhill, Sir James's son, he was the intimate friend and comrade. Where he spent his honeymoon is doubtful; but it was either in 1729 or 1730 that he began to take lodgings at South Lambeth, and to form the acquaintance of Mr. Jonathan Tyers, the lessee of Vauxhall Gardens.

In the tranquillity and sobriety of a happy married life, Hogarth began for the first time deeply to philosophize. He had eaten his cake. He had sown his wild-oats. He was to beat the town no more in mere indifference of carousal; he was to pluck the moralist's flower from the strange wild nettles he had handled. In this age have been found critics stupid and malevolent enough to accuse every author who writes with a purpose, and who endeavours to draw attention to social vices, of imposture and of hypocrisy. He should be content, these critics hold, to describe the things he sees; he is a humbug if he moralize upon them. It is not unlikely that the vicious Fribbles of Hogarth's time held similar opinions, and took Hogarth to be a reckless painter of riotous scenes, and who just infused sufficient morality into them "to make the thing go off." It was otherwise with him I hope and believe. I am firmly convinced that the sin and shame of the evils he depicted were as deeply as they were vividly impressed on Hogarth's mind—that he was as zealous as any subscriber to a Refuge, a Reformatory, or a Home can be now, to abate a dreadful social evil; that his hatred for the wickedness of dissolute men, his sympathy for women fallen and betrayed; his utter loathing for those wretched scandals to their sex, the women whose trade it is to decoy women, was intense and sincere. I do *not* believe in the sincerity of Fielding, who could grin and chuckle over the orgies of the Hundreds of Drury and the humours of the bagnio. I find even the gentle and pure-minded Addison simpering in the *Freeholder* about certain frequenters of Somerset House masquerades. But Hogarth's satire in the *Harlot's Progress* never makes you laugh. It makes you rather shudder and stagger, and turn pale. The six pictures which form this tragedy were painted immediately after his marriage. They were painted in the presence of a young, beautiful, and virtuous woman, who read her Bible, and loved her husband with unceasing tenderness; and casting to the winds the mock morality and lip-virtue that fear to speak of the things depicted in this *Progress*, I say that no right-minded man or woman will be the worse for studying its phases.

Some time before Hogarth painted the *Harlot's Progress*, a hundred and

thirty years ago, Edward Ward and Tom Brown had described in coarse, untranscribable, but yet graphic terms, the career of these unfortunates. The former, although a low-lived pottlepot at the best of times, makes some honest remarks concerning the barbarous treatment of the women in Bridewell.\* "It's not the way to reform 'em," he says, plainly. But Hogarth first told the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He first told the story of a courtesan without either ribald jesting or sickly sentimentality; and he much more than if he had been a royal duke mincingly handling trowel and mallet, laid the first stone of the Magdalen Hospital.

"Ora," writes an appreciative Venetian biographer of Hogarth, "*conduce una bella dalla barca in cui nacque ad un albergo di Londra, da un magnifico palazzo in un lupanare, dal lupanare in prigione, dalla prigione all'ospitale, dall'ospitale alla fossa.*" This is the tersest summary I know. The Venetian loses not a word. From the cottage where she was born to an inn; from an inn to a palace; thence to a bagnio, thence to prison, thence to a sick-room, thence to the grave. This is the history of Kate Hackabout.

Each tableau in the *Harlot's Progress* is complete in itself; but there is a "solution of continuity"—the progression is not consecutive. More than once a hiatus occurs. Thus, it is Mother Needham, the horrible procuress, who first accosts the innocent country girl in the inn-yard; and it is the infamous Colonel Charteris who is leering at her. The magnificent "palazzo" belongs, however, to a Jew financier; and after

\* The clumsy police of the time seem to have entirely ignored the existence of unchaste women till they became riotous, were mixed up in tavern brawls, had given offence to the rich rakes, or, especially, were discovered to be the mistresses of thieves and highwaymen. Then they were suddenly caught up, taken before a justice, and committed to Bridewell—either the *ergastolo* in Bridge Street, or the *presidio* in Tothill Fields—I take the former. Arrived there, they were kept till noon on board-day, Wednesday. Then they were arraigned before the honourable Board of Governors; the president with his hammer in his high-backed chair. The wretched Kate stands among the beadles clad in blue, at the lower end of the room, which is divided into two by folding doors. Then, the accusation being stated, the president cries, "How say you, gentlemen, shall Katherine Hackabout receive present punishment?" The suffrages are collected; they are generally against Kate, who is forthwith seized by the beadles, half unrobed, and receives the "civility of the house," i.e. the correction of stripes, which torture is continued (the junior beadle wielding the lash) till the president strikes his hammer on the table as a signal for execution to stop. "Knock! Sir Robert; oh, good Sir Robert, knock!" was a frequent entreaty of the women under punishment; and "Knock, knock!" was shouted after them in derision by the boys in the street, to intimate that they had been scourged in Bridewell. Being sufficiently whealed, Kate was handed over to the taskmaster, to be set to beat hemp, and to be herself caned, or scourged, or fettered with a log, like a stray donkey, according to his fancy and the interests of the hemp manufacture. Many women went through these ordeals dozens of times. "It's not the way to reform 'em," observes Ned Ward; and for once, I think, the satirical publican, who travelled in "ape and monkey climes," is right.—*Vide Smollett: Roderick Random; Cunningham: Handbook of London; and, Bridewell Hospital Reports, 1720-1799.*

the disturbance of the table kicked over, and the gallant behind the door, we can understand how she sinks into the mistress of James Dalton the highwayman. But how comes she to be dressed in brocade and silver when she is beating hemp in Bridewell? The *Grub Street Journal* tells us that the *real* Hackabout was so attired when by the fiat of nine justices she was committed to penitential fibre-thumping; but the pictorial Kate in the preceding tableau, sitting under the bed-tester with the stolen watch in her hand, is in very mean and shabby attire. Do people put on their best clothes to go to the House of Correction in? or, again, when being captured—Sir John Gonson allowed her to dress herself, discreetly waiting outside the door meanwhile—did she don her last unpawned brocaded kirtle and her showiest lappets, in order to captivate the nine stern justices withal? The fall to the garret, after her release from prison, I can well understand. Some years have elapsed. She has a ragged little wretch of a boy who toasts a scrap of bacon before the fire, while the quacks squabble about the symptoms of her malady, and the attendant harridan rifles her trunk—it is the same old trunk with her initials in brass nails on it that we see in the yard of the Bell Inn, Wood Street, in Scene the First?—of its vestiges of finery. The ragged boy is, perchance, James Dalton, the highwayman's son, long since translated to Tyburnia. The real Hackabout's brother was indeed hanged with much completeness. But I can't at all understand how in the next tableau this poor creature, when her woes are all ended, has a handsome and even pretentious funeral, moribund, as we saw her, in her dismal garret but just before. Had Fortune cast one fitful ray on her as she sank into the cold dark house? Had a bag of guineas been cast to jingle on her hearse? She was a clergyman's daughter, it seems. Had the broken-hearted old curate in the country sent up sufficient money to bury his daughter with decency? Had the sisterhood of the Hundreds of Drury themselves subscribed for the enlargement of obsequies which might excuse an orgy? There is plenty of money from somewhere in this death-scene, to a certainty. The boy who sits at the coffin foot, winding the string round his top, has a new suit of mourning, and a laced hat. That glowering undertaker has been liberally paid to provide gloves and scarves; the clergyman—I hope he's only a Fleet chaplain—has evidently been well entertained; there is a whole Jordan of gin flowing: gin on the coffin-lid; gin on the floor; and on the wall there is even an "achievement of arms," the dead woman's scutcheon.

On every scene in the *Harlot's Progress* a lengthy essay might be written. Well, is not every stone in this city full of sermons? Are there no essays to be written on the Kate Hackabouts who are living, and who die around us every day? Better for the nonce to close that dreary coffin, wish that we were that unconscious child who is sitting at the feet of Death, and preparing to spin his pegtop amid the shadows of all this wretchedness and all this vice.

## Written in the Deepdene Album.

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THOU record of the votive throng,  
That fondly seek this fairy shrine,  
And pay the tribute of a song  
Where worth and loveliness combine,—

What boots that I, a vagrant wight  
From clime to clime still wandering on,  
Upon thy friendly page should write  
—— Who'll think of me when I am gone?

Go plow the wave, and sow the sand;  
Throw seed to every wind that blows;  
Along the highway strew thy hand,  
And fatten on the crop that grows.

For even thus the man that roams  
On heedless hearts his feeling spends;  
Strange tenant of a thousand homes,  
And friendless, with ten thousand friends!

Yet here, for once, I'll leave a trace,  
To ask in aftertimes a thought;  
To say that here a resting-place  
My wayworn heart has fondly sought.

So the poor pilgrim heedless strays,  
Unmoved, through many a region fair;  
But at some shrine his tribute pays,  
To tell that he has worshipped there.

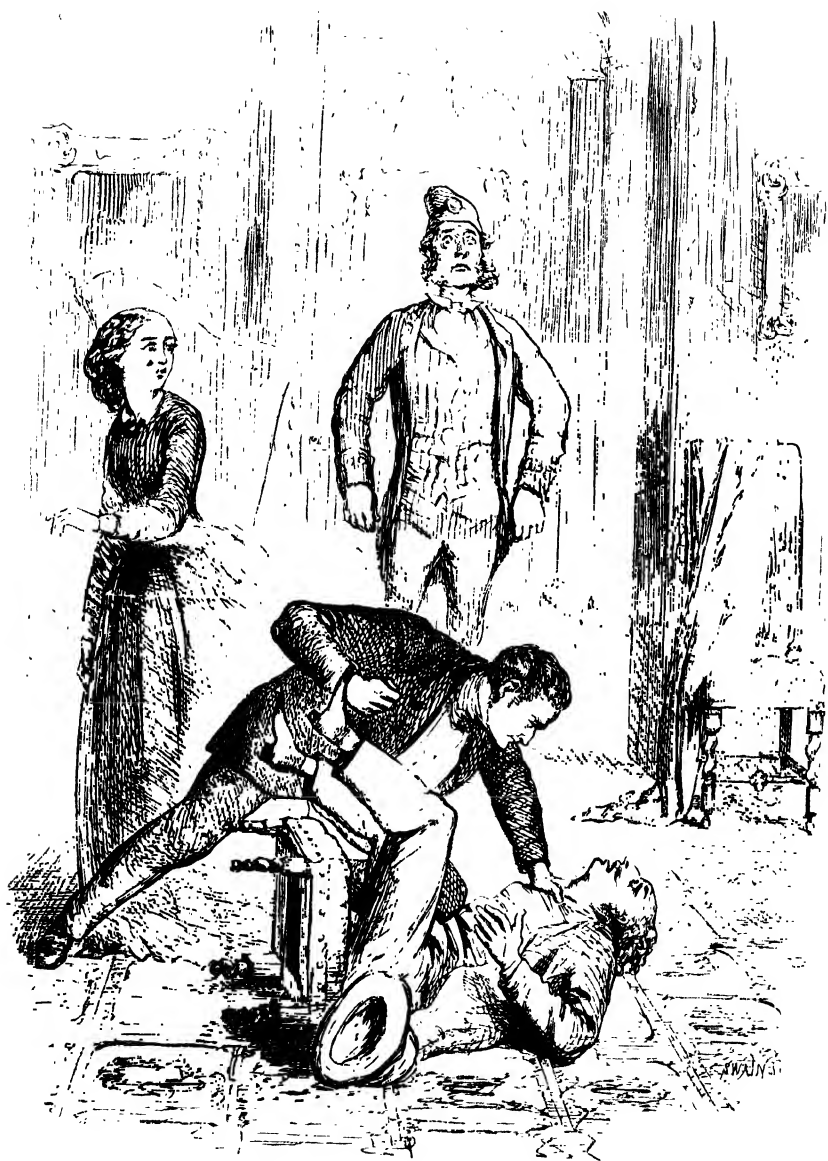
WASHINGTON IRVING.

June 24th, 1822.

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BEDFORD TO THE RESCUE.

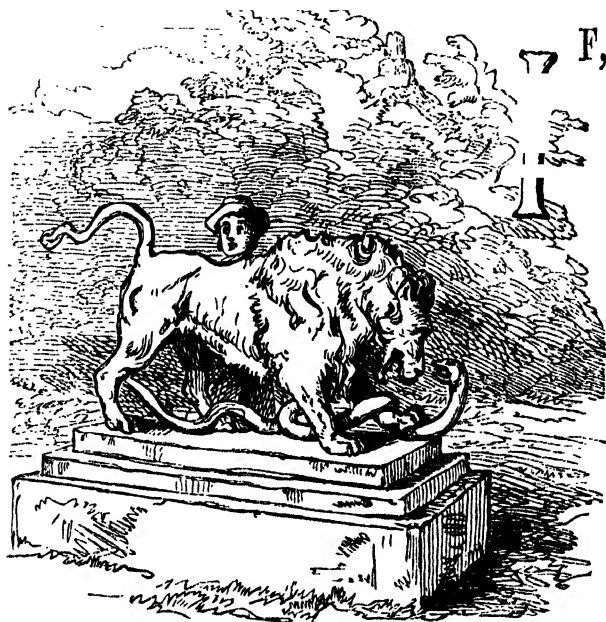




# Novel the Widower.

## CHAPTER V.

### IN WHICH I AM STUNG BY A SERPENT.



F, WHEN I heard Baker call out Bessy Bellen-den, and adjure Jove, he had run forward and seized Elizabeth by the waist, or offered her other personal indignity, I too should have run forward on my side and engaged him. Though I am a stout elderly man, short in stature and in

wind, I know I am a match for *that* rickety little captain on his high-heeled boots. A match for him? I believe Miss Bessy would have been a match for both of us. Her white arm was as hard and polished as ivory. Had she held it straight pointed against the rush of the dragoon, he would have fallen backwards before his intended prey: I have no doubt he would. It was the hen, in this case, was stronger than the libertine fox, and *au besoin* would have pecked the little marauding vermin's eyes out. Had, I say, Partlet been weak, and Reynard strong, I *would* have come forward: I certainly would. Had he been a wolf now, instead of a fox, I am certain I should have run in upon him, grappled with him, torn his heart and tongue out of his black throat, and trampled the lawless brute to death.

Well, I didn't do any such thing. I was just *going* to run in,—and I didn't. I was just going to rush to Bessy's side to clasp her (I have no doubt) to my heart: to beard the whiskered champion who was before her, and perhaps say, "Cheer thee—cheer thee, my persecuted maiden, my beauteous love—my Rebecca! Come on, Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, thou dastard Templar! It is I, Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe." (By the way, though the fellow was not a *Templar*, he was a *Lincoln's Inn man*, having passed twice through the Insolvent Court there with infinite discredit.)

But I made no heroic speeches. There was no need for Rebecca to jump out of window and risk her lovely neck. How could she, in fact, the French window being flush with the ground floor? And I give you my honour, just as I was crying my war-cry, couching my lance, and rushing *à la recousse* upon Sir Baker, a sudden thought made me drop my (figurative) point: a sudden idea made me rein in my galloping (metaphorical) steed, and spare Baker for that time.

Suppose I had gone in? But for that sudden precaution, there might have been a Mrs. Batchelor. I might have been a bullied father of ten children. (Elizabeth has a fine high temper of her own.) What is four hundred and twenty a year, with a wife and perhaps half-a-dozen children? Should I have been a whit the happier? Would Elizabeth? Ah! no. And yet I feel a certain sort of shame, even now, when I think that I didn't go in. Not that I was in a fright, as some people choose to hint. I swear I was not. But the reason why I did not charge was this:—

Nay, I *did* charge part of the way, and then, I own, stopped. It was an error in judgment. It wasn't a want of courage. Lord George Sackville was a brave man, and as cool as a cucumber under fire. Well, *he* didn't charge at the battle of Minden, and Prince Ferdinand made the deuce and all of a disturbance, as we know. Byng was a brave man,—and I ask, wasn't it a confounded shame executing him? So with respect to myself. Here is my statement. I make it openly. I don't care. I am accused of seeing a woman insulted, and not going to her rescue. I am not guilty; I say. That is, there were reasons which caused me not to attack. Even putting aside the superior strength of Elizabeth herself to the enemy,—I vow there were cogent and honourable reasons why I did not charge home.

You see I happened to be behind a blue lilac bush (and was turning *à* rhyme—heaven help us!—in which *death* was only to part me and Elizabeth) when I saw Baker's face surge over the chair-back. I rush forward as he cries “by Jove.” Had Miss Prior cried out on her part, the strength of twenty Heenans, I know, would have nerved this arm; but all she did was to turn pale, and say, “Oh, mercy! Captain Baker! Do pity me!”

“What! you remember me, Bessy Bellenden, do you?” asks the captain, advancing.

“Oh, not that name! please, not that name!” cries Bessy.

“I thought I knew you yesterday,” says Baker. “Only, gad, you see, I had so much claret on board, I did not much know what was what. And oh! Bessy, I have got such a splitter of a headache.”

“Oh! please—please, my name is Miss Prior. Pray! pray, sir, don't.”—

“You've got handsomer—doosid deal handsomer. Know you now well, your spectacles off. You come in here—teach my nephew and niece, humbug my sister, make love to the sh——. Oh! you uncommon sly little toad!”

"Captain Baker! I beg—I implore you," says Bess, or something of the sort: for the white hands assumed an attitude of supplication.

"Pooh! don't gammon *me!*" says the rickety captain (or words to that effect), and seizes those two firm white hands in his moist, trembling palms.

Now do you understand why I paused? When the dandy came grinning forward, with looks and gestures of familiar recognition: when the pale Elizabeth implored him to spare her:—a keen arrow of jealousy shot whizzing through my heart, and caused me well-nigh to fall backwards as I ran forwards. I bumped up against a bronze group in the gardens. The group represented a lion stung by a serpent. *I* was a lion stung by a serpent too. Even Baker could have knocked me down. Fiends and anguish! he had known her before? The Academy, the life she had led, the wretched old tipsy, ineffective guardian of a father—all these antecedents in poor Bessy's history passed through my mind. And I had offered my heart and troth to this woman! Now, my dear sir, I appeal to you. What would *you* have done? Would *you* have liked to have such a sudden suspicion thrown over the being of your affection? "Oh! spare me—spare me!" I heard her say, in clear—too clear—pathetic tones." And then there came rather a shrill, "Ah!" and then the lion was up in my breast again; and I give you my honour, just as I was going to step forward—to step?—to *rush* forward from behind the urn where I had stood for a moment with thumping heart, Bessy's "Ah!" or little cry was followed by a *whack*, which I heard as clear as anything I ever heard in my life;—and I saw the little captain spin back, topple over a chair heels up, and in this posture heard him begin to scream and curse in shrill tones. . . . .

Not for long, for as the captain and the chair tumble down, a door springs open;—a man rushes in, who pounces like a panther upon the prostrate captain, pitches into his nose and eyes, and chokes his bad language by sending a fist down his naughty throat.

"Oh! thank you, Bedford!—please, leave him, Bedford! that's enough. There, don't hurt him any more!" says Bessy, laughing—laughing, upon my word.

"Ah! will you?" says Bedford. "Lie still, you little beggar, or I'll knock your head off. Look here, Miss Prior!—Elizabeth—dear—dear Elizabeth! I love you with all my heart, and soul, and strength—I do."

"O Bedford! Bedford!" warbles Elizabeth.

"I do! I can't help it. I must say it! Ever since Rome, I do. Lie still, you drunken little beast! It's no use. But I adore you, O Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" And there was Dick, who was always following Miss P. about, and poking his head into keyholes to spy her, actually making love to her over the prostrate body of the captain. \*

Now, what was I to do? Wasn't I in a most confoundedly awkward situation? A lady had been attacked—a lady?—*the* lady, and I hadn't rescued her. Her insolent enemy was overthrown, and I hadn't done

it. A champion, three inches shorter than myself, had come in, and dealt the blow. I was in such a rage of mortification, that I should have liked to thrash the captain and Bedford too. The first I know I could have matched: the second was a tough little hero. And it was he who rescued the damsel, whilst I stood by! In a strait so odious, sudden, and humiliating, what should I, what could I, what did I do?

Behind the lion and snake there is a brick wall and marble balustrade, built for no particular reason, but flanking three steps and a grassy terrace, which then rises up on a level to the house-windows. Beyond the balustrade is a shrubbery of more lilacs and so forth, by which you can walk round into another path, which also leads up to the house. So as I had not charged—ah! woe is me!—as the battle was over, I—I just went round that shrubbery into the other path, and so entered the house, arriving like Fortinbras in *Hamlet*, when everybody is dead and sprawling, you know, and the whole business is done.

And was there to be no end to my shame, or to Bedford's laurels? In that brief interval, whilst I was walking round the bypath (just to give myself a pretext for entering coolly into the premises), this fortunate fellow had absolutely engaged another and larger champion. This was no other than Bulkeley, my Lady B.'s first-class attendant. When the captain fell amidst his screams and curses, he called for Bulkeley: and that individual made his appearance, with a little Scotch cap perched on his powdered head.

"Hullo! what's the row year?" says Goliah, entering.

"Kill that blackguard! Hang him, kill him!" screams Captain Blacksheep, rising with bleeding nose.

"I say, what's the row year," asks the grenadier.

"Off with your cap, sir, before a lady!" calls out Bedford.

"Hoff with my cap! you be blo——"

But he said no more, for little Bedford jumped some two feet from the ground, and knocked the cap off, so that a cloud of ambrosial powder filled the room with violet odours. The immense frame of the giant shook at this insult: "I will be the death on you, you little beggar!" he grunted out; and was advancing to destroy Dick, just as I entered in the cloud which his head had raised.

"I'll knock the brains as well as the powder out of your ugly head!" says Bedford, springing at the poker. At which juncture I entered.

"What—what is this disturbance?" I say, advancing with an air of mingled surprise and resolution.

"You git out of the way till I knock his 'ead off!" roars Bulkeley.

"Take up your cap, sir, and leave the room," I say, still with the same elegant firmness.

"Put down that there poker, you coward!" bellows the monster on board wages.

"Miss Prior!" I say (like a dignified hypocrite, as I own I was), "I

hope no one has offered you a rudeness?" And I glare round, first at the knight of the bleeding nose, and then at his squire.

Miss Prior's face, as she replied to me, wore a look of awful scorn.

"Thank you, sir," she said, turning her head over her shoulder, and looking at me with her grey eyes. "Thank you, Richard Bedford! God bless you! I shall ever be thankful to you, wherever I am." And the stately figure swept out of the room.

She had seen me behind that confounded statue, then, and I had not come to her! O torments and racks! O scorpions, fiends, and pitchforks! The face of Bedford, too (flashing with knightly gratitude anon as she spoke kind words to him and passed on), wore a look of scorn as he turned towards me, and then stood, his nostrils distended, and breathing somewhat hard, glaring at his enemies, and still grasping his mace of battle.

When Elizabeth was gone, there was a pause of a moment, and then Blacksheep, taking his bleeding cambric from his nose, shrieks out, "Kill him, I say! A fellow that dares to hit one in my condition, and when I'm down! Bulkeley, you great hulking jackass! 'kill him, I say!'"

"Jest let him put that there poker down, that's hall," growls Bulkeley.

"You're afraid, you great cowardly beast! You shall go, Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em—Mr. Bedford—you shall have the sack, sir, as sure as your name is what it is! I'll tell my brother-in-law everything; and as for that woman——"

"If you say a word against her, I'll cane you wherever I see you, Captain Baker!" I cry out.

"Who spoke to you?" says the captain, falling back and scowling at me.

"Who hever told you to put *your* foot in?" says the squire.

I was in such a rage, and so eager to find an object on which I might wreak my fury, that I confess I plunged at this Bulkeley. I gave him two most violent blows on the waistcoat, which caused him to double up with such frightful contortions, that Bedford burst out laughing; and even the captain with the damaged eye and nose began to laugh too. Then, taking a lesson from Dick, as there was a fine shining dagger on the table, used for the cutting open of reviews and magazines, I seized and brandished this weapon, and I daresay would have sheathed it in the giant's bloated corpus, had he made any movement towards me. But he only called out, "h'll be the death on you, you cowards! h'll be the death of both on you!" And snatching up his cap from the carpet, walked out of the room.

"Glad you did that, though," says Baker, nodding his head. "Think I'd best pack up."

And now the Devil of Rage which had been swelling within me gave place to a worse devil—the Devil of Jealousy—and I turned on the captain, who was also just about to slink away:—

"Stop!" I cried out—I screamed out, I may say.

"Who spoke to you, I should like to know? and who the dooce dares to speak to me in that sort of way?" says Clarence Baker, with a plentiful



garnish of expletives, which need not be here inserted. But he stopped, nevertheless, and turned slouching round.

"You spoke just now of Miss Prior?" I said. "Have you anything against her?"

"What's that to you?" he asked.

"I am her oldest friend. I introduced her into this family. *Dare* you say a word against her?"

"Well, who the dooce has?"

"You knew her before?"

"Yes, I did, then."

"When she went by the name of Bellenden?"

"Of course, I did. And what's that to you?" he screams out.

"I this day asked her to be my wife, sir! *That's* what it is to me!" I replied, with severe dignity.

Mf. Clarence began to whistle. "Oh! if that's it—of course not!" he says.

The jealous demon writhed within me and rent me.

"You mean that there *is* something, then?" I asked, glaring at the young reprobate.

"No, I don't," says he, looking very much frightened. "No, there is nothin'. Upon my sacred honour, there isn't, that I know." (I was looking uncommonly fierce at this time, and, I must own, would rather have quarrelled with somebody than not.) "No, there *is* nothin' that I know. Ever so many years ago, you see, I used to go with Tom Papillion, Turkington, and two or three fellows, to that theatre. Dolphin had it. And we used to go behind the scenes—and—and I own I had a row with her. And I was in the wrong. There now, I own I was. And she left the theatre. And she behaved quite right. And I was very sorry. And I believe she is as good a woman as ever stept now. And the father was a disreputable old man, but most honourable—I know he was. And there was a fellow in the Bombay service—a fellow by the name of Walker or Walkingham—yes, Walkingham; and I used to meet him at the Cave of Harmony, you know; and he told me that she was as right as right could be. And he was doosidly cut up about leaving her. And he would have married her, I dessay, only for his father the general, who wouldn't stand it. And he was ready to hang himself when he went away. He used to drink awfully, and then he used to swear about her; and we used to chaff him, you know. • Low, vulgarish sort of man, he was; and a very passionate fellow. And if you're goin' to marry her, you know—of course, I ask your pardon, and that; and upon the honour of a gentleman I know nothin' against her. And I wish you joy and all that sort of thing. I do now, really now!" And so saying, the mean, mischievous little monkey sneaked away, and clambered up to his own perch in his own bedroom.

Worthy Mrs. Bonnington, with a couple of her young ones, made her appearance at this juncture. She had a key, which gave her a free pass

through the garden door, and brought her children for an afternoon's play and fighting with their little nephew and niece. Decidedly, Bessy did not bring up her young folks well. Was it that their grandmothers spoiled them, and undid the governess's work? Were those young people odious (as they often were) by nature, or rendered so by the neglect of their guardians? If Bessy had loved her charges more, would they not have been better? Had she a kind, loving, maternal heart? Ha! This thought—this jealous doubt—smote my bosom: and were she mine, and the mother of many possible little Batchelors, would she be kind to *them*? Would they be wilful, and selfish, and abominable little wretches, in a word, like these children? Nay—nay! Say that Elizabeth has but a cold heart; we cannot be all perfection. But, *per contra*, you must admit that, cold as she is, she does her duty. How good she has been to her own brothers and sisters: how cheerfully she has given away her savings to them: how admirably she has behaved to her mother, hiding the iniquities of that disreputable old schemer, and covering her improprieties with decent filial screens and pretexts. Her mother? *Ah! grands dieux!* You want to marry, Charles Batchelor, and you will have that greedy pauper for a mother-in-law; that fluffy Bluecoat boy, those hob-nailed taw-players, top-spinners, toffee-eaters, those underbred girls, for your brothers- and sisters-in-law! They will be quartered upon you. You are so absurdly weak and good-natured—you know you are—that you will never be able to resist. Those boys will grow up: they will go out as clerks or shopboys: get into debt, and expect you to pay their bills: want to be articled to attornies and so forth, and call upon you for the premium. Their mother will never be out of your house. She will ferret about in your drawers and wardrobes, filch your haberdashery, and cast greedy eyes on the very shirts and coats on your back, and calculate when she can get them for her boys. Those vulgar young miscreants will never fail to come and dine with you on a Sunday. They will bring their young linendraper or articled friends. They will draw bills on you, or give their own to money-lenders, and unless you take up those bills they will consider you a callous, avaricious brute, and the heartless author of their ruin. The girls will come and practise on your wife's piano. *They* won't come to you on Sundays only; they will always be staying in the house. They will always be preventing a *tête-à-tête* between your wife and you. As they grow old, they will want her to take them out to tea-parties, and to give such entertainments, where they will introduce their odious young men. They will expect you to commit meannesses, in order to get theatre tickets for them from the newspaper editors of your acquaintance. You will have to sit in the back seat: to pay the cab to and from the play: to see glances and bows of recognition passing between them and dubious bucks in the lobbies: and to lend the girls your wife's gloves, scarfs, ornaments, smelling-bottles, and handkerchiefs, which of course they will never return. If Elizabeth is ailing from any circumstance, they will get a footing in your house, and she will be jealous

of them. The ladies of your own family will quarrel with them, of course; and very likely your mother-in-law will tell them a piece of her mind. And you bring this dreary certainty upon you, because, forsooth, you fall in love with a fine figure, a pair of grey eyes, and a head of auburn (not to say red) hair! O Charles Batchelor! in what a galley hast thou seated thyself, and what a family is crowded in thy boat!

All these thoughts are passing in my mind, as good Mrs. Bonnington is prattling to me—I protest I don't know about what. I think I caught some faint sentences about the Patagonian mission, the National schools, and Mr. Bonnington's lumbago; but I can't say for certain. I was busy with my own thoughts. I had asked the awful question—I was not answered. Bessy had even gone away in a huff about my want of gallantry, but I was easy on that score. As for Mr. Drencher, she had told me her sentiments regarding him; and though I am considerably older, yet thought I, I need not be afraid of *that* rival. But when she says *yes*? Oh, dear! oh, dear! *Yes* means Elizabeth—certainly, a brave young woman—but it means Mrs. Prior, and Gus, and Amelia Jane, and the whole of that dismal family. No wonder, with these dark thoughts crowding my mind, Mrs. Bonnington found me absent; and, as a comment upon some absurd reply of mine, said, “La! Mr. Batchelor, you must be crossed in love!” Crossed in love! It might be as well for some folks if they *were* crossed in love. At my age, and having loved madly, as I did, that party in Dublin, a man doesn't take the second fit by any means so strongly. Well! well! the die was cast, and I was there to bide the hazard. ‘What can be the matter? I look pale and unwell, and had better see Mr. D.’ Thank you, my dear Mrs. Bonnington. I had a violent—a violent toothache last night—yes, toothache; and was kept awake, thank you. And there's nothing like having it out? and Mr. D. draws them beautifully, and has taken out six of your children's? It's better now; I daresay it will be better still, soon. I retire to my chamber: I take a book—can't read one word of it. I resume my tragedy. Tragedy? Bosh!

I suppose Mr. Drencher thought his yesterday's patient would be better for a little more advice and medicine, for he must pay a second visit to Shrublands on this day, just after the row with the captain had taken place, and walked up to the upper regions, as his custom was. Very likely he found Mr. Clarence bathing his nose there, and prescribed for the injured organ. Certainly he knocked at the door of Miss Prior's schoolroom (the fellow was always finding a pretext for entering *that* apartment), and Master Bedford comes to me, with a wobegone, livid countenance, and a “Ha! ha! young Sawbones is up with her!”

“So my poor Dick,” I say, “I heard your confession as I was myself running in to rescue Miss P. from that villain.”

“My blood was hup,” groans Dick,—“up, I beg your pardon. When I saw that young rascal lay a hand on her I could not help flying at him. I would have hit him if he had been my own father. And I could not help saying what was on my mind. It would come out; I knew it would

some day. I might as well wish for the moon as hope to get her. She thinks herself superior to me, and perhaps she is mistaken. But it's no use; she don't care for me; she don't care for anybody. Now the words are out, in course I mustn't stay here."

"You may get another place easily enough with your character, Bedford!"

But he shook his head. "I'm not disposed to black nobody else's boots no more. I have another place. I have saved a bit of money. My poor old mother is gone, whom you used to be so kind to, Mr. B. I'm alone now. Confound that Sawbones, will he *never* come away? I'll tell you about my plans some day, sir, and I know you'll be so good as to help me." And away goes Dick, looking the picture of woe and despair.

Presently, from the upper rooms, Sawbones descends. I happened to be standing in the hall, you see, talking to Dick. Mr. Drencher scowls at me fiercely, and I suppose I return him haughty glance for glance. He hated me: I him: I liked him to hate me.

"How is your patient, Mr.—a—Drencher?" I ask.

"Trifling contusion of the nose—brown paper and vinegar," says the doctor.

"Great powers! did the villain strike her on the nose?" I cry, in terror.

"Her—whom?" says he. •

"Oh—ah—yes—indeed; it's nothing," I say, smiling. The fact is I had forgotten about Baker in my natural anxiety for Elizabeth.

"I don't know what you mean by laughing, sir?" says the red-haired practitioner. "But if you mean chaff, Mr. Batchelor, let me tell you I don't want chaff, and I won't have chaff!" and herewith, exit Sawbones, looking black doses at me.

Jealous of me, think I, as I sink down in a chair in the morning-room, where the combat had just taken place. And so thou, too, art fever-caught, my poor physician! What a fascination this girl has. Here's the butler: here's the medical man: here am I: here is the captain has been smitten—smitten on the nose. Has the gardener been smitten too, and is the page gnawing his buttons off for jealousy, and is Mons. Bulkeley equally in love with her? I take up a review, and think over this, as I glance through its pages.

As I am lounging and reading, Mons. Bulkeley himself makes his appearance, bearing in cloaks and packages belonging to his lady. "Have the goodness to take that cap off," I say, coolly.

"You 'ave the goodness to remember that if hever I see you hout o' this 'ouse I'll punch your hugly 'ead off," says the monstrous menial. But I poise my paper-cutter, and he retires growling.

From despondency I pass to hope; and the prospect of marriage, which before appeared so dark to me, assumes a gayer hue. I have four hundred a year, and that house in Devonshire Street, Bloomsbury Square, of which the upper part will be quite big enough for us. If we have children, there is Queen Square for them to walk and play in. Several genteel

families I know, who still live in the neighbourhood, will come and see my wife, and we shall have a comfortable, cosy little society, suited to our small means. The tradesmen in Lamb's Conduit Street are excellent, and the music at the Foundling always charming. I shall give up one of my clubs. The other is within an easy walk.

No : my wife's relations will *not* plague me. Bessy is a most sensible, determined woman, and as cool a hand as I know. She will only see Mrs. Prior at proper (and, I trust, distant) intervals. Her brothers and sisters will learn to know their places, and not obtrude upon me or the company which I keep. My friends, who are educated people and gentlemen, will not object to visit me because I live over a shop (my ground floor and spacious back premises in Devonshire Street are let to a German toy-warehouse). I shall add a hundred or two at least to my income by my literary labour ; and Bessy, who has practised frugality all her life, and been a good daughter and a good sister, I know will prove a good wife, and, please heaven ! a good mother. Why, four hundred a year, *plus* two hundred, is a nice little income. And my old college friend, Wigmore, who is just on the Bench ? He will, he must get me a place—say three hundred a year. With nine hundred a year we can do quite well.

Love is full of elations and despondencies. The future, over which such a black cloud of doubt lowered a few minutes since, blushed a sweet rose-colour now. I saw myself happy, beloved, with a competence, and imagined myself reposing in the delightful garden of Red Lion Square on some summer evening, and half-a-dozen little Batchelors frisking over the flower-bespangled grass there.

After our little colloquy, Mrs. Bonnington, not finding much pleasure in my sulky society, had gone to Miss Prior's room with her young folks, and as the door of the morning-room opened now and again, I could hear the dear young ones scuttling about the passages, where they were playing at horses, and fighting, and so forth. After a while good Mrs. B. came down from the schoolroom. "Whatever has happened, Mr. Batchelor ?" she said to me, in her passage through the morning-room. "Miss Prior is very pale and absent. You are very pale and absent. Have you been courting her, you naughty man, and trying to supplant Mr. Drencher ? There now, you turn as red as my ribbon ! Ah ! Bessy is a good girl, and so fond of my dear children. 'Ah, dear Mrs. Bonnington,' she says to me—but of course you won't tell Lady B. : it would make Lady B. perfectly furious. 'Ah !' says Miss P. to me, 'I wish, ma'am, that my little charges were like their dear little nephews and nieces—so exquisitely brought up !' Pop again wished to beat his uncle. I wish—I wish Frederick would send that child to school ! Miss P. owns that he is too much for her. Come, children, it is time to go to dinner." And, with more of this prattle, the good lady summons her young ones, who descend from the schoolroom with their nephew and niece.

Following nephew and niece comes demure Miss Prior, to whom I sling a

knowing glance, which says, plain as eyes can speak—Do, Elizabeth, come and talk for a little to your faithful Batchelor! She gives a sidelong look of intelligence, leaves a parasol and a pair of gloves on a table, accompanies Mrs. Bonnington and the young ones into the garden, sees the clergyman's wife and children disappear through the garden gate, and her own youthful charges engaged in the strawberry-beds; and, of course, returns to the morning-room for her parasol and gloves, which she had forgotten. There is a calmness about that woman—an easy, dauntless dexterity, which frightens me—*ma parole d'honneur*. In that white breast is there a white marble stone in place of the ordinary cordial apparatus? Under the white velvet glove of that cool hand are there bones of cold steel?

"So, Drencher has again been here, Elizabeth?" I say.

She shrugs her shoulders. "To see that wretched Captain Baker. The horrid little man will die! He was not actually sober just now when he—when I—when you saw him. How I wish you had come sooner—to prevent that horrible, tipsy, disreputable quarrel. It makes me very, very thoughtful, Mr. Batchelor. He will speak to his mother—to Mr. Lovel. I shall have to go away. I know I must."

"And don't you know where you can find a home, Elizabeth? Have the words I spoke this morning been so soon forgotten?"

"Oh! Mr. Batchelor! you spoke in a heat. You could not think seriously of a poor girl like me, so friendless and poor, with so many family ties. Pop is looking this way, please. To a man bred like you, what can I be?"

"You may make the rest of my life happy, Elizabeth!" I cry. "We are friends of such old—old date, that you know what my disposition is."

"Oh! indeed," says she, "it is certain that there never was a sweeter disposition or a more gentle creature." (Somehow I thought she said the words "gentle creature" with rather a sarcastic tone of voice.) "But consider your habits, dear sir. I remember how in Beak Street you used to be always giving, and in spite of your income, always poor. You love ease and elegance; and having, I daresay, not too much for yourself now, would you encumber yourself with—with me and the expenses of a household? I shall always regard you, esteem you, love you as the best friend I ever had, and—*voici venir la mère du vaurien*."

Enter Lady Baker. "Do I interrupt a tête-à-tête, pray?" she asks.

"My benefactor has known me since I was a child, and befriended me since then," says Elizabeth, with simple kindness beaming in her look. "We were just speaking—I was just—ah!—telling him that my uncle has invited me most kindly to St. Boniface, whenever I can be spared; and if you and the family go to the Isle of Wight this autumn, perhaps you will intercede with Mr. Lovel, and let me have a little holiday. Mary will take every charge of the children, and I do so long to see my dear aunt and cousins! And I was begging Mr. Batchelor to use his interest with you, and to entreat you to use *your* interest to get me leave. That was what our talk was about."

The deuce it was! I couldn't say No, of course; but I protest I had no idea until that moment that our conversation had been about aunt and uncle at St. Boniface. Again came the horrible suspicion, the dreadful doubt—the chill as of a cold serpent crawling down my back—which had made me pause, and gasp, and turn pale, anon when Bessy and Captain Clarence were holding colloquy together. What *has* happened in this woman's life? *Do*. I know all about her, or anything; or only just as much as she chooses? O Batch—Batch! I suspect you are no better than an old gaby!

"And Mr. Drencher has just been here and seen your son," Bessy continues, softly; "and he begs and entreats your ladyship to order Captain Baker to be more prudent. Mr. D. says Captain Baker is shortening his life, indeed he is, by his carelessness."

There is Mr. Lovel coming from the city, and the children are running to their papa! And Miss Prior makes her patroness a meek curtsy, and demurely slides away from the room. With a sick heart I say to myself, "She has been—yes—humbugging is the word—humbugging Lady B. Elizabeth! Elizabeth! can it be possible thou art humbugging *me* too?"

Before Lovel enters, Bedford rapidly flits through the room. He looks as pale as a ghost. His face is awfully gloomy.

"Here's the governor come," Dick whispers to me. "It must all come hout now—out, I beg your pardon. So she's caught *you*, has she? I thought she would." And he grins a ghastly grin.

"What do you mean?" I ask, and I daresay turn rather red.

"I know all about it. I'll speak to you to-night, sir. Confound her! confound her!" and he doubles his knuckles into his eyes, and rushes out of the room over Buttons, entering with the afternoon tea.

"What on earth's the matter, and why are you knocking the things about?" Lovel asks at dinner of his butler, who, indeed, acted as one distraught. A savage gloom was depicted on Bedford's usually melancholy countenance, and the blunders in his service were many. With his brother-in-law Lovel did not exchange many words. Clarence was not yet forgiven for his escapade two days previous. And when Lady Baker cried, "Mercy, child! what have you done to yourself?" and the captain replied, "Knocked my face against a dark door—made my nose bleed," Lovel did not look up or express a word of sympathy. "If the fellow knocked his worthless head off, I should not be sorry," the widower murmured to me. Indeed, the tone of the captain's voice, his *ton*, and his manners in general, were specially odious to Mr. Lovel, who could put up with the tyranny of women, but revolted against the vulgarity and assumption of certain men.

As yet nothing had been said about the morning's quarrel. Here we were all sitting with a sword hanging over our heads, smiling and chatting, and talking cookery, politics, the weather, and what not. Bessy was perfectly cool and dignified at tea. Danger or doubt did not seem to affect *her*. If she had been ordered for execution at the end of the evening she

would have made the tea, played her Beethoven, answered questions in her usual voice, and glided about from one to another with her usual dignified calm, until the hour of decapitation came, when she would have made her curtsy, and gone out and had the amputation performed quite quietly and neatly. I admired her, I was frightened before her. The cold snake crept more than ever down my back as I meditated on her. I made such awful blunders at whist that even good Mrs. Bonnington lost her temper with her fourteen shillings. Miss Prior would have played her hand out, and never made a fault, you may be sure. She retired at her accustomed hour. Mrs. Bonnington had her glass of negus, and withdrew too. Lovel keeping his eyes sternly on the captain, that officer could only get a little sherry and seltzer, and went to bed sober. Lady Baker folded Lovel in her arms, a process to which my poor friend very humbly submitted. Everybody went to bed, and no tales were told of the morning's doings. There was a respite, and no execution could take place till to-morrow at any rate. Put on thy night-cap, Damocles, and slumber for to-night, at least. Thy slumbers will not be cut-short by the awful Chopper of Fate.

Perhaps you may ask what need had I to be alarmed? Nothing could happen to me. I was not going to lose a governess's place. Well, if I must tell the truth, I had not acted with entire candour in the matter of Bessy's appointment. In recommending her to Lovel, and the late Mrs. L., I had answered for her probity, and so forth, with all my might. I had described the respectability of her family, her father's campaigns, her grandfather's (old Dr. Sargent's) celebrated sermons; and had enlarged with the utmost eloquence upon the learning and high character of her uncle, the Master of Boniface, and the deserved regard he bore his niece. But that part of Bessy's biography which related to the Academy I own I had not touched upon. *A quoi bon?* Would every gentleman or lady like to have everything told about him or her? I had kept the Academy dark then; and so had brave Dick Bedford the butler; and should that miscreant captain reveal the secret, I knew there would be an awful commotion in the building. I should have to incur Lovel's not unjust reproaches for *suppressio veri*, and the anger of those two *viragines*, the grandmothers of Lovel's children. I was more afraid of the women than of him, though conscience whispered me that I had not acted quite rightly by my friend.

When, then, the bed-candles were lighted, and every one said good-night, "Oh! Captain Baker," say I, gaily, and putting on a confoundedly hypocritical grin, "if you will come into my room, I will give you that book."

"What book?" says Baker.

"The book we were talking of this morning."

"Hang me, if I know what you mean," says he. And luckily for me, Lovel giving a shrug of disgust, and a good-night to me, stalked out of the room, bed-candle in hand. No doubt, he thought his wretch of a



brother-in-law did not well remember after dinner what he had done or said in the morning.

'As I now had the Blacksheep to myself, I said calmly, "You are quite right. There was no talk about a book at all, Captain Baker. But I wished to see you alone, and impress upon you my earnest wish that everything which occurred this morning—mind, *everything*—should be considered as strictly private, and should be confided to *no person whatever*—you understand?—to no person."

"Confound me," Baker breaks out, "if I understand what you mean by your books and your 'strictly private.' I shall speak what I choose—hang me!"

"In that case, sir," I said, "will you have the goodness to send a friend of yours to my friend Captain Fitzboodle? I must consider the matter as personal between ourselves. You insulted, and as I find now, for the second time—a lady whose relations to me you know. You have given neither to her, nor to me, the apology to which we are both entitled. You refuse even to promise to be silent regarding a painful scene which was occasioned by your own brutal and cowardly behaviour; and you must abide by the consequences, sir! you must abide by the consequences!" And I glared at him over my flat candlestick.

"Curse me!—and hang me!—and," &c. &c. &c. he says, "if I know what all this is about. What the dooce do you talk to *me* about books, and about silence, and apologies, and sending Captain Fitzboodle to me? I don't want to see Captain Fitzboodle—great fat brute! I know him perfectly well."

"Hush!" say I, "here's Bedford." In fact, Dick appeared at this juncture, to close the house and put the lamps out.

But Captain Clarence only spoke or screamed louder. "What do I care about who hears me? That fellow insulted me already to-day, and I'd have pitched his life out of him, only I was down, and I'm so confounded weak and nervous, and just out of my fever—and—and hang it all! what are you driving at, Mr. What's-your-name?" And the wretched little creature cries almost as he speaks.

"Once for all, will you agree that the affair about which we spoke shall go no further?" I say, as stern as Draco.

"I shan't say anythin' about it. I wish you'd leave me alone, you fellows, and not come botherin'. I wish I could get a glass of brandy-and-water up in my bed-room. I tell you I can't sleep without it," whimpers the wretch.

"Sorry I laid hands on you, sir," says Bedford sadly. "It wasn't worth the while. Go to bed, and I'll get you something warm."

"Will you, though? I couldn't sleep without it. Do now—do now! and I won't say anythin'—I won't now—on the honour of a gentleman, I won't. Good night, Mr. What-d'-ye-call—." And Bedford leads the helot to his chamber.

"I've got him in bed; and I've given him a dose; and I put some

laudanum in it. He ain't been out. He has not had much to-day," says Bedford, coming back to my room, with his face ominously pale.

"You have given him laudanum?" I ask.

"Sawbones gave him some yesterday,—told me to give him a little—forty drops," growls Bedford.

Then the gloomy major-domo puts a hand into each waistcoat pocket, and looks at me. "You want to fight for her, do you, sir? Calling out, and that sort of game? Phoo!"—and he laughs scornfully.

"The little miscreant is too despicable, I own," say I, "and it's absurd for a peaceable fellow like me to talk about powder and shot at this time of day. But what could I do?"

"I say it's *she* ain't worth it," says Bedford, lifting up both clenched fists out of the waistcoat pockets.

"What do you mean, Dick?" I ask.

"She's humbugging you,—she's humbugging me,—she's humbugging everybody," roars Dick. "Look here, sir!" and out of one of the clenched fists he flings a paper down on the table.

"What is it?" I ask. It's her handwriting. I see the neat trim lines on the paper.

"It's not to you; nor yet to me," says Bedford.

"Then how dare you read it, sir?" I ask, all of a tremble.

"It's to him. It's to Sawbones," hisses out Bedford. "Sawbones dropt it as he was getting into his gig; and I read it. I ain't going to make no bones about whether it's wrote to me or not. She tells him how you asked her to marry you. (Ha!) That's how I came to know it. And do you know what she calls you, and what *he* calls you,—that castor-hoil beast? And do you know what she says of you? That you hadn't pluck to stand by her to-day. There,—it's all down under her hand and seal. You may read it, or not, if you like. And if poppy or mandragora will medicine you to sleep afterwards, I just recommend you to take it. I shall go and get a drop out of the captain's bottle—I shall."

And he leaves me, and the fatal paper on the table.

Now, suppose you had been in my case—would you, or would you not, have read the paper? Suppose there is some news—bad news—about the woman you love, will you, or will you not, hear it? Was Othello a rogue because he let Iago speak to him? There was the paper. It lay there glimmering under the light, with all the house quiet.

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# Studies in Animal Life.

"Authentic tidings of invisible things ;  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And central peace subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation."—THE EXCURSION.

## CHAPTER V.

Talking in beetles—Identity of Egyptian animals with those now existing : does this prove fixity of species?—Examination of the celebrated argument of species not having altered in four thousand years—Impossibility of distinguishing species from varieties—The affinities of animals—New facts proving the fertility of Hybrids—The hare and the rabbit contrasted—Doubts respecting the development hypothesis—On hypothesis in Natural History—Pliny, and his notion on the formation of pearls—Are pearls owing to a disease of the oyster?—Formation of the shell ; origin of pearls—How the Chinese manufacture pearls.

A WITTY friend of mine expressed her sense of the remoteness of the ancient Egyptians, and her difficulty in sympathizing with them, by declaring that "*they talked in beetles, you know.*" She referred, of course, to the hieroglyphics in which that curious people now speak to us from ancient tombs. Whether those swarthy sages were eloquent and wise, or obscure and otherwise, in their beetle-speech, it is certain that entomologists of our day recognize their beetles as belonging to the same species that are now gathered into collections. Such as the Egyptians knew them, such we know them now. Nay, the sacred cats found in those ancient tombs, are cats of the same kind as our own familiar mousers ; they purred before Pharaoh as they purr on our hearthrugs ; and the descendants of the very dogs which irreligiously worried those cats, are to this day worrying the descendants of those sacred cats. The grains of wheat, which the *savans* found in the tombs, were planted in the soil of France, and grew into waving corn in no respect distinguishable from the corn grown from the grain of the previous year.

Have these familiar facts any important significance ? Are we entitled to draw any conclusion from the testimony of paintings and sculptures, at least four thousand years old, which show that several of our well-known Species of animals, and several of the well-marked Races of men, existed then, and have not changed since then ? Nimrod hunted with dogs and horses, which would be claimed as ancestors by the dogs and horses at Melton Mowbray. The Negroes who attended Semiramis and Rhamses are in every respect similar to the Negroes now toiling amid the sugar-canes of Alabama. If, during four thousand years Species and Races have not changed, why should we suppose that they ever will change ? Why should we not take our stand on that testimony, and assert that Species are unchangeable ?

Such has been the argument of Cuvier and his followers; an argument on which they have laid great stress, and which they have further strengthened by a challenge to adversaries to produce one single case where a *transmutation* of species has taken place:—"Here we show you evidence that Species have persisted unaltered during four thousand years, and you cannot show us a single case of Species having changed—you cannot show us one case of a wolf becoming a dog, an ass becoming a horse, a hare becoming a rabbit. Yet you must admit that if there were any inherent tendency to change, four thousand years is a long enough period for that tendency to display itself in; and we ought to see a very marked difference between the Species which lived under Semiramis, and those which are living under Victoria. Instead of this, we see that there has been no change: the dog has remained a dog, the horse has remained a horse; every Species retains its well-marked characters."

No one will say that I have not done justice to this argument. I have stated it as clearly and forcibly as possible, not with any design to captivate your assent, but to make the answer complete. This argument is the *cheval de bataille* of the Cuvier school; but like many other argumentative war-horses, it proves, on close inspection, to be spavined and brokenwinded. The first criticism we must pass on it is, that it implies the existence of Species as a *thing*, which can be spoken of as fixed or variable; whereas, as we saw last month, Species is an *abstraction*, like Whiteness or Strength. No one supposes that there exists any whiteness apart from white things, or strength apart from strong things; yet the naturalists who maintain the fixity of Species, constantly talk as if Species existed independently of the individual animals. Instead of saying that by the word Species is indicated a certain group of characters, and that whenever we meet with this group we say, here is an animal of the same Species; they explicitly declare, or tacitly imply, that although an individual dog may vary, there is something above all individuals—the Species—and *that* cannot vary. As it is possible some readers may protest that no respectable authority in modern times ever held the opinion here imputed to a school, I will quote the very explicit language of one of Cuvier's disciples—the last editor of Buffon—who, no later than 1856, could declare that "Species are the primitive forms of Nature. Individuals are nothing but the representatives—the copies of these forms: *Les espèces sont les formes primitives de la Nature. Les individus n'en sont que des représentations, des copies.*"\* According to this very explicit, but very extravagant, statement, an individual dog is nothing but a copy of the primitive form—the typical dog—the *idea* of a dog, as Plato would say; and of course, if this be true, it matters little how widely individual dogs may vary, the type, or species, of which it is the representative, remains unaltered. Indeed it is on this ground that many physiologists explain the fact of hereditary transmission: the individual may vary, it is

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\* FLOURENS: *Cours de Physiologie Comparée*, 1856, p. 9.

said, but the species is preserved; and if a dog, without its fore paws, has offspring, every one of which possesses the fore paws, the reason is, that *l'idée de l'espèce se reproduit dans le fruit, et lui donne des organes qui manquaient au père ou à la mère.\** It is not easy to understand how the *idea* of species can reproduce itself, and give the offspring of a dog the *organs* which were wanting in the parents; but to those who believe that Species exist independently of individuals, and form the only real existences, the conception may be easier.

I have too much respect for the reader to drag him through a refutation of such philosophy as this; the statement of the opinion is enough. And yet, unless some such opinion be maintained, the doctrine of Fixity of Species is without a basis; for if it be said that the group of characters which constitute the dog are incapable of change, and in this sense Species are fixed, we have to ask what evidence there can be for such an assertion? since it is notorious that individual dogs *do* show a change in some of the characters of the group. We shall be referred to the Egyptian tombs for evidence. M. Flourens assures us that not only are these tombs evidence that Species have not changed in four thousand years, but that *no* species has changed—*aucune espèce n'a changé*—which is surely stepping a long way beyond the precincts of the tombs?

It may be paradoxical, but it is strictly true, that the fact of particular species having remained unaltered during four thousand years, does not add the slightest weight to the evidence in favour of the fixity of Species. "What!" some may exclaim, "do you pretend that four thousand years is not a period long enough to prove the fixity of animal forms?" Yes; I affirm that four thousand, or forty thousand, prove no more than four. It is only by a fallacy that the opposite opinion could gain acceptance. You would not suppose that I had strengthened my case if, instead of contenting myself with stating reasons once, I repeated these same reasons during forty successive pages; you would remind me that this *iteration* was not *cumulation*, and that no force was given to my fortieth assertion which the first wanted. Why, then, do you ask me to accept the repetition of the same fact four thousand times over, as an increase of evidence? It is a familiar fact that like produces like, that dogs resemble dogs, and do not resemble buffaloes; this fact is, of course, deepened in our conviction by the unvarying evidence we see around us, and is guaranteed by the philosophical axiom that like causes produce like effects; but when once such a conception is formed, it can gain no fresh strength from any particular instance. If we believe that crows are black, we do not hold that belief more firmly when we are shown that crows were black four thousand years ago. In like manner, if it is an admitted fact that individuals always reproduce individuals closely resembling themselves, it is not a whit more surprising that the dogs of Victoria should resemble the dogs of Semiramis, than that they should resemble their parents: the chain of four thousand

years is made up of many links, each link being a repetition of the other. So long as a single pair of dogs resembling each other unite, so long will there be specimens of that species; simply because the children inherit the characteristics of the parents. So long as Negroes marry with Negroes, and Jews with Jews, so long must there be a perpetuation of the Negro and Jewish types; but the tenth generation adds nothing to the evidence of the first, nor the ten-thousandth to the tenth.

I believe that this fallacy, which destroys the whole value of the Cuvierian argument, has not before been pointed out; and even now, you may, perhaps, ask if the fixity of Species is not proved by the fact that like produces like? So far from this, that it is only by the aid of such a fact in organic nature that we can imagine *new* species to have arisen: in other words, those who believe in the variability of Species, and the introduction of new forms by means of modification from the old, always invoke the law of hereditary transmission as the means of establishing accidental variations. Thus, let us suppose the Egyptian king to have had one hundred dogs, all of them staghounds, and no other form of dog to have existed at that time in that country; the dog species would be represented by the staghound. These staghounds would transmit to their offspring all their *specific characters*. But, as every one knows, however much dogs may resemble each other, they always present individual differences in size, colour, strength, intelligence, &c. Now, if any one of these differences should happen to become marked, and to increase by the intermarriage of two dogs similarly distinguished by the marked peculiarity, this peculiarity would in time become established by hereditary transmission, and would form the starting-point of a new race of dogs—say the greyhound—unless it were obliterated by intermarriage with dogs of the old type. In the former case, we should have two races of dogs among the descendants of those figured on the Egyptian tombs; but as one of these races would still preserve the original staghound type, Cuvier would refer to it as a proof that species had not varied. We, on the other hand, should point to the greyhound as proof that animal forms *are* variable, and that a new form had arisen from modification of the old.

An objection will at once be raised to this illustration, to the effect that all zoologists admit the possibility of new Varieties, or Races, being formed; but they deny that new Species can be formed. It is here that the equivocalness of the word Species prevents a clear understanding of each other's argument. Whiteness may justly be said to be unalterable; but white things may vary—they may become gray, or yellow. In like manner Species must be invariable, because Species is a word indicating a particular group of characters; but animals may vary in these characters: they may present some of the characters less, or more, developed; and they may even want some of them. Now as there is no absolute standard of what constitutes Species, what Sub-species, and what Varieties, it becomes impossible to say whether any individual variation in an animal form shall constitute a new Variety, or a new Species. With regard to

dogs the differences between the various races are so numerous, and so marked, as would suffice to constitute species and even genera, in other groups of animals.

We must relinquish the idea of proving anything by the paintings and sculptures of the ancients. When we find an Egyptian plough closely resembling the plough still in use in some places, we may identify it as of the same "Species" as our own; but this does not disprove the fact that steam-ploughs, and ploughs of various construction, have been since invented, all of them being modifications of the original type. Formerly, and for many years, the stage-coach was our approved mode of conveyance—and it is still kept up in some districts; nevertheless, modifications of coach-road into tramroad, and tramroad into railroad, have gradually resulted in a mode of conveyance utterly unlike the stage-coach. It is the same with animals.

Let us never forget that Species have no existence. Only individuals exist, and these *all vary* more or less from each other. When the variations are slight, they have no name; when they are more marked, and are transmitted from one generation to another, they constitute particular Races, or Varieties; when the differences are still more marked they constitute Sub-species; but, as Mr. Darwin says, "Certainly no clear line of demarcation has yet been drawn between Species and Sub-species; that is, the forms which in the opinion of some naturalists come very near to, but do not quite arrive at the rank of Species; or again, between Sub-species and well-marked Varieties, or between lesser Varieties and individual differences. These differences blend into each other in an insensible series; and a series impresses the mind with the idea of an actual passage." But the same process of divergence which establishes Varieties out of individual differences, and Species out of Varieties, also serves to establish Genera out of Species, Orders out of Genera, and Classes out of Orders. It is, doubtless, difficult to conceive by what process of modification, two animals of distinct Genera, say a dog and a cat, were produced from a common stock; but organic analogies in abundance render it easy of belief. If we knew as much of zoology as we do of embryology, in respect of the affinities of divergent forms, it would be far less surprising that two different Genera should arise from a common stock, than that all the various parts of the skeleton should arise from a common osseous element. We know that the jaws are identical with arms and legs—both being divergent modifications of a common osseous structure. We know that the arm of a man is identical with the fin of a whale, or the wing of a bird. The differences here in form, size, and function are much greater than the differences which establish orders and classes in the animal series. Unless animal forms were modifications of some common type, it would be difficult to explain their remarkable affinities. As Mr. Darwin says, "It is a truly wonderful fact—the wonder of which we are apt to overlook from familiarity—that all animals and all plants throughout all time and space should be related to

each other in group, subordinate to group, in the manner which we everywhere behold, namely, varieties of the same species most closely related together, species of the same genus less closely and unequally related together, forming sections and sub-genera, species of distinct genera much less closely related, and genera related in different degrees, forming sub-families, families, orders, sub-classes, and classes. The several subordinate groups in any class cannot be ranked in a single file, but seem rather to be clustered round points, and these round other points, and so on in almost endless circles. On the view that each species has been independently created, I can see no explanation of this great fact in the classification of all organic beings; but to the best of my judgment it is explained through inheritance, and the complex action of natural selection, entailing extinction and divergence of character. The affinities of all the beings of the same class have sometimes been represented by a great tree. I believe this simile largely speaks the truth. The green and budding twigs may represent existing species; and those produced during each former year may represent the long succession of extinct species. At each period of growth all the growing twigs have tried to branch out on all sides, and to overtop and kill the surrounding twigs and branches, in the same manner as species and groups of species have tried to overmaster other species in the great struggle for life. The limbs divided into great branches, and these into lesser branches, were themselves once, when the tree was small, budding twigs; and this connection of the former and present buds by ramifying branches, may well represent the classification of all extinct and living species in groups subordinate to groups. Of the many twigs which flourished when the tree was a mere bush, only two or three, now grown into great branches, yet survive and bear all the other branches. So with the species which lived during long-past geological periods, very few now have living and modified descendants. . . . As buds give rise by growth to fresh buds, and these, if vigorous, branch out and overtop on all sides many a feeble branch: so by generation, I believe, it has been with the great Tree of Life, which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever-branching and beautiful ramifications."\*

It will not be expected that in these brief and desultory remarks I should touch on all, or nearly all, the important points in the discussion respecting the Fixity of Species. Mr. Darwin's book is in everybody's hands, and my object has been to facilitate, if possible, the comprehension of his book, and the adoption of a more philosophical hypothesis, by pointing out the weakness of the chief argument on the other side. There is one more argument which may be noticed—the more so as it is constantly adduced with triumph by the one school, and admitted as a difficulty by the other. Its force is so great that it prevents many from accepting the development hypothesis. It is the argument founded on the alleged im-

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\* DARWIN: *Origin of Species*, p. 128.



possibility of Hybrids continuing the race. More than two or three generations of Hybrids, it is said, can never be maintained; after that, the new form perishes: thus clearly showing how Nature repudiates such amalgamations, and keeps her species jealously distinct and invariable. This argument is held to be the touchstone of the doctrine of species. I wish it were so; because, in that case, the question would no longer be one of hypothesis, since we have now the indubitable proof that some Hybrids are fertile unto the thirteenth generation and onwards.

A history of the various attempts which have been made to prove and disprove the fertility of Hybrids, would lead us beyond our limits; the curious reader is referred to the works cited below.\* One decisive case alone shall be given here, and no one will dispute that it is decisive.

The hare (*lepus timidus*) is assuredly of a distinct species from the rabbit (*lepus cuniculus*). So distinct are these species, that any classification which should range them as one, would violate every accepted principle. The hare is solitary, the rabbit gregarious; the hare lives on the surface of the earth, the rabbit burrows under the surface; the hare makes her home among the bushes, the rabbit makes a sort of nest for her young in her burrow—keeping them there till they are weaned; the hare has reddish-brown flesh, the rabbit white flesh; while the odour exhaled by each, and the flavour of each, are unmistakeably different. The hare has many anatomical characters differing from those of the rabbit: such as greater length and strength of the hind legs, larger body, shorter intestine, thicker skin, firmer hair, and different colour. The hare breeds only twice or thrice a year, and at each litter has only two or four; the rabbit will breed eight times a year, and each time has four, six, seven, and even eight young ones. Finally, the two are violent foes: the rabbits always destroy the hares, and all sportsmen are aware that if the rabbits be suffered to multiply on an estate, there will be small chance of hares.

Nevertheless, between species so distinct as these, a new hybrid race has been reared by M. Rouy, of Angoulême, who each year sends to market upwards of a thousand of his *Leporides*, as he calls them. His object was primarily commercial, not scientific. His experiments, extending from 1847 to the present time, have not only been of great commercial value—introducing a new and valuable breed—but have excited the attention of scientific men, who are now availing themselves of his skill and experience to help them in the solution of minor problems. It is enough to note here, that these hybrids of the hare and the rabbit are fertile, not only with either hares or rabbits, but *with each other*. Thirteen generations have already been enumerated, and the last remains so vigorous that no cessation whatever is to be anticipated.

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\* ISIDORE GEOFFROY ST. HILAIRE: *Hist. Nat. Générale des Règnes Organiques*, 1860, iii. 207 sq. BROCA: *Mémoire sur l'Hybridité*, in BROWN-SEQUARD'S *Journal de la Physiologie*, 1859.

In presence of this case (and others, though less striking, might be named) there is but one alternative; either we must declare that rabbits and hares form one and the same species—which is absurd—or we must admit that *new types may be formed by the union of two existing types*; and consequently that species are variable. If the doctrine of Fixity of Species acknowledges the touchstone of hybridity, the fate of the doctrine is settled for ever.

Although I conceive the doctrine of Fixity of Species to be altogether wrong, I cannot say that the arguments adduced in favour of the development hypothesis rise higher than a high degree of probability, still very far from demonstration; they will leave even the most willing disciple beset with difficulties and doubts. When stated in general terms, that hypothesis has a fascinating symmetry and simplicity, but no sooner do we apply it to particular cases, than a thick veil of mystery descends, and our pathway becomes a mere blind groping towards the light. There is nothing but what is perfectly conceivable, and in harmony with all analogies, in the idea of all animal forms having arisen from successive modifications of one original form; but there are many things perfectly conceivable, which have nevertheless no existence; there are many explanations perfectly probable, which are not true; and when we come to seek for the evidence of the development hypothesis, that evidence fails us. It *may* be true, but we cannot say that it *is* true. Ten years ago, I espoused the hypothesis, and believed that it must be the truth; but ten years of study, instead of deepening, have loosened that conviction: they have strengthened my opposition to the hypothesis of fixity of species, but they have given greater force to the difficulties which beset the development hypothesis, and have made me feel that at present the requisite evidence is wanting. I conclude with reminding the reader that the question of the origin of species is at present incapable of a positive answer; of the two hypotheses, that of development seems the more harmonious with our knowledge; but it is no more than an hypothesis, and will probably for ever remain one. Now, an hypothesis, although indispensable as a provisional mode of grouping together facts, and giving them some sort of explanation, is after all only a *guess*, and it may be absurdly wide of the truth. In Natural History, as in all other departments of speculative ingenuity, there have been a goodly number of outrageously extravagant hypotheses, gravely propounded, and credulously accepted. Men prefer an absurd guess to a blank; they would rather have a false opinion than no opinion; and one of the last developments of philosophic culture, is the power of *abstaining* from forming an opinion, where the necessary data are absent.

If you wish to see how easily hypotheses are formed and accepted, you need only turn over the history of any science. If you want a laugh at credulity, read a chapter of Pliny's *Natural History*. Pliny is a classic, and was for centuries an authority; but looked at with impartial eyes, he appears the veriest "old woman" that ever wrote in a beautiful style. He

was a mere bookworm, without a particle of scientific insight. His was not an age when men had much regard to evidence; but to him the suspicion never seems to have occurred that Gossip Report could be given to romancing, or that travellers could "see strange things." No fable is too monstrous for his credulity.

One of the pretty fables Pliny repeats, is, that pearls are formed by drops of dew falling into the gaping valves of the oyster. It never occurred to him to ask whether oysters were ever exposed to the dew? whether the drops *could* fall into their valves? whether oysters kept their valves open, except when under water? or, finally, whether, if the dew *did* fall in, it would *remain* a rounded drop? The drop of dew had a certain superficial resemblance to the pearl, and that was enough. Ælian's hypothesis was somewhat better: he supposed that the pearls were produced by lightning flashing into the open shells.

Turning from these ancient sages, you will ask how pearls are formed? And almost any ingenious modern, not a zoologist, will tell you (and tell you falsely), that the pearl is a disease of the oyster. One is somewhat fatigued with the merciless frequency with which this notion has been dragged in, as an illustration of genius issuing out of sorrow and adversity; and it is time to stop that "damnable iteration" by discrediting the notion. Know then, that if

"Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song"—

it is not true that oysters secrete in suffering what women wear as necklaces. Disease would be the very worst cradle for pearls. The idea of disease originated in a fanciful supposition of pearls being to the oyster and mussel what gall-stones and urinary calculi are to higher and more suffering animals. Réaumur, to whom we owe so many good observations and suggestive ideas, came near the truth when, in 1717, he showed that the structure of pearls was identical with the structure of the shells in which they grow. He attributed their formation to the morbid effusion of coagulating shell-material.

I presume you know that shells are formed by a secretion from the *mantle*? The mantle is that delicate semi-transparent membrane which you observe, on opening a mussel, lining the whole interior of the shells, and having at its free margins a sort of fringe of delicate tentacles, which are sensitive and retractile. A microscopic examination of these fringes shows them to be glandular in structure—that is, they are secreting organs. The whole mantle, indeed, is a secreting organ, and its secretion is the shell-material: the fringes secrete the colouring matters of the shell, and enlarge its *circumference*; the rest of the mantle secretes the nacre, or mother-of-pearl, and increases the *thickness* of the shell. Now it is obvious that the formation of pearl nacre, and of pearls, depends on the *healthy* condition of the mantle, not on its diseases. If the mantle be injured the nacre is not secreted at all, or in less quantities.

But, although pearls depend upon the healthy, not the diseased activity of the mantle, it is clear that there must be some unusual condition present for their formation; since the secretion of nacre does not spontaneously assume the form of pearls. What is the unusual condition? Naturalists are at present divided into two camps, fighting vigorously for victory. The one side maintains that the origin of a pearl is this—an egg of the oyster has escaped and strayed under the mantle; or the egg of a parasite has been deposited there; this egg forms the nucleus, round which the nacre forms, and thus we have the pearl. The other side maintains with great positiveness that *anything* will form a nucleus, a grain of sand, no less than the egg of a parasite. 'Tis a pretty quarrel, which we may leave them to settle. Some aver that grains of sand are more numerous than anything else; but Möbius says that of forty-four sea pearls, and fifteen fresh-water pearls, examined by him, not one contained a grain of sand; and Filippi, who has extensively investigated this subject, denies that a grain of sand ever forms the nucleus of a true pearl. Both Filippi and Küchenmeister \* declare that a parasite gets into the mussel or oyster, and its presence there stimulates an active secretion of nacre.

There are pearls, according to Möbius, which consist of three different systems of layers, like the shells in which they are formed; with this difference, that these layers are *reversed*: in the shell the nacre forms the innermost layer, in the pearl it forms the outermost. Hence the qualities of the pearl depend on the shell, and on the different proportions of nacre and carbonate of lime.

Since we know how pearls are made, may it not be expected that we should learn to make them? Ever since the days of Linnaeus the hope has been entertained, and it is now becoming every day more likely to be realized. Imperfect pearls have been made in abundance. The Chinese have long practised the art. They simply remove the large fresh-water mussel from the water, insert a foreign substance under the mantle, and in two or three years (if I remember rightly) they take the mussels up again, and find the pearls formed. In this way they make little mother-of-pearl Josses, which are sold for a penny each; and I remember seeing a couple of large shells in the Anatomical Museum at Munich, the whole length of which was occupied by rows of little squab Josses, very comical to behold. I was informed that a copper chain of these deities had been inserted under the mollusc's mantle, and this was the result.

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\* See their interesting essays in MÜLLER's *Archiv*, 1856.

## Paterfamilias to the Editor of the "Cornhill Magazine."

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SIR,—To a person returning to England after an absence of many years, few things can be more striking than the progress which has been made in the art and practice of education since the commencement of the present century, the methods and contrivances which have been ingeniously and mercifully invented for imparting with greater ease the rudiments of knowledge to the young, and the new books and new devices which really merit the Old World title of *Reading made Easy*.

Formerly, any old paupers, who could read or write more or less intelligibly, and who were too worn or too weak to earn their subsistence in any other manner, used to be considered as perfectly qualified to instruct the rising generation of the parish to which they belonged in those necessary arts; and dire used to be the sufferings which the unhappy village children underwent, solely because their broken-down and incompetent teachers knew but little themselves, and knew not at all how to impart that little to others.

To do them justice, however, their pupils were not entirely neglected. If they could not read fluently, neither could they seat themselves with any degree of comfort; and if they were backward in summing and spelling, they seldom failed to return home at night with swollen eyes and scored palms. The tree of knowledge in those days was only valued on account of the tough and elastic materials which it furnished for the manufacture of instruments of childish torture.

The normal aspect of a village school used then to be, an aged crone in the chimney-corner, spectacles on nose, and rod in hand; a loutish boy, crowned with a fool's cap, whining by her side; a class of trembling dunces before her, endeavouring in vain to shirk unchastised through lessons which they were as unapt to learn as their mistress was to teach; and, in the background, the body of the school, ignorant, rude, dirty, and of evil savour—just such a brutal and unpromising brood as the incapable old hen who presided over them might be expected to rear.

In the present year of our Lord 1860, a village, nay, a workhouse school, in any district of England, presents a very different, and a much pleasanter sight. Order, cleanliness, and intelligence now predominate; the active and experienced teachers—young men and women in the prime of life, carefully trained to teach—understand their duties thoroughly, and are proud of their success in discharging them. Punishments are now rare, and never cruel; the children have a happy and cultivated look, and the result of this improved system of school-teaching obtrudes itself gratefully on the eye and ear of the visitor in well-written copies and careful drawings, in distinctly enunciated reading, in harmonious singing, and in arithmetical calculations of surprising accuracy and rapidity. And all these valuable results have been produced by a very moderate degree

of judicious encouragement and vigilance on the part of the legislature, which has, in the first place, taught the teachers of the children of the poor the art of teaching—an art until lately entirely neglected in this country; and, secondly, has kept them up to their work by a careful system of school inspection. Every school which now benefits by a grant of government money is examined and reported on, publicly and periodically, by the government inspectors of schools, able and accomplished men, as thoroughly versed in the art of examination as the teachers they overlook are in the art of teaching.

It is a deplorable and strange fact, that whilst all this care and forethought has been so properly bestowed on the children of the English poor, the children of our wealthier classes have been in that respect altogether neglected. Their teachers are never trained to teach at all; no government inspector ever reports on the educational merits or demerits of our old-established upper-class schools, which remain, for the most part, mere money speculations, in which the welfare and progress of the pupils are held altogether subservient to the pecuniary profits of the masters. All is left in those important establishments to self-interest and to chance; and there would even now be small hope of a change in their system for the better, were it not for external circumstances, to which I will presently advert.

Many years ago I was myself a pupil at Harchester College, one of our most celebrated public schools. It was indeed a pleasant place for a sturdy, quick-witted boy; though for a boy who was neither sturdy nor quick-witted, it was neither pleasant nor profitable: clever, studious boys did very well at it, as clever, studious boys will generally do anywhere; but boys of average ability and application learnt very little there, and dull or idle boys learnt positively nothing at all.

Nor were these unsatisfactory results surprising, when the system and the staff of the school were critically examined. The Harchester tutors were all Fellows of one small and not very distinguished college at Oxbridge, which possessed a sort of vested interest in Harchester. They came thither as masters, not because anybody believed them to be clever men, or because they were supposed to possess any natural or acquired aptitude for teaching, but solely as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. They wished to make money rapidly. The profits of a master at Harchester were known to be very great; and the Fellows of — college had, according to their seniority, a prescriptive right to that position, if they pleased.

Such an arrangement as this was bad enough, but the fact that the proportion of masters to boys was dishonestly small, was worse; there were not nearly enough of them even to hear the pupils the daily tasks which were assigned to them; and as for any moral or social supervision out of school-hours, none was ever attempted—so perplexed and overwhelmed were the teachers with the burden of their scholastic duties. If the elder boys in a tutor's house chanced to be gentlemanlike and well-conditioned lads, the juniors had a pretty good time of it, and fared tolerably; if they chanced to be roughs or snobs, which they occasionally were, the juniors

had a bad time of it, and fared ill. But the whole thing was a complete matter of chance. A tutor, who from seven in the morning till ten at night, with very brief intervals for food and exercise, was occupied in teaching and hearing lessons, in examining maps, in correcting themes and verses, and who could not in that space of time hear one-fifth of the lessons his pupils were supposed, by a wild stretch of tutorial imagination, to learn, was not in a position to bestow much attention on either the morals or the manners of the boys. During the daytime they were left entirely to themselves, to ferment, and purify or corrupt, as the case might be; and at night they were in some degree supervised and controlled by the confidential servants of the houses in which they boarded.

The regular business of the school consisted solely in the study of Latin and Greek, which was taught in the precise manner in which it had been taught to our fathers and grandfathers; for no newfangled or short cuts to knowledge found favour in the eyes of the Principal of Harchester; of modern history, modern geography, modern languages, English composition and literature, arithmetic, or mathematics, we learnt nothing. There was, indeed, a slight pretence made of teaching some few of those branches of education, and French and mathematics figured occasionally as extras in our bills; but it was but a pretence—they formed no part of what was termed “the regular business of the school,” and proficiency in them obtained for a boy neither credit nor position at Harchester. Straws often show which way the wind blows. The Harchester boys were never required to touch their hats to the French or the mathematical masters; whilst to the classical masters, who alone conducted the discipline of the school, they were required to be always hat in hand.

The insufficient number of masters, and the overwhelming number of pupils, enabled the latter to shirk their lessons with great facility; and the consequence was, that the masters, conscious of the evil practice, yet unequal to prevent it, quieted their consciences by inflicting corporal punishments to an incredible amount; notwithstanding which, it is no exaggeration to say, that for one pupil who left Harchester a fair scholar, a dozen left it with scarcely any education at all.

But as the Harchester boys had plenty of holidays—as their amusements were many and varied, and as they were liberally fed and well lodged—they liked the system and the place well enough. Fives, rackets, cricket, boating, hockey, and football kept them healthy and active; they dressed well and expensively, had every opportunity they could desire for running in debt at the pastrycooks’ and the public-houses of the town, and, I am sorry to say, equal facilities for becoming initiated into some of the vices of maturer age.

The masters were scarcely to blame for this; it was the system that was mainly in fault. They had themselves been brought up under that system; they sincerely believed in it. They worked from morning till night, and more could not be expected of mortal men. If they could, they would have educated all their pupils thoroughly; they would have

watched over them and kept them out of debt and difficulty of all kind; but they could not—their numbers were so few. It is true that their numbers might have been doubled, nay, trebled, with undoubted advantage to the school; but then their profits must have been proportionably diminished; and it was too much to expect from human nature that a reform, which could only be attained at such a heavy cost, should be initiated by the very individuals who would suffer from it. Government inspection would at once have shown the propriety of such a step, and would have necessitated its immediate adoption; but to talk of government inspection for such a distinguished school as Harchester would have been rank sacrilege. It might do very well for the schools of the poor, but Harchester would never have submitted to it.

Harchester was a very popular school. The sons of half the nobility and gentry of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were sent thither, because their fathers had been there before them; and because, although it was known not to be a very good school—for learning—there was no other upper-class school which was known to be decidedly better. It used to be hinted, too, that between each generation vast improvements had taken place in its system. The high social position of the Harchester boys was sure to obtain for them a remarkably good start in the race of life, and whenever any one of them distinguished himself signally at college or in parliament, the admirers of Harchester fondly attributed his success to the excellence of the Harchester system. It never seemed to occur to them that the boy might have thriven in spite of that lax and dishonest system, and not in consequence of it. Harchester men had also a great reputation for being gentlemanlike, and on that quality they prided themselves much more than upon their scholarship. But as the sons of the best noblemen and gentlemen of England all went to Harchester, it was not very surprising that they should grow up gentlemen. They would probably have done so had they all been educated anywhere else. At any rate, the masters could claim no credit for the gentility of their pupils—unless, indeed, gentility be a plant which is best cultivated by entire neglect.

Numbers of the wealthy of the middle classes sent their sons to Harchester in imitation of their betters. It was the most expensive school in England. They imagined that its associations secured to their boys great advantages in after life; and, in truth, like their betters, they knew of no other upper-class school that was decidedly superior to it. Mothers liked it because it was fashionable, and was supposed to make their boys "gentlemen;" and country squires, who had been educated there themselves, and were not particularly conscious of their own deficiencies, were quite satisfied if their sons, after passing four or five years in happy idleness, left it accomplished oarsmen and expert cricketers.

Thirty or forty years ago such a system as this did very well for our governing classes; well or ill educated, the Houses of Lords and Commons, the Army, and the Civil Service, received with open arms the children of



the powerful and the rich ; eldest sons, after a couple of years' additional idleness as gentlemen commoners at Oxbridge, went into parliament and voted all the more steadily with their party, because they were confirmed and incurable dunces ; whilst younger sons obtained commissions in crack regiments, or stools in the Treasury and Foreign Office, and rose through the money and the parliamentary influence their fathers could command, rather than through their own merits and exertions. From such causes, and for such reasons, did Harchester College prosper, and set an example which was followed by most of the upper-class schools in England.

But in the present day, circumstances have arisen which must ere long shake the time-honoured Harchester system to its very foundations. The improvements which have of late years taken place in English education, have, indeed, been first made manifest in the schools of the poor ; but they are swiftly surging upwards, and if Harchester, and our other great public schools, are to maintain the position which they have hitherto held, the sooner they call in the government inspector the better for them. Middle-class schools are rising around them—in London, in Liverpool, at Cheltenham, at Bradley, at Marlborough, at Bradfield, and elsewhere—which are readily adapting themselves to the altered requirements of the age ; and unless Harchester means to be left in the lurch, that venerable establishment must conform also.

No boy can now enter the Army or the Civil Service until he has proved by an examination before government examiners, not only that his parents have paid for a good education for him, but that he has profited by it. The standard of education which has been erected by the Civil Service Commissioners and the Board of Military Education, is, indeed, a low one ; but it has been constructed by the advice and with the concurrence of the masters of our largest schools, it is firmly based upon public opinion, and it is far more likely to be heightened than to be reduced. And there it will henceforward remain—a sure though not a severe test of the honesty and abilities of masters as well as of scholars. From a youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age it requires but little, but it insists that that little shall be well and thoroughly learnt. A correct knowledge of his mother tongue and of arithmetic, a fair acquaintance with history, geography, mathematics, and French, as well as with Latin and with Greek, if the candidate volunteers the latter, is all that is asked ; and if an upper-class school does not teach that much to a boy between the age of twelve and eighteen, it is not unreasonable to inquire what it does teach him ? But these are just the educational items which Harchester has hitherto evaded teaching. They are not yet part of the Harchester “school business ;” the sooner they are, the better for the future prosperity of Harchester.

As matters now stand, what happens to a Harchester boy the moment he receives the promise of a commission or a clerkship, is just this : he is hastily removed from that celebrated school, and is handed over to “a crammer”—an educational empiric—who can have no pride in his calling ; who deals only with full-grown and avowed dunces ; and who undertakes

to teach them in a few months what it is shameful to their teachers that they should not have learnt years before. The "crammer" teaches at a manifest disadvantage; he and his pupil are strangers to each other; he knows nothing of his constitution, his disposition, his capacity, or his temper; he has, and can have, no influence or control over him; all he can do, all he undertakes to do, is to hustle him, by fair means or by foul, over the low educational barrier which debars the youth from entering the profession of his choice. Sometimes he succeeds—generally after one or two mortifying failures; but very often the poor lad has been allowed to become so incurably idle as to be unable to acquire at eighteen those rudimentary parts of education, which ought to have been imparted to him when he was a child, and in which the sons of his father's tradesmen are now mostly proficient; and he is in consequence shut out from the career to which he and his parents have for years been looking forward with eager satisfaction. In either case his friends are unfairly exposed to great expense, anxiety, and mortification. And all this happens because our old public school system is too deeply rooted in vested interests to accommodate itself readily to the altered habits and requirements of the age.

I know very well that I shall be told that our public school system is not what it used to be, and that what I have here written refers rather to what *was* than to what *is*. I am prepared to test the justice of this reproof in the manner most disadvantageous to my argument. I have before me the statistics of half-a-dozen of our largest upper-class schools; I will take up those of the most costly, the most renowned, the largest. They are those of Eton.

I find that that school lately contained between 800 and 900 boys. To teach them everything, save mathematics and French, there were twenty-one masters. But of those, one, the head master, takes no pupils: nor does the assistant master in college teach any of the boys. Upwards of 800 boys, therefore, are taught by nineteen masters. Now much economy of scholastic labour may undoubtedly be effected by teaching boys in large droves; but I am assured that the system of instruction at Eton is rather wasteful than economical of scholastic labour. All the teaching is done out of school, in the private houses of the tutors, and the boys only go into school to repeat what they have previously learnt, and to exhibit exercises that have been already examined and corrected. Therefore, as each master has a few pupils in every class in the school, each master is compelled every day to go through the entire business of every class in the school; and some of them undertake single-handed the private tuition of as many as seventy boys!

It seems absolutely impossible, under such conditions, that nineteen masters can do justice to 800 or 900 boys; and the questions naturally arise,—Do they do justice to them? Can they do justice to them? And if they do not, and cannot, why are their numbers not doubled or trebled at once? Ought not the liberal sum paid for the education of an Eton boy to ensure to him the fullest educational advantages? Ought any "crammer"

to be required to prepare him for his appearance before the Civil Service Commissioners or the Board of Military Education?

Of late years we have been told that the study of modern languages has been much more attended to at our public schools than formerly; and H.R.H. the Prince Consort has kindly and thoughtfully encouraged it by offering prizes for the best scholars in that branch of knowledge at Eton. But the authorities at that school do not appear, from their published statistics, to be sensible of the importance of such acquirements, although they absolutely constitute the only current coin which will be received at the educational turnpike which the government has recently erected, and through which every boy entering on public life as a soldier or a civil servant must now pass. At that turnpike Greek and Roman money is no longer exclusively taken.

The class of youths who are educated at Eton can scarcely be said to have received the education of gentlemen, if at seventeen or eighteen they have not acquired a moderate knowledge of French. Yet to teach 800 or 900 boys French, but one master has hitherto been provided by the authorities of that school; and for their fractional share in his services, his pupils each pay 10*l.* 10*s.* a year *extra*. At King's College, London,—one of the best of our middle-class schools—there are three French masters kept to instruct 380 boys, without any *extra* charge. At Charter-House—which enjoys the advantage of the independent supervision of its distinguished governors—there is one classical master to every twenty boys; and French—not an *extra*—is as well cared for as it is at King's College; whilst at Eton there is not one classical master to every forty boys. I will, however, enter into no further comparisons of this kind. I am fearful of falling into technical errors, which might weaken the force of what I wish to say. I have no right to suppose that Eton is a bit worse than others of our public schools, or that it is not better than many of them: but I do say that the statistics to which I have here adverted call for immediate attention and explanation. It is of the utmost importance to every man in England that the schools at which our future legislators are educated should be good schools, and that the governors of this country should be at least as well educated as the governed. If they are not, in the course of a few years deplorable results must ensue.

I will now relate the accident which has decided me on calling, through your means, public attention to this matter.

Some months ago I visited one of our newly established schools, where about one hundred and fifty boys were receiving their education. The principal of it, a very distinguished man, well known for his energetic intelligence in the cause of education, told me that he felt he could not do justice to his boys unless he had one master to every twelve of them. I inquired what he paid his masters, and I found his maximum was about 800*l.* a year, and his minimum 300*l.*, board included. For these sums, he assured me, he secured the best men the universities produced. All the arrangements of his school appeared to me excellent; and the conveni-

ences and opportunities for cricket, football, and other athletic amusements, were quite equal to those we used to enjoy at Harchester. The principal himself took no part in the teaching—he merely exercised a general superintendence over the whole. I should much like to name this admirable establishment; but as I have not his permission to do so, I forbear.

Shortly afterwards I chanced to read in *The Times* the list of the successful competitors at one of the highest open examinations held by the Government Examiners. The boy whose name stood at the head of that list was named as having been educated at this gentleman's school, and as having come direct from thence into the public examination room. He had won in a canter, as the number of marks assigned to him proved. Last but not one on the list of sixty was the only Etonian candidate, and to his name was added, "Educated at Eton, and at subsequent private tutors'."

In conclusion, sir, I will offer a suggestion. I do so with extreme diffidence, and with entire deference to those who are, I know, more competent to judge of educational questions than I am. I merely throw it out for consideration.

Compulsory inspection of our great schools is, I imagine, out of the question; but I would ask whether a voluntary system could not be devised which should place at the disposal of such schoolmasters as chose to avail themselves of it, accredited government inspectors, who, being invited, should repair to a school, examine its system and its pupils, and report formally and publicly upon both.

Supposing that at this moment Eton, or any other great school, confident in its system and its educational integrity, were to avail itself of this privilege, and that the government inspectors should report that they had examined that establishment; that its educational staff was abundant; that its fifth and sixth forms were generally not only good classical scholars, but so well grounded in English, French, arithmetic, and mathematics as to be able to present themselves without the intervention of "crammers" for examination for the Army or the Civil Service, with every prospect of success—what an advantage such a report as that would be to the school and to the pupils: what a load it would remove from the bosoms of hundreds of doubting and anxious parents: what a stimulus it would give to other less faithfully conducted educational establishments!

And if the inspectors' report should happen to be not quite so favourable to its existing system,—if it recommended that the number of tutors should be at least trebled, and that modern languages, arithmetic, and mathematics, should be made part of the "regular business" of the school, would not its publicity render immediate improvement and reform the best policy—no matter at what present pecuniary sacrifice?

My suggestion is, perhaps, a crude one; nevertheless, I earnestly commend it to the attention of H. R. H. Prince Albert, and of those in authority who interest themselves in the education of this great country.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

PATERFAMILIAS.

## The Outcast Mother.

I'VE seen this dell in July's shine,  
As lovely as an angel's dream;  
Above—Heaven's depth of blue divine,  
Around—the evening's golden beam.

I've seen the purple heather-bell  
Look out by many a storm-worn stone;  
And, oh! I've known such music swell,—  
Such wild notes wake these passes lone—

So soft, yet so intensely felt;  
So low, yet so distinctly heard;  
My breath would pause, my eyes would melt,  
And tears would dew the green heath-sward.

I'd linger here a summer day,  
Nor care how fast the hours flew by;  
Nor mark the sun's departing ray  
Smile sadly from the dark'ning sky.

Then, then, I might have laid me down,  
And dreamed my sleep would gentle be;  
I might have left thee, darling one,  
And thought thy God was guarding thee!

But now there is no wand'ring glow,  
No gleam to say that God is nigh;  
And coldly spreads the couch of snow,  
And harshly sounds thy lullaby.

Forests of heather, dark and long,  
Wave their brown branching arms above;  
And they must soothe thee with their song,  
And they must shield my child of love.

Alas! the flakes are heavily falling,  
They cover fast each guardian crest;  
And chilly white their shroud is palling,  
Thy frozen limbs and freezing breast.

Wakes up the storm more madly wild,  
The mountain drifts are tossed on high;  
Farewell, unblest'd, unfriended child,  
I cannot bear to watch thee die!

E. J. BRONTË.

HAWORTH, *July 12th*, 1839.

## The Portent.

### I.—ITS LEGEND.

[As the sole return which I have it in my power to make for a friendship and a skill which have greatly alleviated my sufferings, I accede to the request of Dr. — to commit to writing one or two passages in a history which has had more than the ordinary share of the marvellous in its composition. I write them with reluctance, yet with the feeling that I owe him the narration. It will serve, it may be, if not to explain, yet to account for some of the anomalies which he confesses have perplexed him in the treatment of my case. I leave it entirely to him to direct, by will or otherwise, what is to be the fate of these papers, after his and my decease.]

EXCEPT a few acres of arable land at its foot, a bare hill formed almost the whole of my father's possessions. The sheep ate over it, and found it good for food; I raced and bounded over it, and thought it a kingdom. In the still autumn morning, the wide moor lay outstretched in its stillness, high uplifted towards the heaven. The dew hung on every stalk in tiny drops, which, as the sun arose, sparkled and burned with all the hues shared by the whole family of gems. Here and there a bird gave a cry: all else was silence. It is strange, but I never see the statue of the Roman youth, praying with outstretched arms, and open, empty, level palms, as if waiting to receive and hold the blessing of the gods, but that outstretched barren heath rises before me, as if it meant the same thing as the statue,—or were, at least, the fit room in the middle space of which to set the praying and expectant youth. There was one spot upon the hill, half-way between the valley and the moorland above, which was my favourite haunt. This part of the hill was covered with great blocks of stone, of all shapes and sizes—here crowded together, like the slain where the battle was fiercest; there parting asunder from a space covered with the delicate green of the sweetest, softest grass. In the centre of one of these green spots, on a steep part of the hill, were three huge rocks—two projecting out of the hill, rather than standing up from it, and one, likewise projecting from the hill, but lying across the tops of the two others, so as to form a little cave, the back of which was the side of the hill. This was my refuge. my home within a home, my study, and, in the hot noons, often my sleeping chamber, and my house of dreams. If the wind blew cold on the hill-side, a hollow of lulling warmth was there, scooped as it were out of the body of the blast, which swept around, and whistled keen and thin through the cracks and crannies of the great rocky chaos that lay all about, and in which the wind plunged, and flowed, and eddied and withdrew, as the sea-waves on the cliffy shores or the unknown rugged bottoms. When I lifted my eyes, before me lay, but at some miles' distance, behind another hill, which on the opposite side of the valley ran parallel to mine, a great mountain; not like that on which I was

seated, but a mighty thing, a chieftain of the race, seamed and scarred, featured with chasms, and precipices, and overleaning rocks, themselves huge as hills; here blackened with shade, there overspread with glory; interlaced with the silvery lines of many falling streams, which, hurrying from heaven to earth, cared not how they went, so it were downwards. Fearful stories were told of many an awful gulf, many a sullen pool, and many a dread and dizzy height upon that terror-haunted mountain. But, except in storms, when the wind roared like thunder in its caverns and along the jagged sides of its cliffs, no sound from that uplifted land—uplifted, yet secret and full of dismay—ever reached my ears. Did I say no sound? But I must not anticipate.

I will now describe that peculiarity to which I have referred. I have some reason to believe that I have inherited it from a far-off ancestor. It seemed to have its root in an unusual delicacy of hearing, which often conveyed to me sounds inaudible to those about me. This I had many opportunities of proving. It likewise, however, brought me sounds which I could never trace back to their origin; but which, notwithstanding, may have arisen from some natural operation which I had not perseverance or mental acuteness sufficient to discover. From this, or, it may be, from some deeper cause with which this was associated, arose a certain kind of fearfulness connected with the sense of hearing, of which I have never heard a corresponding instance, but which I think I can easily make you understand. Full as my mind was of the wild and sometimes fearful tales of a Highland nursery, fear never entered my mind by the eyes; nor, when I brooded over tales of terror, and fancied new and yet more frightful embodiments of horror, did I shudder at any imaginable spectacle, or tremble lest the fancy should become fact, and from behind the whin-bush or the elder-hedge should glide forth the tall swaying form of the Boneless. Indeed, when I was alone in bed, I used to lie awake, and look out into the room, peopling it with the forms of all the persons who had died within the scope of my memory and acquaintance. These fancied forms were vividly present to my imagination. I pictured them pale, with dark circles around their hollow eyes, visible by a light which glimmered within them; not the light of life, but a pale greenish phosphorescence, generated by the decay of the brain inside. Their garments were white and trailing, but torn and soiled, as if by trying often in vain to get up out of the buried coffin. So far from being terrified by these imaginings, I used to delight in them; and even, when on a long winter evening I did not happen to have any book to read that interested me sufficiently, to look forward with expectation to the hour when, laying myself straight upon my back, as if my bed were my coffin, I could call up from underground all who had passed away, and see how they fared, yea even what progress they had made towards final dissolution of form;—but, observe, all the time with my fingers pushed hard into my ears, lest any the faintest sound should invade the silent citadel of my soul. If by chance I removed one of my fingers, the agony of terror I instantly experienced

was such as to be, by me at least, indescribable. I can compare it to nothing but the rushing in upon my brain of a whole churchyard of spectres. The very possibility of hearing a sound in such a mood, and at such a time, was enough to torture me. So I could scare myself in broad daylight, on the open hill-side, by imaginary unintelligible sounds; and my imagination was both original and fertile in the invention of such. But my mind was too active to be often subjected to such influences. Indeed life would have been hardly endurable, had these moods been of more than occasional occurrence. As I grew older, I almost outgrew them. Yet sometimes one awful dread would seize me—that, perhaps, the prophetic power manifest in the gift of second sight, which had belonged to several of my ancestors, according to the testimony of my old nurse, had been in my case transformed in kind, without losing its nature, and had transferred its abode from the sight to the hearing, whence resulted its keenness, and my fear and suffering.

One summer evening, I had lingered longer than usual in my rocky retreat: I had lain half-dreaming in the mouth of the cave, till the shadows of evening had fallen, and the gloaming had deepened half-way towards the night. But the night had no more terrors for me than the day. Indeed, in such regions there is a solitude, for the recognition of which there almost seems to exist a peculiar sense in the human mind, and upon which the shadows of night seem to sink with a strange relief, closing in around, and hiding from the eye the wide space which yet they throw more open to the imagination. When I lifted my head, a star here and there caught my eye; but when I looked intently into the depths of blue gray, I saw that they were crowded with twinkles. The mountain rose before me a huge mass of gloom; but its several peaks stood out against the sky with a clear, pure, sharp outline, and seemed nearer than the chaos from which they rose heavenwards. One star trembled and throbbled upon the very tip of the loftiest, the central peak, which seemed the spire of a mighty temple, where the light was worshipped—crowned, therefore, in the darkness, with the emblem of the day. This fancy was still in my thought, when I heard, clear, though faint and far away, the sound as of the iron-shod hoofs of a horse, in furious gallop along an uneven rocky surface. It was more like a distinct echo than an original sound. It seemed to come from the face of the mountain, where I knew no horse could go at that speed, even if its rider courted his certain destruction. There was a peculiarity too in the sound—a certain tinkle, or clank, which seemed only to mingle with the body of the sound, and which I fancied myself able, by auricular analysis, to separate from it, assigning to it a regular interval of recurrence. Supposing the sound to be caused by the feet of a horse, the peculiarity was just such as would result from one of the shoes being loose. A strange terror seized me, and I hastened home. The sound gradually died away as I descended the hill. I could not account for them, except on the supposition that they were an echo from the precipice. But I knew of no road lying so that, if a horse were



galloping upon it, the sounds would be reflected from the mountain to me.

The next day, in one of my rambles, I found myself near the cottage of my old foster-mother, who was distantly related to us, and was a trusted servant in the family at the time I was born. On the death of my mother, which took place almost immediately after my birth, she took the entire charge of me, and brought me up, though with difficulty; for she used to tell me I should never be either folk or fairy. For some years she had lived alone in a cottage, which lay at the bottom of a deep green circular hollow, upon which one came with a sudden surprise in walking over a heathy table-land. I was her frequent visitor. She was a tall, thin, aged woman, with eager eyes, and well-defined, clear-cut features. Her voice was harsh, but with an undertone of great tenderness. She was scrupulously careful in her attire, which was rather above her station. Altogether she had much the bearing of a gentlewoman. Her devotion to me was quite motherly. Never having had any family of her own, although she had been the wife of one of my father's shepherds, the whole maternity of her nature was expended upon me; but this without much show of affection, compared with what would be expected in a more southern climate. She was always my first resource in any perplexity, for I was sure of all the help she could give me. And as she had much influence with my father, who was rather severe in his notions, I had now and then occasion to beg her interference in regard to some slight aberration or other from what he considered the path of strict decorum. Nothing of the sort, however, led to my visit on the present occasion.

I ran down the side of the basin and entered the little cottage. Nurse was seated on a chair by the wall, with her usual knitting, a stocking, in one hand; but her hands were motionless, and her eyes wide open and fixed. I knew that the neighbours stood rather in awe of her, on the ground that she had the second sight; but although she often told us frightful enough stories, she never alluded to such a gift as being in her possession. Now I concluded at once that she was *seeing*. I was confirmed in this conclusion when, seeming to come to herself suddenly, she covered her head with her plaid; and sobbed audibly, in spite of her efforts to command herself. But I did not dare to ask her any questions, nor did she attempt any excuse for her behaviour. After a few moments, she unveiled herself, rose, and welcomed me with her usual kindness; then got me some refreshment, and began to question me about matters at home. After a pause, she said suddenly: "When are you going to get your commission, Duncan, do you know?" I replied, that I had heard nothing of it; that I did not think my father had influence or money enough to procure me one, and that I feared I should have no such good chance of distinguishing myself. She did not answer, but nodded her head three times, slowly and with compressed lips, apparently as much as to say, "I know better."

Just as I was leaving her, it occurred to me to mention that I had heard an odd sound the night before. She turned full towards me, and looked at me fixedly. "What was it like, Duncan, my dear?"

"Like a horse galloping with a loose shoe," I replied.

"Duncan, Duncan, my darling," she said, with a low, trembling voice, but with passionate earnestness, "you did not hear it? Tell me that you did not hear it! You only want to frighten poor old nurse: some one has been telling you the story!"

It was my turn to be frightened now; for the matter became at once associated with my fears as to the possible nature of my auricular peculiarities. I assured her that nothing was farther from my intention than to frighten her; that, on the contrary, she had rather alarmed me; and I begged her to explain. But she sat down white and trembling, and did not speak. Presently, however, she rose again, and saying, "I have known it happen sometimes without anything very bad following," began to put away the basin and plate I had been eating and drinking from, as if she would compel herself to be calm before me. I renewed my entreaties for an explanation, but without avail; for she begged me to be content for a few days, as she was quite unable to tell the story at present. She promised, however, of her own accord, that before I left home, she would tell me all she knew about it. The next day a letter arrived announcing the death of a distant relation, by whose influence my father had had a lingering hope of obtaining an appointment for me. There was nothing left but to look out for a situation as tutor.

I was now nineteen. I had completed the usual curriculum of study at one of the Scotch universities; and, possessed of a fair knowledge of mathematics and physics, and what I considered rather more than a good foundation of classical and metaphysical acquirement, I resolved to apply for the first suitable situation that offered. But I was spared even this trouble in the matter. Through a circuitous channel, a certain Lord Hilton, an English nobleman, residing in one of the southern counties of England, having heard that one of my father's sons was desirous of such a situation, wrote to him, offering me the post of tutor to his two boys, of the ages of ten and twelve. He had himself been partly educated at a Scotch university; and this, it may be, had prejudiced him in favour of a Scotch tutor; while an ancient alliance of the families by marriage was supposed by my nurse to be the cause of his offering me the post. Of this connection, however, my father said nothing to me, and it went for nothing in my anticipations. I was to receive a hundred pounds a year, and to hold in the family the position of a gentleman; which might mean anything or nothing, according to the disposition of the heads of the family. Preparations for my departure were immediately commenced; and I set out one evening for the cottage of my old nurse, to bid her good-bye for many months, or probably years. I was to leave the next day for Edinburgh, on my way to London, whence

I had to repair by coach to my new abode—almost to me like the land beyond the grave, so little did I know about it, and so wide was the separation between it and my home. The evening was sultry when I began my walk, and before I arrived at nurse's cottage, the clouds rising from all quarters of the horizon, and especially gathering around the peaks of the mountain, betokened the near approach of a thunder-storm. This was a great delight to me. Gladly would I take leave of my home with the memory of a last night of tumultuous magnificence, followed, probably, by a day of weeping rain, well suited to the mood of my own heart in bidding farewell to the best of parents and the dearest of homes. Besides, in common with most Scotchmen who are young and hardy enough to be unable to realize to themselves the existence of coughs and rheumatic fevers, it was a positive pleasure to me to be out in rain, hail, or snow.

"I am come to bid you good-bye, Margaret, and to hear the story which you promised to tell me before I left home: I go to-morrow."

"Do you go so soon, my darling? Well, it will be an awful night to tell it in; but, as I promised, I suppose I must."

At the moment, down the wide chimney fell two or three great drops of rain, with slight explosions upon the clear turf-fire, the first of the storm.

"Yes, indeed you must," I replied; and she commenced. Of course it was all told in Gaelic; and I translate from my recollection of the Gaelic; or, perhaps, rather from the impression left upon my mind, than from any recollection of the words. We sat a little way back from the fire, which we had reason to fear would soon be put out by the falling rain.

"How old the story is, I do not know. It has come down through many generations. My grandmother told it to me, as I tell it to you; and her mother and my mother sat beside, never interrupting, but nodding their heads at every turn. Almost it ought to begin like the fairy tales, *Once upon a time*,—it took place so long ago; but it is too dreadful and too true to tell like a fairy tale. There were two brothers, sons of the chief of our clan, but as different in appearance and disposition, as two men could be. The elder was fair-haired and strong, much given to hunting and fishing; fighting too, upon occasion, I daresay, when they made a foray upon the Saxon, to get back a mouthful of their own. But he was gentleness itself to every one about him, and the very soul of honour in all his doings. The younger was very dark in complexion, and tall and slender compared to his brother. He was very fond of book-learning, which, they say, was an uncommon taste in those times. He did not care for any sports or bodily exercises but one, and that too, was unusual in these parts. It was horsemanship. He was a fierce rider, and seemed as much at home in the saddle as in his study chair. You may think that, so long ago, there was not much fit room for riding hereabouts; but, fit or not fit, he rode. From his reading and riding, the neighbours

looked doubtfully upon him, and whispered about the black art. He usually bestrode a great powerful black horse, without a white hair on him; and people said it was either the devil himself, or a demon-horse from the devil's own stud. What favoured this notion was, that the brute would let no other than his master go near him, in or out of the stable. Indeed no one would venture, after he had already killed two men, and grievously maimed a third, tearing him with his teeth and hoofs like a wild beast. But to his master he was obedient as a hound, and was sometimes seen to tremble in his presence.

"The youth's temper corresponded to his habits. He was both gloomy and passionate. Prone to anger, he had never been known to forgive. Debarred from anything on which he had set his heart, he would have gone mad with longing if he had not gone mad with rage. His soul was like the night around us now, dark and sultry and silent, but lighted up by the red levin of wrath, and torn by the bellowsings of thunder passion. He must have his will: hell might have his soul. Imagine then the rage and malice in his heart, when he suddenly became aware that an orphan girl, distantly related to them, who had lived with them for nearly two years, and whom he had loved for almost all that period, was loved by his elder brother, and loved him in return. He flung his right hand above his head, swore a terrible oath that if he might not his brother should not, rushed out of the house, and galloped off among the hills.

"The orphan was a beautiful girl, tall, pale, and slender, with plentiful dark hair, which, when released from the snood, rippled down below her knees. Her appearance consequently formed a strong contrast with that of her favoured lover, and of course there was some resemblance between her and the other. This fact seemed, to the fierce selfishness of the younger, to be ground for a prior claim.

"It may seem strange that a man like him should not have had instant recourse to his superior and hidden knowledge, by means of which he might have got rid of his rival with far more certainty and less risk; but I presume that for the moment his passion overwhelmed his consciousness of skill. Yet I do not suppose that he foresaw the mode in which his hatred was about to operate. At the moment when he learned their mutual attachment, probably through a domestic, the lady was on her way to meet her lover as he returned from the day's sport. The appointed place was on the edge of a deep rocky ravine, down in whose dark bosom brawled and foamed a little mountain torrent. You know the place, Duncan, my dear, I daresay."

(Here she gave me a minute description of the spot, with directions how to find it.)

"Whether any one saw what I am about to relate, or whether it was put together afterwards, partly from conjecture, I cannot tell. The story is like an old tree—so old that it has lost the marks of its growth. But this is how my grandmother told it to me. An evil chance led him in the right direction. The lovers, startled by the sound of the approaching

horse, parted in opposite directions along a narrow mountain-path on the edge of the ravine. Into this path he struck at a point near where the lovers had met, but to opposite sides of which they had now receded; so that he was between them on the path. Turning his horse up the course of the stream, he soon came in sight of his brother on the ledge before him. With a suppressed scream of rage, he rode headlong at him, and ere he had time to make the least defence, hurled him over the precipice. The weakness of the strong man was uttered in one single despairing cry as he shot into the abyss. Then all was still. The sound of his fall could not reach the edge of the gulf. Divining in a moment that the lady, whose name was Elsie, must have fled in the opposite direction, he reined his steed on his haunches. He could touch the precipice with his bridle hand half outstretched; his sword hand outstretched would have dropped a stone to the bottom of the ravine. There was no room to wheel. One desperate practicability alone remained. Turning his horse's head towards the edge, he compelled him by means of the powerful bit alone, to rear till he stood almost erect; and so, his body swaying over the gulf, with quivering and straining muscles to turn on his hind-legs. Having completed the half-circle, he let him drop on all fours, and urged him furiously in the opposite direction. It must have been by the devil's own care that he was able to continue his gallop along that ledge of rock.

“He soon caught sight of the maiden, as she leaned half-fainting against the precipice. She had heard her lover's last cry, and although it conveyed no suggestion of his voice to her ear, she trembled from head to foot, and her limbs could bear her no farther. He checked his speed, rode gently up to her, lifted her unresisting, laid her across the shoulders of his reeking horse, and riding carefully till he reached a more open path, dashed again wildly along the mountain-side. The lady's long hair was shaken loose, and dropped trailing on the ground. The horse trampled upon it, and stumbled, half dragging her from the saddle-bow. He caught her, lifted her up, and looked at her face. She was dead. I suppose he went mad. He laid her again across the saddle before him, and rode on, reckless whither. Horse and man and maiden were found the next day, lying at the foot of a cliff, dashed to pieces. It was observed that a hind-shoe of the horse was loose and broken. Whether this had been the cause of his fall, could not be told; but ever when he races, as race he will, till the day of doom, along that mountain side, his gallop is mingled with the clank of the loose and broken shoe. For the punishment is awful like the sin: he shall carry about for ages the phantom-body of the girl, knowing that her soul is away, sitting with the soul of his brother, down in the deep ravine, or scaling with his the topmost crags of the towering mountain-peaks. There are some who see him from time to time, careering along the face of the mountain, with the lady hanging across the steed; and they say it always betokens a storm, such as this which is now raving all about us.”

I had not noticed till now, so absorbed had I been in her tale, that the storm had risen to a very ecstasy of fury.

"They say, likewise, that the lady's hair is still growing; for, every time they see her, it is longer than before; and that now, such is its length and the headlong speed of the horse, it floats and streams out behind like one of those curved clouds that lie like a comet's tail far up in the sky; only the cloud is white, and the hair dark as night. And they say it will go on growing till the Last Day, when the horse will falter and fall, and her hair will gather in, and twist, and twine, and wreath itself like a mist of threads about him, and blind him to everything but her. Then the body will rise up within it, face to face with him, animated by a fiend, who, twining *her* arms around him, will drag him down to the bottomless pit."

I may just mention here one little occurrence which seemed to have a strange effect on my old nurse; and which illustrates the assertion that we see around us only what is within us: marvellous things enough will show themselves to the marvellous mood. During a short lull in the storm, we heard the sound of iron-shod hoofs approaching the cottage. There was no bridleway into the glen. A knock came to the door, and, on opening it, we saw an old man seated on a horse, with a long slender-filled sack lying across the saddle before him. He said he had lost his way in the storm, and seeing the light, had scrambled down to inquire his way. I saw at once from the scared and mysterious look of the old woman's eyes, that to her dying day nothing would persuade her that this appearance had not something to do with the awful rider, the terrific storm, and myself who had heard the sound of the phantom-hoofs. She looked after him as he again ascended the hill, with wide and pale but unshrinking eyes; and turning in, shut and locked the door behind her, as by a natural instinct. Then, after two or three of her significant nods, accompanied by the compression of her lips, she said:—

"He need not think to take me in, wizard as he is, with his disguises. I can see him through them all. Duncan, my dear, when you suspect anything, do not be too incredulous. This human demon is of course a wizard still; and knows how to make himself, and anything he has to do with, take quite different appearances from their real ones; only the appearances must always bear some resemblance, however distant, to the natural forms. That man you saw at the door was the phantom of which I have been telling you. What he is after now, of course I cannot tell; but you must keep a bold heart, and a firm and wary foot, as you go home to-night."

I showed some surprise, I do not doubt, and, perhaps, some fear as well; but only said, "How do you know him, Margaret?"

"I can hardly tell you," she replied; "but I do know him. I think he hates me. Often, of a wild night, when there is moonlight enough by fits, I see him tearing around this little valley, just on the top edge, all round; the lady's hair and the horse's mane and tail driving far behind, and

mingling, vaporous, with the stormy clouds. About he goes, in wild careering gallop; now lost as the moon goes in, then visible far round when she looks out again—an airy, pale gray spectre, which few eyes could see but mine. There is no sound, except now and then a clank from the broken shoe. But I did not mean to tell you that I had ever seen him. I am not a bit afraid of him. He cannot do more than he may. His power is limited, else ill enough would he work, the miscreant."

"But," said I, "what has all this, terrible as it is, to do with the fright you were put in, by my telling you that I had heard the sound of the broken shoe? Surely you are not afraid of only a storm?"

"No, my boy; I fear no storm. But the fact is, that that sound is seldom heard, and never, as far as I know, by any of the blood of that wicked man, without betokening some ill that will happen to one of the family, and most probably to the one who hears it. But I am not quite sure about that. Only some evil it does portend, although a long time may elapse before it shows itself; and I have a hope it may mean some one else than you."

"Do not wish that," I replied. "I know no one better able to bear it than I am; and I will hope, whatever it may be, that I only shall have to meet it. It must surely be something serious to be so foretold—it can hardly be connected with my disappointment in being compelled to be a pedagogue instead of a soldier."

"Do not trouble yourself about that, Duncan," replied she; "a soldier you must be. The same day you told me of the clank of the broken horse-shoe, I saw you return wounded from battle, and, in the street of a great city, fall fainting from your horse—only fainting, thank God. But I have particular reasons for being uneasy at your hearing that boding sound. Can you tell me the day and hour of your birth?"

"No," I replied. "It seems very odd when I think of it, but I really do not know even the day."

"Nor any one else, which is stranger still," she answered.

"How does that happen, nurse?"

"We were in terrible anxiety about your mother at the time. So ill was she, after you were just born, in a strange, unaccountable way, that you lay almost neglected for more than an hour. In the very act of giving birth to you, she seemed to the rest around her to be out of her mind, so wildly did she talk; but I knew better. I knew that she was fighting some evil power; and what power it was, I knew full well; for, three times, during her pains, I heard the click of the horse-shoe. But no one could help her. After her delivery, she lay as if in a trance, neither dead, nor at rest, but as if frozen to ice, and conscious of it all the while. Once more I heard the terrible sound of iron; and at the moment your mother started from her trance, screaming, 'My child! my child!' We suddenly became aware that no one had attended to the child; and rushed to the place where he lay, wrapped in a blanket. On

uncovering him, he was black in the face, and spotted with dark spots upon the throat. I thought he was dead; but with great and almost hopeless pains, we succeeded in making him breathe, and he gradually recovered. But his mother continued dreadfully exhausted. It seemed as if she had spent her life for her child's defence and birth. That was you, Duncan, my dear. I was in constant attendance upon her.

"About a week after your birth, as near as I can guess, just in the gloaming, I heard yet again the awful clank—only once. Nothing followed till about midnight. Your mother slept, and you lay asleep beside her. I sat by the bedside. A horror fell upon me suddenly, though I neither saw nor heard anything. Your mother started from her sleep with a cry, which sounded as if it came from far away, out of a dream, and did not belong to this world. My blood curdled with fear. She sat up in bed, with wide staring eyes, and half-open rigid lips, and, feeble as she was, thrust her arms straight out before her with great force, her hands open and lifted up, with the palms outwards. The whole action was of one violently repelling another. She began to talk wildly as she had done before you were born, but though I seemed to hear and understand it all at the time, I could not recall a word of it afterwards. It was as if I had listened to it when half-asleep. I attempted to soothe her, putting my arms round her, but she seemed quite unconscious of my presence, and my arms seemed powerless upon the fixed muscles of hers. Not that I tried to constrain her, for I knew that a battle was going on of some kind or other, and my interference might do awful mischief. All the time I was in a state of indescribable cold and suffering, whether more bodily or mental I could not tell. But at length I heard yet again the clank of the shoe. A sudden peace seemed to fall upon my mind—or was it a warm, odorous wind that filled the room? Your mother dropped her arms, and turned feebly towards her baby. She saw that he slept a blessed sleep. She smiled like a glorified spirit, and fell back exhausted on the pillow. I went to the other side of the room to get a cordial, but when I returned to the bedside, I saw at once that she was dead. Her face smiled still, with an expression of the uttermost bliss."

Nurse ceased, trembling as if overcome by the recollection; and I was too much moved and awed to speak. At length, resuming the conversation, she said: "You see it is no wonder, Duncan, my dear, if, after all this, I should find, when I wanted to fix the date of your birth, that I could not determine the day or the hour when it took place. All was confusion in my poor brain. But it was strange that no one else could, any more than I. One thing only I can tell you about it. As I carried you across the room to lay you down, for I assisted at your birth, I happened to look up to the window, and then saw what I did not forget, although I did not think of it again till many days after,—that a bright star shone within the half-circle of the thin crescent moon."



"Oh, then," said I, "it will be quite easy to determine the exact day and the very hour when my birth took place."

"See the good of book-learning," replied she. "When you work it out, just let me know, my dear, that I may remember it."

"That I will."

A silence of some moments followed. Margaret resumed :

"I am afraid you will laugh at my foolish fancies, Duncan ; but in thinking over all these things, as you may suppose I often do, lying awake in my lonely bed, the notion sometimes comes to me : What if my Duncan be the spirit of the youth whom his wicked brother hurled into the ravine, come again in a new body to live out yet his life on the earth, cut short by his brother's hatred ? If so, then his persecution of you, and of your mother for your sake, would be easily understood. And if so, you will never be able to rest till you find your mate, wherever she may have been born on the face of the wide earth. For born she must be, long ere now, for you to find. I misdoubt me much, however, should this be the case, whether you will find her without great conflict and suffering between, for the Powers of Darkness will be against you ; though I have good hope that you will overcome at last. You must forgive the fancies of a foolish old woman, my dear."

I will not try to describe the strange feelings, almost sensations, that arose in me while listening to these extraordinary utterances, lest it should be supposed I was ready to believe all that Margaret narrated or concluded. I could not help doubting her sanity ; but no more could I help feeling very peculiarly moved by her narrative. Few more words were spoken on either side.

After receiving renewed exhortations to carefulness on my way home, I said good-bye to dear old nurse, considerably comforted, I must confess, that I was not doomed to be a tutor all my days ; for I never questioned the truth of nurse's vision and consequent prophecy. I went home in the full ecstasy of the storm, through the alternating throbs of blackness and radiance ; now the possessor of no more room than what my body filled, and now isolated in world-wide space—and the thunder filled it all.

Absorbed in the story I had heard, I took my way, as I thought, homewards. The whole country was well known to me. I should have said, before that night, that I could have gone home blindfold. Whether the lightning bewildered me and made me take a false turn, I cannot tell ; for the hardest thing to understand, in moral as well as physical mistakes, is how we came to go wrong. But after wandering for some time, plunged in meditation, and with no warnings whatever of the presence of inimical powers, a most brilliant lightning-flash showed me that at least I was not near home. The flash was prolonged by a slight electric pulsation, which continued for a second or two ; and by that I distinguished a wide space of blackness on the ground in front of me. Once more wrapt in the folds of a thick darkness, I dared not move. Suddenly it

occurred to me what the blackness was, and whither I had wandered. It was a huge quarry, of great depth, long disused, and half filled with water. I knew the place perfectly. A few more steps would have carried me over the brink. I stood still, waiting for the next flash, that I might be quite sure of the direction I was taking before I dared to move. While I stood, I fancied that I heard a single hollow plunge in the black water far below. When the lightning came, I turned, and took my way back. After walking for some time across the heath, I stumbled, and to my horror found I was falling. The fall soon became a roll, however, and down a steep declivity I went, over and over, arriving at the bottom uninjured.

Another flash soon showed me where I was—in the hollow valley, within a couple of hundred yards from nurse's cottage. I made my way towards it. There was no light in it, except the feeblest glow from the embers. "She is in bed," I said to myself, "and I will not disturb her;" yet something drew me to look in at the little window. At first I could see nothing. At length, as I kept gazing, I saw something, indistinct in the darkness, like an outstretched human form.

By this time the storm had lulled. The moon had been up for some time, but had been quite concealed by tempestuous clouds. Now, however, these had begun to break up; and, while I looked into the cottage, they scattered away from the face of the moon, and a faint vapoury gleam of her light, entering the cottage through a window opposite that at which I stood, fell directly on the face of my old nurse, as she lay on her back outstretched upon chairs, pale as death, and with her eyes closed! A stranger to her habits would have thought she was dead; but she had so much of the same appearance as she had had in a former instance which I have described, that I concluded at once she was in one of her trances. Having often heard that persons in such a condition ought not to be disturbed, and feeling quite sure she knew best how to manage herself, I turned, though reluctantly, and left the lone cottage in the stormy night, with the death-like woman lying motionless in the midst of it. I found my way home without any further difficulty, and went to bed, where I soon fell asleep, thoroughly wearied, more by the mental excitement I had been experiencing, than by the amount of bodily exercise I had gone through.

My sleep was tormented with awful dreams; yet, strange to say, I awoke in the morning refreshed and fearless. The sun was shining through several chinks in my shutters, and making, even upon the gloomy curtains, streaks and bands of golden brilliancy. I had dressed and completed my preparations long before I heard the steps of the servant who came to call me.

What a wonderful thing waking is! The time of the ghostly moonshine—we sleep it by; and the great positive sunlight comes: it fills me with thoughts. As with a man who dreams, and knows that he is dreaming, and thinks he knows what waking is, but knows it so little that

he mistakes, one after another, many a vague and dim change in his dream for an awaking, and when the true waking comes at last, is filled and overflowed with the power of its reality: so shall it be with us when we wake from this dream of life into the truer life beyond, and find all our present notions of being, thrown back as into a dim vapoury region of dreamland, where yet we thought we knew, and whence we looked forward into the present: as (to use another likeness) a man who, in the night, when another is about to cause light in the room, lies trying to conceive, with all the force of his imagination, what the light will be like, is yet, when most successful, seized as by a new and unexpected thing, different from and beyond all his imagining, when the reality flames up before him, and he feels as if the darkness were cast to an infinite distance behind him. This must be what Novalis means when he says: Our life is not a dream; but it may become a dream, and perhaps ought to become one.

I left my home, and have never since revisited it. When I next heard the sound of the clanking iron, although it affected me with irresistible terror, I little anticipated the influence of the event with which it was associated. Before many years had elapsed, my foster-mother's prevision of my fall from a horse in the street of a city, was fulfilled: this, too, was immediately preceded by the ominous sound, easily distinguishable by me from the innumerable strokes of iron-shod hoofs upon the stones around me. But both of these occasions are connected with a period of my history involving such events, that the thought of writing it makes me tremble.

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ON RIBBONS.



HE uncle of the present Sir Louis N. Bonaparte, K.G., &c., inaugurated his reign as Emperor over the neighbouring nation by establishing an Order, to which all citizens of his country, military, naval, and civil—all men most distinguished in science, letters, arts, and commerce—were admitted. The emblem of the Order was but a piece of ribbon, more or less long or broad, with a toy at the end of it. The Bourbons had toys

and ribbons of their own, blue, black, and all-coloured; and on their return to dominion such good old Tories would naturally have preferred to restore their good old Orders of Saint Louis, Saint Esprit, and Saint Michel: but France had taken the ribbon of the Legion of Honour so to her heart that no Bourbon sovereign dared to pluck it thence.

In England, until very late days, we have been accustomed rather to pooh-pooh national Orders, to vote ribbons and crosses tinsel gewgaws, foolish foreign ornaments, and so forth. It is known how the Great Duke (the breast of whose own coat was plastered with some half-hundred decorations) was averse to the wearing of ribbons, medals, clasps, and the like, by his army. We have all of us read how uncommonly distinguished Lord Castlereagh looked at Vienna, where he was the only gentleman present without any decoration whatever. And the Great Duke's theory was, that clasps and ribbons, stars and garters, were good and proper ornaments for himself, for the chief officers of his distinguished army, and for gentlemen of high birth, who might naturally claim to wear a band of garter blue across their waistcoats; but that for common people your plain coat, without stars and ribbons, was the most sensible wear.

And no doubt you and I are as happy, as free, as comfortable; we can walk and dine as well; we can keep the winter's cold out as well, without a star on our coats, as without a feather in our hats. How often we have laughed at the absurd mania of the Americans for dubbing their senators, members of Congress, and States' representatives, Honourable! We have a right to call *our* privy councillors Right Honourable, our lords' sons Honourable, and so forth: but for a nation as numerous, well educated, strong, rich, civilized, free as our own, to dare to give its distinguished citizens titles of honour—monstrous assumption of low-bred arrogance and *parvenue* vanity! Our titles are respectable, but theirs absurd. Mr. Jones, of London, a chancellor's son, and a tailor's grandson, is justly honourable, and entitled to be Lord Jones at his noble father's decease: but Mr. Brown, the senator from New York, is a silly upstart for tacking Honourable to his name, and our sturdy British good sense laughs at him. Who has not laughed (I have myself) at Honourable Nahum Dodge, Honourable Zeno Scudder, Honourable Hiram Boake, and the rest? A score of such queer names and titles I have smiled at in America. And, *mutato nomine*? I meet a born idiot, who is a peer and born legislator. This drivelling noodle and his descendants through life are your natural superiors and mine—your and my children's superiors. I read of an alderman kneeling and knighted at court: I see a gold-stick waddling backwards before majesty in a procession, and if we laugh, don't you suppose the Americans laugh too?

Yes, stars, garters, orders, knighthoods, and the like are folly. Yes, Bobus, citizen and soap-boiler, is a good man, and no one laughs at him or good Mrs. Bobus, as they have their dinner at one o'clock. But who will not jeer at Sir Thomas on a melting day, and Lady Bobus, at Margate, eating shrimps in a donkey-chaise? Yes, knighthood is absurd: and chivalry an idiotic superstition: and Sir Walter Manny was a zany: and Nelson, with his flaming stars and cordons, splendid upon a day of battle, was a madman: and Murat, with his crosses and orders, at the head of his squadrons charging victorious, was only a crazy mountebank, who had been a tavern-waiter, and was puffed up with absurd vanity about his dress and legs. And the men of the French line at Fontenoy, who told Messieurs de la Garde to fire first, were smirking French dancing-masters; and the Black Prince, waiting upon his royal prisoner, was acting an inane masquerade; and Chivalry is naught; and Honour is humbug; and Gentlemanhood is an extinct folly; and Ambition is madness; and desire of distinction is criminal vanity; and glory is both; and fair fame is idleness; and nothing is true but two and two; and the colour of all the world is drab; and all men are equal; and one man is as tall as another; and one man is as good as another—and a great deal better, as the Irish philosopher said.

Is this so? Titles and badges of honour are vanity; and in the American Revolution you have his Excellency General Washington sending back, and with proper spirit sending back, a letter in which he is

not addressed as Excellency and General. Titles are abolished; and the American Republic swarms with men claiming and bearing them. You have the French soldier cheered and happy in his dying agony, and kissing with frantic joy the chief's hand who lays the little cross on the bleeding bosom. At home you have the dukes and earls jobbing and intriguing for the Garter; the military knights grumbling at the civil knights of the Bath; the little ribbon eager for the collar; the soldiers and seamen from India and the Crimea marching in procession before the queen, and receiving from her hands the cross bearing her royal name. And, remember, there are not only the cross wearers, but all the fathers and friends; all the women who have prayed for their absent heroes; Harry's wife, and Tom's mother, and Jack's daughter, and Frank's sweetheart, each of whom wears in her heart of hearts afterwards the badge which son, father, lover has won by his merit; each of whom is made happy and proud, and is bound to the country by that little bit of ribbon.

I have heard, in a lecture about George the Third, that, at his accession, the king had a mind to establish an Order for literary men. It was to have been called the Order of Minerva—I suppose with an Owl for a badge. The knights were to have worn a star of sixteen points, and a yellow ribbon; and good old Samuel Johnson was talked of as President, or Grand Cross, or Grand Owl, of the society. Now about such an order as this there certainly may be doubts. Consider the claimants, the difficulty of settling their claims, the rows and squabbles amongst the candidates, and the subsequent decision of posterity! Dr. Beattie would have ranked as first poet, and twenty years after the sublime Mr. Hayley would, no doubt, have claimed the Grand Cross. Mr. Gibbon would not have been eligible on account of his dangerous freethinking opinions; and her sex, as well as her republican sentiments, might have interfered with the knighthood of the immortal Mrs. Catharine Macaulay. How Goldsmith would have paraded the ribbon at Madame Cornelys's, or the Academy dinner! How Peter Pindar would have railed at it! Fifty years later, the noble Scott would have worn the Grand Cross and deserved it; but Gifford would have had it; and Byron, and Shelley, and Hazlitt, and Hunt would have been without it; and had Keats been proposed as officer, how the Tory prints would have yelled with rage and scorn! Had the star of Minerva lasted to our present time—but I pause, not because the idea is dazzling, but too awful. Fancy the claimants, and the row about their precedence! Which philosopher shall have the grand cordon?—which the collar?—which the little scrap no bigger than a buttercup? Of the historians—A, say,—and C, and F, and G, and S, and T,—which shall be Companion and which Grand Owl? Of the poets, who wears, or claims, the largest and brightest star? Of the novelists, there is A, and B and C D; and E (star of first magnitude, newly discovered), and F (a magazine of wit), and fair G, and H, and I, and brave old J, and charming K, and L, and M, and N, and O (fair twinklers), and I am puzzled between three P's—Peacock, Miss Pardoe, and Paul Pry—and Queechy, and R, and S,

and T, *mère et fils*, and very likely U, O gentle reader, for who has not written his novel now-a-days?—who has not a claim to the star and straw-coloured ribbon?—and who shall have the biggest and largest? Fancy the struggle! Fancy the squabble! Fancy the distribution of prizes!

Who shall decide on them? Shall it be the sovereign? shall it be the minister for the time being? and has Lord Palmerston made a deep study of novels? In this matter the late ministry, to be sure, was better qualified; but even then, grumblers who had not got their canary cordons, would have hinted at professional jealousies entering the cabinet; and, the ribbons being awarded, Jack would have scowled at his because Dick had a broader one; Ned been indignant because Bob's was as large: Tom would have thrust his into the drawer, and scorned to wear it at all. No—no: the so-called literary world was well rid of Minerva and her yellow ribbon. The great poets would have been indifferent, the little poets jealous, the funny men furious, the philosophers satirical, the historians supercilious, and, finally, the jobs without end. Say, ingenuity and cleverness are to be rewarded by State tokens and prizes—and take for granted the Order of Minerva is established—who shall have it? A great philosopher? no doubt, we cordially salute him G.C.M. A great historian? G.C.M. of course. A great engineer? G.C.M. A great poet? received with acclamation G.C.M. A great painter? oh! certainly, G.C.M. If a great painter, why not a great novelist? Well, pass, great novelist, G.C.M. But if a poetic, a pictorial, a story-telling or music-composing artist, why not a singing artist? Why not a basso-profondo? Why not a primo tenore? And if a singer, why should not a ballet-dancer come bounding on the stage with his cordon, and cut capers to the music of a row of decorated fiddlers? A chemist puts in his claim for having invented a new colour; an apothecary for a new pill; the cook for a new sauce; the tailor for a new cut of trowsers. We have brought the star of Minerva down from the breast to the pantaloons. Stars and garters! can we go any farther; or shall we give the shoemaker the yellow ribbon of the Order for his shoetie?

When I began this present Roundabout excursion, I think I had not quite made up my mind whether we would have an Order of all the Talents or not: I think I rather had a hankering for a rich ribbon and gorgeous star, in which my family might like to see me at parties in my best waistcoat. But then the door opens, and there come in, and by the same right too, Sir Alexis Soyer! Sir Alessandro Tamburini! Sir Agostino Velluti! Sir Antonio Paganini (violinist)! Sir Sandy McGuffog (piper to the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh)! Sir Alcide Flieflac (premier danseur of H.M. Theatre)! Sir Harley Quin and Sir Joseph Grimaldi (from Covent Garden)! They have all the yellow ribbon. They are all honourable, and clever, and distinguished artists. Let us elbow through the rooms, make a bow to the lady of the house, give a nod to Sir George Thrum, who is leading the orchestra, and go and get some

champagne and seltzer-water from Sir Richard Gunter, who is presiding at the buffet. A national decoration might be well and good: a token awarded by the country to all its *bene-merentibus*: but most gentlemen with Minerva stars would, I think, be inclined to wear very wide breast-collars to their coats. Suppose yourself, brother penman, decorated with this ribbon, and looking in the glass, would you not laugh? Would not wife and daughters laugh at that canary-coloured emblem?

But suppose a man, old or young, of figure ever so stout, thin, stumpy, homely, indulging in looking-glass reflections with that hideous ribbon and cross called V. C. on his coat, would he not be proud? and his family, would not they be prouder? For your noblemen there is the famous old blue garter and star, and welcome. If I were a marquis—if I had thirty—forty thousand a year (settle the sum, my dear Alnaschar, according to your liking), I should consider myself entitled to my seat in parliament and to my garter. The garter belongs to the Ornamental Classes. Have you seen the new magnificent *Pavo Spicifer* at the Zoological Gardens, and do you grudge him his jewelled coronet and the azure splendour of his waistcoat? I like my lord mayor to have a gilt coach; my magnificent monarch to be surrounded by magnificent nobles: I huzzay respectfully when they pass in procession. It is good for Mr. Briefless (50, Pump Court, fourth floor) that there should be a Lord Chancellor, with a gold robe and fifteen thousand a year. It is good for a poor curate that there should be splendid bishops at Fulham and Lambeth: their lordships were poor curates once, and have won, so to speak, their ribbon. Is a man who puts into a lottery to be sulky because he does not win the twenty thousand pounds prize? Am I to fall into a rage, and bully my family when I come home, after going to see Chatsworth or Windsor, because we have only two little drawing-rooms? Welcome to your garter, my lord, and shame upon him *qui mal y pense*!

So I arrive in my roundabout way near the point towards which I have been trotting ever since we set out.

In a voyage to America, some nine years since, on the seventh or eighth day out from Liverpool, Captain L—— came to dinner at eight bells as usual, talked a little to the persons right and left of him, and helped the soup with his accustomed politeness. Then he went on deck, and was back in a minute, and operated on the fish, looking rather grave the while.

Then he went on deck again; and this time was absent, it may be, three or five minutes, during which the fish disappeared, and the *entrées* arrived, and the roast beef. Say ten minutes passed—I can't tell after nine years.

Then L—— came down with a pleased and happy countenance this time, and began carving the sirloin: "We have seen the light," he said. "Madam, may I help you to a little gravy, or a little horse-radish?" or what-not?

I forget the name of the light; nor does it matter. It was a point of Newfoundland for which he was on the look-out, and so well did the



*Canada* know where she was, that, between soup and beef, the captain had sighted the headland by which his course was lying.

And so through storm and darkness, through fog and midnight, the ship had pursued her steady way over the pathless ocean and roaring seas, so surely that the officers who sailed her knew her place within a minute or two, and guided us with a wonderful providence safe on our way. Since the noble Cunard Company has run its ships, but one accident, and that through the error of a pilot, has happened on the line.

By this little incident (hourly of course repeated, and trivial to all sea-going people) I own I was immensely moved, and never can think of it but with a heart full of thanks and awe. We trust our lives to these seamen, and how nobly they fulfil their trust! They are, under heaven, as a providence for us. Whilst we sleep, their untiring watchfulness keeps guard over us. All night through that bell sounds at its season, and tells how our sentinels defend us. It rang when the *Amazon* was on fire, and chimed its heroic signal of duty, and courage, and honour. Think of the dangers these seamen undergo for us: the hourly peril and watch; the familiar storm; the dreadful iceberg; the long winter nights when the decks are as glass, and the sailor has to climb through icicles to bend the stiff sail on the yard. Think of their courage and their kindnesses in cold, in tempest, in hunger, in wreck! "The women and children to the boats," says the captain of the *Birkenhead*, and, with the troops formed on the deck, and the crew obedient to the word of glorious command, the immortal ship goes down. Read the story of the *Sarah Sands*:—

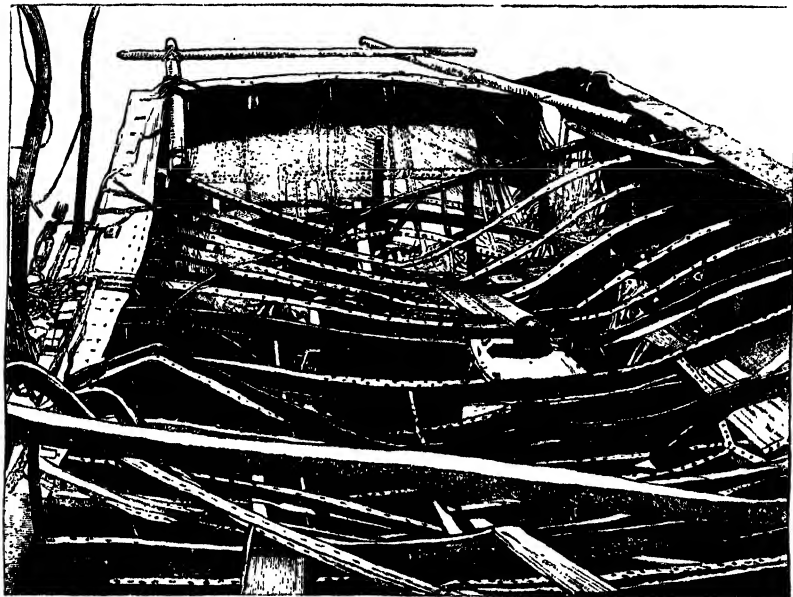
#### "SARAH SANDS."

"The screw steam-ship *Sarah Sands*, 1,330 registered tons, was chartered by the East India Company in the autumn of 1858, for the conveyance of troops to India. She was commanded by John Squire Castle. She took out a part of the 54th Regiment, upwards of 350 persons, besides the wives and children of some of the men, and the families of some of the officers. All went well till the 11th November, when the ship had reached lat. 14 S., longitude 56 E., upwards of 400 miles from the Mauritius.

"Between three and four p.m. on that day a very strong smell of fire was perceived arising from the after-deck, and upon going below into the hold, Captain Castle found it to be on fire, and immense volumes of smoke arising from it. Endeavours were made to reach the seat of the fire, but in vain; the smoke and heat were too much for the men. There was, however, no confusion. Every order was obeyed with the same coolness and courage with which it was given. The engine was immediately stopped. All sail was taken in, and the ship brought to the wind, so as to drive the smoke and fire, which was in the after-part of the ship, astern. Others were, at the same time, getting fire-hoses fitted and passed to the scene of the fire. The fire, however, continued to increase, and attention was directed to the ammunition contained in the powder magazines, which were situated one on each side the ship immediately above the fire. The starboard magazine was soon cleared. But by this time the whole of the after-part of the ship was so much enveloped in smoke that it was scarcely possible to stand, and great fears were entertained on account of the port magazine. Volunteers were called for, and came immediately, and, under the guidance of Lieutenant Hughes, attempted to clear the port-magazine, which they succeeded in doing, with the exception, as was supposed, of one or two barrels. It was most dangerous work. The men became overpowered with the smoke and heat, and fell; and several, whilst thus engaged, were dragged up by ropes senseless.

"The flames soon burst up through the deck, and running rapidly along the various cabins, set the greater part on fire.

"In the meantime Captain Castle took steps for lowering the boats. There was a heavy gale at the time, but they were launched without the least accident. The soldiers were mustered on deck;—there was no rush to the boats;—and the men obeyed the word of command as if on parade. The men were informed that Captain Castle did not despair of saving the ship, but that they must be prepared to leave her if necessary. The women and children were lowered into the port lifeboat, under the charge of Mr. Vry, third officer, who had orders to keep clear of the ship until recalled.



STERN OF THE STEAM-SHIP "SARIN SANDS,"  
Showing the state in which she arrived at Mauritius.  
(From a Photograph taken at the time.)

"Captain Castle then commenced constructing rafts of spare spars. In a short time, three were put together, which would have been capable of saving a great number of those on board. Two were launched overboard, and safely moored alongside, and then a third was left across the deck forward, ready to be launched.

"In the meantime the fire had made great progress. The whole of the cabins were one body of fire, and at about 8.30 p.m., flames burst through the upper deck, and shortly after the mizen rigging caught fire. Fears were entertained of the ship paying off, in which case the flames would have been swept forwards by the wind; but fortunately the after-braces were burnt through, and the main-yard swung round, which kept the ship's head to wind. About nine p.m., a fearful explosion took place in the port magazine, arising, no doubt, from the one or two barrels of powder which it had been impossible to remove. By this time the ship was one body of flame, from the stern to the main rigging, and thinking it scarcely possible to save her, Captain Castle called Major Brett (then in command of the troops, for the colonel was in one of the boats) forward, and, telling him that he feared the ship was lost, requested him to endeavour to keep order amongst the troops till the last, but, at the same time, to use every exertion to check the fire. Providentially, the iron bulkhead in the after part of the ship withstood the action of the flames, and here all efforts were concentrated to keep it cool.

“‘No person,’ says the captain, ‘can describe the manner in which the men worked to keep the fire back; one party were below, keeping the bulkhead cool, and when several were dragged up senseless, fresh volunteers took their places, who were, however, soon in the same state. At about ten p.m., the maintop-sail-yard took fire. Mr. Welch, one quartermaster, and four or five soldiers, went aloft with wet blankets, and succeeded in extinguishing it, but not until the yard and mast were nearly burnt through. The work of fighting the fire below continued for hours, and about midnight it appeared that some impression was made; and after that, the men drove it back, inch by inch, until daylight, when they had completely got it under. The ship was now in a frightful plight. The after-part was literally burnt out—merely the shell remaining—the port quarter blown out by the explosion: fifteen feet of water in the hold.’

“The gale still prevailed, and the ship was rolling and pitching in a heavy sea, and taking in large quantities of water abaft: the tanks, too, were rolling from side to side in the hold.

“As soon as the smoke was partially cleared away, Captain Castle got spare sails and blankets aft to stop the leak, passing two hawsers round the stern, and setting them up. The troops were employed baling and pumping. This continued during the whole morning.

“In the course of the day the ladies joined the ship. The boats were ordered alongside, but they found the sea too heavy to remain there. The gig had been abandoned during the night, and the crew, under Mr. Wood, fourth officer, had got into another of the boats. The troops were employed the remainder of the day baling and pumping, and the crew securing the stern. All hands were employed during the following night baling and pumping, the boats being moored alongside, where they received some damage. At daylight, on the 13th, the crew were employed hoisting the boats, the troops were working manfully baling and pumping. Latitude at noon, 13 deg. 12 min. south. At five p.m., the foresail and foretopsail were set, the rafts were cut away, and the ship bore for the Mauritius. On Thursday, the 19th, she sighted the island of Rodrigues, and arrived at Mauritius on Monday the 23rd.”

The Nile and Trafalgar are not more glorious to our country, are not greater victories than these won by our merchant seamen. And if you look in the captains' reports of any maritime register, you will see similar acts recorded every day. I have such a volume, for last year, now lying before me. In the second number, as I open it at hazard, Captain Roberts, master of the ship *Empire*, from Shields to London, reports how on the 14th ult. (the 14th December, 1859), he, “being off Whitby, discovered the ship to be on fire between the main hold and boilers: got the hose from the engine laid on, and succeeded in subduing the fire; but only apparently; for at seven, the next morning, the *Dudgeon* bearing S. S. E. seven miles' distance, the fire again broke out, causing the ship to be enveloped in flames on both sides of midships: got the hose again into play and all hands to work with buckets to combat with the fire. Did not succeed in stopping it till four p.m., to effect which, were obliged to cut away the deck and top sides, and throw overboard part of the cargo. The vessel was very much damaged and leaky: determined to make for the Humber. Ship was run on shore, on the mud, near Grimsby harbour, with five feet water in her hold. The donkey-engine broke down. The water increased so fast as to put out the furnace fires and render the ship almost unmanageable. On the tide flowing, a tug towed the ship off the mud, and got her into Grimsby to repair.”

On the 2nd of November, Captain Strickland, of the *Purchase* brigantine, from Liverpool to Yarmouth, U. S., "encountered heavy gales from W.N.W. to W.S.W., in lat. 43° N., long. 84° W., in which we lost jib, foretopmast, staysail, topsail, and carried away the foretopmast stays, bobstays and bowsprit, headsails, cut-water and stern, also started the wood ends, which caused the vessel to leak. Put her before the wind and sea, and hove about twenty-five tons of cargo overboard to lighten the ship forward. Slung myself in a bowline, and by means of thrusting 2½-inch rope in the opening, contrived to stop a great portion of the leak.

"December 16th.—The crew, continuing night and day at the pumps, could not keep the ship free; deemed it prudent for the benefit of those concerned to bear up for the nearest port. On arriving in lat. 48° 45' N., long. 23° W., observed a vessel with a signal of distress flying. Made towards her, when she proved to be the barque *Carleton*, water-logged. The captain and crew asked to be taken off. Hove to, and received them on board, consisting of thirteen men: and their ship was abandoned. We then proceeded on our course, the crew of the abandoned vessel assisting all they could to keep my ship afloat. We arrived at Cork harbour on the 27th ult."

Captain Coulson, master of the brig *Othello*, reports that his brig foundered off Portland, December 27;—encountering a strong gale, and shipping two heavy seas in succession, which hove the ship on her beam-ends. "Observing no chance of saving the ship, took to the long boat, and within ten minutes of leaving her saw the brig founder. We were picked up the same morning by the French ship *Commerce de Paris*, Captain Tombarel."

Here, in a single column of a newspaper, what strange, touching pictures do we find of seamen's dangers, vicissitudes, gallantry, generosity! The ship on fire—the captain in the gale slinging himself in a bowline to stop the leak—the Frenchman in the hour of danger coming to his British comrade's rescue—the brigantine, almost a wreck, working up to the barque with the signal of distress flying, and taking off her crew of thirteen men: "We then proceeded on our course, the crew of the abandoned vessel assisting all they could to keep my ship afloat." What noble, simple words! What courage, devotedness, brotherly love! Do they not cause the heart to beat, and the eyes to fill?

This is what seamen do daily, and for one another. One lights occasionally upon different stories. It happened, not very long since, that the passengers by one of the great ocean steamers were wrecked, and, after undergoing the most severe hardships, were left, destitute and helpless, at a miserable coaling port. Amongst them were old men, ladies, and children. When the next steamer arrived, the passengers by that steamer took alarm at the haggard and miserable appearance of their unfortunate predecessors, and actually remonstrated with their own captain, urging him not to take the poor creatures on board. There was every excuse, of course. The last-arrived steamer was already dangerously full: the

cabins were crowded; there were sick and delicate people on board—sick and delicate people who had paid a large price to the company for room, food, comfort, already not too sufficient. If fourteen of us are in an omnibus, will we hear three or four women say, “Come in,” because this is the last ’bus, and it rains? Of course not: but think of that remonstrance, and of that Samaritan master of the *Purchase* brigantine!

In the winter of ’53, I went from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, in one of the magnificent P. and O. ships, the *Valetta*, the master of which subsequently did distinguished service in the Crimea. This was his first Mediterranean voyage, and he sailed his ship by the charts alone, going into each port as surely as any pilot. I remember walking the deck at night with this most skilful, gallant, well-bred, and well-educated gentleman, and the glow of eager enthusiasm with which he assented, when I asked him whether he did not think a RIBBON or ORDER would be welcome or useful in his service.

Why is there not an ORDER OF BRITANNIA for British seamen? In the Merchant and the Royal Navy alike, occur almost daily instances and occasions for the display of science, skill, bravery, fortitude in trying circumstances, resource in danger. In the First Number of our *Magazine*, a friend contributed a most touching story of the M’Clintock expedition, in the dangers and dreadful glories of which he shared; and the writer was a merchant captain. How many more are there (and, for the honour of England, may there be many like him!)—gallant, accomplished, high-spirited, enterprising masters of their noble profession! Can our Fountain of Honour not be brought to such men? It plays upon captains and colonels in seemly profusion. It pours forth not illiberal rewards upon doctors and judges. It sprinkles mayors and aldermen. It bedews a painter now and again. It has spirted a baronetcy upon two, and bestowed a coronet upon one noble man of letters. Diplomats take their Bath in it as of right; and it flings out a profusion of glittering stars upon the nobility of the three kingdoms. Cannot Britannia find a ribbon for her sailors? The Navy, royal or mercantile, is a *Service*. The command of a ship, or the conduct of her, implies danger, honour, science, skill, subordination, good faith. It may be a victory, such as that of the *Sarah Sands*; it may be discovery, such as that of the *Fox*; it may be heroic disaster, such as that of the *Birkenhead*; and in such events merchant seamen, as well as royal seamen, take their share.

Why is there not, then, an Order of Britannia? One day a young officer of the *Euryalus* may win it; and, having just read the memoirs of LORD DUNDONALD, I know who ought to have the first Grand Cross.

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# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1860.

## London the Stronghold of England.

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1. THE Commissioners appointed to examine and report upon the state of our Coast Defences, have recommended the construction of additional Fortifications at various points, which, it is computed, will involve an outlay of several millions sterling. The defences of the dockyards and arsenals are, very properly, to be strengthened so as to enable them to resist the attacks of steam-ships armed with rifled cannon; and every assailable part of the coast is to be protected against an invading force. The defence of London forms no part of the scheme; that most important topic having been omitted in the Defence Commission. The reason for such an extraordinary omission need not here be discussed: suffice it to say that, while the extremities are guarded, the heart of the country is left exposed.\* Our first line of defence, the Channel Fleet, is provided to prevent the sudden descent of a hostile force upon our shores. Our second line, consisting of forts on various parts of the coast, will, no doubt, be strengthened by powerful batteries. A third and innermost line of defences, for the protection of the Capital, the seat of Government, the centre of the wealth and commerce of the nation, is wanting. To show how this deficiency may be supplied, speedily and economically, and at the same time so effectually as to make London impregnable and successful invasion hopeless, is the purpose of this article.

2. If ever an invasion of England be attempted, the point to be aimed at by the invader will be the capture of London; and for the very simple

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\* Such an omission seems hardly credible; but the Commission published in the *London Gazette* of 26th August, 1859, recites only that inquiries are to be made "into the present state, condition, and sufficiency of the fortifications existing for the defence of our United Kingdom, and of examining into all works at present in progress for the improvement thereof, and for considering the most effectual means of rendering the same complete, especially all such works of defence as are intended for the protection of our royal arsenals and dockyards in case of any hostile attack being made by foreign enemies both by sea and land." Not a word about the metropolis.

reason that it alone would repay the cost and risks of an attack. If Portsmouth dockyard were destroyed, Devonport would remain; if both were lost, there would be Chatham; give all three to an enemy, and we have Pembroke; let him take all four, and England might still build ships in the Clyde and the Severn and the Mersey by private enterprise: better, perchance, than in royal dockyards, the gun-boat failures notwithstanding. An enemy would not be likely to place himself permanently on Portland Bill, or any other part of England; and certainly no burning of dockyards, or any other similar contingency, would be likely to induce England to capitulate and make terms. What might happen if a conqueror were to get possession of the Bank of England, and appoint a General of Division Governor *pro tem.*, who would make the bank parlour his head-quarters, and bid his soldiers mount guard over the bullion-vaults, it is difficult to say. With London in a state of siege, a Provost-Marshal installed at the Mansion House, a park of artillery on Tower Hill, the Royal Exchange and Guildhall converted into military posts, and a foreign soldiery quartered upon the inhabitants, there would be no "Quotations" of Consols on the Stock Exchange, nor any of the usual telegrams or leading articles in the newspapers. The Government would be powerless for anything but "making terms" with the invading foe; Parliament would be nowhere; martial law alone would prevail; our glorious old Constitution would be abrogated, and the monarchy itself might be in jeopardy. The day of England's disgrace and humiliation might inaugurate a saturnalia of brutal soldiery; crime and misery, such as the imagination recoils from conceiving, might desolate our hearths and homes; and destruction of property to the value of untold millions would involve paralysis of commerce, death of credit, stoppage of manufactures, ruin of trade, and the dissolution of every bond of law and society: nay, even this frightful calamity might be heightened by the horrors of the sack of London.

3. But, it may be asked, is such a contingency possible? there are those who refuse to entertain the idea of an invasion of England ever being attempted. Rather than contemplate the probable consequences of a successful invasion, they ridicule the idea of its probability, and stigmatize as panic-mongers all who regard the possibility of such a disaster. That the idea of England being invaded is not absurd, we have the testimony of Wellington himself, and the call upon the nation for millions of money to prepare against the contingency. And since it is proved that this country is open to invasion, the impossibility of such an attempt being successful should be demonstrated so clearly, by the strength of our defensive preparations, that no foreign foe would dare to make the attempt.

4. As it is, however, the question whether England could be invaded, and London taken and sacked, has been frequently discussed by military engineers on the Continent, and answered by them in the affirmative.\*

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\* "Mais si soixante mille Français prenaient terre entre Hastings et Douvres, et qu'une bataille heureuse leur permit de s'avancer jusque sur les bords de la Medway et

The only difference of opinion that exists is as to the best plan of proceeding, the amount of forces required, and the places where troops should be landed. Is it impossible that an enemy, with a fleet nearly matching our own, and able to embark, at any moment, two or three hundred thousand troops in four or five divisions, and launch them against the most assailable parts of our coast, should so lay his plans as to reach London before we could prevent him? Resolved upon an attempt to occupy the metropolis, he could make a number of feints and attacks at different points, with a fair chance of succeeding in one; which would be all that he would want. A naval action might be fought and lost by England; or, if not lost, the fleet might be seriously crippled: even whilst the battle was fighting, or after it was fought, troops might be landed on the coast at quite another part of the country.

5. We would not infer, from the fact of the fortification of London not being named in the National Defence Commission, that the Government shut their eyes to the danger of the metropolis being unprotected; especially as certain incidents bearing upon the subject are well known to have occurred, which were calculated to open the eyes of the most passive and unsuspecting administration. But the remoteness and uncertainty of the possible peril, combined with a prudent desire to avoid the danger of creating a panic by implying a doubt of the durability of peace, may induce even a vigilant executive to postpone precautions which might denote distrust, until it be too late to adopt them with due effect. If this be so, the public voice should demand that the heart of England shall not be left to the chance of an extemporized and therefore inadequate defence, and that the Capital shall be rendered secure against an invading force. Such a demand incessantly and resolutely put forward, would not only strengthen the hands of the Ministry, but supply them with the needful justification to act, as they are, perhaps, already inclined to do. Indeed, the fortification of London is a necessary supplement to the Volunteer force; and the spontaneous offer of our riflemen having been accepted by the Queen and the Government, it is not likely that the voice of the nation, if raised to demand fortifications which the volunteers of the metropolitan districts could defend—and which would so strengthen our national defences as to render successful invasion hopeless, by making London an impregnable stronghold—would be unheeded. For surely no government would refuse a million to insure the safety of the metropolis and frustrate the aim of an invader, especially as the protection of the Capital is of paramount importance in any scheme of National Defences.

6. Again, our fleet might be passed, or even decoyed away, as Nelson's was; and then there are about 200 miles of our coast on which an enemy

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de la Tamise, ils pourraient, en vingt-quatre heures, détruire plusieurs milliards de matériels et de marchandise, et porter à la fortune de l'Angleterre un coup dont elle aurait peine à se relever."—*Extract of Lieut.-Col. Ardent's (of the Corps du Génie) paper on "The Defence of the Country south of London," from papers on subjects connected with the duties of the corps of Royal Engineers. 1849.*



could land within four days' march of London. In those short four days the safety of London would have to be secured, and our work of resistance to the invader be done. Within that time the enemy must be brought to a stand. But how is this to be done? Will he be brought up by clouds of skirmishers, hovering on his flank and rear, and slowly retreating as he advances his *tirailleurs*? Can we hope, with any number of irregular riflemen, however perfect may be their practice or superior their intelligence, so to reduce his numbers and disorganize his ranks, as to oblige him to pause in his career?—no more than a man would be stopped by an attack of angry wasps.

7. No! the only stop to an enemy in that hasty rush would be a general action; and if we give ourselves three days out of the four, which is little enough, to collect the various component parts of our motley forces—if we even accomplish this, and are prepared to meet the enemy on the third day, the action must be fought within one day's march of London.

8. All honour to the volunteers who have so nobly stepped out at their country's call; but on that day—without apprenticeship to their bloody task, without having ever seen a shot fired in anger—they must match themselves against veteran legions, led on by well-known and well-tried leaders, with all their plans of operation ready prepared, and with the prospect of the sack of the richest city in Europe, and the consummation, perhaps, of long-nourished plans of revenge.

9. What Englishman would not give all that he had to ensure the victory on such a day? Who that has a mother, a sister, a wife, or a daughter living in London, but would make any sacrifice to guard against the *possibility* of what might happen, if in that day the issue of this battle was to be decided against us?

10. Neither confidence in the justice of our cause, nor reliance on the valour of our defenders, can prevent the mind from growing dim at the thought of what may be the result of that action: for all must depend on *that*. There would be no time nor space for rallying. *That* one battle would decide the fate of England.

11. But this is a fate against which we may guard, with certainty of success, by adopting precautions which in all cases have been proved to be sufficient.

12. London's safety may be secured by the same means by which Wellington saved his handful of troops in Spain, when Massena was advancing with his superior army, as it seemed to annihilate him. Napoleon's order had gone forth to drive "the leopards" into the sea, and there seemed no one who could say it might not be done. What made Massena halt in his advance? Why did he sit down for a whole winter, his army melting away like snow from off those hills on which it had rested so long? Because he came in sight of some poor mounds of earth at Torres Vedras,—little earthen redoubts, thrown up on every vantage ground,—all of which

had been rendered impregnable by the very man whom Massena knew that he had sufficient strength to crush in the open field; but who, through this protection, was enabled to brave him, without a moment's uneasiness, for a whole winter, during which time he recruited his army by rest and by supplies from England. The result was the complete discomfiture of the French army.

13. How was it that, when we had landed in safety in the Crimea, had won the heights of Alma, and were within two days' march of Sebastopol, the victorious forces of France and England were suddenly brought to a stand and their strength so paralyzed that a year elapsed before we could gain a mile in advance upon an enemy whom we had in a few hours driven from his chosen position in the open field?

14. Why in the late campaign in Italy did the French Emperor so suddenly depart from his programme of "From the Alps to the Adriatic," and that, too, after his enemy had proved himself so hopelessly inferior in open contest? Whatever was the cause of these sudden pauses of great and conquering armies, it behoves us to know it; for it is this effect which we desire to produce. We may, and probably shall be taken by surprise; we may, as has generally happened, get worsted at the commencement; our volunteers, as well as some of our generals, may require some little apprenticeships; but if we can only *gain time*,\* who would for a moment fear the final result?

15. Let us, then, learn a lesson from these three great examples of modern warfare. The means we must employ are defensive as well as offensive resistance, and the science we must call to our aid is *Fortification*, properly applied to the metropolis, and *entrusted to our Volunteers*.

16. But before discussing the mode of fortification we will dispose of the superficial arguments brought against such a means of defence. Of course there will be the usual cuckoo cry—"Fortifications! why, have not we strong fortifications at Portsmouth, and Plymouth, and Dover? You don't think we can fortify all round the coast? Fortification! What is the good of building batteries and throwing up earth-works that will be all out of date and useless in a few years, and at an enormous cost? We can make better use of our money than that." And the military man will come forward and say that our army is small enough as it is, without locking up a part of it in fortresses which may be marked and passed by; while the engineer will say we can easily throw up hasty field-works at the last moment. These objections are really worthless.

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\* If, in 1814, Paris had possessed a citadel capable of holding out for only eight days, the destinies of the world would have been changed. If, in 1805, Vienna had been fortified, the battle of Ulm would not have decided the war. If, in 1806, Berlin had been fortified, the army beaten at Jena might have rallied there till the Russian army advanced to its relief. If, in 1808, Madrid had been fortified, the French army, after the victories of Espenosa, Indela, and Somosierra, could never have ventured to march upon that capital, leaving the English army in the neighbourhood of Salamanca in its rear."—*Alison's Europe*, c. 37.

17. There is a hazy kind of national prejudice against fortifying, and especially the metropolis. Yet this was done by the Romans in the middle ages, and even by the Parliamentarians in defence of liberty against despotism. In 1642 the very plan now suggested was followed by Cromwell. Forts were erected at the entrances to the city, and lines and entrenchments connected them together. The Common Council and other chief men of the city, with their wives and families, three thousand porters with their wives, and five thousand shoemakers, six thousand tailors, and five thousand sailors, all worked in the trenches at different days in May and June. "Oh, but we have our wooden walls!" Thank God, we have our wooden walls, and we trust them; but a fleet may be, as it has been, decoyed out of the Channel; indeed, it is possible that even an English fleet might meet with a temporary reverse; and in these days of steam, the time thus gained need not be more than an hour or two to enable the enemy to get the start of us. To an invading force, the fear of their retreat being cut off, and being severed from the base of their operations, would not be thought of. If London is worth attacking, it is worth running the risk of letting an army be left to its own resources, or even of being cut off altogether. Our fleet is a great protection, without doubt; but it does not, and cannot, give that perfect assurance against a sacking of London which is what we demand. The fleet is a right thing, but may not be always in the right place.

18. We must have a new and inner line of defence. "Well," opponents will say, "we have our great fortresses of Portsmouth and Plymouth, which we are strengthening at this very time." Portsmouth and Plymouth are most valuable, but not directly as defences of the capital: they are *virtually* important; but only as naval arsenals, as storehouses, refitting places, or *points d'affaires* for our navy. No! we may have as many lines as we please, but for our last and great efficient line of defence we must come nearer home. The line, to be well manned, must be short. We must fortify the point that is most liable to attack. London itself must be our *Quadrilateral*.

19. The military argument that the construction of fortresses necessitates the locking up of a great part of our regular troops, was formerly, no doubt, a strong and valid objection; but it will no longer hold good: whatever hesitation we may have in trusting untried troops for the first time in the field, there can be no doubt that we may safely entrust to them the charge of our fortresses. This is a work, too, which the intelligence and readiness of resources that we are sure to find in troops raised from our middle classes, would render volunteers particularly fitted to perform.

20. If the metropolis were safe, an invader would gain nothing by masking and passing that position: it being itself the goal to which all his efforts were tending. *The fortifications of the metropolis would not lock up our troops: they would have a directly contrary effect.* In the present state of things, a large covering force *must* always be employed in keeping guard over London, and the rest of the kingdom thus be left comparatively

defenceless: but with London fortified, and in the charge of our volunteers, we could afford to keep almost all our army in the field.

21. The objection that fortifications are becoming out of date, is so puerile as scarcely to deserve refutation. We know that, with the exception of such modifications as have been rendered necessary by improvements in arms and projectiles, the art of fortification has scarcely undergone a change for the better since the days of Marshal Vauban. But are we therefore to reject it until we have a better system? The percussion musket with which we re-armed all our foot soldiers a few years ago has been superseded by the Enfield rifle. The Armstrong gun is rapidly replacing the smooth-bored cannon on our forts and in our ships. And steam has rendered necessary the reconstruction of our navy. Yet we don't leave our soldiers without rifles, our batteries without guns, or our fleet without steamers, because those we are now constructing may, (or rather will, most certainly) become out of date in a few years.

22. As we shall show hereafter, the cost of fortifying London could be no obstacle: it would be an insignificant premium for such an insurance.

23. Fortification is the art of all others that seems at the present moment fitted to supply our wants. It is the very complement of our volunteer movement. We boast of the talent and intelligence of our volunteer defenders; and shall we neglect the means of turning that talent to the best and most profitable account? If our volunteers, from their superior intelligence, would make the best riflemen, surely these very qualities fit them in a still higher degree for engineers.

24. Fortification seems as if it were specially contrived for the benefit of England and Englishmen; for it makes money to do the work of soldiers. We are the richest country in Europe, with the smallest body of men under arms. Fortification will render irregular troops as good as, nay, even better than, regular. Our regular army is but a handful of men compared with the armies of other great powers; but thanks to our Volunteers, we are rich in perhaps the finest irregular troops in the world. Fortification affords the best guarantee against a *coup de main*; and such a mode of attack is precisely that which we have most reason to apprehend. Fortification gives the means of gaining time at the commencement of a campaign; and this of itself is a godsend to the ever unready Saxon.

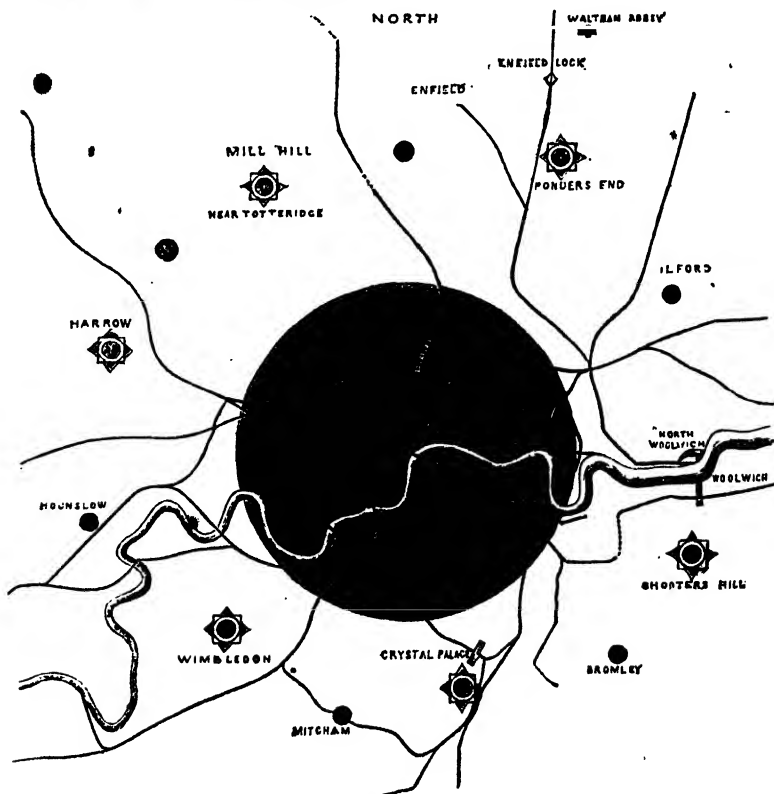
25. There is every reason why we should largely avail ourselves of a science which above all others distinguishes the educated from the uneducated soldier, the man of intellect from the mere fighting machine.

26. We have shown not only that there is no valid objection to fortifications, but that they are the best means of defence for us, and that our metropolis is the point of all others that seems to stand in need of defence: it is the heart without a breast-plate.

27. We now therefore proceed to the practical application of the argument. *How* should London be fortified?

28. In the minds of many may rise visions of an immense bulwark, a kind of great wall of China, drawn round London, and provided with ditches, drawbridges, and barred gates; and those who are acquainted with the customs of continental towns will probably connect them with barriers and *octrois*, and men examining your luggage and poking among your legs for contraband articles. On the contrary, now, thanks to our railways, our long-range guns, and to our volunteers, the fortifications which are necessary to secure London may be so unobtrusive, and so removed from the main highways, that no Londoner, save such as know what fortification really is, would ever realize the fact that they were in any way connected with its defence.

29. We only want half-a-dozen tolerably large forts, well placed, to form, as it were, the salient points of our defence. Let the reader refer to the diagram, and he will see six stars, one on Shooter's Hill, one on Norwood Hill to the South of the Crystal Palace, one at or near Wimbledon, a fourth somewhere near Harrow, then at Mill Hill, and our last within good range of Enfield Lock. A set of dots (●) then come in about midway between the five spaces.



30. Let us now consider the significance of the stars which denote forts: and first, that on Shooter's Hill, as the most important.

31. The security of our great arsenal of Woolwich demands (independently of any plea of metropolitan defence) that this important position should be occupied by a work of considerable strength. Such a fortress would answer three purposes, each of them of paramount importance! In the first place, it would remedy the extremely insecure state, and to an enemy the most tempting defencelessness, of our greatest military manufactories and arsenal; secondly, it would, by means of its outworks, effectually bar the Thames from any gun-boat attack; and thirdly, it would form one of the angles of our great polygon of positions for the defence of London. The next of these angles would be at the spur of Norwood Hill; where it would be necessary to construct a considerable fort. The third permanent work would come in the immediate vicinity of Wimbledon, where the range of hills again spurs out to the South; and these three would complete the salient angles of the southern half of the defence of London. Probably two works of a like nature would suffice for the northern division; and a third might be added in the direction of, and perhaps either within range of, or covering Enfield Lock, the great rifle factory for the Army.

32. These five or six forts should be regular permanent works, and of sufficient importance to be secure against a *coup de main*: in fact, to compel an enemy to sit down before them for a siege of greater or less duration. They should all be armed with heavy long-range guns, and should besides contain surplus stores of both guns and ammunition for the armament of other works, to be hereafter described.

33. Such would be all the extent of fortification necessary to be undertaken at first; but to complete the chain, it would be requisite that plots of ground should be acquired in suitable positions: generally, one between each of the permanent forts; and on each of these pieces of ground should be carefully traced the outline of an earthen work, of extent and form to suit each particular case.

34. The execution of these works could be undertaken by the garrisons of the permanent works, which would be relieved from time to time. They would thus form a series of military industrial schools, in which a large proportion of our troops might learn the all-important and much-neglected art, how to use a spade in their own defence. Perhaps some of our volunteers would not be above taking a few lessons of the same kind. Such as have formed themselves into engineer corps would of course do so, and we should thus be able to place another important mode of defence in the hands of these gentlemen. The outworks of the main forts, indeed, might be executed by the same means, and they could thus be kept continually being increased in strength.

35. The secondary earth-works would either be armed at once, upon the completion of the *enceinte*, or they might be supplied with guns and ammunition from the main permanent works when occasion might require. In the latter case, their cost would be very trifling, as it would not be necessary to construct permanent magazines or stores.

36. These two sets of works having been completed, it would then merely remain to have the spaces of ground between the several forts carefully considered, with a view to their occupation by a series of smaller works, either enclosed or open to the rear. The latter might in this case be left to be undertaken upon the menace of attack.

37. We should then have London surrounded by a series of strong points of resistance, consisting of chains of detached works, with large intervals between them, through which our regular and irregular troops might advance and retire, and act with a perfect certainty of success.

38. As to the garrisons of the permanent works; we have the Artillery at Woolwich, who would garrison their own fort at Shooter's Hill, and thus be on the spot to assist in the armament of the secondary works.

39. Now that we have given up the idea of employing our troops as police, we may surely abolish a large proportion of our London barracks, and give the Guards the benefit of suburban quarters. By this means we should do much towards improving the health of the troops, and the sale of the ground on which many of the present barracks are built would go far towards supplying the cost for the construction of those now proposed.

40. As the presence of a considerable strength of engineers would be necessary in the construction of the various secondary works, it would be advisable that one of the large forts should be garrisoned by this force. This would, perhaps, be best accomplished by the removal of our School of Military Engineers from Chatham; and it would be most conveniently located at Wimbledon, where the necessary waste ground could be obtained for practice in earth-works, while the Thames at Richmond would be sufficiently close for practice in hydraulic works and in pontooning. Moreover, the entire force round the metropolis would be able to avail themselves of this additional means of military education: indeed the engineers themselves, however learned or scientific they may be, would be none the worse for being placed within nearer reach of the various meetings of learned and scientific societies which are always taking place in the metropolis.

41. Let us now review the positions that we trust we have established. We have London surrounded by a cordon of detached forts, showing in every direction an armed front. We have water communication from east to west of the position, and ample communication by railway and telegraph in all directions, and to every fort. The leading lines of railway and the river are everywhere barred, and these very lines put us in communication with our great camps at Aldershot, Colchester, and Shorncliffe. Within our circle of forts we have, in material, the whole resources of the nation in artillery, military stores, small-arms, and ammunition; and as regards the *personal*, we include the head-quarters of the artillery, our picked troops, the Guards, the Engineers, the largest companies of Volunteer corps in the country, and, finally, a population of 3,000,000 from which to recruit: and with such a position to defend, every man might be a soldier. We have also the means of obtaining

unlimited supplies of all kinds from the country, and of despatching troops in different directions: for the idea of investing a position of such extent and situation could not for a moment be entertained by any army that could be introduced into this country.

42. With such defences, London might be safely entrusted to the keeping of a garrison of Volunteers, with but a sprinkling of regulars; so that the entire Army and Militia would be left free to take the field. Such a state of things would afford absolute security; for no enemy would then be mad enough to dream of a descent upon the heart of our empire. With London safe, and our army thus reinforced by the covering force that would otherwise be constantly required to defend it, we might, indeed, laugh at the menace of invasion.

43. What, then, should hinder us from at once putting ourselves beyond the probability of surprise? In point of inconvenience to the metropolis, it would be no more than the forts at Dover. The expense would be a mere nothing to what we are spending every day in less important matters. We are annually building large barracks for our troops; we have only to build the next six that we require in these particular positions; so that, with the exception of those to supply the place of the guards' barracks, the outlay for barracks may be almost omitted from the calculation: and in the case of these, their cost would be met by the sale of their present sites.

44. Again, in calculating the expense, the main works at Shooter's Hill may be thrown out; as they must, of necessity, be undertaken for the defence of Woolwich, and do not come within the category of works executed solely for the protection of London.

45. What, therefore, remains to be done at once, is to purchase, say, five plots of ground of fifty acres each, and six plots of thirty acres each, in all, 430 acres of land: this, considering that some of the sites are waste land, may possibly be put down at 200*l.* per acre = 86,000*l.* The main works may, perhaps, be estimated at 80,000*l.* each, or 400,000*l.*; so that the entire cost would not exceed half a million sterling, excluding Woolwich, which must be fortified in any case: an amount far less than that which the nation is spending ungrudgingly in constructing iron plated vessels, which, at best, are only experimental, and may prove failures.

46. A sum of half a million spent on the construction of six large Forts, would, in the next twelve months, establish a firm and adequate basis for all future defence. The field-works between the forts might be executed by the garrisons in them, whilst the smaller earth-works need not be thrown up until there was an absolute threat, or an imminent danger of invasion. Surely, the spirit which has evoked the Volunteers, will provide the funds to make London impregnable, and invasion, therefore, hopeless.



# Love! the Widower.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CECILIA'S SUCCESSOR.



MONSIEUR ET HONORE LECTEUR !

I see, as perfectly as if you were sitting opposite to me, the scorn depicted on your noble countenance, when you read my confession that I, Charles Batchelor, Esquire, did burglariously enter the premises of Edward Drencher, Esquire, M.R.C.S.I. (pshaw! the odious pestle-grinder, I never could bear him!) and break open, and read a certain letter, his property. I may have been wrong, but I am candid. I tell my misdeeds; some fellows hold their tongues. Besides, my good man, consider the temptation, and the horrid insight into the paper

which Bedford's report had already given me. Would *you* like to be told that the girl of your heart was playing at fast and loose with it, had none of her own, or had given hers to another? I don't want to make a Mrs. Robin Gray of any woman, and merely because "her mither presses her sair" to marry her against her will. "If Miss Prior," thought I, "prefers this lint-scraper to me, ought I to balk her? He is younger, and stronger, certainly, than myself. Some people may consider him handsome. (By the way, what a remarkable thing it is about many women, that, in affairs of the heart, they don't seem to care or understand whether a man is a gentleman or not.) It may be it is my superior fortune and social station which may induce Elizabeth to waver in her choice between me and my bleeding, bolusing, toothdrawing rival. If so, and I am only taken from mercenary considerations, what a pretty chance of subsequent happiness do either of us stand! Take the vaccinator, girl, if thou preferrest him! I know what it is to be crossed in love already. It's hard, but I can bear it! I ought to know, I must know, I *will* know what is in that paper!" So saying, as I pace round and round the table where the letter lies flickering



LOVEL'S MOTHERS



white under the midnight taper, I stretch out my hand—I seize the paper—I—well, I own it—there—yes—I took it, and I read it.

Or rather, I may say, I read that part of it which the bleeder and blisterer had flung down. It was but a fragment of a letter—a fragment—oh! how bitter to swallow! A lump of Epsom salt could not have been more disgusting. It appeared (from Bedford's statement) that *Æsculapius*, on getting into his gig, had allowed this scrap of paper to whisk out of his pocket—the rest he read, no doubt, under the eyes of the writer. Very likely, during the perusal, he had taken and squeezed the false hand which wrote the lines. Very likely the first part of the *precious document* contained compliments to him—from the horrible context I judge so—compliments to that vendor of leeches and bandages, into whose heart I daresay I wished ten thousand lancets might be stuck, as I perused the FALSE ONE's wheedling address to him! So ran the document. How well every word of it was engraven on my anguished heart. If page *three*, which I suppose was about the bit of the letter which I got, was as it was—what must page *one* and *two* have been? The dreadful document began, then, thus:—

“—— dear hair in the locket, which I shall *ever* wear for the sake of *him who gave it*”—(dear hair! indeed—disgusting carrots! She should have been ashamed to call it “dear hair”)—“for the sake of him who gave it, and whose *bad temper* I shall pardon, because I think, in spite of his faults, he is a *little fond* of his poor Lizzie! Ah, Edward! how *could* you go on so the last time about poor Mr. B.! Can you imagine that I can ever have more than a filial regard for the kind old gentleman?” (*Il était question de moi, ma parole d'honneur. I was the kind old gentleman!*) “I have known him since my childhood. He was intimate in our family in earlier and happier days; made our house his home; and, I must say, was most kind to all of us children. If he has vanities, you naughty boy, is he the only one of his sex who is vain? Can you fancy that such an old creature (an *old muff*, as you call him, you wicked, satirical man!) could ever make an impression on my heart? No, sir!” (Aha! So I was an old muff, was I?) “Though I don't wish to make *you* vain too, or that other people should laugh at you, as you do at poor dear Mr. B., I think, sir, you need but look *in your glass* to see that you need not be afraid of such a rival as *that*. You fancy he is attentive to me? If you looked only a little angrily at him, he would fly back to London. To-day, when your *horrid little patient* did presume to offer to take my hand, when I boxed his little wicked ears and sent him *spinning* to the end of the room—poor Mr. Batch was so *frightened* that he did not *dare* to come into the room, and I saw him peeping behind a statue on the lawn, and he would not come in until the *servants arrived*. Poor man! We cannot all of us have courage like a certain *Edward*, who I know is as *bold as a lion*. Now, sir, you must not be quarrelling with that wretched little captain for being rude. I have shown him that I can very well *take care of myself*. I knew the *odious thing* the first moment I set eyes on him, though he had forgotten

me. Years ago I met him, and I remember he was equally *rude and tips*——"

Here the letter was torn. Beyond "*tips*" it did not go. But that was enough, wasn't it? To this woman I had offered a gentle and manly, I may say a kind and tender heart—I had offered four hundred a year in funded property, besides my house in Devonshire Street, Bloomsbury—and she preferred *Edward*, forsooth, at the sign of the Gallipot: and may ten thousand pestles smash my brains!

You may fancy what a night I had after reading that scrap. I promise you I did not sleep much. I heard the hours toll as I kept vigil. I lay amidst shattered capitals, broken shafts of the tumbled palace which I had built in imagination—oh! how bright and stately! I sate amongst the ruins of my own happiness, surrounded by the murdered corpses of innocent-visions domestic joys. Tick—tock! Moment after moment I heard on the clock the clinking footsteps of wakeful grief. I fell into a doze towards morning, and dreamed that I was dancing with Glorvina, when I woke with a start, finding Bedford arrived with my shaving water, and opening the shutters. When he saw my haggard face he wagged his head.

"You *have* read it, I see, sir," says he.

"Yes, Dick," groaned I, out of bed, "I have swallowed it." And I laughed I may say a fiendish laugh. "And now I have taken it, not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups in his shop (hang him) will be able to medicine me to sleep for some time to come!"

"She has no heart, sir. I don't think she cares for t'other chap much," groans the gloomy butler. "She can't, after having known *us*!"—and my companion in grief, laying down my hot-water jug, retreats.

I did not cut any part of myself with my razor. I shaved quite calmly. I went to the family at breakfast. My impression is I was sarcastic and witty. I smiled most kindly at Miss Prior when she came in. Nobody could have seen from my outward behaviour that anything was wrong within. I was an apple. Could you inspect the worm at my core! No, no. Somebody, I think old Baker, complimented me on my good looks. I was a smiling lake. Could you see on my placid surface, amongst my sheeny water-lilies, that a corpse was lying under my cool depths? "A bit of devilled chicken?" "No, thank you. By the way, Lovel, I think I must go to town to-day." "You'll come back to dinner, of course?" "Well—no." "Oh, stuff! You promised me to-day and to-morrow. Robinson, Brown, and Jones are coming to-morrow, and you must be here to meet them." Thus we prattle on. I answer, I smile, I say, "Yes, if you please, another cup," or, "Be so good as to hand the muffin," or what not. But I am dead. I feel as if I am under ground, and buried. Life, and tea, and clatter, and muffins are going on, of course; and daisies spring, and the sun shines on the grass whilst I am under it. Ah, dear me! it's very cruel: it's very, very lonely: 't's very odd! I don't belong to the world any more. I have done with it. I am shelved away. But my spirit returns and flitters

through the world, which it has no longer anything to do with: and my ghost, as it were, comes and smiles at my own tombstone. Here lies Charles Batchelor, the Unloved One. Oh! alone, alone, alone! Why, Fate! didst ordain that I should be companionless? Tell me where the Wandering Jew is, that I may go and sit with him. Is there any place at a lighthouse vacant? Who knows where is the Island of Juan Fernandez? Engage me a ship and take me there at once. Mr. R. Crusoe, I think. My dear Robinson, have the kindness to hand me over your goatskin cap, breeches, and umbrella. Go home, and leave *me* here. Would you know who is the solitariest man on earth? That man am I. Was that cutlet which I ate at breakfast anon, was that lamb which frisked on the mead last week (beyond yon wall where the unconscious cucumber lay basking which was to form his sauce)—I say, was that lamb made so tender, that I might eat him? And my heart, then? Poor heart! wert thou so softly constituted only that women might stab thee? So I am a Muff, am I? And she will always wear a lock of his “dear hair,” will she? Ha! ha! The men on the omnibus looked askance as they saw me laugh. They thought it was from Hanwell, not Putney, I was escaping. Escape? Who can escape? I went into London. I went to the Clubs. Jawkins, of course, was there; and my impression is that he talked as usual. I took another omnibus, and went back to Putney. “I will go back and revisit my grave,” I thought. It is said that ghosts loiter about their former haunts a good deal when they are first dead; flit wistfully among their old friends and companions, and I daresay, expect to hear a plenty of conversation and friendly tearful remark about themselves. But suppose they return, and find nobody talking of them at all? Or suppose, Hamlet (Père, and Royal Dane) comes back and finds Claudius and Gertrude very comfortable over a piece of cold meat, or what not? Is the late gentleman’s present position as a ghost a very pleasant one? Crow, Cocks! Quick, Sun-dawn! Open, Trap-door! *Allons*: it’s best to pop underground again. So I am a Muff, am I? What a curious thing that walk up the hill to the house was! What a different place Shrublands was yesterday to what it is to-day! Has the sun lost its light, and the flowers their bloom, and the joke its sparkle, and the dish its savour? Why, bless my soul! what is Lizzy herself—only an ordinary woman—freckled certainly—incorrigibly dull, and without a scintillation of humour: and you mean to say, Charles Batchelor, that your heart once beat about *that* woman? Under the intercepted letter of that cold assassin, my heart had fallen down dead, irretrievably dead. I remember, *à propos* of the occasion of my first death, that perpetrated by Glorvina—on my second visit to Dublin—with what a strange sensation I walked under some trees in the Phoenix Park beneath which it had been my custom to meet my False One Number 1. There were the trees—there were the birds singing—there was the bench on which we used to sit—the same, but how different! The trees had a different foliage, exquisite amaranthine; the birds sang a song paradisaical;

the bench was a bank of roses and fresh flowers, which young Love twined in fragrant chaplets around the statue of Glorvina. Roses and fresh flowers? Rheumatisms and flannel-waistcoats, you silly old man! Foliage and Song? O namby-pamby driveller! A statue?—a doll, thou twaddling old dullard!—a doll with carmine cheeks, and a heart stuffed with bran—I say, on the night preceding that ride to and from Putney, I had undergone death—in that omnibus I had been carried over to t’other side of the Stygian Shore. I returned but as a passionless ghost, remembering my life-days, but not feeling any more. Love was dead, Elizabeth! Why, the doctor came, and partook freely of lunch, and I was not angry. Yesterday I called him names, and hated him, and was jealous of him. To-day I felt no rivalry; and no envy at his success; and no desire to supplant him. No—I swear—not the slightest wish to make Elizabeth mine if she would. I might have cared for her yesterday—yesterday I had a heart. Psha! my good sir or madam. You sit by me at dinner. Perhaps you are handsome, and use your eyes. Ogle away. Don’t balk yourself, pray. But if you fancy I care a threepenny-piece about you—or for your eyes—or for your bonny brown hair—or for your sentimental remarks, sidelong warbled—or for your praise to (not of) my face—or for your satire behind my back—ah me!—how mistaken you are! *Peine perdue, ma chère dame!* The digestive organs are still in good working order—but the heart? *Caret.*

I was perfectly civil to Mr. Drencher, and, indeed, wonder to think how in my irritation I had allowed myself to apply (mentally) any sort of disagreeable phrases to a most excellent and deserving and good-looking young man, who is beloved by the poor, and has won the just confidence of an extensive circle of patients. I made no sort of remark to Miss Prior, except about the weather and the flowers in the garden. I was bland, easy, rather pleasant, not too high-spirited, you understand.—No: I vow you could not have seen a nerve wince, or the slightest alteration in my demeanour. I helped the two old dowagers; I listened to their twaddle; I gaily wiped up with my napkin three-quarters of a glass of sherry which Popham flung over my trowsers. I would defy you to know that I had gone through the ticklish operation of an excision of the heart a few hours previously. Heart—pooh! I saw Miss Prior’s lip quiver. Without a word between us, she knew perfectly well that all was over as regarded her late humble servant. *She* winced once or twice. While Drencher was busy with his plate, the grey eyes cast towards me interjectional looks of puzzled entreaty. *She*, I say, winced; and I give you my word I did not care a fig whether she was sorry, or pleased, or happy, or going to be hung. And I can’t give a better proof of my utter indifference about the matter, than the fact that I wrote two or three copies of verses descriptive of my despair. They appeared, you may perhaps remember, in one of the annuals of those days, and were generally attributed to one of the most sentimental of our young poets. I remember the reviews said they were “replete with emotion,” “full of

passionate and earnest feeling," and so forth. Feeling, indeed!—ha! ha! "Passionate outbursts of a grief-stricken heart!"—Passionate scrapings of a fiddlestick, my good friend. "Lonely," of course, rhymes with "only," and "gushes" with "blushes," and "despair" with "hair," and so on. Despair is perfectly compatible with a good dinner, I promise you. Hair is false: hearts are false. Grapes may be sour, but claret is good, my masters. Do you suppose I am going to cry my eyes out, because Chloe's are turned upon Strephon? If you find any whimpering in mine, may they never wink at a bee's-wing again.

When the doctor rose presently, saying he would go and see the gardener's child, who was ill, and casting longing looks at Miss Prior, I assure you I did not feel a tittle of jealousy, though Miss Bessy actually followed Mr. Drencher into the lawn, under the pretext of calling back Miss Cissy, who had run thither without her bonnet.

"Now, Lady Baker, which was right? you or I?" asks bonny Mrs. Bonnington, wagging her head towards the lawn where this couple of innocents were disporting.

"You thought there was an affair between Miss Prior and the medical gentleman," I say, smiling. "It was no secret, Mrs. Bonnington?"

"Yes, but there were others who were a little smitten in that quarter too," says Lady Baker, and she in turn wags her old head towards me.

"You mean me?" I answer, as innocent as a new-born babe. "I am a burnt child, Lady Baker; I have been at the fire, and am already thoroughly done, thank you. One of your charming sex jilted me some years ago; and once is quite enough, I am much obliged to you."

This I said, not because it was true; in fact, it was the reverse of truth; but if I choose to lie about my own affairs, pray, why not? And though a strictly truth-telling man generally, when I do lie, I promise you, I do it boldly and well.

"If, as I gather from Mrs. Bonnington, Mr. Drencher and Miss Prior like each other, I wish my old friend joy. I wish Mr. Drencher joy with all my heart. The match seems to me excellent. He is a deserving, a clever, and a handsome young fellow; and I am sure, ladies, you can bear witness to her goodness, after all you have known of her."

"My dear Batchelor," says Mrs. Bonnington, still smiling and winking, "I don't believe one single word you say—not one single word!" And she looks infinitely pleased as she speaks.

"Oh!" cries Lady Baker, "my good Mrs. Bonnington, you are always match-making—don't contradict me. You know you thought——"

"Oh, please don't," cries Mrs. B.

"I will. She thought, Mr. Batchelor, she actually thought that our son, that my Cecilia's husband, was smitten by the governess. I should like to have seen him dare!" and her flashing eyes turn towards the late Mrs. Lovel's portrait with its faded simper leering over the harp. "The idea that any woman could succeed that angel indeed!"



"Indeed, I don't envy her," I said.

"You don't mean, Batchelor, that my Frederick would not make any woman happy?" cries the Bonnington. "He is only seven-and-thirty, very young for his age, and the most affectionate of creatures. I'm surprised, and it's most cruel, and most unkind of you, to say that you don't envy any woman that marries my boy!"

"My dear good Mrs. Bonnington, you quite misapprehend me," I remark.

"Why, when his late wife was alive," goes on Mrs. B. sobbing, "you know with what admirable sweetness and gentleness he bore her—her—~~but~~ temper—excuse me, Lady Baker!"

"Oh, pray, abuse my departed angel!" cries the Baker; "say that your son should marry and forget her—say that those darlings should be made to forget their mother. She was a woman of birth, and a woman of breeding, and a woman of family, and the Bakers came in with the Conqueror, Mrs. Bonnington——"

"I think I heard of one in the court of Pharaoh," I interposed.

"And to say that a Baker is not worthy of a Lovel is *pretty* news indeed! Do you hear *that*, Clarence?"

"Hear what, ma'am?" says Clarence, who enters at this juncture. "You're speakin' loud enough—though blesht if I hear two sh-shyllables."

"You wretched boy, you have been smoking!"

"Shmoking—haven't I?" says Clarence with a laugh; "and I've beep at the Five Bells, and I've been having a game of billiards with an old friend of mine," and he lurches towards a decanter.

"Ah! don't drink any more, my child!" cries the mother.

"I'm as sober as a judge, I tell you. You leave so precious little in the bottle at dinner, that I must get it when I can, mustn't I, Batchelor, old boy? We had a row yesterday, hadn't we? No, it was sugar-baker. I'm not angry—you're not angry. Bear no malish. Here's your health, old boy!"

The unhappy gentleman drank his bumper of sherry, and, tossing his hair off his head, said—"Where's the governess—where's Bessy Bellenden? Who's that kickin' me under the table, I say?"

"Where is who?" asks his mother.

"Bessy Bellenden—the governess—that's her real name. Known her these ten years. Used to dansh at Prinsh's Theatre. Remember her in the corps de ballet. Ushed to go behind the shenes. Dooshid pretty girl!" maunders out the tipsy youth; and as the unconscious subject of his mischievous talk enters the room, again he cries out, "Come and sit by me, Bessy Bellenden, I say!"

The matrons rose with looks of horror in their faces. "A ballet dancer!" cries Mrs. Bonnington. "A ballet dancer!" echoes Lady Baker. "Young woman, is this true?"

"The Bulbul and the Roshe—hay?" laughs the Captain. "Don't you remember you and Fosbery in blue and shpangles? Always all right,

though, Bellenden was. Fosbery wasn't: but Bellenden was. Give you every credit for that, Bellenden. Boxsh my earsh. Bear no malish—no—no—malish! Get some more sherry, you—whatsch your name—Bedford, butler—and I'll pay you the money I owe you;" and he laughs his wild laugh, utterly unconscious of the effect he is producing. Bedford stands staring at him as pale as death. Poor Miss Prior is as white as marble. Wrath, terror, and wonder are in the countenances of the dowagers. It is an awful scene!

"Mr. Batchelor knows that it was to help my family I did it," says the poor governess.

"Yes, by George! and nobody can say a word against her," bursts in Dick Bedford, with a sob; "and she is as honest as any woman here!"

"Pray, who told you to put your oar in?" cries the tipsy captain.

"And you knew that this person was on the stage, and you introduced her into my son's family? Oh, Mr. Batchelor, Mr. Batchelor, I didn't think it of you! Don't speak to me, Miss!" cries the flurried Bonnington.

"You brought this woman to the child'en of my adored Cecilia?" calls out the other dowager. "Serpent, leave the room! Pack your trunks, viper! and quit the house this instant. Don't touch her, Cissy. Come to me, my blessing. Go away, you horrid wretch!"

"She ain't a horrid wretch; and when I was ill she was very good to us," breaks in Pop, with a roar of tears: "and you shan't go, Miss Prior—my dear, pretty Miss Prior. You shan't go!" and the child rushes up to the governess, and covers her neck with tears and kisses.

"Leave her, Popham, my darling blessing!—leave that woman!" cries Lady Baker.

"I won't, you old beast!—an' she sha-a-ant' go. And I wish you was dead—and, my dear, you shan't go, and Pa shan't let you!"—shouts the boy.

"O, Popham, if Miss Prior has been naughty, Miss Prior must go!" says Cecilia, tossing up her head.

"Spoken like my daughter's child!" cries Lady Baker: and little Cissy, having flung her little stone, looks as if she had performed a very virtuous action.

"God bless you, Master Pop,—you are a trump, you are!" says Mr. Bedford.

"Yes, that I am, Bedford; and she shan't go, shall she?" cries the boy.

But Bessy stooped down sadly, and kissed him. "Yes, I must, dear," she said.

"Don't touch him! Come away, sir! Come away from her this moment!" shrieked the two mothers.

"I nursed him through the scarlet fever, when his own mother would not come near him," says Elizabeth, gently.

"I'm blest if she didn't," sobs Bedford—"and—bub—bub—bless you, Master Pop!"

"That child is wicked enough, and headstrong enough, and rude enough already!" exclaims Lady Baker. "I desire, young woman, you will not pollute him farther!"

"That's a hard word to say to an honest woman, ma'am," says Bedford.

"Pray, miss, are you engaged to the butler, too?" hisses out the dowager.

"There's very little the matter with Maxwell's child—only teeth. What on earth has happened? My dear Lizzy—my dear Miss Prior—what is it?" cries the doctor, who enters from the garden at this juncture.

"Nothing has happened, only this young woman has appeared in a new *character*," says Lady Baker. "My son has just informed us that Miss Prior danced upon the stage, Mr. Drencher; and if you think such a person is a fit companion for your mothers and sisters, who attend a place of Christian worship, I believe—I wish you joy."

"Is this—is this—true?" asks the doctor, with a look of bewilderment.

"Yes, it is true," sighs the girl.

"And you never told me, Elizabeth?" groans the doctor.

"She's as honest as any woman here," calls out Bedford. "She gave all the money to her family."

"It wasn't fair not to tell me. It wasn't fair," sobs the doctor. And he gives her a ghastly parting look, and turns his back.

"I say, you—Hi! What-d'-you-call-'em? Sawbones!" shrieks out Captain Clarence. "Come back, I say. She's all right, I say. Upon my honour, now, she's all right."

"Miss P. shouldn't have kept this from me. My mother and sisters are dissenters, and very strict. I couldn't ask a party into my family who has been—who has been—I wish you good morning," says the doctor, and stalks away.

"And now, will you please to get your things ready and go, too," continues Lady Baker. "My dear Mrs. Bonnington, you think——"

"Certainly, certainly, she must go!" cries Mrs. Bonnington.

"Don't go till Lovel comes home, Miss. *These* ain't your 'mistresses. Lady Baker don't pay your salary. If you go, I go, too. There!" calls out Bedford, and mumbles something in her ear about the end of the world.

"You go, too; and a good riddance, you insolent brute!" exclaims the dowager.

"O, Captain Clarence! you have made a pretty morning's work," I say.

"I don't know what the doose all the sherry—all the shinty's about," says the captain, playing with the empty decanter. "Gal's a very good

gal—pretty gal. If she choosesh danish shport her family, why the doosh shouldn't she danish shport a family?"

"That is exactly what I recommend this person to do," says Lady Baker, tossing up her head. "And now I will thank you to leave the room. Do you hear?"

As poor Elizabeth obeyed this order, Bedford darted after her; and I know ere she had gone five steps he had offered her his savings and everything he had. She might have had mine yesterday. But she had deceived me. She had played fast and loose with me. She had misled me about this doctor. I could trust her no more. My love of yesterday was dead, I say. That vase was broke, which never could be mended. She knew all was over between us. She did not once look at me as she left the room.

The two dowagers—one of them, I think, a little alarmed at her victory—left the house, and for once went away in the same barouche. The young maniac who had been the cause of the mischief staggered away, I know not whither.

About four o'clock, poor little Pinhorn, the child's maid, came to me, well nigh choking with tears, as she handed me a letter. "She's goin' away—and she saved both them children's lives, she did. And she've wrote to you, sir. And Bedford's a-goin'. And I'll give warnin', I will, too!" And the weeping handmaiden retires, leaving me, perhaps somewhat frightened, with the letter in my hand.

"Dear Sir," she said—"I may write you a line of thanks and farewell. I shall go to my mother. I shall soon find another place. Poor Bedford, who has a generous heart, told me that he had given you a letter of mine to Mr. D. I saw this morning that you knew everything. I can only say now that for all your long kindnesses and friendship to my family I am always your sincere and grate—E. P."

Yes: that was all. I think she *was* grateful. But she had not been candid with me, nor with the poor surgeon. I had no anger: far from it: a great deal of regard and goodwill, nay admiration, for the intrepid girl who had played a long, hard part very cheerfully and bravely. But my foolish little flicker of love had blazed up and gone out in a day; I knew that she never could care for me. In that dismal, wakeful night, after reading the letter, I had thought her character and story over, and seen to what a life of artifice and dissimulation necessity had compelled her. I did not blame her. In such circumstances, with such a family, how could she be frank and open? Poor thing! poor thing! Do we know anybody? Ah! dear me, we are most of us very lonely in the world. You who have any who love you, cling to them, and thank God. I went into the hall towards evening: her poor trunks and packages were there, and the little nurserymaid weeping over them. The sight unmanned me; and I believe I cried myself. Poor Elizabeth! And with these small chests you recommence your life's lonely voyage! I gave the girl a couple of sovereigns. She sobbed a God bless me! and burst

out crying more desperately than ever. Thou hast a kind heart, little Pinhorn!

"'Miss Prior—to be called for.' Whose trunks are these?" says Lovel, coming from the city. The dowagers drove up at the same moment.

"Didn't you see us from the omnibus, Frederick?" cries her ladyship, coaxingly. "We followed behind you all the way!"

"We were in the barouche, my dear," remarks Mrs. Bonnington, rather nervously.

"Whose trunks are these?—what's the matter?—and what's the girl crying for?" asks Lovel.

"Miss Prior is a-going away," sobs Pinhorn.

"Miss Prior going? Is this your doing, my Lady Baker?—or yours, mother?" the master of the house says, sternly.

"She is going, my love, because she cannot stay in this family," says mamma.

"That woman is no fit companion for my angel's children, Frederick!" cries Lady B.

"That person has deceived us all, my love!" says mamma.

"Deceived?—how? Deceived whom?" continues Mr. Lovel, more and more hotly.

"Clarence, love! come down, dear! Tell Mr. Lovel everything. Come down and tell him this moment," cries Lady Baker to her son, who at this moment appears on the corridor which was round the hall.

"What's the row now, pray?" And Captain Clarence descends, breaking his shins over poor Elizabeth's trunks, and calling down on them his usual maledictions.

"Tell Mr. Lovel, where you saw that—that person, Clarence! Now, sir, listen to my Cecilia's brother!"

"Saw her—saw her, in blue and spangles, in the *Rose and the Bulbul*, at the Prince's Theatre—and a doosed nice-looking girl she was too!"—says the captain.

"There, sir!"

"There, Frederick!" cry the matrons in a breath.

"And what then?" asks Lovel.

"Mercy! you ask, What then, Frederick? Do you know what a theatre is? Tell Frederick what a theatre is, Mr. Batchelor, and that my grandchildren must not be educated by——"

"My grandchildren—my Cecilia's children," shrieks the other, "must not be poll-luted by——"

"Silence!" I say. "Have you a word against her—have you, pray, Baker?"

"No. 'Gad! I never said a word against her," says the captain. "No, hang me, you know—but——"

"But suppose I knew the fact the whole time?" asks Lovel, with rather a blush on his cheek. "Suppose I knew that she danced to give

her family bread? Suppose I knew that she toiled and laboured to support her parents, and brothers, and sisters? Suppose I know that out of her pittance she has continued to support them? Suppose I know that she watched my own children through fever and danger? For these reasons I must turn her out of doors, must I? No, by Heaven!—No!—Elizabeth!—Miss Prior!—Come down!—Come here, I beg you!”

The governess arrayed as for departure at this moment appeared on the corridor running round the hall. As Lovel continued to speak very loud and resolute, she came down looking deadly pale.

Still much excited, the widower went up to her and took her hand. “Dear Miss Prior!” he said—“dear Elizabeth! you have been the best friend of me and mine. You tended my wife in illness, you took care of my children in fever and danger. You have been an admirable sister, daughter in your own family—and for this, and for these benefits conferred upon us, my relation—my mother-in-law—would drive you out of my doors! It shall not be!—by Heavens, it shall not be!”

You should have seen little Bedford sitting on the governess’s box, shaking his fist, and crying “Hurrah!” as his master spoke. By this time the loud voices and the altercation in the hall had brought a half-dozen of servants from their quarters into the hall. “Go away, all of you!” shouts Lovel; and the domestic *posse* retires, Bedford being the last to retreat, and nodding approval at his master as he backs out of the room.

“You are very good, and kind, and generous, sir,” says the pale Elizabeth, putting a handkerchief to her eyes. “But without the confidence of these ladies, I must not stay, Mr. Lovel. God bless you for your goodness to me. I must, if you please, return to my mother.”

The worthy gentleman looked fiercely round at the two elder women, and again seizing the governess’s hand, said—“Elizabeth! dear Elizabeth! I implore you not to go! If you love the children——”

“Oh, sir!” (A cambric veil covers Miss Prior’s emotion, and the expression of her face, on this ejaculation.)

“If you love the children,” gasps out the widower, “stay with them. If you have a regard for—for their father”—(Timanthes, where is thy pocket handkerchief?)—“remain in this house, with such a title as none can question. Be the mistress of it.”

“His mistress—and before me!” screams Lady Baker. “Mrs. Bonnington, this depravity is monstrous!”

“Be my wife! dear Elizabeth,” the widower continues. “Continue to watch over the children, who shall be motherless no more.”

“Frederick! Frederick! haven’t they got us?” shrieks one of the old ladies.

“Oh, my poor dear Lady Baker!” says Mrs. Bonnington.

“Oh, my poor dear Mrs. Bonnington!” says Lady Baker.

“Frederick, listen to your mother,” implores Mrs. Bonnington.

“To your mothers!” sobs Lady Baker.

And they both go down on their knees, and I heard a boohoo of a guffaw behind the green-baized servants' door, where I have no doubt Mons. Bedford was posted.

"Ah! Batchelor, dear Batchelor, speak to him!" cries good Mrs. Bonny. "We are praying this child, Batchelor—this child whom you used to know at College, and when he was a good, gentle, obedient boy. You have influence with my poor Frederick. Exert it for his heart-broken mother's sake; and you shall have my bubble-uble-essings, you shall."

"My dear good lady," I exclaim—not liking to see the kind soul in grief.

"Send for Doctor Straightwaist! Order him to pause in his madness," cries Baker; "or it is I, Cecilia's mother, the mother of that murdered angel, that shall go mad."

"Angel! *Allons*, I say. Since his widowhood, you have never given the poor fellow any peace. You have been for ever quarrelling with him. You took possession of his house; bullied his servants, spoiled his children—you did, Lady Baker."

"Sir," cries her ladyship, "you are a low, presuming, vulgar man! Clarence, beat this rude man!"

"Nay," I say, "there must be no more quarrelling to-day. And I am sure Captain Baker will not molest me. Miss Prior, I am delighted that my old friend should have found a woman of good sense, good conduct, good temper—a woman who has had many trials, and borne them with very great patience, to take charge of him, and make him happy. I congratulate you both. Miss Prior has borne poverty so well that I am certain she will bear good fortune, for it is good fortune to become the wife of such a loyal, honest, kindly gentleman as Frederick Lovel."

After such a speech as that, I think I may say, *liberavi animam*. Not one word of complaint, you see, not a hint about "Edward," not a single sarcasm, though I might have launched some terrific shots out of my quiver, and have made Lovel and his bride-elect writhe before me. But what is the need of spoiling sport? Shall I growl out of my sulky manger, because my comrade gets the meat? Eat it, happy dog! and be thankful. Would not that bone have choked me if I had tried it? Besides, I am accustomed to disappointment. Other fellows get the prizes which I try for. I am used to run second in the dreary race of love. Second? Psha! Third, Fourth. *Que sçais-je?* There was the Bombay captain in Bess's early days. There was Edward. Here is Frederick. Go to, Charles Batchelor; repine not at fortune; but be content to be Batchelor still. My sister has children. I will be an uncle, a parent to them. Isn't Edward of the scarlet whiskers distanced? Has not poor Dick Bedford lost the race—poor Dick, who never had a chance, and is the best of us all? Besides, what fun it is to see Lady Baker deposed: think of Mrs. Prior coming in and reigning over her! The purple-faced old fury of a Baker, never will she bully, and rage, and trample more. She must pack up her traps,

and be off. I know she must. I can congratulate Lovel, sincerely, and that's the fact.

And here at this very moment, and as if to add to the comicality of the scene, who should appear but mother-in-law No. 2, Mrs. Prior, with her blue-coat boy and two or three of her children, who had been invited, or had invited themselves, to drink tea with Lovel's young ones, as their custom was whenever they could procure an invitation. Master Prior had a fine "copy" under his arm, which he came to show to his patron Lovel. His mamma, entirely ignorant of what had happened, came fawning in with her old poke-bonnet, her old pocket, that vast depository of all sorts of stores, her old umbrella, and her usual dreary smirk. She made her obeisance to the matrons,—she led up her blue-coat boy to Mr. Lovel, in whose office she hoped to find a clerk's place for her lad, on whose very coat and waistcoat she had designs whilst they were yet on his back: and she straightway began business with the dowerers—

"My lady, I hope your ladyship is quite well?" (a curtsy.) "Dear, kind Mrs. Bonnington! I came to pay my duty to you, mum. This is Louisa, my lady, the great girl for whom your ladyship so kindly promised the gown. And this is my little girl, Mrs. Bonnington, mum, please; and this is my big Blue. Go and speak to dear, kind Mr. Lovel, Gus, our dear good friend and protector,—the son and son-in-law of these dear ladies. Look, sir, he has brought his copy to show you; and it's creditable to a boy of his age, isn't it, Mr. Bachelor? You can say, who know so well what writing is, and my kind services to you, sir,—and—Elizabeth, Lizzie, my dear! where's your spectacles, you—you——"

Here she stopped, and looking alarmed at the group, at the boxes, at the blushing Lovel, at the pale countenance of the governess, "Gracious goodness!" she said, "what has happened? Tell me, Lizzy, what is it?"

"Is this collusion, pray?" says ruffled Mrs. Bonnington.

"Collusion, dear Mrs. Bonnington?"

"Or insolence?" bawls out my lady Baker.

"Insolence, your ladyship? What—what is it? What are these boxes—Lizzy's boxes? Ah!" the mother broke out with a scream, "you've not sent the poor girl away? Oh! my poor child—my poor children!"

"The Prince's Theatre has come out, Mrs. Prior," here, said I.

The mother clasps her meagre hands. "It wasn't the darling's fault. It was to help her poor father in poverty. It was I who forced her to it. O ladies! ladies!—don't take the bread out of the mouth of these poor orphans!"—and genuine tears rained down her yellow cheeks.

"Enough of this," says Mr. Lovel, haughtily. "Mrs. Prior, your daughter is not going away. Elizabeth has promised to stay with me, and never to leave me—as governess no longer, but as—" and here he takes Miss Prior's hand.

"His wife! Is this—is this true, Lizzy?" gasped the mother.



"Yes, mamma," meekly said Miss Elizabeth Prior.

At this the old woman flung down her umbrella, and uttering a fine scream, folds Elizabeth in her arms, and then runs up to Lovel: "My son! my son!" says she (Lovel's face was not bad, I promise you, at this salutation and salute). "Come here, children!—come, Augustus, Fanny, Louisa, kiss your dear brother, children! And where are yours, Lizzy? Where are Pop and Cissy? Go and look for your little nephew and niece, dears: Pop and Cissy in the schoolroom, or in the garden, dears. They will be your nephew and niece now. Go and fetch them, I say."

As the young Priors filed off, Mrs. Prior turned to the two other matrons, and spoke to them with much dignity: "Most hot weather, your ladyship, I'm sure! Mr. Bonnington must find it very hot for preaching, Mrs. Bonnington! Lor! there's that little wretch beating my Johnny on the stairs. Have done, Pop, sir! How ever shall we make those children agree, Elizabeth?"

Quick, come to me, some skilful delineator of the British dowager, and draw me the countenances of Lady Baker and Mrs. Bonnington!

"I call this a jolly game, don't you, Batchelor, old boy?" remarks the captain to me. "Lady Baker, my dear, I guess your ladyship's nose is out of joint."

"O Cecilia—Cecilia! don't you shudder in your grave?" cries Lady B. "Call my people, Clarence—call Bulkeley—call my maid! Let me go, I say, from this house of horror!" and the old lady dashed into the drawing-room, where she uttered, I know not what, incoherent shrieks and appeals before that calm, glazed, simpering portrait of the departed Cecilia.

Now this is a truth, for which I call Lovel, his lady, Mrs. Bonnington and Captain Clarence Baker, as witnesses. Well, then, whilst Lady B. was adjuring the portrait, it is a fact that a string of Cecilia's harp—which has always been standing in the corner of the room under its shroud of Cordovan leather—a string, I say, of Cecilia's harp cracked, and went off with a loud *bong*, which struck terror into all beholders. Lady Baker's agitation at the incident was awful; I do not like to describe it—not having any wish to say anything tragic in this narrative—though that I *can* write tragedy, plays of mine (of which envious managers never could be got to see the merit) I think will prove, when they appear in my posthumous works.

Baker has always averred that at the moment when the harp-string broke, her heart broke too. But as she lived for many years, and may be alive now for what I know; and as she borrowed money repeatedly from Lovel—he must be acquitted of the charge which she constantly brings against him of hastening her own death, and murdering his first wife Cecilia. "The harp that once in Tara's Halls" used to make such a piteous feeble thrumming, has been carted off I know not whither; and Cecilia's portrait, though it has been removed from the post of honour (where, you

conceive, under present circumstances it would hardly be *à propos*) occupies a very reputable position in the pink room up-stairs, which that poor young Clarence inhabited during my visit to Shrublands.

All the house has been altered. There's a fine organ in the hall, on which Elizabeth performs sacred music very finely. As for *my* old room, it would trouble you to smoke *there* under the present government. It is a library now, with many fine and authentic pictures of the Lovel family hanging up in it, the English branch of the house with the wolf crest, and *Gare à la louve* for the motto, and a grand posthumous portrait of a Portuguese officer (Gandish), Elizabeth's late father.

As for dear old Mrs. Bonnington, she, you may be sure, would be easily reconciled to any live mortal who was kind to her, and any plan which should make her son happy; and Elizabeth has quite won her over. Mrs. Prior, on the deposition of the other dowagers, no doubt expected to reign at Shrublands, but in this object I am not very sorry to say was disappointed. Indeed, I was not a little amused, upon the very first day of her intended reign—that eventful one of which we have been describing the incidents—to see how calmly and gracefully Bessy pulled the throne from under her, on which the old lady was clambering.

Mrs. P. knew the house very well, and everything which it contained; and when Lady Baker drove off with her son and her suite of domestics, Prior dashed through the vacant apartments, gleaming what had been left in the flurry of departure—a scarlet feather out of the dowager's room, a shirt stud and a bottle of hair-oil, the captain's property. “And now they are gone, and as you can't be alone with him, my dear, I must be with you,” says she, coming down to her daughter.

“Of course, mamma, I must be with you,” says obedient Elizabeth.

“And there is the pink room, and the blue room, and the yellow room for the boys—and the chintz boudoir for me—I can put them all away, oh, so comfortably!”

“I can come and share Louisa's room, mamma,” says Bessy. “It will not be proper for me to stay here at all—until afterwards, you know. Or I can go to my uncle at St. Boniface. Don't you think that will be best, eh, Frederick?”

“Whatever you wish, my dear Lizzy!” says Lovel.

“And I daresay there will be some little alterations made in the house. You talked, you know, of painting, Mr. Lovel; and the children can go to their grandmamma Bonnington. And on our return when the alterations are made we shall always be delighted to see *you*, Mr. Batchelor—our kindest old friend. Shall we not, a—Frederick?”

“Always, always,” said Frederick.

“Come, children, come to your teas,” calls out Mrs. P., in a resolute voice.

“Dear Pop, I'm not going away—that is, only for a few days, dear,” says Bessy, kissing the boy; “and you will love me, won't you?”

“All right,” says the boy. But Cissy said, when the same appeal

was made to her: "I shall love my dear mamma!" and makes her new mother-in-law a very polite curtsy.

"I think you had better put off those men you expect to dinner to-morrow, Fred?" I say to Lovel.

"I think I had, Batch," says the gentleman.

"Or you can dine with them at the club, you know?" remarks Elizabeth.

"Yes, Bessy."

"And when the children have had their tea I will go with mamma. My boxes are ready, you know," says arch Bessy.

"And you will stay, and dine with Mr. Lovel, won't you, Mr. Batchelor?" asks the lady.

It was the dreariest dinner I ever had in my life. No undertaker could be more gloomy than Bedford, as he served us. We tried to talk politics and literature. We drank too much, purposely. Nothing would do. "Hang me, if I can stand this, Lovel," I said, as we sat mum over our third bottle. "I will go back, and sleep at my chambers. I was not a little soft upon her myself, that's the truth. Here's her health, and happiness to both of you, with all my heart." And we drained a great bumper apiece, and I left him. He was very happy I should go.

Bedford stood at the gate, as the little pony-carriage came for me in the dusk. "God bless you, sir," says he. "I can't stand it; I shall go too." And he rubbed his hands over his eyes.

He married Mary Pinhorn, and they have emigrated to Melbourne; whence he sent me, three years ago, an affectionate letter, and a smart gold pin from the diggings.

A month afterwards, a cab might have been seen driving from the Temple to Hanover Square: and a month and a day after that drive, an advertisement might have been read in the *Post* and *Times*: "Married, on Thursday, 10th, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Reverend the Master of St. Boniface College, Oxbridge, uncle of the bride, Frederick Lovel, Esquire, of Shrublands, Roehampton, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Captain Montagu Prior, K.S.F."

We may hear of LOVEL MARRIED some other day, but here is an end of LOVEL THE WIDOWER. *Valete et plaudite*, you good people, who have witnessed the little comedy. Down with the curtain; cover up the boxes; pop out the gas-lights. Ho! cab. Take us home, and let us have some tea, and go to bed. Good night, my little players. We have been merry together, and we part with soft hearts and somewhat rueful countenances, don't we?

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## The Maiden's Lover.

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"Woo me not with sighs and tears,  
"Woo me not with vows," she said,  
"Tell me not of doubts and fears ;  
"Deeds, not glowing words, I wed.

"Passion-pale I see thee stand ;  
"Let Love speak, but not in sighs—  
"Passion but unnerves the hand,  
"Drains the heart to wet the eyes.

"Who would win me must have won  
"Rule right royal o'er his heart ;  
"Wholly true, from sun to sun,  
"So he'll love me not in part.

"Who would win me, must have found,  
"For his deep and manly love,  
"Other vent than empty sound—  
"Vows protest but do not prove.

"Nobly as old legends tell,  
"Rode the knight from land to land,  
"Sin and wrong before him fell,  
"Conquer'd by his stalwart hand.

"Glorious legends, were they true !  
"Make them true if me you'd win ;  
"Win for me and thee a new  
"Triumph over death and sin.

"If thou languish at my side,  
"I shall mock thee in my scorn ;  
"Up, be doing—so thy bride  
"On I pass till Death's dark morn.

"If around thy spirit gather  
"Rust of sloth and lustful ease,  
"Though I love thee, I would rather  
"Thou wert dying on my knecs."

Swift he turned—that flashing face  
Woke a new-born love to life ;  
Then he knew her, all her grace :  
Won her nobly for his Wife.

## The Portent.

### II.—“THE OMEN COMING ON.”\*

I WAS set down at the great gate of Hilton Hall, in which I was to reside for some indefinite period as tutor to the children of Lord Hilton. I walked up the broad avenue, through the final arch of which, as through a huge Gothic window, I saw the hall in the distance. Everything was rich, lovely, and fairylike about me. Accustomed to the scanty flowers and diminutive wood of my own country, I looked upon all around me with a feeling of majestic plenty, which I can recall at will, but which I have never experienced again. Beyond the trees which formed the avenue, I saw a shrubbery, composed entirely of flowering plants, almost all strange to me. Issuing from the avenue, I found myself amid open, wide, lawny spaces, in which the flower-beds lay like islands of colour. A statue on a pedestal, the only white thing in the surrounding green of the lawn and the avenue, caught my eye. I had seen scarcely any sculpture; and this, attracting my attention by a favourite contrast of colour, retained it by its own beauty. It was a Dryad, or some nymph of the woods, who looked as if she had just glided from the solitude of the trees behind, and had sprung upon the pedestal to look wonderingly around her. A few large brown leaves lay beneath it, left there, no doubt, by the eddying around its base of some wind that had torn them from the trees behind. As I gazed, absorbed in a new pleasure, a drop of rain upon my face made me look up. From a gray fleecy cloud, with sun-whitened border, lo! a light, gracious, plentiful rain was falling. A rainbow sprang across the sky, and the statue stood within the rainbow. At the same moment, from the base of the pedestal, rose a figure in white, graceful as the Dryad above, and neither running, nor appearing to walk with rapid steps, glided swiftly past me at a few paces' distance, fleet as a ghost; and, keeping in a straight line for the main entrance of the Hall, entered and vanished. All that I saw of her was, that she was young, very pale, and dressed in white.

I followed in the direction of the mansion, which was large, and of several styles and ages. One wing appeared especially ancient. It seemed neglected and out of repair, and had in consequence a desolate, almost sepulchral look, heightened by a number of large cypresses growing along its line. I went up to the central door and knocked. It was opened by a grave elderly butler. I passed under its flat arch, as if into the midst of the waiting events of my story. As I glanced around the hall, my consciousness was suddenly saturated, if I may be allowed the expression, with

\* *Hamlet*, Act 1, Scene i.

that strange feeling—known to every one, and yet so strange—that I had seen it before; that, in fact, I knew it perfectly. But what was yet more strange, and far more uncommon, was, that, although the feeling with regard to the hall faded and vanished instantly, and although I could not in the least surmise the appearance of any of the regions into which I was about to be ushered, I yet followed the butler with a kind of indefinable expectation of seeing something which I had seen before; and every room or passage in that mansion affected me, on entering it for the first time, with the same sensation of previous acquaintance which I had experienced with regard to the hall. This sensation, in every case, died away at once, leaving that portion as strange both to eyes and mind as it might naturally be expected to look to one who had never before crossed the threshold of the hall. I was received by the housekeeper, a little prim benevolent old lady, with colourless face and antique head-dress, who led me to the room which had been prepared for me. To my surprise, I found a large wood fire burning on the hearth; but the feeling of the place revealed at once the necessity for it; and I scarcely needed to be informed that the room, which was upon the ground floor, and looked out upon a little solitary grass-grown and ivy-mantled court, had not been used for years, and required to be thus prepared for an inmate. The look of ancient mystery about it, was to me incomparably more attractive than any elegance or comfort of an ordinary kind. My bedroom was a few paces down a passage to the right.

Left alone, I proceeded to make a more critical survey of my room. It was large and low, panelled in oak throughout, which was black with age, and worm-eaten in many parts—otherwise entire. Both the windows looked into the little court or yard before mentioned. All the heavier furniture of the room was likewise of black oak, but the chairs and couches were covered with faded tapestry and tarnished gilding, and seemed to be the superannuated members of the general household of seats. I could give an individual description of each variety, for every atom in that room large enough to be possessed of discernible shape or colour seems branded into my brain. If I happen to have the least feverishness upon me, the moment I fall asleep, I am in that room.

When the bell rang for dinner, I found my way, though with difficulty, to the drawing-room, where were assembled Lady Hilton, a girl of about thirteen, and the two boys, my pupils. Lady Hilton would have been pleasant, could she have been as natural as she wished to appear. She received me with some degree of kindness; but the half-cordiality of her manner towards me was evidently founded on the impassableness of the gulf between us. I knew at once that we should never be friends; that she would never come down from the lofty tableland upon which she walked; and that if, after being years in the house, I should happen to be dying, she would send the housekeeper to me. All right, no doubt; I only say that it was so. She introduced to me my pupils; fine, open-eyed, manly English boys, with something a little

overbearing in their manner, which speedily disappeared in relation to me. They have so little to do with my tale, that I shall scarcely have occasion to mention them again. Lord Hilton was not at home. Lady Hilton led the way to the dining-room; the elder boy gave his arm to his sister, and I was about to follow with the younger; when from one of the deep bay windows glided out, still in white, the same figure which had passed me upon the lawn. I started, and drew back. With a slight bow, she preceded me, and followed the others down the great staircase. Seated at table, I had leisure to make my observations upon them all; but I must say most of my glances found their way to the lady who, twice that day, had affected me like an apparition. Alas! what was she ever to me but an apparition! What is time, but the airy ocean in which ghosts come and go! She was about twenty years of age, rather above the middle height, somewhat slight in form, with a complexion rather white than pale; her face being only less white than the deep marbly whiteness of her most lovely arms. Her eyes were large, and full of liquid night—a night throbbing with the light of invisible stars. Her hair seemed raven-black, and in quantity profuse. Lady Hilton called her Lady Alice; and she never addressed Lady Hilton but in the same ceremonious style.

I afterwards learned from the old housekeeper—who was very friendly, and used to sit with me sometimes of an evening when I invited her—that Lady Alice's position in the family was a very peculiar one. Distantly connected with Lord Hilton's family on the mother's side, she was the daughter of the late Lord Glendarroch, and step-daughter to Lady Hilton, who had become Lady Hilton within a year after Lord Glendarroch's death. Lady Alice, then quite a child, had accompanied her step-mother, to whom she was moderately attached, and who, perhaps, from the peculiarities of Lady Alice's mind and disposition, had been allowed to retain undisputed possession of her. Probably, however, she had no near relatives, else the fortune reported to be at her disposal would most likely have roused contending claims to the right of guardianship. Although in many respects very kindly treated by her step-mother, the peculiarities to which I have already referred tended to an isolation from the family engagements and pleasures. Lady Alice had no accomplishments, and never could be taught any. She could neither sing, nor play, nor draw, nor dance. As for languages, she could neither spell, nor even read aloud, her own. Yet she seemed to delight in reading to herself, though, for the most part, what Mrs. Wilson characterized as very odd books. I knew her voice, when she spoke, had a quite indescribable music in it; and her habitual motion was more like a rhythmical gliding than an ordinary walk. Mrs. Wilson hinted at other and even more serious peculiarities, which she either could not, or would not describe; always shaking her head gravely and sadly, and becoming quite silent when I pressed her for further explanation; so that, at last, I gave up all attempts to arrive at an understanding of the

mystery, at least by her means. I could not, however, avoid speculating on the subject myself. One thing soon became evident to me: that she was considered by her family to be not merely deficient in the power of intellectual acquirement, but to be—intellectually considered—in a quite abnormal condition. Of this, however, I could see no signs: though there was a peculiarity, almost oddity in some of her remarks, which was evidently not only misunderstood, but misinterpreted with relation to her mental state. Such remarks Lady Hilton generally answered by an elongation of the lips intended to represent a smile. To me, they appeared to indicate a nature closely allied to genius, if not identical with it—a power of regarding things from an original point of view, which perhaps was the more unfettered in its operation from the fact that it was impossible for her to look at them in the ordinary commonplace way. It seemed to me sometimes as if her point of observation was outside of the sphere within which the thing observed took place; and as if what she said had sometimes a relation to things and thoughts and mental conditions familiar to her, but at which not even a definite guess could be made by me. With such utterances as these, however, I am compelled to acknowledge, now and then others mingled, silly enough for any drawing-room young lady; but they seemed to be accepted as proofs that she was not altogether out of her right mind. She was gentle and loving to her brothers and sister, and they seemed reasonably fond of her.

Taking my leave for the night, after making arrangements for commencing my instruction in the morning, I returned to my own room, intent upon completing with more minuteness the survey I had commenced in the morning: several cupboards in the wall, and one or two doors, apparently of closets, had especially attracted my attention. The fire had sunk low, and lay smouldering beneath the white ashes, like the life of the world beneath the snow, or the heart of a man beneath cold and gray thoughts. The room, instead of being brightened, when I lighted the candles which stood upon the table, looked blacker than before, for the light revealed its essential blackness.

Casting my eyes around me as I stood with my back to the hearth (on which, for mere companionship sake, I had heaped fresh wood), a slight shudder thrilled through all my frame. I felt as if, did it last a moment longer, I should be sufficiently detached from the body to become aware of a presence besides my own in the room; but happily for me it ceased before it reached that point; and I, recovering my courage, remained ignorant of the causes of my threatened fear, if any there were, other than the nature of the room itself. With a candle in one hand, I proceeded to open the various cupboards and closets. I found nothing remarkable in any of them. The latter were quite empty, except the last I came to, which had a piece of very old elaborate tapestry hanging at the back of it. Lifting this up, I perceived at first nothing more than a panelled wall, corresponding to those which formed the room; but on



looking more closely, I soon discovered that the back of the closet was, or had been, a door. There was nothing unusual in this, especially in such an old house; but it roused in me a strong curiosity to know what was behind it. I found that it was secured only by an ordinary bolt, the handle which had withdrawn it having been removed. Soothing my conscience with the reflection that I had a right to know what doors communicated with my room, I soon succeeded, by the help of my deer-knife, in forcing back the rusty bolt; and though from the stiffness of the hinges I dreaded a crack, they yielded at last. The opening door revealed a large waste hall, empty utterly, save of dust and cobwebs which festooned it in all quarters. The now familiar feeling, that I had seen it before, filled my mind in the first moment of seeing it, and passed away the next. A broad right-angled staircase of oak, with massive banisters, no doubt once brilliantly polished, rose from the middle of the hall. Of course this could not have originally belonged to the ancient wing which I had observed on my first approach to the hall, being much more modern; but I was convinced, from the observations I had made with regard to the situation of my room, that I was bordering upon, if not within, the oldest portion of the pile. In sudden horror, lest I should hear a light footfall upon the awful stair, I withdrew hurriedly, and having secured both the doors, betook myself to my bedroom; in whose dingy four-post bed, reminding me of a hearse with its carving and plumes, I was soon ensconced amidst the snowiest linen, with the sweetest and cleanest odour of lavender. In spite of novelty, antiquity, speculation, and dread, I was soon fast asleep; becoming thereby a fitter inhabitant of such regions than when I moved about with restless and disturbing curiosity in the midst of their ancient and death-like repose. I made no use of my discovered door for some time; not even although, in talking about the building to Lady Hilton, I found that I was at perfect liberty to ramble over the deserted portions as I pleased. I scarcely ever saw Lady Alice, except at dinner, or by accidental meeting in the grounds and passages of the house; and then she took the slightest possible notice of me—whether from pride or shyness, I could not tell.

I found the boys teachable, and therefore my occupation was pleasant. Their sister frequently came to me for help, as there happened to be just then an interregnum of governesses: soon she settled into a regular pupil.

In a few weeks, Lord Hilton returned. Though my room was so far from the great hall, I heard the clank of his spurs on its pavement. I trembled; for it suggested the sound of the broken shoe. But I shook off the influence in a moment, heartily ashamed of its power over me. Soon I became familiar enough both with the sound and its cause; for his lordship rarely went anywhere except on horseback, and was booted and spurred from morning till night. He received me with some appearance of interest, which instantly stiffened and froze. He began to shake hands with me as if he meant it, but immediately dropped my hand, as if it had

stung him. His nobility was of that sort which always seems to stand in need of repair. Like a weakly constitution, it required keeping up, and his lordship could not be said to neglect it; for he seemed to find his principal employment in administering to his pride almost continuous doses of obsequiousness. His rank, like a coat made for some large ancestor, hung loose upon him; and he was always trying to persuade himself that it was an excellent fit, but ever with an unacknowledged misgiving. This misgiving might have done him good, had he not met it with constantly revived efforts at looking that which he feared he was not. Yet this man, so far from being weak throughout, was capable of the utmost persistency in carrying out any scheme he had once devised. But enough of him for the present: I seldom came into contact with him.

I found many books to my mind in the neglected library of the hall. One night, I was sitting in my own room, devouring an old romance. It was late; my fire blazed brightly, but the candles were nearly burnt out, and I grew rather sleepy over the volume, romance as it was. Suddenly I found myself springing to my feet, and listening with an agony of intension. Whether I had heard anything, I could not tell; but it was in my soul as if I had. Yes: I was sure of it. Far away—somewhere in the great labyrinthine pile, I heard a voice, a faint cry. Without a moment's reflection, as if urged by instinct, or some unfelt but operative attraction, I flew to the closet door, entered, lifted the tapestry, unfastened the inner door, and stood in the great echoing hall, amid the touches, light and ghostly, of the crowds of airy cobwebs set in motion by the storm of my sudden entrance.

A soiled moonbeam fell on the floor, and filled the place around it with an ancient, dream-like light, which seemed to work strangely on my brain,—filling it, too, as if it were but a sleepy deserted house, haunted by old dreams and memories. Recollecting myself, I re-entered my room, but the candles were both flickering in the sockets, and I was compelled to trust to the moonlight for guidance. I easily reached the foot of the staircase, and began to ascend: not a board creaked, not a banister shook—the whole seemed as solid as rock. I was compelled to grope, for here was no moonlight—only the light, through one window, of the moonlit sky and air. Finding at last no more stairs to ascend, I groped my way on, in some trepidation, I confess; for how should I find my way back? But then the worst result likely to ensue was, that I should have to spend the night without knowing where; for with the first glimmer of morning, I should be able to return to my room. At length, after wandering about, in and out of rooms, my hand fell on the latch of a door, on opening which, I entered a long corridor, with many windows on one side. Broad strips of moonlight lay slantingly across the narrow floor, with regular intervals of shade.

I started, and my heart grew thick, for I thought I saw a movement somewhere—I could neither tell where, nor of what: I only seemed to

have been aware of motion. I stood in the first shadow, and gazed, but saw nothing. I sped across the stream of light to the next shadow, and stood again, looking with fearful fixedness of gaze towards the far end of the corridor. Suddenly a white form glimmered and vanished. I crossed to the next shadow—again a glimmer and a vanishing, but nearer. Nerving myself with all my strength, I ceased my stealthy motion, and went straight forward, slowly but steadily. A tall form, apparently of a woman, dressed in a long white loose robe, emerged into one of the streams of light, threw its arms over its head, gave a wild cry—which, notwithstanding its wildness and force, sounded as if muffled by many intervening folds, either of matter or space—and fell at full length along the moonlight track. In the midst of the thrill of agony which shook me at the cry, as a sudden wind thrills from head to foot the leaves of a tree, I rushed forward, and kneeling beside the prostrate figure, soon discovered that, however unearthly the scream which had preceded her fall, it was, in reality, the Lady Alice. Again I trembled, but the tremor was not the same as that which preceded. I saw the fact in a moment: the Lady Alice was a somnambulist. Startled by the noise of my advance, she had awaked; and the usual terror and fainting had followed. She was cold and motionless as death. What was to be done? If I called aloud, the probability was that no one would hear me; or if any one should hear,—but I need not follow the train of thoughts that passed through my mind, as I fruitlessly tried to recover the poor girl. Suffice it to say, that I shrank most painfully, both for her sake and my own, from being found, by common-minded domestics, in such a situation, in the dead of the night.

While I knelt by her side, hesitating as to what I should do, a horror, as from the presence of death suddenly recognized—akin to that feeling which a child experiences when he looks up and sees that his mother, to whom he thought he had been talking for minutes past, is not in the room—fell upon me. I thought she must be dead. At the same moment, I heard, or seemed to hear (how should I know?) the rapid gallop of a horse, and the clank of a loose shoe.

In an agony of fear, which yet I cannot consider cowardice, I caught her up in my arms, and as one carries a sleeping child, sped with her towards that end of the corridor whence I had come. Her head hung back over my arm, and her hair, which had got loose, trailed on the ground. As I fled, I trampled upon it and stumbled. She moaned, and I shuddered. That instant the gallop ceased. Somewhat relieved, I lifted her up across my shoulder, and carried her more easily. How I found my way to the stairs I cannot tell. I know that I groped about for some time, like one in a dream with a ghost in his arms; but at last I reached it, and descending, entered my room, laid her upon one of the old couches, secured the doors, and began to breathe—and think. The first thing that suggested itself was, to try to make her warm—she was so ice-cold. I covered her with my plaid and my

dressing-gown, pulled the couch near the fire, and considered what to do next.

But while I hesitated, Nature had her own way, and Lady Alice opened her eyes with a deep-drawn sigh. Never shall I forget the look of mingled bewilderment, alarm, and shame, with which her great dark eyes met mine. In a moment her expression changed to anger. Her eyes flashed; a cloud of roseate wrath grew in her face, till it glowed with the opaque red of a camellia; and she all but started from the couch to her feet. Apparently, however, she discovered the unsuitableness of her dress, for she checked her impetuosity, and remained leaning on her elbow. After a moment's pause, in which, overcome by her anger, her beauty, and my own confusion, I knelt before her, unable to speak, or to withdraw my eye from hers, she began to question me like a queen, and I to reply like a culprit.

"How did I come here?"

"I carried you."

Then, with a curling lip—

"Where did you find me, pray?"

"Somewhere in the old house, in a long corridor."

"What right had you to be there?"

"I heard a cry, and was compelled to go to it."

"'Tis impossible. I see. Your prying and my infirmity have brought this disgrace upon me."

She burst into tears. Then, anger reviving, she went on through her sobs:

"Why did you not leave me where I suppose I fell? You had done enough to injure me by discovering my weakness, without rudely breaking my trance, and, after that, taking advantage of the consequences to bring me here."

Now I found words. "Lady Alice, how could I leave you lying in the moonlight? Before the sun rose, the terrible moon might have distorted your beautiful face."

"Be silent, sir. What have you to do with my face?"

"And the wind, Lady Alice, was blowing through the corridor windows, keen and cold, as if it were sister-spirit of the keen and cold moonlight. How could I leave you?"

"You could have called assistance."

"I knew not whom I should rouse, if any one. And forgive me, Lady Alice, if I erred in thinking you would rather command the silence of a gentleman to whom an evil accident had revealed your secret, than be exposed to the domestics whom a call for help might have gathered round us."

She half raised herself again, in anger.

"A secret with you, sir!"

"But, besides, Lady Alice," I cried, springing to my feet, in distress, "I heard the horse with the clanking shoe, and I caught you up in terror

and fled with you, almost before I knew what I did. And I hear it now—I hear it now ! ”

The angry glow faded from her face, and the paleness grew almost ghastly with dismay.

“Do you hear it ? ” she said, throwing back the coverings I had laid over her, and rising from the couch. “I do not.”

She stood listening, with wide distended eyes, as if *they* were the gates by which such sounds could enter.

“I do not hear it,” she said, after a pause ; “it must be gone now.” Then, turning towards me, she laid her hand on my arm, and looked at me. Her black hair, disordered and entangled, wandered all over her white robe down to her knees. Her face was paler than ever, and she fixed her dark eyes on mine, so wide open that I could see the white all round the unusually large iris.

“Did you hear it ? No one ever heard it before but me. I must forgive you—you could not help it. I will trust you too. Help me to my room.”

Without a word of reply, I took my plaid and wrapped it about her ; prevailed upon her to put on a pair of slippers which I had never worn ; and, opening the doors, led her out of the room, aided by the light of my bedroom candle.

“How is this ? Why do you take me this way ? I do not know this part of the house in the least.”

“This is the way I brought you in, Lady Alice ; and I can promise to find your way no farther than to the spot where I found you. Indeed, I shall have some difficulty even in that, for I groped my way there for the first time this night or morning—whichever it may be.”

“It is past midnight, but not morning yet,” she replied ; “I always know by my sensations. But there is another way from your room, do you know ? ”

“There is ; but we should have to pass the housekeeper’s door, and she sleeps but lightly.”

“Are we near the housekeeper’s room ? Perhaps I could walk alone. I fear it would surprise none of the household to see, or even to meet me. They would say—‘It is only Lady Alice.’ Yet I cannot tell you how I shrink from being seen by them. No—I will try the way I came, if you do not mind accompanying me.”

This conversation passed between us in hurried words, and in a low tone. It was scarcely finished when we found ourselves at the foot of the staircase. Lady Alice trembled a good deal, and drew my plaid close around her. We ascended, and with little difficulty found the corridor. When we left it, she was, as I had expected, rather bewildered as to the right direction ; but at last, after looking into several of the rooms, empty all, except for stray articles of ancient furniture, she said, as she entered one, and, taking the candle out of my hand, held it above her head—

"Ah, yes! I am right at last; this is the haunted room: I know my way now."

By the dim light I caught only a darkling glimpse of a large room, apparently quite furnished; but how, except from the general feeling of antiquity and mustiness, I could not tell. Little did I think then what memories—sorrowful and old now as the ghosts that along with them haunt that old chamber, but no more faded than they—would ere long find their being and take their abode in that ancient room, to forsake it never, never more—the ghosts and the memories flitting together through the spectral moonlight, and weaving strange mystic dances in and out of the storied windows and the tapestried walls. At the door of this room she expressed her wish to leave me, asking me to follow to the spot where she should put down the light, that I might take it back; adding—"I hope you are not afraid of being left so near the haunted room." Then, with a smile that made me strong enough to meet all the ghosts in or out of Hades, she turned, went on a few paces, and disappeared. The light, however, remained; and, advancing, I found the candle, with my plaid and slippers, deposited on the third or fourth step down a short flight, in a passage at right angles to that she had left. I took them up, made my way back to my room, lay down on the couch on which she had lain so shortly before, and neither went to bed nor slept that night. Before the morning I had fully entered that phase of individual development commonly called *love*; of which the real nature is as great a mystery to me now, as at any period previous to its evolution in myself.

I will not linger on the weary fortnight that passed before I even saw her again. I could teach, but not learn. My duties were not irksome to me, because they kept me near her; but my thoughts were beyond my control. It was not love only, but anxiety also, lest she were ill from the adventures of that night, that caused my distress. As the days went on, and no chance word about her reached me, I felt the soul within me beginning to droop. In vain, at night, I tried to read, in my own room. Nothing could fix my attention. I read and re-read the same page again and again; but although I seemed to understand every word and phrase as I read, I found when I had reached the close of the paragraph, that there lingered in my mind no ghost of the idea embodied in the words. It was just what one experiences in attempting to read when half-asleep. I tried Euclid, and fared a little better with that. A very simple equation I found I could manage, but when I attempted a more complex one—one in which a little imagination, or something bordering upon it, was necessary to find out the undefined object for which to substitute the unknown symbol, that it might be dealt with by thought—I found that the necessary power of concentrating was itself a missing factor.

But it is foolish to dwell upon an individual variety of an almost universal stage in the life-fever.

One night, as I sat in my room, I found, as usual, that it was impossible to read; and throwing the book aside, relapsed into that sphere of thought which now filled my soul, having for its centre the Lady Alice. I recalled her form as she lay on the couch, and a longing to see her, almost unbearable, arose within me.

"Would to heaven," I said to myself, "that will were power!"

In the confluence of idleness, distraction, and vehement desire, I found myself, before I knew what I was about, concentrating and intensifying within me, until it almost rose to a command, the operative volition (if I may be allowed the phrase) that Lady Alice should come to me. Suddenly I trembled at the sense of a new power which sprang into being within me. I had not foreseen it, when I gave way to such extravagant and apparently helpless wishes. I now actually awaited the fulfilment of my desire, but in a condition ill fitted to receive it; for the effort had already exhausted me to such a degree, that every nerve seemed in a conscious tremor. Nor had I to wait long. I heard no sound of approach. The closet-door in my room folded back, and in glided, open-eyed, but sightless, pale as death, and clad in white, ghostly-pure and saint-like, the Lady Alice. I shuddered from head to foot at what I had done. She was more terrible to me in that moment, than any pale-eyed ghost could have been. She passed me, walking round the table at which I was seated, went to the couch, laid herself upon it, a little on one side, with her face towards me, and gradually closed her eyes. She lay in something deeper than sleep, and yet not death. I rose, and once more knelt beside her, but dared not touch her. In what far realms of mysterious life might the lovely soul be straying? Thoughts unutterable rose in me, culminated, and sank like the stars of heaven, as I gazed on the present symbol of an absent life—a life that I loved by means of the symbol; a symbol that I loved because of the life. How long she lay thus, how long I gazed upon her thus, I do not know.

Gradually, but without my being able to distinguish the gradations of the change, her countenance altered to that of one who sleeps. But the change did not end there. The slightest possible colour tinged her lips, and deepened to a pale rose; then her cheek seemed to share in the hue, then her brow and her neck, as the cloud the farthest from the sunset yet acknowledges the rosy atmosphere. I watched, as it were, the dawn of a soul on the horizon of the material. As I watched, the first approaches of its far-off flight were manifest; and I saw it come nearer and nearer, till its great, silent, speeding pinions were folded, and it looked forth, a calm, beautiful, infinite woman, from the face and form sleeping beside me. But the world without entering, ruffled its calmness, dimmed its beauty, and dashed its sky with the streaks of earthly vapours. I knew that she was awake for some moments before she opened her eyes. When at last those depths of darkness disclosed themselves, slowly uplifting their white cloudy portals, the same con-

sternation she had manifested on the former occasion, followed by yet greater anger, was the consequence.

"Yet again! Am I your slave, because I am weak?" She rose in the majesty of wrath, and moved towards the door.

"Lady Alice, I have not touched you. Yet I am to blame, though not as you think. Could I help longing to see you? And if the longing passed, ere I was aware, into a will that you should come, and you obeyed it, forgive me."

I hid my face in my hands, overcome by conflicting emotions. A kind of stupor came over me. When, recovering, I lifted my head, she was standing by the closet-door.

"I have waited," she said, "only to make one request of you."

"Do not utter it, Lady Alice. I know what it is; and I give you my word and solemn promise that I will never do so again." She thanked me, smiled most sweetly, and vanished.

What nights I had after this, in watching and striving lest unawares I should be led to the exercise of my new power! I allowed myself to think of her as much as I pleased in the daytime, or at least as much as I dared; for when occupied with my pupils, I dreaded lest any abstraction should even hint that I had a thought to conceal. I knew that I could not hurt her then; for that only in the night did she enter that state of existence in which my will could exercise authority over her. But at night—at night—when I knew she lay there, and might be lying here; when but a thought would bring her, and that thought was fluttering its wings, ready to wake from the dreams of my heart; then the struggle was fearful. "Bring her yet once, and tell her all—tell her how madly, hopelessly you love her—she will forgive you," said a voice within me; but I heard it as the voice of the tempter, and kept down the thought which might have grown to the will.

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# Studies in Animal Life.

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"Authentic tidings of invisible things ;—  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And central peace subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation."—THE EXCURSION.

## CHAPTER VI.

Every organism a colony—What is a paradox?—An organ is an independent individual, and a dependent one—A branch of coral—A colony of polypes—The Siphonophora—Universal dependence—Youthful aspirations—Our interest in the youth of great men—Genius and labour—Cuvier's college life; his appearance in youth; his arrival in Paris—Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire—Causes of Cuvier's success—One of his early ambitions—M. le Baron—*Omnia vincit labor*—Conclusion.

THAT an animal Organism is made up of several distinct organs, and these the more numerous in proportion to the rank of the animal in the scale of beings, is one of those familiar facts which have their significance concealed from us by familiarity. But it is only necessary to express this fact in language slightly altered, and to say that an animal Organism is made up of several distinct *individuals*, and our attention is at once arrested. Doubtless, it has a paradoxical air to say so; but Natural History is full of paradoxes; and you are aware that a paradox is far from being necessarily an absurdity, as some inaccurate writers would lead us to suppose: the word meaning simply, "contrary to what is thought,"—a meaning by no means equivalent to "contrary to what is the fact." It is paradoxical to call an animal an aggregate of individuals; but it is so because our thoughts are not very precise on the subject of individuality—one of the many abstractions which remain extremely vague. To justify this application of the word individual to every distinct organ would be difficult in ordinary speech, but in philosophy there is ample warrant for it.

An organ, in the physiological sense, is an *instrument* whereby certain functions are performed. In the morphological sense, it arises in a *differentiation*, or setting apart, of a particular portion of the body for the performance of particular functions—a group of cells, instead of being an exact repetition of all the other cells, takes on a difference and becomes distinguished from the rest as an organ.\*

Combining these two meanings, we have the third, or philosophical sense of the word, which indicates that every organ is an individual existence, dependent more or less upon other organs for its maintenance and activity, yet biologically distinct. I do not mean that the heart will live independent of the body—at least, not for long, although it does con-

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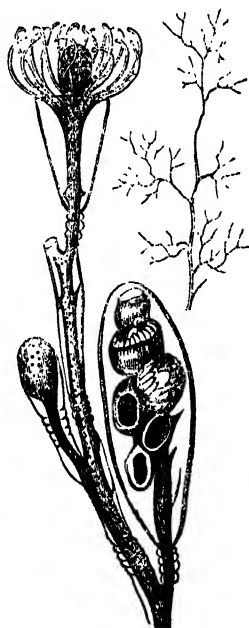
\* See on this point what was said in our first Chapter, No. I. p. 67.

tinue to live and manifest its vital activity for some time after the animal's death; and, in the cold-blooded animals, even after removal from the body. Nor do I mean that the legs of an animal will manifest vivacity after amputation: although even the legs of a man are not dead for some time after amputation; and the parts of some of the lower animals are often vigorously independent. Thus I have had the long tentacles of a *Terebella* (a marine worm) living and wriggling for a whole week after amputation.\* In speaking of the independence of an organ, I must be understood to mean a very dependent independence: because, strictly speaking, absolute independence is nowhere to be found; and, in the case of an organ, it is of course dependent on other organs for the securing, preparing, and distributing of its necessary nutriment. The tentacles of my *Terebella* could find no nutriment, and they perished from the want of it, as the *Terebella* itself would have perished under like circumstances. The frog's heart now beating on our table with such regular systole and diastole, as if it were pumping the blood through the living animal, gradually uses up all its force; and since this force is not replaced, the beatings gradually cease. A current of electricity will awaken its activity, for a time; but, at last, every stimulus will fail to elicit a response. The heart will then be dead, and decomposition will begin.

Dependent, therefore, every organ must be on some other organs. Let us see how it is also independent; and for this purpose we glance, as usual, at the simpler forms of Life to make the lesson easier. Here is a branch of coral, which you know to be in its living state a colony of polypes. Each of these multitudinous polypes is an individual, and each exactly resembles the other. But the whole colony has one nutritive fluid in common. They are all actively engaged in securing food, and the labours of each enrich all. It is animal Socialism of the purest kind—there are no rich and no poor, neither are there any idlers. Formerly, the coral-branch was regarded as one animal—an individual; and a tree was and is commonly regarded as one plant—an individual. But no zoologist now is unaware of the fact that each polype on the branch is a distinct individual, in spite of its connections with the rest; and philosophic botanists are agreed that the tree is a colony of individual plants—not one plant.

Let us pass from the coral to the stem of some other polype, say a *Campanularia*. Here is the representation of such a stem, of the natural

Fig. 20.



CAMPANULARIA (Magnified and Natural Size).

size, and beside it a tiny twig much magnified. You observe the ordinary polype issuing from one of the capsules, and expanding its coronal of tentacles in the water. The food it secures will pass along the digestive tract to each of the other capsules. Under the microscope, you may watch this oscillation of the food. But your eye detects a noticeable difference between this polype in its capsule, and the six semi-transparent masses in the second capsule: although the two capsules are obviously identical, they are not the same: a *differentiation* has taken place. Perhaps you think that six polypes are here crowding into one capsule? Error! If you watch with patience, or if you are impatient yet tolerably dexterous, you may press these six masses out, and then will observe them swim away, so many tiny jelly-fish. Not polypes at all, but jelly-fish, are in this capsule: and these in due time will produce polypes, like that one now waving its tentacles.

Having made this observation, it will naturally occur to you that the polype stem which bore such different capsules as are represented by these two, may perhaps be called a colony, but it is a colony of different individuals. While they have all one skeleton in common, nutrition in common, and respiration in common, they have at least one differentiation, or setting apart for a particular purpose, and that is, the reproductive capsule. This is an individual, as much as any of the others, but it is an individual that does nothing for the general good; it takes upon itself the care of the race, and becomes an "organ" for the community; the others feed it, and it is absolved from the labour of nutrition, as much as the arm or the brain of a man are.

From this case, let us pass to the group of jelly-fish called *Siphonophora* (siphonbearers) by naturalists, and we shall see this union of very different individualities into one inseparable colony still more strikingly exhibited: there are distinct individuals to feed the colony, individuals to float it through the water, individuals to act as feelers, and to keep certain parts distended with fluid, and finally reproductive individuals. All these are identical in origin, and differ only by slight differentiations.\* Here we have obviously an approach to the more complex organism in which various distinct organs perform the several functions; only no one calls the Organism a colony.

The individuals composing one of these Siphonophora are so manifestly analogous to organs, that their individuality may, perhaps, be disputed, the more so as they do not live separately. But the gradations of separation are very fine. You would never hesitate to call a bee, or an ant, an individual, yet no bee or ant could exist if separated from its colony. So great is "the physiological division of labour," which has taken place among these insects, that one cannot get food, another cannot feed itself, but it will fight for

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\* Compare LEUCKART: *Ueber den Polymorphismus der Individuen*. GEGENBAUR: *Grundzüge der Vergleichende Anatomie*; and HUXLEY's splendid monograph on the *Oceanic Hydrozoa*, published by the Ray Society.

the community; another cannot work, but it will breed for the community; another cannot breed, but it will work. Each of these is little more than *separated* organs of the great insect-Organism; as the heart, stomach, and brain are *united* organs of the human-Organism. Remove one of these insects from the community, and it will soon perish, for its life is bound up with the whole.

And so it is everywhere; the dependence is universal:—

“Nothing in this world is single;  
All things, by a law divine,  
In one another’s being mingle.”

We are dependent on the air, the earth, the sunlight, the flowers, the plants, the animals, and all created things, directly or indirectly. Nor is the moral dependence less than the physical. We cannot isolate ourselves if we would. The thoughts of others, the sympathies of others, the needs of others,—these too make up our life; without these we should quickly perish.

It was a dream of the youth Cuvier, that a History of Nature might be written which would systematically display this universal interdependence. I know few parts of biography so interesting as those which show us great men in their early aspirings, when dreams of achievements vaster than the world has seen, fill their souls with energy to achieve the something they do afterwards achieve. It is, unhappily, too often but the ambition of youth we have to contemplate; and yet the knowledge that after-life brought with it less of hope, less of devotion, and less of generous self-sacrifice, renders these early days doubly interesting. Let the abatement of high hopes come when it may, the existence of an aspiration is itself important. I have been lately reading over again the letters of Cuvier when an obscure youth, and they have given me quite a new feeling with regard to him.

There is a good reason why novels always end with the marriage of the hero and heroine: our interest is always more excited by the struggles, than by the results of victory. So long as the lovers are unhappy, or apart, and are eager to vanquish obstacles, our sympathy is active; but no sooner are they happy, than we begin to look elsewhere, for other strugglers on whom to bestow our interest. It is the same with biography. We follow the hero through the early years of struggle with intense interest, and as long as he remains unsuccessful, baffled by rivals or neglected by the world, we stand by him and want him to succeed; but the day after he is recognized by the world our sympathy begins to slacken.

It is this which gives Cuvier’s *Letters to Pfaff*\* their charm. I confess that, M. le Baron Cuvier, administrator, politician, academician, professor, dictator, has always had but a very tepid interest for me; probably because his career early became a continuous success, and Europe

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\* *Lettres de Georges Cuvier à C. M. Pfaff, 1788–92. Traduites de l’Allemand, par Louis Marchant, 1858.*

heaped rewards upon him; whereas, his unsuccessful rival, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, claims my sympathy to the close. If, however, M. le Baron is a somewhat dim figure in my biographical gallery, it is far otherwise with the youth Cuvier, as seen in his letters; and, as at this present moment there is nothing under our Microscope which can seduce us from the pleasant volume, suppose we let our "Studies" take a biographical direction.

"Genius," says Carlyle, "means transcendent capacity for taking trouble, first of all." There are many young gentlemen devoutly persuaded of their own genius, and yet candidly avowing their imperfect capacity for taking trouble, who will vehemently protest against this doctrine. Without discussing it here, let us say that genius, or no genius, *success* of any value is only to be purchased by immense labour; and in science, assuredly, no one will expect success without first paying this price. In Cuvier's history may be seen what "capacity for taking trouble" was required before his success could be achieved; and this gives these *Lettres à Pfaff* a moral as well as an interest.

It was in the Rittersaal of the Academia Carolina of Stuttgardt that Pfaff, the once famous supporter of Volta, and in 1787, the fellow-student of Cuvier, first became personally acquainted with him. Although they had been three years together at the same university, the classification of students there adopted had prevented any personal acquaintance. Pupils were admitted at the age of nine, and commenced their studies with the classic languages. Thence they passed to the philosophical class, and from that they went to one of the four faculties: Law, Medicine, Administration, and Military Science. Each faculty, of course, was kept distinct; and as Pfaff was studying philosophy at the time Cuvier was occupied with the administrative sciences, they never met, the more so as the dormitories and hours of recreation were different. The academy was organized on military principles. The three hundred students were divided into six classes, two of which comprised the nobles, and the other four the bourgeoisie. Each of these classes had its own dormitory, and was placed under the charge of a captain, a lieutenant, and two inferior officers. These six classes in which the students were entered according to their age, size, and time of admission, were kept separate in their recreations, as in their studies. But those of the students who particularly distinguished themselves in the public examinations were raised to the rank of knights, and had a dormitory to themselves, besides dining at the same table with the young princes who were then studying at the university. Pfaff and Cuvier were raised to this dignity at the same time, and here commenced their friendship.

What a charm there is in school friendships, when youth is not less eager to communicate its plans and hopes, than to believe in the plans and hopes of others; when studies are pursued in common, opinions frankly interchanged, and the superiority of a friend is gladly acknowledged, even becoming a source of pride, instead of being, as in after

years, a thorn in the side of friendship! This charm was felt by Cuvier and Pfaff, and a small circle of fellow-students who particularly devoted themselves to Natural History. They formed themselves into a society, of which Cuvier drew up the statutes and became the president. They read memoirs, and discussed discoveries with all the gravity of older societies, and even published, among themselves, a sort of *Comptes Rendus*. They made botanical, entomological, and geological excursions; and, still further to stimulate their zeal, Cuvier instituted an Order of Merit, painting himself the medallion: it represented a star, with the portrait of Linnæus in the centre, and between the rays various treasures of the animal and vegetable world. And do you think these boys were not proud when their president awarded them this medal for some happy observation of a new species, or some well-considered essay on a scientific question?

At this period Cuvier's outward appearance was as unlike M. le Baron, as the grub is unlike the butterfly. Absorbed in his multifarious studies, he was careless about disguising the want of elegance in his aspect. His face was pale, very thin, and long, covered with freckles, and encircled by a shock of red hair. His physiognomy was severe and melancholy. He never played at any of the boys' games, and seemed as insensible of all that was going on around him as a somnambulist. His eye seemed turned inwards; his thoughts moved amid problems and abstractions. Nothing could exceed the insatiable ardour of his intellect. Besides his special administrative studies, he gave himself to Botany, Zoology, Philosophy, Mathematics, and the history of literature. No work was too voluminous, or too heavy for him. He was reading all day long, and a great part of the night. "I remember well," says Pfaff, "how he used to sit by my bedside going regularly through Bayle's Dictionary. Falling asleep over my own book, I used to awake, after an hour or two, and find him motionless as a statue, bent over Bayle." It was during these years that he laid the basis of that extensive erudition which distinguished his works in after life, and which is truly remarkable when we reflect that Cuvier was not in the least a bookworm, but was one of the most active *workers*, drawing his knowledge of details from direct inspection whenever it was possible, and not from the reports of others. It was here also that he preluded to his success as a professor, astonishing his friends and colleagues by the clearness of his exposition, which he rendered still more striking by his wonderful mastery with the pencil. One may safely say that there are few talents which are not available in Natural History; a talent for drawing is pre-eminently useful, since it not only enables a man to preserve observations of fugitive appearances, but sharpens his faculty of observation by the exercise it gives. Cuvier's facile pencil was always employed: if he had nothing to draw for his own memoirs, or those of his colleagues, he amused himself with drawing insects as presents to the young ladies of his acquaintance—an entomologist's gallantry, which never became more sentimental.

In 1788, that is in his nineteenth year, Cuvier quitted Stuttgart, and became tutor in a nobleman's family in Normandy, where he remained till 1795, when he was discovered by the Abbé Tessier, who wrote to „Parmentier, “I have just found a pearl in the dunghill of Normandy;” to Jussieu he wrote—“Remember it was I who gave Delambre to the academy; in another department this also will be a Delambre.” Geoffroy St. Hilaire, already professor at the Jardin des Plantes, though younger than Cuvier, was shown some of Cuvier's manuscripts, which filled him with such enthusiasm that he wrote to him, “Come and fill the place of Linnæus here; come and be another legislator of natural history.” Cuvier came, and Geoffroy stood aside to let his great rival be seen.

Goethe, as I have elsewhere remarked, has noticed the curious coincidence of the three great zoologists successively opening to their rivals the path to distinction: Buffon called Daubenton to aid him; Daubenton called Geoffroy; and Geoffroy called Cuvier. Goethe further notices that there was the same radical opposition in the tendencies of Buffon and Daubenton as in those of Geoffroy and Cuvier—the opposition of the synthetical and the analytical mind. Yet this opposition did not prevent mutual esteem and lasting regard. Geoffroy and Cuvier were both young, and had in common ambition, love of science, and the freshness of unformed convictions. For, alas! it is unhappily too true, that just as the free communicativeness of youth gives place to the jealous reserve of manhood, and the youth who would only be too-pleased to tell all his thoughts and all his discoveries to a companion, would in after years let his dearest friend first see a discovery in an official publication; so, likewise, in the early days of immature speculation, before convictions have crystalized enough to present their sharp angles of opposition, friends may discuss and interchange ideas without temper. Geoffroy and Cuvier knew no jealousy then. In after years it was otherwise.

Geoffroy had a position—he shared it with his friend; he had books and collections—they were open to his rival; he had a lodging in the museum—it was shared between them. Daubenton, older and more worldlywise, warned Geoffroy against this zeal in fostering a formidable rival; and one day placed before him a copy of Lafontaine open at the fable of *The Bitch and her Neighbour*. But Geoffroy was not to be daunted, and probably felt himself strong enough to hold his own. And so the two happy, active youths pursued their studies together, wrote memoirs conjointly, discussed, dissected, speculated together, and “never sat down to breakfast without having made a fresh discovery,” as Cuvier said, truly enough, for to them every step taken was a discovery.

Cuvier became almost immediately famous on his arrival at Paris, and his career henceforward was one uninterrupted success. Those who wish to gain some insight into the causes of this success should read the letters to Pfaff, which indicate the passionate patience of his studies during the years 1788-1795, passed in obscurity on the Norman coast. Every animal he can lay hands on is dissected with the greatest care, and

drawings are made of every detail of interest. Every work that is published of any note in his way is read, analyzed, and commented on. Lavoisier's new system of chemistry finds in him an ardent disciple. Kiemeyer's lectures open new vistas to him. The marvels of marine life, in those days so little thought of, he studies with persevering minuteness, and with admirable success. He dissects the cuttlefish, and makes his drawings of it with its own ink. He notes minute characters with the patience of a species-monger, whose sole ambition is to affix his name to some trifling variation of a common form ; yet with this minuteness of detail he unites the largeness of view necessary to a comparative anatomist.

"Your reflections on the differences between animals and plants," he writes, "in the passage to which I previously referred, will be the more agreeable to me because I am at present working out a new plan of a general natural history. I think we ought carefully to seek out the relation of all existences with the rest of nature, and above all, to show their part in the economy of the great All. In this work I should desire that the investigator should start from the simplest things, such as air and water, and after having spoken of their influence on the whole, he should pass gradually to the compound minerals, from these to plants, and so on ; and that at each stage he should ascertain the exact degree of composition, or, which is the same thing, the number of properties it presents over and above those of the preceding stage, the necessary effects of these properties, and their usefulness in creation. Such a work is yet to be executed. The two works of Aristotle, *De Historia Animalium*, and *De Partibus Animalium*, which I admire more each time that I read them, contain a part of what I desire, namely, the comparison of species, and many of the general results. It is, indeed, the first scientific essay at a natural history. For this reason it is necessarily incomplete, contains many inaccuracies, and is too far removed from a knowledge of physical laws." He passes on from Aristotle to Pliny, Theophrastus, Discorides, Aldovrandus, Gesner, Gaspar Bauhin, and Ray, rapidly sketching the history of natural history as a science ; and concluding with this criticism on these attempts at a nomenclature which neglected real science :—"These are the dictionaries of natural history ; but when will the *language* be spoken ?"

No one who reads these letters attentively, will be surprised at the young Cuvier's taking eminent rank among the men of science in France ; and Pfaff, on arriving in Paris six years afterwards, found his old fellow-student had become "a personage." The change in Cuvier's appearance was very striking. He was then at his maturity, and might pass for a handsome man. His shock of red hair was now cut and trimmed in Parisian style ; his countenance beamed with health and satisfaction ; his expression was lively and engaging ; and although the slight tinge of melancholy which was natural to him had not wholly disappeared, yet the fire and vivacity of his genius overcame it. His dress was that of the



fashion of the day, not without a little affectation. Yet his life was simple, and wholly devoted to science. He had a lodging in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and was waited on by an old housekeeper, like any other simple professor.

On Pfaff's subsequent visit, things were changed. Instead of the old housekeeper, the door was opened by a lackey in grand livery. Instead of asking for "Citizen Cuvier," he inquired for Monsieur Cuvier; whereupon, the lackey politely asked, whether he wished to see M. le Baron Cuvier, or M. Frédéric, his brother? "I soon found where I was," continues Pfaff. "It was the baron, separated from me by that immense interval of thirty years, and by those high dignities which an empire offers to the ambition of men." He found the baron almost exclusively interested in politics, and scarcely giving a thought to science. The "preparations" and "injections" which Pfaff had brought with him from Germany, as a present to Cuvier, were scarcely looked at, and were set aside with an indifferent "that's good," and "very fine;" much to Pfaff's distress, who doubtless thought the fate of the Martignac ministry an extremely small subject of interest compared with these injections of the lymphatics.

But it is not my purpose to paint Cuvier in his later years. It is to the studies of his youth that I would call your attention, to read there, once again, the important lesson that nothing of any solid value can be achieved without entire devotion. Nothing is earned without sweat of the brow. Even the artist must labour intensely. What is called "inspiration" will create no works, but only irradiate works with felicitous flashes; and even inspiration mostly comes in moments of exaltation produced by intense work of the mind. In science, incessant and enlightened labour is necessary, even to the smallest success. Labour is not all; but without it, genius is nothing.

With this homily, dear reader, may be closed our FIRST SERIES of Studies; to be resumed hereafter, let me hope, with as much willingness on your part as desire to interest you on mine.

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LEGEND OF THE PORTENT.









"WAS IT NOT A LIE?"







## CHAPTER XVI.

### MRS. PODGENS' BABY.

THE hunting season had now nearly passed away, and the great ones of the Barsestshire world were thinking of the glories of London. Of these glories Lady Lufton always thought with much inquietude of mind. She would fain have remained throughout the whole year at Framley Court, did not certain grave considerations render such a course on her part improper in her own estimation. All the Lady Luftons of whom she had heard, dowager and anti-dowager, had always had their seasons in London, till old age had incapacitated them for such doings—sometimes for clearly long after the arrival of such period. And then she had an idea, perhaps not altogether erroneous, that she annually imported back with her into the country somewhat of the passing civilization of the times:—may we not say an idea that certainly was not erroneous? for how otherwise is it that the forms of new caps and remodelled shapes for women's waists find their way down into agricultural parts, and that the rural eye learns to appreciate grace and beauty? There are those who think that remodelled waists and new caps had better be kept to the towns; but such people, if they would follow out their own argument, would wish to see ploughboys painted with ruddle and milkmaids covered with skins.

For these and other reasons Lady Lufton always went to London in April, and stayed there till the beginning of June. But for her this was usually a period of penance. In London she was no very great personage. She had never laid herself out for greatness of that sort, and did not shine as a lady-patroness or state secretary in the female cabinet of fashion. She was dull and listless, and without congenial pursuits in London, and spent her happiest moments in reading accounts of what was being done at Framley, and in writing orders for further local information of the same kind.

But on this occasion there was a matter of vital import to give an interest of its own to her visit to town. She was to entertain Griselda Grantly, and as far as might be possible to induce her son to remain in Griselda's society. The plan of the campaign was to be as follows. Mrs. Grantly and the archdeacon were in the first place to go up to London for a month, taking Griselda with them; and then, when they returned to Plumpstead, Griselda was to go to Lady Lufton. This arrangement was not at all points agreeable to Lady Lufton, for she knew that Mrs. Grantly did not turn her back on the Hartletop people quite as cordially as she should do, considering the terms of the Lufton-Grantly family treaty.

tainly was not in his best humour, nor did he behave to his mother in his kindest manner. He had then left the room when she began to talk about Miss Grantly; and once again in the course of the evening, when his mother, not very judiciously, said a word or two about Griselda's beauty, he had remarked that she was no conjuror, and would hardly set the Thames on fire.

"If she were a conjuror!" said Lady Lufton, rather piqued, "I should not now be going to take her out in London. I know many of those sort of girls whom you call conjurors; they can talk for ever, and always talk either loudly or in a whisper. I don't like them, and I am sure that you do not in your heart."

"Oh, as to liking them in my heart—that is being very particular."

"Griselda Grantly is a lady, and as such I shall be happy to have her with me in town. She is just the girl that Justinia will like to have with her."

"Exactly," said Lord Lufton. "She will do exceedingly well for Justinia."

Now this was not good-natured on the part of Lord Lufton; and his mother felt it the more strongly, inasmuch as it seemed to signify that he was setting his back up against the Lufton-Grantly alliance. She had been pretty sure that he would do so in the event of his suspecting that a plot was being laid to watch him; and now it almost appeared that he did suspect such a plot. Why else that sarcasm as to Griselda doing very well for his sister?

And now we must go back and describe a little scene at Framley which will account for his lordship's ill-humour and suspicions, and explain how it came to pass that he so snubbed his mother. This scene took place about ten days after the evening on which Mrs. Roberts and Lucy were walking together in the Parsonage garden, and during those ten days Lucy had not once allowed herself to be entrapped into any special conversation with the young peer. She had dined at Framley Court during that interval, and had spent a second evening there; Lord Lufton had also been up at the Parsonage on three or four occasions, and had looked for her in her usual walks; but, nevertheless, they had never come together in their old familiar way, since the day on which Lady Lufton had hinted her fears to Mrs. Roberts.

Lord Lufton had very much missed her. At first he had not attributed this change to a purposed scheme of action on the part of any one; nor, indeed, had he much thought about it, although he had felt himself to be annoyed. But as the period fixed for his departure grew near, it did occur to him as very odd that he should never hear Lucy's voice unless when she said a few words to his mother, or to her sister-in-law. And then he made up his mind that he would speak to her before he went, and that the mystery should be explained to him.

And he carried out his purpose, calling at the Parsonage on one special afternoon; and it was on the evening of the same day that his

mother sang the praises of Griselda Grantly so inopportunately. Robarts, he knew, was then absent from home, and Mrs. Robarts was with his mother down at the house, preparing lists of the poor people to be specially attended to in Lady Lufton's approaching absence. Taking advantage of this, he walked boldly in through the Parsonage garden; asked the gardener, with an indifferent voice, whether either of the ladies were at home, and then caught poor Lucy exactly on the doorstep of the house.

"Were you going in or out, Miss Robarts?"

"Well, I was going out," said Lucy; and she began to consider how best she might get quit of any prolonged encounter.

"Oh, going out, were you? I don't know whether I may offer to ——"

"Well, Lord Lufton, not exactly, seeing that I am about to pay a visit to our near neighbour, Mrs. Podgens. Perhaps, you have no particular call towards Mrs. Podgens' just at present, or to her new baby?"

"And have you any very particular call that way?"

"Yes, and especially to Baby Podgens. Baby Podgens is a real little duck—only just two days old." And Lucy, as she spoke, progressed a step or two, as though she were determined not to remain there talking on the doorstep.

A slight cloud came across his brow as he saw this, and made him resolve that she should not gain her purpose. He was not going to be foiled in that way by such a girl as Lucy Robarts. He had come there to speak to her, and speak to her he would. There had been enough of intimacy between them to justify him in demanding, at any rate, as much as that.

"Miss Robarts," he said, "I am starting for London to-morrow, and if I do not say good-bye to you now, I shall not be able to do so at all."

"Good-bye, Lord Lufton," she said, giving him her hand, and smiling on him with her old genial, good-humoured, racy smile. "And mind you bring into parliament that law which you promised me for defending my young chickens."

He took her hand, but that was not all that he wanted. "Surely Mrs. Podgens and her baby can wait ten minutes. I shall not see you again for months to come, and yet you seem to begrudge me two words."

"Not two hundred if they can be of any service to you," said she, walking cheerily back into the drawing-room; "only I did not think it worth while to waste your time, as Fanny is not here."

She was infinitely more collected, more master of herself than he was. Inwardly, she did tremble at the idea of what was coming, but outwardly she showed no agitation—none as yet; if only she could so possess herself as to refrain from doing so, when she heard what he might have to say to her.

He hardly knew what it was for the saying of which he had so resolutely come thither. He had by no means made up his mind that he

loved Lucy Robarts; nor had he made up his mind that, loving her, he would, or that, loving her, he would not, make her his wife. He had never used his mind in the matter in any way, either for good or evil. He had learned to like her and to think that she was very pretty. He had found out that it was very pleasant to talk to her; whereas, talking to Griselda Grantly, and, indeed, to some other young ladies of his acquaintance, was often hard work. The half hours which he had spent with Lucy had always been satisfactory to him. He had found himself to be more bright with her than with other people, and more apt to discuss subjects worth discussing; and thus it had come about that he thoroughly liked Lucy Robarts. As to whether his affection was Platonic or anti-Platonic he had never asked himself; but he had spoken words to her, shortly before that sudden cessation of their intimacy, which might have been taken as anti-Platonic by any girl so disposed to regard them. He had not thrown himself at her feet, and declared himself to be devoured by a consuming passion; but he had touched her hand as lovers touch those of women whom they love; he had had his confidences with her, talking to her of his own mother, of his sister, and of his friends; and he had called her his own dear friend Lucy.

All this had been very sweet to her, but very poisonous also. She had declared to herself very frequently that her liking for this young nobleman was as purely a feeling of mere friendship as was that of her brother; and she had professed to herself that she would give the lie to the world's cold sarcasms on such subjects. But she had now acknowledged that the sarcasms of the world on that matter, cold though they may be, are not the less true; and having so acknowledged, she had resolved that all close alliance between herself and Lord Lufton must be at an end. She had come to a conclusion, but he had come to none; and in this frame of mind he was now there with the object of reopening that dangerous friendship which she had had the sense to close.

"And so you are going to-morrow?" she said, as soon as they were both within the drawing-room.

"Yes: I'm off by the early train to-morrow morning, and Heaven knows when we may meet again."

"Next winter, shall we not?"

"Yes, for a day or two, I suppose. I do not know whether I shall pass another winter here. Indeed, one can never say where one will be."

"No, one can't; such as you, at least, cannot. I am not of a migratory tribe myself."

"I wish you were."

"I'm not a bit obliged to you. Your nomade life does not agree with young ladies."

"I think they are taking to it pretty freely, then. We have unprotected young women all about the world."

"And great bores you find them, I suppose?"

"No; I like it. The more we can get out of old-fashioned grooves

the better I am pleased. I should be a radical to-morrow—a regular man of the people,—only I should break my mother's heart."

"Whatever you do, Lord Lufton, do not do that."

"That is why I have liked you so much," he continued, "because you get out of the grooves."

"Do I?"

"Yes; and go along by yourself, guiding your own footsteps; not carried hither and thither, just as your grandmother's old tramway may chance to take you."

"Do you know I have a strong idea that my grandmother's old tramway will be the safest and the best after all? I have not left it very far, and I certainly mean to go back to it."

"That's impossible! An army of old women, with coils of ropes made out of time-honoured prejudices, could not drag you back."

"No, Lord Lufton; that is true. But one——" and then she stopped herself. She could not tell him that one loving mother, anxious for her only son, had sufficed to do it. She could not explain to him that this departure from the established tramway had already broken her own rest, and turned her peaceful happy life into a grievous battle.

"I know that you are trying to go back," he said. "Do you think that I have eyes and cannot see? Come, Lucy, you and I have been friends, and we must not part in this way. My mother is a paragon among women. I say it in earnest;—a paragon among women: and her love for me is the perfection of motherly love."

"It is, it is; and I am so glad that you acknowledge it."

"I should be worse than a brute did I not do so; but, nevertheless, I cannot allow her to lead me in all things. Were I to do so, I should cease to be a man."

"Where can you find any one who will counsel you so truly?"

"But, nevertheless, I must rule myself. I do not know whether my suspicions may be perfectly just, but I fancy that she has created this estrangement between you and me. Has it not been so?"

"Certainly not by speaking to me," said Lucy, blushing ruby-red through every vein of her deep tinted face. But though she could not command her blood, her voice was still under her control—her voice and her manner.

"But has she not done so? You, I know, will tell me nothing but the truth."

"I will tell you nothing on this matter, Lord Lufton, whether true or false. It is a subject on which it does not concern me to speak."

"Ah! I understand," he said; and rising from his chair, he stood against the chimney-piece with his back to the fire. "She cannot leave me alone to choose for myself my own friends, and my own——;" but he did not fill up the void.

"But why tell me this, Lord Lufton?"

"No! I am not to choose my own friends, though they be among the

best and purest of God's creatures, Lucy, I cannot think that you have ceased to have a regard for me. That you had a regard for me, I am sure."

She felt that it was almost unmanly of him thus to seek her out, and hunt her down, and then throw upon her the whole weight of the explanation that his coming thither made necessary. But, nevertheless, the truth must be told, and with God's help she would find strength for the telling of it.

"Yes, Lord Lufton, I had a regard for you—and have. By that word you mean something more than the customary feeling of acquaintance which may ordinarily prevail between a gentleman and lady of different families, who have known each other so short a time as we have done?"

"Yes, something much more," said he, with energy.

"Well, I will not define the much—something closer than that."

"Yes, and warmer, and dearer, and more worthy of two human creatures who value each other's minds and hearts."

"Some such closer regard I have felt for you—very foolishly. Stop! You have made me speak, and do not interrupt me now. Does not your conscience tell you that in doing so I have unwisely deserted those wise old grandmother's tramways of which you spoke just now? It has been pleasant to me to do so. I have liked the feeling of independence with which I have thought that I might indulge in an open friendship with such as you are. And your rank, so different from my own, has doubtless made this more attractive."

"Nonsense!"

"Ah! but it has. I know it now. But what will the world say of me as to such an alliance?"

"The world!"

"Yes, the world! I am not such a philosopher as to disregard it, though you may afford to do so. The world will say that I, the parson's sister, set my cap at the young lord, and that the young lord had made a fool of me."

"The world shall say no such thing!" said Lord Lufton, very imperiously.

"Ah! but it will. You can no more stop it, than King Canute could the waters. Your mother has interfered wisely to spare me from this; and the only favour that I can ask you is, that you will spare me also." And then she got up as though she intended at once to walk forth to her visit to Mrs. Podgens' baby.

"Stop, Lucy!" he said, putting himself between her and the door.

"It must not be Lucy any longer, Lord Lufton; I was madly foolish when I first allowed it."

"By heavens! but it shall be Lucy—Lucy before all the world. My Lucy, my own Lucy—my heart's best friend, and chosen love. Lucy, there is my hand. How long you may have had my heart, it matters not to say now."

The game was at her feet now, and no doubt she felt her triumph.

Her ready wit and speaking lip, not her beauty, had brought him to her side; and now he was forced to acknowledge that her power over him had been supreme. Sooner than leave her he would risk all. She did feel her triumph; but there was nothing in her face to tell him that she did so.

As to what she would now do she did not for a moment doubt. He had been precipitated into the declaration he had made, not by his love, but by his embarrassment. She had thrown in his teeth the injury which he had done her, and he had then been moved by his generosity to repair that injury by the noblest sacrifice which he could make. But Lucy Roberts was not the girl to accept a sacrifice.

He had stepped forward as though he were going to clasp her round the waist, but she receded, and got beyond the reach of his hand. "Lord Lufton!" she said, "when you are more cool you will know that this is wrong. The best thing for both of us now is to part."

"Not the best thing, but the very worst, till we perfectly understand each other."

"Then perfectly understand me, that I cannot be your wife."

"Lucy! do you mean that you cannot learn to love me?"

"I mean that I shall not try. Do not persevere in this, or you will have to hate yourself for your own folly."

"But I will persevere, till you accept my love, or say, with your hand on your heart, that you cannot and will not love me."

"Then I must beg you to let me go," and having so said, she paused while he walked once or twice hurriedly up and down the room. "And, Lord Lufton," she continued, "if you will leave me now, the words that you have spoken shall be as though they had never been uttered."

"I care not who knows that they have been uttered. The sooner that they are known to all the world, the better I shall be pleased, unless indeed ——"

"Think of your mother, Lord Lufton."

"What can I do better than give her as a daughter the best and sweetest girl I have ever met? When my mother really knows you, she will love you as I do. Lucy, say one word to me of comfort."

"I will say no word to you that shall injure your future comfort. It is impossible that I should be your wife."

"Do you mean that you cannot love me?"

"You have no right to press me any further," she said; and sat down upon the sofa, with an angry frown upon her forehead.

"By heavens," he said, "I will take no such answer from you till you put your hand upon your heart, and say that you cannot love me."

"Oh, why should you press me so, Lord Lufton?"

"Why! because my happiness depends upon it; because it behoves me to know the very truth. It has come to this, that I love you, with my whole heart, and I must know how your heart stands towards me."



She had now again risen from the sofa, and was looking steadily in his face.

"Lord Lufton," she said, "I cannot love you," and as she spoke she did put her hand, as he had desired, upon her heart.

"Then God help me! for I am very wretched. Good-bye, Lucy," and he stretched out his hand to her.

"Good-bye, my Lord. Do not be angry with me."

"No, no, no!" and without further speech he left the room and the house, and hurried home. It was hardly surprising that he should that evening tell his mother that Griselda Grantly would be a companion sufficiently good for his sister. He wanted no such companion.

And when he was well gone—absolutely out of sight from the window—Lucy walked steadily up to her room, locked the door, and then threw herself on the bed. Why—oh! why had she told such a falsehood? Could anything justify her in a lie? Was it not a lie—knowing as she did that she loved him with all her loving heart?

But, then, his mother! and the sneers of the world, which would have declared that she had set her trap, and caught the foolish young lord! Her pride would not have submitted to that. Strong as her love was, yet her pride was, perhaps, stronger—stronger at any rate during that interview.

But how was she to forgive herself the falsehood she had told?

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MRS. PROUDIE'S CONVERSAZIONE.

It was grievous to think of the mischief and danger into which Griselda Grantly was brought by the worldliness of her mother in those few weeks previous to Lady Lufton's arrival in town—very grievous, at least, to her ladyship, as from time to time she heard of what was done in London. Lady Hartletop's was not the only objectionable house at which Griselda was allowed to reap fresh fashionable laurels. It had been stated openly in the *Morning Post* that that young lady had been the most admired among the beautiful at one of Miss Dunstable's celebrated *soirées*, and then she was heard of as gracing the drawing-room at Mrs. Proudie's *conversazione*.

Of Miss Dunstable herself Lady Lufton was not able openly to allege any evil. She was acquainted, Lady Lufton knew, with very many people of the right sort, and was the dear friend of Lady Lufton's highly conservative and not very distant neighbours, the Greshams. But then she was also acquainted with so many people of the bad sort. Indeed, she was intimate with everybody, from the Duke of Omnium to old Dowager Lady Goodygaffer, who had represented all the cardinal virtues for the

last quarter of a century. She smiled with equal sweetness on treacle and on brimstone; was quite at home at Exeter Hall, having been consulted—so the world said, probably not with exact truth—as to the selection of more than one disagreeably Low Church bishop; and was not less frequent in her attendance at the ecclesiastical doings of a certain terrible prelate in the Midland counties, who was supposed to favour stoles and vespers, and to have no proper Protestant hatred for auricular confession and fish on Fridays. Lady Lufton, who was very staunch, did not like this, and would say of Miss Dunstable that it was impossible to serve both God and Mammon.

But Mrs. Proudie was much more objectionable to her. Seeing how sharp was the feud between the Proudies and the Grantlys down in Barsetshire, how absolutely unable they had always been to carry a decent face towards each other in church matters, how they headed two parties in the diocese, which were, when brought together, as oil and vinegar, in which battles the whole Lufton influence had always been brought to bear on the Grantly side;—seeing all this, I say, Lady Lufton was surprised to hear that Griselda had been taken to Mrs. Proudie's evening exhibition. "Had the archdeacon been consulted about it," she said to herself, "this would never have happened." But there she was wrong, for in matters concerning his daughter's introduction to the world the archdeacon never interfered.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that Mrs. Grantly understood the world better than did Lady Lufton. In her heart of hearts Mrs. Grantly hated Mrs. Proudie—that is, with that sort of hatred one Christian lady allows herself to feel towards another. Of course Mrs. Grantly forgave Mrs. Proudie all her offences, and wished her well, and was at peace with her, in the Christian sense of the word, as with all other women. But under this forbearance and meekness, and perhaps, we may say, wholly unconnected with it, there was certainly a current of antagonistic feeling which, in the ordinary unconsidered language of every day, men and women do call hatred. This raged and was strong throughout the whole year in Barsetshire, before the eyes of all mankind. But, nevertheless, Mrs. Grantly took Griselda to Mrs. Proudie's evening parties in London.

In these days Mrs. Proudie considered herself to be by no means the least among bishops' wives. She had opened the season this year in a new house in Gloucester Place, at which the reception rooms, at any rate, were all that a lady bishop could desire. Here she had a front drawing-room of very noble dimensions, a second drawing-room rather noble also, though it had lost one of its back corners awkwardly enough, apparently in a jostle with the neighbouring house; and then there was a third—shall we say drawing-room, or closet?—in which Mrs. Proudie delighted to be seen sitting, in order that the world might know that there was a third room; altogether a noble suite, as Mrs. Proudie herself said in confidence to more than one clergyman's wife from Barsetshire. "A noble

suite, indeed, Mrs. Proudie!" the clergymen's wives from Barsetshire would usually answer.

For some time Mrs. Proudie was much at a loss to know by what sort of party or entertainment she would make herself famous. Balls and suppers were of course out of the question. She did not object to her daughters dancing all night at other houses—at least, of late she had not objected, for the fashionable world required it, and the young ladies had perhaps a will of their own—but dancing at her house—absolutely under the shade of the bishop's apron—would be a sin and a scandal. And then as to suppers—of all modes in which one may extend one's hospitality to a large acquaintance, they are the most costly.

"It is horrid to think that we should go out among our friends for the mere sake of eating and drinking," Mrs. Proudie would say to the clergymen's wives from Barsetshire. "It shows such a sensual propensity."

"Indeed it does, Mrs. Proudie; and is so vulgar too!" those ladies would reply.

But the elder among them would remember with regret the unsparing, open-handed hospitality of Barchester palace in the good old days of Bishop Grantly—God rest his soul! One old vicar's wife there was whose answer had not been so courteous—

"When we are hungry, Mrs. Proudie," she had said, "we do all have sensual propensities."

"It would be much better, Mrs. Athill, if the world would provide for all that at home," Mrs. Proudie had rapidly replied; with which opinion I must here profess that I cannot by any means bring myself to coincide.

But a *conversazione* would give play to no sensual propensity, nor occasion that intolerable expense which the gratification of sensual propensities too often produces. Mrs. Proudie felt that the word was not all that she could have desired. It was a little faded by old use and present oblivion, and seemed to address itself to that portion of the London world that is considered blue, rather than fashionable. But, nevertheless, there was a spirituality about it which suited her, and one may also say an economy. And then as regarded fashion, it might perhaps not be beyond the power of a Mrs. Proudie to regild the word with a newly burnished gilding. Some leading person must produce fashion at first hand, and why not Mrs. Proudie?

Her plan was to set the people by the ears talking, if talk they would, or to induce them to show themselves there inert if no more could be got from them. To accommodate with chairs and sofas as many as the furniture of her noble suite of rooms would allow, especially with the two chairs and padded bench against the wall in the back closet—the small inner drawing-room, as she would call it to the clergymen's wives from Barsetshire—and to let the others stand about upright, or "group themselves," as she described it. Then four times during the two hours' period

of her conversazione tea and cake was to be handed round on salvers. It is astonishing how far a very little cake will go in this way, particularly if administered tolerably early after dinner. The men can't eat it, and the women, having no plates and no table, are obliged to abstain. Mrs. Jones knows that she cannot hold a piece of crumbly cake in her hand till it be consumed without doing serious injury to her best dress. When Mrs. Proudie, with her weekly books before her, looked into the financial upshot of her conversazione, her conscience told her that she had done the right thing.

Going out to tea is not a bad thing, if one can contrive to dine early, and then be allowed to sit round a big table with a tea urn in the middle. I would, however, suggest that breakfast cups should always be provided for the gentlemen. And then with pleasant neighbours,—or more especially with a pleasant neighbour, the affair is not, according to my taste, by any means the worst phase of society. But I do dislike that handing round, unless it be of a subsidiary thimbleful when the business of the social intercourse has been dinner.

And indeed this handing round has become a vulgar and an intolerable nuisance among us second-class gentry with our eight hundred a year—there or thereabouts;—doubly intolerable as being destructive of our natural comforts, and a wretchedly vulgar aping of men with large incomes. The Duke of Omnium and Lady Hartleyp are undoubtedly wise to have everything handed round. Friends of mine who occasionally dine at such houses tell me that they get their wine quite as quickly as they can drink it, that their mutton is brought to them without delay, and that the potato-bearer follows quick upon the heels of carver. Nothing can be more comfortable, and we may no doubt acknowledge that these first-class grandees do understand their material comforts. But we of the eight hundred can no more come up to them in this than we can in their opera-boxes and equipages. May I not say that the usual tether of this class, in the way of carvers, cup-bearers, and the rest, does not reach beyond neat-handed Phyllis and the greengrocer? and that Phyllis, neat-handed as she probably is, and the greengrocer, though he be ever so active, cannot administer a dinner to twelve people who are prohibited by a Medo-Persian law from all self-administration whatever? And may I not further say that the lamentable consequence to us eight hundreders dining out among each other is this, that we too often get no dinner at all. Phyllis, with the potatoes, cannot reach us till our mutton is devoured, or in a lukewarm state past our power of managing; and Ganymede, the greengrocer, though we admire the skill of his necktie and the whiteness of his unexceptionable gloves, fails to keep us going in sherry.

Seeing a lady the other day in this strait, left without the small modicum of stimulus which was no doubt necessary for her good digestion, I ventured to ask her to drink wine with me. But when I bowed my head at her, she looked at me with all her eyes, struck with amazement. Had I suggested that she should join me in a wild Indian war-dance,

with nothing on but my paint, her face could not have shown greater astonishment. And yet I should have thought she might have remembered the days when Christian men and women used to drink wine with each other.

God be with the good old days when I could hobnob with my friend over the table as often as I was inclined to lift my glass to my lips, and make a long arm for a hot potato whenever the exigencies of my plate required it.

I think it may be laid down as a rule in affairs of hospitality, that whatever extra luxury or grandeur we introduce at our tables when guests are with us, should be introduced for the advantage of the guest and not for our own. If, for instance, our dinner be served in a manner different from that usual to us, it should be so served in order that our friends may with more satisfaction eat our repast than our everyday practice would produce on them. But the change should by no means be made to their material detriment in order that our fashion may be acknowledged. Again, if I decorate my sideboard and table, wishing that the eyes of my visitors may rest on that which is elegant and pleasant to the sight, I act in that matter with a becoming sense of hospitality; but if my object be to kill Mrs. Jones with envy at the sight of all my silver trinkets, I am a very mean-spirited fellow. This, in a broad way, will be acknowledged; but if we would bear in mind the same idea at all times,—on occasions when the way perhaps may not be so broad, when more thinking may be required to ascertain what is true hospitality, I think we of the eight hundred would make a greater advance towards really entertaining our own friends than by any rearrangement of the actual meats and dishes which we set before them.

Knowing, as we do, that the terms of the Luston-Grantly alliance had been so solemnly ratified between the two mothers, it is perhaps hardly open to us to suppose that Mrs. Grantly was induced to take her daughter to Mrs. Proudie's by any knowledge which she may have acquired that Lord Dumbello had promised to grace the bishop's assembly. It is certainly the fact that high contracting parties do sometimes allow themselves a latitude which would be considered dishonest by contractors of a lower sort; and it may be possible that the archdeacon's wife did think of that second string with which her bow was furnished. Be that as it may, Lord Dumbello was at Mrs. Proudie's, and it did so come to pass that Griselda was seated at the corner of a sofa close to which was a vacant space in which his lordship could—"group himself."

They had not been long there before Lord Dumbello did group himself. "Fine day," he said, coming up and occupying the vacant position by Miss Grantly's elbow.

"We were driving to-day, and we thought it rather cold," said Griselda.

"Deuced cold," said Lord Dumbello, and then he adjusted his white

cravat and touched up his whiskers. Having got so far, he did not proceed to any other immediate conversational efforts; nor did Griselda. But he grouped himself again as became a marquis, and gave very intense satisfaction to Mrs. Proudie.

"This is so kind of you, Lord Dumbello," said that lady, coming up to him and shaking his hand warmly; "so very kind of you to come to my poor little tea-party."

"Uncommon pleasant, I call it," said his lordship. "I like this sort of thing—no trouble, you know."

"No; that is the charm of it: isn't it? no trouble, or fuss, or parade. That's what I always say. According to my ideas, society consists in giving people facility for an interchange of thoughts—what we call conversation."

"Aw, yes, exactly."

"Not in eating and drinking together—eh, Lord Dumbello? And yet the practice of our lives would seem to show that the indulgence of those animal propensities can alone suffice to bring people together. The world in this has surely made a great mistake."

"I like a good dinner all the same," said Lord Dumbello.

"Oh, yes, of course—of course. I am by no means one of those who would pretend to preach that our tastes have not been given to us for our enjoyment. Why should things be nice if we are not to like them?"

"A man who can really give a good dinner has learned a great deal," said Lord Dumbello, with unusual animation.

"An immense deal. It is quite an art in itself; and one which I, at any rate, by no means despise. But we cannot always be eating—can we?"

"No," said Lord Dumbello, "not always." And he looked as though he lamented that his powers should be so circumscribed.

And then Mrs. Proudie passed on to Mrs. Grantly. The two ladies were quite friendly in London; though down in their own neighbourhood they waged a war so internecine in its nature. But nevertheless Mrs. Proudie's manner might have showed to a very close observer that she knew the difference between a bishop and an archdeacon. "I am so delighted to see you," said she. "No, don't mind moving; I won't sit down just at present. But why didn't the archdeacon come?"

"It was quite impossible; it was indeed," said Mrs. Grantly. "The archdeacon never has a moment in London that he can call his own."

"You don't stay up very long, I believe."

"A good deal longer than we either of us like, I can assure you. London life is a perfect nuisance to me."

"But people in a certain position must go through with it, you know," said Mrs. Proudie. "The bishop, for instance, must attend the house."

"Must he?" asked Mrs. Grantly, as though she were not at all well

informed with reference to this branch of a bishop's business. "I am very glad that archdeacons are under no such liability."

"Oh, no; there's nothing of that sort," said Mrs. Proudie, very seriously. "But how uncommonly well Miss Grantly is looking! I do hear that she has quite been admired."

This phrase certainly was a little hard for the mother to bear. All the world had acknowledged, so Mrs. Grantly had taught herself to believe, that Griselda was undoubtedly the beauty of the season. Marquises and lords were already contending for her smiles, and paragraphs had been written in newspapers as to her profile. It was too hard to be told, after that, that her daughter had been "quite admired." Such a phrase might suit a pretty little red-cheeked milkmaid of a girl.

"She cannot, of course, come near your girls in that respect," said Mrs. Grantly, very quietly. Now the Miss Proudies had not elicited from the fashionable world any very loud encomiums on their beauty. Their mother felt the taunt in its fullest force, but she would not essay to do battle on the present arena. She jotted down the item in her mind, and kept it over for Barchester and the chapter. Such debts as those she usually paid on some day, if the means of doing so were at all within her power.

"But there is Miss Dunstable, I declare," she said, seeing that that lady had entered the room; and away went Mrs. Proudie to welcome her distinguished guest.

"And so this is a conversazione, is it?" said that lady, speaking, as usual, not in a suppressed voice. "Well, I declare, it's very nice. It means conversation, don't it, Mrs. Proudie?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Miss Dunstable. There is nobody like you, I declare."

"Well, but don't it? and tea and cake? and then, when we're tired of talking, we go away,—isn't that it?"

"But you must not be tired for these three hours yet."

"Oh, I'm never tired of talking; all the world knows that. How do, bishop? A very nice sort of thing this conversazione, isn't it now?"

The bishop rubbed his hands together and smiled, and said that he thought it was rather nice.

"Mrs. Proudie is so fortunate in all her little arrangements," said Miss Dunstable.

"Yes, yes," said the bishop. "I think she is happy in these matters. I do flatter myself that she is so. Of course, Miss Dunstable, you are accustomed to things on a much grander scale."

"I! Lord bless you, no! Nobody hates grandeur so much as I do. Of course I must do as I am told. I must live in a big house, and have three footmen six feet high. I must have a coachman with a top-heavy wig, and horses so big that they frighten me. If I did not, I should be made out a lunatic and declared unable to manage my own affairs. But as for grandeur, I hate it. I certainly think that I shall have some of these conversaciones. I wonder whether Mrs. Proudie would come and put me up to a wrinkle or two."

The bishop again rubbed his hands, and said that he was sure she would. He never felt quite at his ease with Miss Dunstable, as he rarely could ascertain whether or no she was earnest in what she was saying. So he trotted off, muttering some excuse as he went, and Miss Dunstable chuckled with an inward chuckle at his too evident bewilderment. Miss Dunstable was by nature kind, generous, and open-hearted; but she was living now very much with people on whom kindness, generosity, and open-heartedness were thrown away. She was clever also, and could be sarcastic; and she found that those qualities told better in the world around her than generosity and an open heart. And so she went on from month to month, and year to year, not progressing in a good spirit as she might have done, but still carrying within her bosom a warm affection for those she could really love. And she knew that she was hardly living as she should live,—that the wealth which she affected to despise was eating into the soundness of her character, not by its splendour, but by the style of life which it had seemed to produce as a necessity. She knew that she was gradually becoming irreverent, scornful, and prone to ridicule; but yet, knowing this and hating it, she hardly knew how to break from it.

She had seen so much of the blacker side of human nature that blackness no longer startled her as it should do. She had been the prize at which so many ruined spendthrifts had aimed; so many pirates had endeavoured to run her down while sailing in the open waters of life, that she had ceased to regard such attempts on her money-bags as unmanly or over-covetous. She was content to fight her own battle with her own weapons, feeling secure in her own strength of purpose and strength of wit.

Some few friends she had whom she really loved,—among whom her inner self could come out and speak boldly what it had to say with its own true voice. And the woman who thus so spoke was very different from that Miss Dunstable whom Mrs. Proudie courted, and the Duke of Omnium fêted, and Mrs. Harold Smith claimed as her bosom friend. If only she could find among such one special companion on whom her heart might rest, who would help her to bear the heavy burden of her world! But where was she to find such a friend?—she with her keen wit, her untold money, and loud laughing voice. Everything about her was calculated to attract those whom she could not value, and to scare from her the sort of friend to whom she would fain have linked her lot.

And then she met Mrs. Harold Smith, who had taken Mrs. Proudie's noble suite of rooms in her tour for the evening, and was devoting to them a period of twenty minutes. "And so I may congratulate you," Miss Dunstable said eagerly to her friend.

"No, in mercy's name do no such thing, or you may too probably have to uncongratulate me again; and that will be so unpleasant."

"But they told me that Lord Brock had sent for him yesterday." Now at this period Lord Brock was Prime Minister.



"So he did, and Harold was with him backwards and forwards all the day. But he can't shut his eyes and open his mouth, and see what God will send him, as a wise and prudent man should do. He is always for bargaining, and no Prime Minister likes that."

"I would not be in his shoes if, after all, he has to come home and say that the bargain is off."

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, I should not take it very quietly. But what can we poor women do, you know? When it is settled, my dear, I'll send you a line at once." And then Mrs. Harold Smith finished her course round the rooms, and regained her carriage within the twenty minutes.

"Beautiful profile, has she not?" said Miss Dunstable, somewhat later in the evening, to Mrs. Proudie. Of course, the profile spoken of belonged to Miss Grantly.

"Yes, it is beautiful, certainly," said Mrs. Proudie. "The pity is that it means nothing."

"The gentlemen seem to think that it means a good deal."

"I am not sure of that. She has no conversation, you see; not a word. She has been sitting there with Lord Dumbello at her elbow for the last hour, and yet she has hardly opened her mouth three times."

"But, my dear Mrs. Proudie, who on earth could talk to Lord Dumbello?"

Mrs. Proudie thought that her own daughter Olivia would undoubtedly be able to do so, if only she could get the opportunity. But, then, Olivia had so much conversation.

And while the two ladies were yet looking at the youthful pair, Lord Dumbello did speak again. "I think I have had enough of this now," said he, addressing himself to Griselda.

"I suppose you have other engagements," said she.

"Oh, yes; and I believe I shall go to Lady Clantelbrocks." And then he took his departure. No other word was spoken that evening between him and Miss Grantly beyond those given in this chronicle, and yet the world declared that he and that young lady had passed the evening in so close a flirtation as to make the matter more than ordinarily particular; and Mrs. Grantly, as she was driven home to her lodgings, began to have doubts in her mind whether it would be wise to discountenance so great an alliance as that which the head of the great Hartleyp family now seemed so desirous to establish. The prudent mother had not yet spoken a word to her daughter on these subjects, but it might soon become necessary to do so. It was all very well for Lady Lufton to hurry up to town, but of what service would that be, if Lord Lufton were not to be found in Bruton Street?

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE NEW MINISTER'S PATRONAGE.

AT that time, just as Lady Lufton was about to leave Framley for London, Mark Robarts received a pressing letter, inviting him also to go up to the metropolis for a day or two—not for pleasure, but on business. The letter was from his indefatigable friend Sowerby.

“My dear Robarts,” the letter ran:—

“I have just heard that poor little Burslem, the Barsetshire prebendary, is dead. We must all die some day, you know,—as you have told your parishioners from the Framley pulpit more than once, no doubt. The stall must be filled up, and why should not you have it as well as another? It is six hundred a year and a house. Little Burslem had nine, but the good old times are gone. Whether the house is letable or not under the present ecclesiastical régime, I do not know. It used to be so, for I remember Mrs. Wiggins, the tallow-chandler's widow, living in old Stanhope's House.

“Harold Smith has just joined the Government as Lord Petty Bag, and could, I think, at the present moment get this for asking. He cannot well refuse me, and, if you will say the word, I will speak to him. You had better come up yourself; but say the word ‘Yes,’ or ‘No,’ by the wires.

“If you say ‘Yes,’ as of course you will, do not fail to come up. You will find me at the ‘Travellers,’ or at the House. The stall will just suit you,—will give you no trouble, improve your position, and give some little assistance towards bed and board, and rack and manger.

“Yours ever faithfully,

“N. SOWERBY.

“Singularity enough, I hear that your brother is private secretary to the new Lord Petty Bag. I am told that his chief duty will consist in desiring the servants to call my sister's carriage. I have only seen Harold once since he accepted office; but my Lady Petty Bag says that he has certainly grown an inch since that occurrence.”

This was certainly very good-natured on the part of Mr. Sowerby, and showed that he had a feeling within his bosom that he owed something to his friend the parson for the injury he had done him. And such was in truth the case. A more reckless being than the member for West Barsetshire could not exist. He was reckless for himself, and reckless for all others with whom he might be concerned. He could ruin his friends with as little remorse as he had ruined himself. All was fair game that came in the way of his net. But, nevertheless, he was good-natured, and willing to move heaven and earth to do a friend a good turn, if it came in his way to do so.

He did really love Mark Roberts as much as it was given him to love any among his acquaintance. He knew that he had already done him an almost irreparable injury, and might very probably injure him still deeper before he had done with him. That he would undoubtedly do so, if it came in his way, was very certain. But then, if it also came in his way to repay his friend by any side blow, he would also undoubtedly do that. Such an occasion had now come, and he had desired his sister to give the new Lord Petty Bag no rest till he should have promised to use all his influence in getting the vacant prebend for Mark Roberts.

This letter of Sowerby's Mark immediately showed to his wife. How lucky, thought he to himself, that not a word was said in it about those accursed money transactions! Had he understood Sowerby better he would have known that that gentleman never said anything about money transactions until it became absolutely necessary. "I know you don't like Mr. Sowerby," he said; "but you must own that this is very good-natured."

"It is the character I hear of him that I don't like," said Mrs. Roberts.

"But what shall I do now, Fanny? As he says, why should not I have the stall as well as another?"

"I suppose it would not interfere with your parish?" she asked.

"Not in the least, at the distance at which we are. I did think of giving up old Jones; but if I take this, of course I must keep a curate."

His wife could not find it in her heart to dissuade him from accepting promotion when it came in his way—what vicar's wife would have so persuaded her husband? But yet she did not altogether like it. She feared that Greek from Chaldicotes, even when he came with the present of a prebendal stall in his hands. And then what would Lady Lufton say?

"And do you think that you must go up to London, Mark?"

"Oh, certainly; that is, if I intend to accept Harold Smith's kind offices in the matter."

"I suppose it will be better to accept them," said Fanny, feeling perhaps that it would be useless in her to hope that they should not be accepted.

"Prebendal stalls, Fanny, don't generally go begging long among parish clergymen. How could I reconcile it to the duty I owe to my children to refuse such an increase to my income?" And so it was settled that he should at once drive to Silverbridge and send off a message by telegraph, and that he should himself proceed to London on the following day. "But you must see Lady Lufton first, of course," said Fanny, as soon as all this was settled.

Mark would have avoided this if he could have decently done so, but he felt that it would be impolitic, as well as indecent. And why should he be afraid to tell Lady Lufton that he hoped to receive this piece of promotion from the present government? There was nothing disgraceful in a clergyman becoming a prebendary of Barchester. Lady Lufton her-

self had always been very civil to the prebendaries, and especially to little Dr. Burslem, the meagre little man who had just now paid the debt of nature. She had always been very fond of the chapter, and her original dislike to Bishop Proudie had been chiefly founded on his interference with the cathedral clergy,—on his interference, or on that of his wife or chaplain. Considering these things Mark Roberts tried to make himself believe that Lady Lufton would be delighted at his good fortune. But yet he did not believe it. She at any rate would revolt from the gift of the Greek of Chaldicotes.

"Oh, indeed," she said, when the vicar had with some difficulty explained to her all the circumstances of the case. "Well, I congratulate you, Mr. Roberts, on your powerful new patron."

"You will probably feel with me, Lady Lufton, that the benefice is one which I can hold without any detriment to me in my position here at Framley," said he, prudently resolving to let the slur upon his friends pass by unheeded.

"Well, I hope so. Of course, you are a very young man, Mr. Roberts, and these things have generally been given to clergymen more advanced in life."

"But you do not mean to say that you think I ought to refuse it?"

"What my advice to you might be if you really came to me for advice, I am hardly prepared to say at so very short a notice. You seem to have made up your mind, and therefore I need not consider it. As it is, I wish you joy, and hope that it may turn out to your advantage in every way."

"You understand, Lady Lufton, that I have by no means got it as yet."

"Oh, I thought it had been offered to you: I thought you spoke of this new minister as having all that in his own hand."

"Oh, dear, no. What may be the amount of his influence in that respect, I do not at all know. But my correspondent assures me ———"

"Mr. Sowerby, you mean. Why don't you call him by his name?"

"Mr. Sowerby assures me that Mr. Smith will ask for it; and thinks it most probable that his request will be successful."

"Oh, of course. Mr. Sowerby and Mr. Harold Smith together would no doubt be successful in anything. They are the sort of men who are successful nowadays. Well, Mr. Roberts, I wish you joy." And she gave him her hand in token of her sincerity.

Mark took her hand, resolving to say nothing further on that occasion. That Lady Lufton was not now cordial with him, as she used to be, he was well aware; and sooner or later he was determined to have the matter out with her. He would ask her why she now so constantly met him with a taunt, and so seldom greeted him with that kind old affectionate smile which he knew and appreciated so well. That she was honest and true, he was quite sure. If he asked her the question plainly, she would answer him openly. And if he could induce her to say that she would

return to her old ways, return to them she would in a hearty manner. But he could not do this just at present. It was but a day or two since Mr. Crawley had been with him; and was it not probable that Mr. Crawley had been sent thither by Lady Lufton? His own hands were not clean enough for a remonstrance at the present moment. He would cleanse them, and then he would remonstrate.

"Would you like to live part of the year in Barchester?" he said to his wife and sister that evening.

"I think that two houses are only a trouble," said his wife. "And we have been very happy here."

"I have always liked a cathedral town," said Lucy; "and I am particularly fond of the close."

"And Barchester-close is the closest of all closes," said Mark. "There is not a single house within the gateways that does not belong to the chapter."

"But if we are to keep up two houses, the additional income will soon be wasted," said Fanny prudently.

"The thing would be, to let the house furnished every summer," said Lucy.

"But I must take my residence as the terms come," said the vicar; "and I certainly should not like to be away from Framley all the winter; I should never see anything of Lufton." And perhaps he thought of his hunting, and then thought again of that cleansing of his hands.

"I should not a bit mind being away during the winter," said Lucy, thinking of what the last winter had done for her.

"But where on earth should we find money to furnish one of those large, old-fashioned houses? Pray, Mark, do not do anything rash." And the wife laid her hand affectionately on her husband's arm. In this manner the question of the prebend was discussed between them on the evening before he started for London.

Success had at last crowned the earnest effort with which Harold Smith had carried on the political battle of his life for the last ten years. The late Lord Petty Bag had resigned in disgust, having been unable to digest the Prime Minister's ideas on Indian Reform, and Mr. Harold Smith, after sundry hitches in the business, was installed in his place. It was said that Harold Smith was not exactly the man whom the Premier would himself have chosen for that high office; but the Premier's hands were a good deal tied by circumstances. The last great appointment he had made had been terribly unpopular,—so much so as to subject him, popular as he undoubtedly was himself, to a screech from the whole nation. The *Jupiter*, with withering scorn, had asked whether vice of every kind was to be considered, in these days of Queen Victoria, as a passport to the cabinet. Adverse members of both Houses had arrayed themselves in a pure panoply of morality, and thundered forth their sarcasms with the indignant virtue and keen discontent of political Juvenals; and even his own friends had held up their hands in dismay. Under these circum-

stances he had thought himself obliged in the present instance to select a man who would not be especially objectionable to any party. Now Harold Smith lived with his wife, and his circumstances were not more than ordinarily embarrassed. He kept no race-horses; and, as Lord Brock now heard for the first time, gave lectures in provincial towns on popular subjects. He had a seat which was tolerably secure, and could talk to the House by the yard if required to do so. Moreover, Lord Brock had a great idea that the whole machinery of his own ministry would break to pieces very speedily. His own reputation was not bad, but it was insufficient for himself and that lately selected friend of his. Under all these circumstances combined, he chose Harold Smith to fill the vacant office of Lord Petty Bag.

And very proud the Lord Petty Bag was. For the last three or four months, he and Mr. Supplehouse had been agreeing to consign the ministry to speedy perdition. "This sort of dictatorship will never do," Harold Smith had himself said, justifying that future vote of his as to want of confidence in the Queen's government. And Mr. Supplehouse in this matter had fully agreed with him. He was a Juno whose form that wicked old Paris had utterly despised, and he, too, had quite made up his mind as to the lobby in which he would be found when that day of vengeance should arrive. But now things were much altered in Harold Smith's views. The Premier had shown his wisdom in seeking for new strength where strength ought to be sought, and introducing new blood into the body of his ministry. The people would now feel fresh confidence, and probably the House also. As to Mr. Supplehouse—he would use all his influence on Supplehouse. But, after all, Mr. Supplehouse was not everything.

On the morning after our vicar's arrival in London he attended at the Petty Bag office. It was situated in the close neighbourhood of Downing Street and the higher governmental gods; and though the building itself was not much, seeing that it was shored up on one side, that it bulged out in the front, was foul with smoke, dingy with dirt, and was devoid of any single architectural grace or modern scientific improvement, nevertheless its position gave it a status in the world which made the clerks in the Lord Petty Bag's office quite respectable in their walk in life. Mark had seen his friend Sowerby on the previous evening, and had then made an appointment with him for the following morning at the new Minister's office. And now he was there a little before his time, in order that he might have a few moments' chat with his brother.

When Mark found himself in the private secretary's room he was quite astonished to see the change in his brother's appearance which the change in his official rank had produced. Jack Roberts had been a well-built, straight-legged, lianome young fellow, pleasant to the eye because of his natural advantages, but rather given to a harum-skarum style of gait, and occasionally careless, not to say slovenly, in his dress. But now he was the very pink of perfection. His jantny frock-coat fitted him

to perfection; not a hair of his head was out of place; his waistcoat and trousers were glossy and new, and his umbrella, which stood in the umbrella-stand in the corner, was tight, and neat, and small, and natty.

"Well, John, you've become quite a great man," said his brother.

"I don't know much about that," said John; "but I find that I have an enormous deal of sagging to go through."

"Do you mean work? I thought you had about the easiest berth in the whole Civil Service."

"Ah! that's just the mistake that people make. Because we don't cover whole reams of foolscap paper at the rate of fifteen lines to a page, and five words to a line, people think that we, private secretaries, have got nothing to do. Look here," and he tossed over scornfully a dozen or so of little notes. "I tell you what, Mark; it is no easy matter to manage the patronage of a cabinet minister. Now I am bound to write to every one of these fellows a letter that will please him; and yet I shall refuse to every one of them the request which he asks."

"That must be difficult."

"Difficult is no word for it. But, after all, it consists chiefly in the knack of the thing. One must have the wit 'from such a sharp and waspish word as No to pluck the sting.' I do it every day, and I really think that the people like it."

"Perhaps your refusals are better than other people's acquiescences."

"I don't mean that at all. We, private secretaries, have all to do the same thing. Now, would you believe it? I have used up three lifts of note-paper already in telling people that there is no vacancy for a lobby messenger in the Petty Bag office. Seven peeresses have asked for it for their favourite footmen. But there—there's the Lord Petty Bag!"

A bell rang and the private secretary, jumping up from his note-paper, tripped away quickly to the great man's room.

"He'll see you at once," said he, returning. "Buggins, show the Reverend Mr. Roberts to the Lord Petty Bag."

Buggins was the messenger for whose not vacant place all the peeresses were striving with so much animation. And then Mark, following Buggins for two steps, was ushered into the next room.

If a man be altered by becoming a private secretary, he is much more altered by being made a cabinet minister. Roberts, as he entered the room, could hardly believe that this was the same Harold Smith whom Mrs. Prondie bothered so cruelly in the lecture-room at Barchester. Then he was cross, and touchy, and uneasy, and insignificant. Now, as he stood smiling on the hearthrug of his official fireplace, it was quite pleasant to see the kind, patronizing smile which lighted up his features. He delighted to stand there, with his hands in his trousers' pocket, the great man of the place, conscious of his lordship, and feeling himself every inch a minister. Sowerby had come with him, and was standing a little in the background, from which position he winked occasionally at the parson over the minister's shoulder.

"Ah, Robarts, delighted to see you. How odd, by-the-by, that your brother should be my private secretary!"

Mark said that it was a singular coincidence.

"A very smart young fellow, and, if he minds himself, he'll do well."

"I'm quite sure he'll do well," said Mark.

"Ah! well, yes; I think he will. And now, what can I do for you, Robarts?"

Hereupon Mr. Sowerby struck in, making it apparent by his explanation that Mr. Robarts himself by no means intended to ask for anything; but that, as his friends had thought that this stall at Barchester might be put into his hands with more fitness than in those of any other clergyman of the day, he was willing to accept the piece of preferment from a man whom he respected so much as he did the new Lord Petty Bag.

The minister did not quite like this, as it restricted him from much of his condescension, and robbed him of the incense of a petition which he had expected Mark Robarts would make to him. But, nevertheless, he was very gracious.

"He could not take upon himself to declare," he said, "what might be Lord Brock's pleasure with reference to the preferment at Barchester which was vacant. He had certainly already spoken to his lordship on the subject, and had perhaps some reason to believe that his own wishes would be consulted. No distinct promise had been made, but he might perhaps go so far as to say that he expected such result. If so, it would give him the greatest pleasure in the world to congratulate Mr. Robarts on the possession of the stall—a stall which he was sure Mr. Robarts would fill with dignity, piety, and brotherly love." And then, when he had finished, Mr. Sowerby gave a final wink, and said that he regarded the matter as settled.

"No, not settled, Nathaniel," said the cautious minister.

"It's the same thing," rejoined Sowerby. "We all know what all that flummery means. Men in office, Mark, never do make a distinct promise,—not even to themselves of the leg of mutton which is roasting before their kitchen fires. It is so necessary in these days to be safe; is it not, Harold?"

"Most expedient," said Harold Smith, shaking his head wisely. "Well, Robarts, who is it now?" This he said to his private secretary, who came to notice the arrival of some bigwig. "Well, yes. I will say good morning, with your leave, for I am a little hurried. And remember, Mr. Robarts, I will do what I can for you; but you must distinctly understand that there is no promise."

"Oh, no promise at all," said Sowerby—"of course not." And then, as he sauntered up Whitehall towards Charing Cross, with Robarts on his arm, he again pressed upon him the sale of that invaluable hunter, who was eating his head off his shoulders in the stable at Chaldicotes.



# William Hogarth:

PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER.

*Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time.*

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## V.—BETWEEN LONDON AND SHEERNESS.

As one, Reader, who concludes haply, through hearsay, that his uncle William has left him a ten pound legacy; but, going afterwards to Doctors' Commons, paying his shilling, and reading that said uncle's will,—receiving letters from stately lawyers, full of congratulation, at seventy pence a piece,—being bowed and kotowed to by people who were wont to cut him, and overwhelmed with offers of unlimited credit by tradesfolk who yesterday would not trust to the extent of a pair of woollen hose—discovers that he has inherited a fine fortune; so may an author scarcely help feeling who has commenced a modest little series of papers in the hope that they would fill a gap and serve a turn, and who finds himself, now, roaming through a vast country, inexhaustible in fertility, undermined with treasure, and overstocked with game: of all which he is expected to give a faithful and accurate report. Yes, the world Hogarthian is all before me, where to choose. Facilities for “opening up” the teeming territory present themselves on every side. Authorities accumulate; microscopes and retrospective spy-glasses are obligingly lent. The Chamberlain of London politely throws open his archives. I am permitted to inspect a Hogarth-engraved silver-plate, forming part of the paraphernalia of the famous past-Overseer's box of St. Margaret's, Westminster. Father Prout sends me from Paris an old Hogarth etching he has picked up on the Quai Voltaire, and, withal, more humour and learning in a sheet of letter-paper than ever I shall have in my head in a lifetime. A large-minded correspondent in Cheshire insists on tearing a portrait and biography of W. H. from an old book in his possession, and sending the fragments to me. From the blue shadows of the Westmoreland Fells comes, by book-post, a copy of “Ald Hoggart's” poems. A friend promises to make interest with the authorities of the Painters' Company for any Hogarthian memorabilia their records may contain. Another friend advises that I should straightway memorialise the Benchers of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, for information relative to W. H's entertainment by the “Sages de la Ley,” A.D. 1750. I am bidden to remember that I should visit the Foundling Hospital, to see the *March to Finchley*; that there are original Hogarths in Sir John Soane's Museum, and in the church of St. Mary Redclyffe, Bristol.\* And, upon my word, I have a

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\* I was at Bristol in the summer of 1858; but the fine old church was then in process of restoration, and the Hogarths, I heard, had been temporarily removed. Have those curious altar-pieces been since restored?

collection of correspondence about Hogarth that reads like an excerpt from the *Clergy List*. Their reverences could not be more prolific of pen and ink were I a heterodox Bampton Lecturer. How many times I have been clerically reminded of a blunder I committed (in No. I.) in assigning a wrong county as the locality of St. Bee's College. How many times I have been enlightened as to the derivation of the hangman's appellation of Jack Ketch. From rectories, parsonages, endowed grammar schools, such corrections, such explanations, have flowed in amain. Not to satiety, not to nausea, on the part of their recipient. To him it is very good and pleasant to think that some familiar words on an old English theme can interest cultivated and thoughtful men. It is doubly pleasant to be convinced that he was not in error when, in the first section of these essays, he alluded to the favour with which William Hogarth had ever been held by the clergy of the Church of England.

Yes, I have come into a fine fortune, and the balance at the banker's is prodigious. But how if the cheque book be lost? if the pen sputter, if the ink turn pale and washy, or thick and muddy? Alnaschar! it is possible to kick over that basket full of vitreous ware. Rash youth of Siamese extraction, it may have pleased your imperial master to present you with a white elephant. Woe! for the tons of rice and sugar that the huge creature consumes, the sweet and fresh young greenstuff for which he unceasingly craves;—and you but a poor day labourer? You must have elephants, must you? Better to have gone about with a white mouse and a hurdy-gurdy: the charitable might have flung you coppers. Shallow, inept, and pretentious, to what a task have you not committed yourself! Thus to me have many sincere friends—mostly anonymous—hinted. These are the wholesome raps on the knuckles a man gets who attempts without being able to accomplish; who inherits, and lacks the capacity to administer. Many a fine fortune is accompanied by as fine a lawsuit—remember the legatee cobbler in *Pickwick*—and dire is the case of the imprudent wight who finds himself some fine morning in contempt, with Aristarchus for a Lord Chancellor! But I have begun a journey. The descent of Avernus is as facile as sliding down a *Montagne Russe*;—*sed revocare gradum*:—no, one mustn't revoke, nor in the game of life, nor in the game of whist. We will go on, if you please; and I am your very humble servant to command.

The stir made by the publication of the set of engravings from the six pictures of the *Harlot's Progress* was tremendous. Twelve hundred copies of the first impression were sold. Miniature copies of some of the scenes were engraved on fan-mounts. Even, as occurred with George Cruikshank's *Bottle*, the story was dramatised, and an interlude called *The Jew Decoyed; or, a Harlot's Progress*, had a most successful "run." It is worthy of observation that the perverse and depraved taste of the town took it as rather a humorous thing that the courtesan, splendidly kept by a Hebrew money-lender, should decoy and betray her keeper. *The Jew Decoyed*. Ho! ho! it was a thing to laugh at. Who sympathizes

with M. Geronde in the farce—the poor, feeble, old dotard—when Arlechino runs off with his daughter, and Pierrot the *gracioso* half cuts his nose off while he is shaving him, picking his pocket, and treading on his tenderest corns, meanwhile? The tradesmen and lodging-house keepers who are swindled and robbed by clown and pantaloon in the pantomime; the image boys, fishmongers, and greengrocers whose stock in trade is flung about the stage; the peaceable watchmaker, who tumbles over on the slide artfully prepared in front of his own door with fresh butter, by the miscreant clown; the grenadier bonneted with his own Busby; the young lady bereft of her bustle; the mother of the baby that is safe upon, swung round by the legs, and crammed into a letter-box: is any pity evoked for those innocent and ill-used persons? I am afraid there is none. I have seen a policeman in the pit roaring with laughter at the pummelling and jostling his simulated brother receives on the stage. It is remarkable to watch the keen delight with which exhibitions of petty cruelty and petty dishonesty, of a gay, lively description, are often regarded. I can understand the pickpocket detected by Charles the Second's keen eye in annexing a snuff-box at court, laying his finger by the side of his nose, and taking the monarch into his confidence. I can understand cynic Charles keeping the rogue's secret for the humour of the thing. And, verily, when I see children torturing animals, and senseless louts grinning and jeering, and yelling "Who shot the dog!" after a gentleman in the street, because he happens to wear the honourable uniform of a volunteer, and persons who are utter strangers to one belated runaway joining in the enlivening shout and chase of "Stop thief!" I can begin to understand the wicked wisdom of the American Diogenes who coolly indited this maxim: "If you see a drowning man, throw a rail at him."

Hogarth's engravings of the adventures of Kate Hackabout were extensively and grossly pirated. In those days, as in these, there were pictorial Curlls in the land. The author of the foregoing has had the honour to see some early and trifling pictorial performances of his own pirated upon pocket-handkerchiefs and shirt-fronts; but, dear me, what a legal pother would have arisen at Manchester if any one had pirated those beautiful patent cylinders on which the piracies must have been so neatly engraved! Some vile imitations of Hackabout were even cut on wood; and I should dearly like to know if any impressions of those blocks are extant. Mr. Ottley has none in his *History of Chalcography*; but a series of woodcuts so long after Albert Durer and Maso Fineguerra, so long before Bewick the revivalist's time, would be deeply interesting.\*

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There is a mania just now for giving excessive prices for steel and copper engravings. There is a millennium for artists' proofs. The auctioneers only know what a genuine Marc Antonio Raimondi is worth; but I am told that a "Sunday" proof of the *March to Finchley*—the original plate was dated on a Sunday, but the *dies non* was subsequently erased by Hogarth—will fetch thirty guineas in the market. The price seems as exorbitant as those sometimes given for a "breeches" or a "vinegar" Bible.

Hogarth smarted under this injury, as well he might. The artist had always a strong admixture of the British tradesman in his composition, and, as was his wont when injured, he bellowed lustily. He moved the Lords of the Treasury. He moved the Houses of Lords and Commons; and, at last (1735), he obtained an Act of Parliament, specially protecting his copyright in his prints. As usual, too, he celebrated the victory with a loud and jubilant cock-crow, and complimented Parliament on their recognition of the principles of truth and right, in an allegorical etching, with a flowery inscription. It is good to learn that the Legislature were tender to this artist even after his death, and that his widow, Jane Hogarth, obtained, by another special act, a renewal of his copyrights for her sole use and benefit. In this age of photography and electro-printing, do we not need a law of artistic copyright somewhat more definite and more stringent than the loose statutes that lawyers quibble about and interpret different ways?

Ere I quit the subject of the *Harlot's Progress*, it is meet to advert to a little dictum of good Mr. Fuseli, the ambidextrous Anglo-Swiss, who painted the *Lazar-house* and other horrifying subjects, who used to swear so dreadfully at the clerks in Coutt's banking-house, and who called for his umbrella when he went to see Mr. Constable's showery pictures. "The characteristic discrimination and humorous exuberance," says Fuseli, in a lecture, "which we admire in Hogarth, but which, like the fleeting passion of a day, every hour contributes something to obliterate, will soon be unintelligible by time or degenerate into caricature: the chronicle of scandal, and the history book of the vulgar." I have the highest respect for the learning and acumen of Fuseli; but I think he is wholly wrong in assuming that Hogarth's humour or discrimination will ever become "unintelligible by time," or will "degenerate into caricature." Look at this *Harlot's Progress*. Who cares to know, now, that Charteris continues to rot; that he was guilty of every vice but prodigality and hypocrisy—being a monster of avarice and a paragon of impudence; that he was condemned to death for a dreadful crime, and only escaped the halter by the interest of aristocratic friends; that he was a liar, a cheat, a gambler, a usurer, and a profligate; that he amassed an estate of ten thousand a year; that he was accused while living, and that the populace almost tore his body from his remote grave in Scotland? Who cares to know how many times Mother Needham was carted—although you may be sure they were not half so frequent as she deserved. Is it important to know exactly whether the Caucasian financier was intended for Sir Henry Furnese, or for Rafael Mendez, or Israel Vanderplank. The quack Misaubin\*

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\* Dr. Misaubin lived at 96, St. Martin's Lane. Of his staircase, painted by Clermont, the Frenchman, I have already spoken. Those were the days when "Mrs. Powell, the colourman's mother, used to make a pipe of wine every year from the vines that grew in the garden in St. Martin's Lane." Traces of its old rudality may also be found in the name of one of its noisiest offshoots—the "Hop Gardens." Dr. Misaubin "flourished" in 1732. He was not a Frenchman born, but of French

and his opponent are forgotten. Stern Sir John Gonson\* and his anti-Cyprian crusades are forgotten. For aught we can tell, the Bridewell gaoler, the Irish servant, the thievish harridan, the Fleet parson, the glowering undertaker, may all be faithful portraits of real personages long since gone to dust. It boots little even to know if Kate were really Kate or Mary Hackabout, or Lais, or Phryne, or Doll Common. She is dead, and will sin and suffer stripes no more. But the humour and discrimination of the painter yet live, the types he pourtrayed endure to this hour. I saw Charteris the day before yesterday, tottering about in shiny boots beneath the Haymarket Colonnade. The quacks live and prosper, drive mail-phatons, and enter horses for the Derby. The Jew financier calls himself Mr. Montmorenci de Levysen, and lends money at sixty per cent., or as Julius McHabeas, Gent., one of her Majesty's attorneys-at-law, issues a writ at the suit of his friend and father-in-law Levysen. And Kate decoys and cozens the financier every day in a cottage *ornée* at Brompton or St. John's Wood. Kate! there is her "miniature brougham" gliding through Albert Gate. There is her barouche on the hill at Epsom. There she is at the play, or in the garden, flaunting among the coloured lamps. There she is in the Haymarket, in the Strand, in the New Cut, in the workhouse, in the police cell, in the hospital. There she is on Waterloo Bridge, and there—God help her!—in the cold, black river, having accomplished her "progress." Take away the whipping-post from Bridewell; and for the boudoir paid for by the Jew, substitute the garish little sitting-room that Mr. Holman Hunt painted in his wonderful picture of the *Awakened Conscience*, and one can realize the "humour" and "discrimination" of Hogarth in a tale as sad that progresses around us every day.

Every one who has the most superficial acquaintance with a Hogarthian biography has heard the story of how Mrs. Hogarth, or her mamma, Dame Alice Thornhill, placed the six pictures of the *Harlot's Progress* in Sir

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\* Huguenot extraction. He was an arrant and impudent quack, but a good-natured man, and dispensed the huge fortune he amassed liberally enough. More anent him when he grows older and more wrinkled, in the *Marriage à la Mode*. All this man's gold, however, turned in the end to dry leaves. His grandson, Angiband, dissipated the pill and nostrum fortune, and died of Geneva-on-the-brain in St. Martin's Workhouse. Engraver Smith (J. T.) says that Misanbin's father was a Protestant clergyman, and mentions a "family picture" representing the Doctor in all his glory, with his son on his knees, and his reverend papa at a table behind, and arrayed in full canonicals.

\* Everybody seems to have had Latin verses, enlogistic or abusive, addressed to him in those days. Thus the "Sapphics" of Mr. Loveling, a young gentleman of the university, to the rigorous Middlesex Justice:—

"Pellicum, Gonsonæ, animosus hostis,  
Per minus castas Druric tabernas\*  
Lenis incedens, abest Dionæ  
Æquus Alumnis!"

And so forth.

James's breakfast-parlour one morning, ready for the knight on his coming down. "Very well, very well," cried the king's sergeant painter, rubbing his hands, and well nigh pacified: "the man who can paint like this wants no dowry with my daughter." I am glad to believe the story; but I don't believe, as some malevolent commentators have insinuated, that Sir James Thornhill made his son-in-law's talent an excuse for behaving parsimoniously to the young couple after he had forgiven them. There is nothing to prove that Sir James Thornhill was a stingy man. He had a son who was a great crony of Hogarth, accompanied him on the famous journey to Rochester and Sheerness, and afterwards became sergeant-painter to the navy. I fancy that he was a wild young man, and cost his father large sums. It is certain, however, that Sir James frequently and generously assisted his daughter and son-in-law. He set them up in their house in Leicester Fields; and he appears to have left Hogarth a considerable interest in his house at 104, St. Martin's Lane, whither he had removed from Covent Garden, and the staircase of which he had painted, according to his incorrigible custom, with "allegories." The great artists of those days used to employ one another to paint the walls and ceilings of each other's rooms. Thus Kneller gave commissions to the elder Laguerre, and Thornhill himself employed Robert Brown, the painter who was so famous for "crimson curtains," and who justified having painted two signs for the Paul's Head Tavern, in Cateaton Street, on the ground that Correggio had painted the sign of the "Muleteer." Be it mentioned likewise, to Thornhill's honour, that he fruitlessly endeavoured to persuade Lord Halifax to found a Royal Academy in the King's Mews, Charing Cross. It would be better, perhaps, in this place to make an end of goodman Thornhill. Besides Worlidge's portrait, there is one by Hogarth, in oil, of which a vigorous etching was executed by Samuel Ireland. The portrait was purchased of Mrs. Hogarth, in 1781, and was deemed by her an excellent likeness. Thornhill died at his seat, "Thornhill," near Weymouth, in 1734.\* He had transferred his academy or drawing-school, call it what you will, from Covent Garden to St. Martin's Lane; and to Hogarth he bequeathed all his casts and bustos, all

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\* He sat for Melcombe Regis in the two last parliaments of George the First. The borough was then a mere pocket one, in the gift of the backstairs. Thornhill's "employments" were continued to him for some time by George the Second; but, like his predecessor, Sir Christopher Wren, he was removed to make way for place-men who, without any very high attainments, could be useful to the Ministry. Thenceforth, the "goodman" amused himself by painting easel-pictures. He was taken for death in an access of gout, and died in his chair on the 4th of May, and was buried at Stalbridge on the 13th. He had greatly beautified the ancestral mansion and estate, and had erected, on an adjacent hill, an obelisk to the memory of George the First, which was visible to all the country side. Hogarth himself records the death of his father-in-law, in Sylvanus Urban's obituary in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—then a very young publication, indeed. He says that he was "the greatest history painter this age has seen;" and states, that as king's sergeant painter he had to decorate all his majesty's coaches, barges, and "the royal navy." Are we to understand from this that Thornhill was expected to carve and gild the figure heads of three-deckers!

his easels and drawing-stools, all the paraphernalia of his studio. These William ultimately presented to the academy held in St. Peter's Court St. Martin's Lane, in premises that had formerly been the studio of Roubiliac the sculptor.

I told you that at about the time of his marriage our artist took summer lodgings at Vauxhall, and first made the acquaintance of Mr. Jonathan Tyers, the "enterprising" lessee of the once famous "Royal Property." With Tyers he ever maintained a fast friendship, and he materially and generously assisted him in the decoration of the gardens; for, frugal tradesman as Hogarth was, and sturdily determined to have the rights he had bargained for, he was continually giving away something. We have noticed his donation to the Petro-Roubiliac Academy; to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of which he was a governor, he gave the picture of the *Pool of Bethesda*; and the governors of the Foundling Hospital know how nobly munificent was this honest Christian man to the nascent charity. He gave them handsome pictures; he gave them a large proportion in the shares of other picture-auctions—shares as good as money: he painted a splendid portrait of Thomas Coram, the grand old sea-captain, who spent his fortune in cherishing deserted children, and in his old age was not ashamed to confess that he had spent his all in doing good; that his fortune was funded in Heaven—let us trust he is drawing his dividends now; and that here below he was destitute.\* His example incited many more notable artists to contribute pictures to the charity: and the halls of the Foundling became the chief art-lounge in London. The Royal Academy Exhibition, even, with its annual revenue of infinite shillings, sprang from this odd germ. The Foundling Hospital, I have heard, has wandered from its original purpose; and few of its first attributes are now recognizable in its constitution; but I hope they still teach every little boy and girl foundling to murmur a prayer for Thomas Coram and William Hogarth.

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\* Thomas Coram was born in 1668. He had amassed a competence in following the sea, and lived at Rotherhithe, like Captain Lemuel Gulliver, and that greater mariner, Captain Cuttle. In his way to and from the maritime districts of the town, his honest heart was frequently afflicted by the sight of destitute and abandoned children. Probably he had never heard of St. Vincent de Paul—this rough tarry-brecks of the Benbow and Cloudesley Shovel cra—but he set about doing the selfsame work as that for which the foreign philanthropist was canonized. Coram had already effected much good by procuring an Act granting a bounty on naval stores imported to Georgia—where the colonists were frequently left destitute—and by devising an admirable scheme for the education of Indian girls. The Foundling Hospital was, however, his great work. He obtained the charter of incorporation for it, A.D. 1739. These were the words, of which I have given the sense above:—"I have not wasted the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expense; and am not ashamed to confess, that in this, my old age, I am poor." They raised a pension of a hundred a year for the benevolent veteran; Sir Sampson Gideon and Dr. Brocklesby being chief managers of the fund. Captain Coram did not live long to enjoy the pension; and at his death, it was continued to poor old Leveridge, to whose volume of songs William Hogarth contributed a frontispiece.

For the embellishment of the supper-boxes at Vauxhall, William made several designs; but there is not much evidence to prove that he painted any of them with his own hand. The paintings were mostly executed by Hogarth's fast friend, Frank Hayman, and perhaps by Lanscroon, singer and scene-painter; son of old Lanscroon, Riarlo's condisciple with La-guette's son-in-law Tifou, and the author of a meritorious set of prints illustrating *How at the Well*. For Vauxhall, Hogarth made the designs of the *Four Parts of the Day*, which he afterwards himself engraved, and which had great success.

Most of us have seen a very ugly, tasteless mezzotint engraving representing Henry VIII. in an impossible attitude, leering at a coarse Anne Boleyn. I am always sorry to see the words "*Hogarth, pinxit*," in the left-hand corner of this inelegant performance, and sorer to know that he did indeed achieve that daub; and that the picture was hung in the "old great room at the right hand of entry into the gardens." Indeed it is a barbarous thing. The background is, I suppose, intended to represent an apartment in Cardinal Wolsey's sumptuous mansion at York Place; but it would do better for a chamber at the "Rose," or at the "Three Tuns," in Chandos Street. I can speak of it no more with patience. Why paint it, William? Yet it had all the honours of the mezzotint scraper; it is engraved likewise in line; and Allan Ramsay—"Gentle Shepherd" Ramsay—who should have known better, wrote some eulogistic verses by way of epigraph. Nor did Jonathan Tyers of Vauxhall look the gift horse in the mouth. He was glad to hang the sorry canvas in his old great room; and in testimony of many kindnesses received from the painter, who had "summer lodgings at South Lambeth," presented him with a perpetual ticket of admission to the gardens for himself and friends. Fancy being on the free-list of Vauxhall for ever! The ticket was of gold, and bore this inscription:—

*In perpetuum beneficii memoriam.*

Hogarth was a frequent visitor at the "Spring Gardens," Vauxhall. There, I will be bound, he and his pretty young wife frequently indulged in that cool summer evening's stroll which the French call *prendre le frais*. There he may have had many a bowl of arrack punch with Harry Fielding—he was to live to be firm friends with the tremendous author of "*Tom Jones*;" there I think he may have met a certain Ferdinand Count Fathom, and a Somersetshire gentleman of a good estate but an indifferent temper and conversation, by name Western, together with my Lady Bellaston (in a mask and a cramoisy gingham sack, laced with silver), and, once in a way, perhaps, Mr. Abraham Adams, clerk. There is an authentic anecdote, too, of Hogarth standing one evening at Vauxhall listening to the band, and of a countryman pointing to the roll of paper with which the conductor was beating time, and asking what musical instrument "that white thing was?" "Friend," answered William, "*it is a single handed drum*"—not a very bright joke, certainly; but then, as has been pertinently observed, a quibble can be excused to Hogarth, if a conundrum can be pardoned to Swift.



We would paint our pictures and our progresses in 1730-1-2-3. We were gaining fame. The Lords of the Treasury, as related by old under-Secretary Christopher Tilson, could examine and laugh over our plates even at the august council board, in the cockpit, and, adjourning, forthwith proceed to purchase impressions at Bakewell's shop, near Johnson's Court, in Fleet Street. "Frances Lady Byron"—more of her lord hereafter—was sitting to us for her portrait. Theophilus Cibber had pantomimised us. "Joseph Gay"—the wretched pseudonym of some Grub Street, gutter-blood rag-gallop—had parodied in "creaking couplets" the picture-poem of *Kate Hackabout*.<sup>\*</sup> Vinny Bourne had headed his "hendecasyllables," *ad Gulielmum Hogarth Παπαυερικον*. Somerville, author of the *Chase* had dedicated his *Hobbinol* to us; we were son-in-law to a knight and M.P., but we were not yet quite emancipated from struggles, and hardship and poverty. As yet we were very badly paid, and our small earnings were gnawed away by the villanous pirates soon to succumb to the protective act of Parliament which Huggins was to draw—how strangely and frequently that detested name turns up—and draw not too efficiently on the model of the old literary copyright statute of Queen

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<sup>\*</sup> One moment ere I leave the male and female naughtinesses in this drama for good. Charteris, Hackabout, brother and sister, James Dalton, the highwayman, whose "wig-box" you see in plate iii. of the *H. P.*, and Mother Needham, who continued the traditions of Dryden's *Mother Dulake* ("Wild Gallant"), to Foote's *Mother Cole*, all faded into space before 1733. The colonel "Don Francisco"—as people with a snigger called Charteris—was very nearly being hanged. He was cast for death; but being immensely rich, and having, moreover, and luckily, a lord of the land, the Earl of Wemyss, for his son-in-law, he managed to escape. Not, indeed, Scot-free. He was compelled to make a handsome settlement on his victim, one Ann Bond, prosecutrix in the case for which Don Francisco had so close a riddance of "*sus per coll*" being written against his name. The sheriffs of London, and the high bailiff of Westminster, had, moreover, made a seizure of his rich goods and chattels, immediately after his conviction. He had to compound with them for the restitution of his effects, and this cost him nearly nine thousand pounds. The profligate old miser had to sell his South Sea stock, to raise the amount; a fact which the newspapers of the day record with much exultation. But Nemesis was not yet satisfied. The colonel's wife came back from Scotland on purpose to reproach her lord. The wretched man on his part fled to Scotland, and died in Edinburgh soon afterwards. Dalton, of the "wig-box," having been "boned," "habbled," or "snabbled," and confined for some time in the "Rumbo," or "Whid," finished his career at the "nubbing cheat," at the top of the Edgware Road. In other words—the first are the elegant terms used by the City marshal in his controversial pamphlet *The Regulator*, written in disparagement of Mr. Jonathan Wild the great—Mr. James Dalton was arrested, and after lying some time in Newgate, was duly tried, sentenced, and hanged. "He was a thief from his cradle, and imbibed the principles of his art with his mother's milk." He went between his father's legs in the cart to his fatal exit at Tyburn. *Sic itur ad astra*; and thus Plutarch in the shape of the ordinary of Newgate. As for Mother Needham, she was sentenced to stand twice in the pillory. The first ordeal she underwent close to her own house, in Park Place, St. James'. She was very ill, and lay "all along" under these Caudine forks, "thus evading the law, which required that her face should be exposed." Two days afterwards, "complaining of the ingratitude of the publick"—the mob had pelted her pitilessly—"and dreading the second pillorying to which, in Old Palace Yard, she was doomed, she gave up the ghost."

Anne. Morris had paid us the thirty pounds adjudged for the *Element of Earth*: but no munificent, eccentric old maid had as yet arisen to gratify us with sixty guineas for a single comic design: *Taste in High Life*. We were poor, albeit not lowly. The wolf was not exactly at the door. He didn't howl from morning to night; but, half-tamed, he built himself a kennel in the porch, and snarled sometimes over the threshold. Let it be told again that we, William, were "a punctual paymaster." So it behoved us to paint as many portraits and conversations as we could get commissions for, and do an occasional stroke of work on copper-plate for the booksellers. Coypel and Vandergucht, both approved high Dutch draughtsmen of the time, shared the patronage of the better class of booksellers with us; but none of us worked for the polecat Edmund Curll.

One of us, however, made a smart onslaught about this time on Edmund Curll's most rancorous foe, Alexander Pope. Many pages ago I hinted at this attack, as almost the only one that could be traced directly to Hogarth; although many claim to discern little portraits in disparagement of Pope Alexander in the print of the *Lottery*, in *Rich's Triumphal Entry to Covent Garden* (in which a suppositious Pope beneath the piazza is maltreating a copy of the *Beggars' Opera*—why? had he not a hand in it?), and in the *Characters at Button's Coffee-house*. There can be no mistake, however, about the Pope in the print known as *False Taste*, or the second *Burlington Gate*. There is no need that I should trench on the province of Mr. Carruthers, who, in his edition of Pope, has so admirably narrated the ins and outs of the quarrel between the poet and the magnificent Duke of Chandos, further than to express an opinion that the duke had treated the little man of Twickenham with, at least, courtesy; and that Pope's description of "Timon's villa," was at best somewhat lacking in courtesy. Hogarth took the Chandos side in the squabble—the malevolent still hint in deference to Sir James Thornhill and his old grudge against Kent, the Corinthian petticoat man, and *protégé* of Lord Burlington. In the print you see Pope perched on a scaffolding, and, as he whitewashes Burlington Gate, bespattering the passing coach of the Duke of Chandos. It would have been well for William to have avoided these partisan personalities. They never brought him anything but grief. He should have remembered Vinny Bourne's allocution—

" Qui mores hominum improbos, ineptos,  
Incidis . . . . "

Rogues, and rakes, and misers, and fanatics, and quacks, were his quarry. It was his to scourge the vices of the great; aye, and to laugh at their foibles. He has, indeed, well generalized the mansion and villa building mania in the courtyard perspective of the *Marriage à la Mode*, but he should have had nothing directly to do with Burlington Gate or with Canons.

The real scope and bent of his genius were to be triumphantly manifested at this very period by his wonderful composition *The Modern Midnight Conversation*. I don't think there is a single artistic design

extant which exemplifies to the spectator so forcibly and so vividly the vices of a coarse and sensual epoch. Most of us have seen that grand picture in the Luxembourg at Paris, the *Décadence des Romains* of Couture, with those stern citizens of the old Brutus stamp gazing in moody sorrow on the enervated patricians, crowned with flowers, golden-sandalled, purple-robed, rouged, and perfumed, lapped in feasting and luxury, and the false smiles of meretricious women; listening to dulcet music; sipping the Chian and the Falernian, babbling the scandal of the bath to their freed-men, or lisping sophisms in emasculated Greek to their hireling philosophers. One has but to glance at that picture to know that the empire is in a bad way; that certain Germanic barbarians are sharpening short swords or whittling clubs into shape far away, and that the Roman greatness is in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I remember once seeing in an old curiosity shop of the Rue Lafitte a water-colour drawing, probably limned by some *rapin* for some Sophie Arnould of the quarter, and sold at one of her periodical boudoir-and-alcove auctions—a drawing almost as eloquent and as suggestive as the *Décadence*. A group of ragged little boys, in the peasant costume of Louis the Well-Beloved's time, have lifted up a heavy curtain. You see, beyond, the interior of a *petite maison*. Farmers general, marquises, abbés, are junketing with the Sophie Arnoulds of the epoch. The uplifted table-cloth shows the keys of a harpsichord beneath, on which one of the fair dames is tinkling. There are no servants to disturb the company; the dainty dishes rise through noiseless traps. Artificial flowers, champagne, wax candles, Sèvres china and vermeil plate, diamonds, and embroidery: of all these there is an abundance. Outside, where the little ragged hungry boys are, you see snow and naked trees, and a little dead baby in a dead mother's arms. A fanciful performance, and too violently strained, perhaps; yet one that tells, undeniably, that the age is going *wrong*; that this champagne will one day turn red as blood; that these wax candles will light a flame not to be put out, but that will burn the *petite maison* about the ears of Farmers general, Sophie Arnoulds, and company; that the strumming of yonder harpsichord will be inaudible when the dreadful tocsin begins to boom. I need but allude to the Dutch Kermesses of Teniers, and Ostade, and Jan Steen, and the camp-life pictures of Wouvermans and Dick Stoop, for those acquainted with those masters to understand the marvellous and instantaneous concentration of all the low, sordid, brutal passions and pastimes of the epoch; the daily life and sports and duties of the boor who swigs the beer and smokes the pipe; of the vraw, who peels the carrots, swaddles the child, and beats the servant maid with a broomstick; of the ruffian soldier, rubbing down his eternal white horse, braying away with his trumpet, gambling under the tilt of his tent, or brabbling with the baggage-waggon woman, who reclines yonder among her pots and kettles. These things come upon us at once; and we are seized and possessed with the life of the time; but the force and suggestiveness of the works I have named become weak and ambiguous when compared with this *Modern*

*Midnight Conversation*, this picture paraphrase of the immortal "*Prospos des Buveurs*" of Francois Rabelais. You see an epoch of dull, brutish, besotted revelry: an epoch when my lord duke was taken home drunk in his sedan from the Rose to his mansion in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; his chair-men and flambeau-men very probably as drunk as he; and his chaplain and groom of the chambers receiving him with bloodshot eyes and hiccuping speech;—when Jemmy Twitcher lay in the kennel as drunk as my lord duke; only, there was nobody to take him home; when there were four thousand ginshops in London; and a grave publicist issued a broadsheet, giving "two hundred and sixty plain and practical reasons" for the legislative suppression of the trade in "the dreadful liquor called Geneva." I wish I could persuade the temperance societies that this is in comparison a sober age; and that 130 years ago, not only did wine and punch slay their thousands among the upper classes, but gin and brandy—both of which were horribly cheap—slew their tens of thousands among the populace. Wait till we come to the Hogarthian tableaux of Beer Street and Gin Lane. In this *Modern Midnight Conversation*, everybody is tipsy. The parson, the doctor, the soldier, the gambler, and the bully—the very drawer himself—are all intoxicated. Few of the company can see out of more than one eye. Pipes are lighted, and go out again for want of sober puffing. Songs are commenced, and the second couplet forgotten. Wigs are pushed awry, or quite fall off. The furniture is overturned; rivulets of punch flow over the table, and on to the puddled ground. Men, losing the reins of reason, not only see, but think double; take their own cracked voices for those of interlocutors; quarrel with themselves; give each other the lie, and vow they will draw upon themselves if they, themselves, say something—they know not what—again. This is the drunkenness that cankered, and bloated, and corrupted Church and State, in the debased reigns of the two first Brunswickers; that sent the king fuddled to Heidegger's masquerade, and the minister reeling in his blue ribbon to the House, and made tavern roysterers of the young nobles of Britain. When one has had to wade through the minor chronicles of this time, it becomes distressingly easy to recognize the terrible truth of the *Modern Midnight Conversation*.\*

Now, although William Hogarth, now in his thirty-fifth year, was

\* The *Modern Midnight Conversation* had a great vogue abroad, and is still, perhaps, one of the best known of Hogarth's works. Copies, adaptations, paraphrases of it have been multiplied to a vast extent in Germany. There is a well-known French version, *Société nocturne, nommée communément Cotterie de Débauche en Punch*; and a collection of heads from the *Conversation*, catalogued as *Têtes des onze membres, gravées par M. Riepenhausen*. One ingenious artist even formed a gallery of small wax models of the principal figures. And finally, I have seen the French *Cotterie* enamelled on a porcelain pipe at Leipsic, and on a golden snuffbox in the museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. There is a humorous modern lithograph, representing a party of rapient-looking bibbers, assembled in solemn conclave over a hogshead of Rhine wine in a cellar; and the hint for this—albeit, the grossness is softened down—is evidently taken from the *M. M. C.*

passably virtuous, and I have heard no instance of his indulging in any modern conversation at midnight or other times, to the extent of becoming overtaken in strong drinks—there were plenty of cakes and ale in the Hogarthian philosophy. He was a brisk man, liberal and hospitable in his own house, and not averse from moderate conviviality abroad, sometimes partaking of the nature of the hilarious gambols known as “High Jinks.” Brother, we must die. It needs not the digging Trappist to tell us so. It needs not the moralist with “*Disce mori!*” It needs not the looking-glass that shows us the wrinkled brow and grizzled locks. We must die; and we are gravelled, and worn, and sick, and sorry; and in the night we pray for morning, and in the morning cry out that it were night. But they need not be grim ghosts, those memories of the old pleasant follies and “High Jinks.” They did not all belong to the folly and recklessness of wayward youth. They were jovial and exuberant, and merry and light-hearted; trivial, certainly, and, maybe, undignified as when you, John Kemble, rode the hippopotamus at early dawn among the cabbages in Covent Garden; as when you, grave senator and reverend seignior, danced the Irish jig over the crossed broomsticks; as when you, now stately dowager, then sprightly maid of honour, disguised yourself as a buy-a-broom girl; as when you, grave philosopher, condescended, “on that occasion only,” to lead the donkey that was the Rosinante of a fiftieth of November “Guy.” But you didn’t do any harm. You didn’t exactly bring your parents’ grey hair with sorrow to the grave when you broke the half-crown’s worth of crockeryware; nor were you ever brought to the pass of biting your mamma’s ear off on the Place de Grève, because she didn’t flay you alive for partaking of apples which you had not precisely acquired according to the “vendors and purchasers” doctrines of wise Lord St. Leonards. I say, that I hope we shall not *all* be brought to judgment for *all* the rejoicings of our youth; for the assize would surely be too black, and shuddering Mercy would tear the calendar.

In 1732 there must have been “high jinks” on foot from time to time at the Bedford Coffee House, Covent Garden. Now, where was the Bedford Coffee House? Was it at that Bedford Hotel, under the piazza, so unceremoniously elbowed by that monstrous glasshouse called the “Floral Hall”—the Bedford of which Mrs. Warner is so urbane a hostess? Or was it the “Bedford Head,” in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, a hostelry, where to this day a club of bookworm men meet to lay the dust of ancient lore with frugal libations, and talk about Hogarth, and Fielding, and Johnson, and the brave deeds and the brave men of the days that shall be no more? I confess that I incline to the “Bedford Head,” and that I have purposely avoided taking counsel of London antiquaries more learned than myself on the point, lest I should be undeceived. Moreover, Tothall lived at the corner of Tavistock Court, Tavistock Street, which, as everybody knows, is over against Maiden Lane. It was nearer to Leicester Fields, where Hogarth dwelt, than the Bedford under the piazza, and HOGARTH and TOTHALL, with THORNHILL, FORREST, and SCOTT, were

the immortal FIVE who, on the morning of Saturday, the 27th of May, 1732, set out on a Kentish pilgrimage, of which the aim and end were "High Jinks."

A word as to the Pilgrims. A famous English writer in some lectures on the "English Humourists," familiar to us all, has described the pilgrimage as that of a "jolly party of tradesmen engaged at high jinks." Now with the exception of Tothall, who had been pretty nearly everything, and a woollen draper, among multifarious other callings,\* the party were all professional men. What Hogarth was, you know. He had come to the days when he could wear his sword and bag. Thornhill was Sir James's son and heir. He was afterwards sergeant-painter to the navy, and preserved a good estate in the west. Scott was a marine painter, said by Lord Orford to be second only to Vandewelde; and Forrest's poetic narrative of the Tour, in "Hudibrastic verse," is so fluent, and often so witty, as to show a capacity and a facility very uncommon in those days among tradesmen. The curiosity is that these five accomplished men should have taken delight in diversions of the plainest and most inelegant kind. As my author quoted above justly remarks, this was

\* Tothall's career was a most curious one. He was the son of an apothecary, was left an orphan, taken care of by an uncle. He ran away to sea; went to the West Indies, Newfoundland, and Honduras; was on one occasion captured by hostile Spaniards, and marched "up the country," with no other clothing but a woollen cap and a brown waistcoat—a costume almost as primitive as that of an unhappy French governess taken prisoner by some followers of Schamyl, in a raid on the Russians, and driven before them to their mountain home, the poor lady having nothing on but a pair of blue satin corsets. Tothall had his picture painted in the brown waistcoat. Coming afterwards to England, he entered the service of a woollen draper, in Tavistock Court; who, after some time, told him he was a very honest fellow, and that as he the draper only sold cloth, Tothall might have half the shop to sell shalloons and trimmings. He lent him money to buy stock, and recommended him to his chapmen. By and bye, a relative of Tothall in the West Indies sent him a puncheon of rum as a present. The recipient was about to sell the alcohol for what it would fetch—perhaps to the landlord of the Bedford Head—when his master interposed. "I have no use for my cellar," quoth this benevolent woollen draper. "Do you open the door to the street; sell your puncheon, and draw it off in twopennyworths." Spirit licences were not yet known. Tothall followed the draper's advice, speedily sold all his rum at a good profit; sent to the West Indies for more, and drove a merry trade in rum, shalloons, and trimmings, till it occurred to the woollen draper to inform him one morning that he intended to retire, that he might have all his stock at prime cost, and pay him as he could. Why are there no such woollen-draper now-a-days? Between the shop and the cellar Tothall contrived to realize a very considerable fortune. All this time, this odd man had been assiduously collecting fossils, minerals, and shells, of which he had, at last, a handsome museum. He retired to Dover, and, true to his old adventurous habits, entered into large speculations, in what his biographer modestly calls the "smuggling branch of business." But a "byeboat," laden with horses, in which he was interested, having been lost between Flushing and Ostend, and some other speculations turning out disastrously, Tothall became in his later days somewhat straitened in his circumstances. Hogarth used frequently to visit him at a little village near Dover, whither he retired, and where he died four years after our painter. He left 1,500*l.* in cash, and his collection of shells, &c. sold for a handsome sum.

indeed a "jolly party of tradesmen," at least, of merrymakers who behaved as we should expect tradesmen to do; but I suspect that the real London tradesman of the time would have been frightened out of his life at such wild doings; and that these jovial Kentish jinks were engaged in by the five Bedfordians through sheer humorous eccentricity, tinged by that inherent coarseness and love of horseplay of the age, which we discover, not only in such holiday jaunts, but in such almost inconceivable frolics as that of George the Second, the Duke of Montague, with Heidegger at the masquerade; the escapade of Lord Middlesex and his friends of the Calves' Head Club, and the hideous practical joke played off by Pope on Curll. Educated men seemed to share in those days the yearning of the French actress—the *bésoin de s'encanailler*—the desire to disport themselves in a pigsty, more or less Epicurean; and but for the knowledge of this prevalent low tone in cultivated society it is difficult to realize the fact of Hogarth going back to his lady wife, and Thornhill to the powdered and bewigged grandee, his papa.

Forrest's narrative of the tour, which began, as I have said, on the twenty-seventh, and finished on the thirty-first of May, is far too elaborate for me to give anything beyond a very brief reflex of it here. I will quote, however, the opening lines:—

"'Twas first of morn on Saturday  
The seven and twentieth of May,  
When Hogarth, Thornhill, Tothall, Scott,  
And Forrest, who this journal wrote,  
From Covent Garden took departure,  
To see the world by land and water."

It appears that their hearts were light, and those nether garments, now fallen almost into desuetude, save among grooms, footmen, blackrods, and members of the diplomatic service, were thin. They started, singing after a carouse, during the small hours of the morning, and went down the river to Billingsgate. At the noted "Dark-house" they met the same sort of company as Mr. Edward Ward introduces us to in the *London Spy*, and Hogarth took a portrait, unfortunately not preserved, of a waterside humorist, known as the "Duke of Puddledock."

"Of Puddledock a porter grim,  
Whose portrait Hogarth in a whim  
Presented him in caricature,  
He pasted on the cellar door."

Thence they went to Gravesend in the tilt-boat with a "mackerel gale," chanting lustily, and regaling on "biscuit, beef, and gin." At Gravesend they put up at "Mrs. Bramble's." They had previously seen at Purfleet three men-of-war, the Dursley Galley, the Gibraltar, and the Tartar Pink, the pilot of which last vessel begged them to "lend him a cast." Thence they walked to Rochester, and saw in the cathedral "th' unknown person's monument." *Pendente lite*, they drank six pots of ale. They saw "Watt's Charity," and eulogized its hospitality, remarking only

"But the contagiously affected,  
And rogues and proctors are rejected,"

marvelling much as to the origin of the distaste conceived by Master Watts against "proctors." For dinner at the Crown at Strood they had "soles and flounders, with crab sauce;" a stuffed and roasted calf's head "with purt'nance minced and liver fried;" and by way of a second course, roast leg of mutton and green peas. Peas were early, alas! in May, '32.

"The cook was much commended for't,  
Fresh was the beer, and sound the port.

At Chatham they went aboard two men-of-war, the Royal Sovereign and the Marlborough. In the churchyard at Hoo they found a curious epitaph, written by a "servant maid turned poetaster," in honour of her master, who had left her all his money, and which Forrest thus, literally, transcribed—

"And, wHen. he. Died. you. plainly. see .  
Hec. freely. gave. al. to Sara. passaWee.  
And. in. Doing. so. it. DoTh. prevail.  
that. Ion. him. can. well. besTowthis. Rayel  
onf. Year. sarved. him. it. is well. none  
But. Thanks. beto. God. it. is. all. my One."

How they lay two in a bed, drawing lots who should be the fifth, fortunate enough to sleep "without a chum;" how they were tormented with gnats, and tossed and tumbled, and, waking up in the morning, told their dreams, and could make nothing of them; how Hogarth and Scott played at "Scotch-hop" in the Town Hall, Rochester; how they pelted and bemired one another in country lanes and churchyards; how they perambulated the "Isle of Greane" and the "Isle of Shepey," and came upon a party of men-o-war's men, who had been left without provisions by their midshipman, and learnt how the same midshipman had afterwards got into dire disgrace for philandering with a married lady of Queensborough; how they ate cockles with the sailors, and sent to the alehouse for beer to regale them; and treated a loquacious man of Queensborough to "t'other pot," whereat the loquacious man began to abuse the mayor of that mighty borough as a mere custom-house officer; how they found the Market-place

"Just big enough to hold the stocks  
And one if not two butchers' blocks."

how they abode at the "Swans," and the landlady threatened to have Scott up before the mayor; how they heard the famous Isle of Sheppey legend of "Horse Church" and the wicked Lord of Sherland, so graphically narrated in our own days by Thomas Ingoldsby in the story beginning "'He won't,' said the Baron. 'Then bring me my boots.'" How at last they got back to Gravesend, put up at Mrs. Bramble's again, and returned per tilt-boat very tired and jovial to London. All these notable incidents are set down with a charming simplicity, and an unflagging humour and good nature. Forrest, as I have said, kept the journal. Hogarth and Scott illustrated it. Thornhill made the map, and Tothall was the



treasurer. The original drawings, done with a pen and washed with indian ink, and not unlike some of old Rowlandson's rough sketches, are now in the Print Room of the British Museum. I believe this very interesting memorial of an English artist, this homely *Liber Veritatis*, was secured for our National Collection at the cost of a hundred pounds. Some of the drawings are capital; though all are of the very slightest. These boon companions were too much bent on enjoying themselves to work very hard. There is a view of Queensborough Market-place and Hôtel de Ville, the manner of taking the draught of which is thus described:—

“Then to our Swans returning, there  
Was borrowed a great wooden chair,  
And plac'd it in the open street  
Where in much state did Hogarth sit  
To draw the townhouse, church and steeple,  
Surrounded by a crowd of people.  
Tagrag and bobtail stood quite thick there  
And cried ‘What a sweet pretty picture!’”

There is certainly nothing very elevated in good Mr. Forrest's Hudibrastics; yet the jingle of his verse is by no means disagreeable; and from his simple description it is easy to form a definite notion of sturdy little Will Hogarth “sitting in much state” in the great wooden chair borrowed from the “Swans” at Queensborough, and gravely sketching with the tagrag and bobtail staring open-mouthed around him.



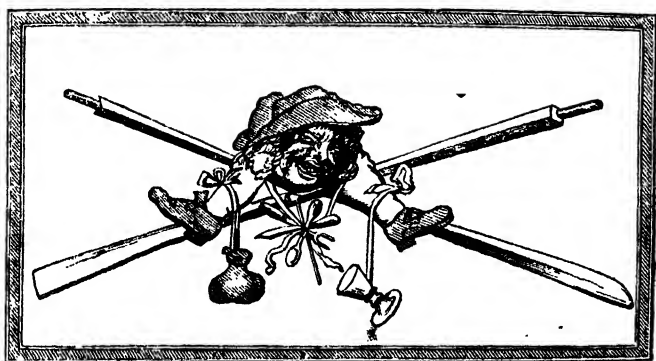
### BREAKFASTING &c

- |                                      |  |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| A. <i>The Fisherman shaving</i>      | D. <i>Mr Hogarth drawing this Drawing.</i> |
| B. <i>Mr Thornhill.</i>              | E. <i>Mr Forrester at Breakfast.</i>       |
| C. <i>Mr Tothall shaving himself</i> | F. <i>Mr Scott finishing a Drawing.</i>    |

A still better word-picture by Forrest illustrates Hogarth's drawing of *Shaving in the Isle of Sheppey* :

"Till six o'clock we quiet lay  
And then got out for the whole day ;  
To fetch a barber out we send ;  
Stripp'd and in boots he doth attend,  
For he's a fisherman by trade ;  
Tann'd was his face, and shock his head ;  
He flours our heads and trims our faces,  
And the top barber of the place is ;  
A bowl of milk and toasted bread  
Are brought, of which, while Forrest eats,  
To draw our pictures Hogarth sits ;  
Thornhill is in the barber's hands ;  
Shaving himself, Will Tothall stands ;  
While Scott is in a corner sitting,  
And an unfinished sketch completing."

There is also a very droll tailpiece of Hogarth's design, and freely, vigorously and racily touched.



The "Hudibrastics," when the accounts were duly audited—and a rare chronicle these accounts are of pots of ale, cans of flip, bowls of punch, lobsters and tobacco—were handsomely bound to be preserved as a perpetual memorial of this famous expedition. By way of motto, Forrest prefixed to his poem a quotation of the inscription over Dulwich college porch, *Abi tu, et fac similiter*.

The great success of the *Harlot's Progress* had naturally incited William Hogarth with a strong and almost fierce desire to accomplish some other work of the same satirical force, of the same breadth of morality with that excellent performance. He determined that there should be on record a sequel, or at least a pendant to the drama whose lamentable action his pencil had just so poignantly narrated. He felt that it was in him, that it was his vocation, his duty to follow step by step the career of human vice, to point, with unerring finger whither tend the crooked roads, to demonstrate as clearly as ever did mathematician—much more explicitly than ever did logician—that as surely as the wheels of the cart follow the

hoofs of the horse, so surely will punishment follow sin. He was as yet but at the commencement of his trilogy: Clytemnestra might begin; Orestes might succeed; but the Eumenides had to come at last. He saw before him a whole ocean, seething, weltering, bubbling of pravities and impostures, and deadly lies, and evil passions. He heard the thorns crackling under the pot. He saw vice, not only stalking about with hungered looks, ragged garb and brandished bludgeon; now robbing Dr. Mead's chariot in Holborn; now stopping the Bristol mail; now cutting Jonathan Wild's throat on the leads before the Sessions House, and being pressed to death for it; now with sooty face and wild disguise of skins, stealing deer in the king's forests, and rioting in caves on surreptitious venison and smuggled Nantz;\* now being ducked for pocket-picking in the horse-pond behind the King's Mews, Charing Cross; now cutting throats in night-cellars; now going filibustering, and suffering death for piracy, to be afterwards gibbeted at Halfway Creek and the Triptoptrees; but Vice in embroidery and Mechlin lace, with a silver-hilted sword, and a snuff-box enamelled by Rouquet, at its side; vice, painted and patched, whispering over fans, painted with Hogarth's own "Progress" at Heidegger's masquerade; vice punting at the "Young Man's," stock-jobbing in the Alley, brawling with porters and common bullies at the Rose, chaffering with horse-jockeys at Newmarket, clustered round the Cock-pit, applauding Broughton the ex-yeoman of the guard, pugilist, and lending its fine Holland shirt to Mr. Figg the prize-fighter after a bout at back or broadsword,† dancing attendance on the impudent and ugly German women, for whom the kings of England forsook their lawful wives, duelling in Hyde Park, and taking bribes in the very lobby of the Parliament House. William Hogarth knew that he was enjoined to mark this duplex vice, to burn it in the hand, to force it into the pillory, to pile the hundredweights of his indignation upon it in his own press-yard, to scathe and strangle it, and hang it as high as Haman, to be the loathing and the scorn of better-minded men. Between the summer lodgings at South Lambeth and other lodgings he took at Isleworth, between the portraits and conversations, and the book-plates and the benefit-tickets; odds and ends of artists' work, done in the way of business for the lords and gentlemen who were good enough to employ him; shop-bills, "illustrating the commerce of Florence;" "breaking-up" tickets for Tiverton School; scenes from *Paradise Lost*; busts of Hesiod; tickets for Figg the prize-fighter, for Milward, Jemmy Spiller, Joe Miller, and other comedians; coats of arms for his friend George Lambert; caricatures of Orator Henley; benefit cards even for Harry Fielding, illustrating scenes from *Pasquin* and the

\* *Vide* the statutes at large for the "Black Act," by which poaching in disguise was made a felony, punishment death; and the curious relation of the gentleman who fell among a gang of "Blacks," and was courteously entreated by them, and regaled at a rich supper, at which the solids were composed exclusively of venison, on condition, only, of never revealing the place of these sooty poachers' retreat.

† Figg fought much more with the sword than with his fists.

*Mock Doctor*; between high jinks and suburban jaunts, and pleasant evening strolls in Vauxhall Gardens; between 1733 and 1735, he was planning, and maturing, and brooding over the *Rake's Progress*. The experiment was a dangerous one. The public are averse from tolerating *Paradise Regained* after *Paradise Lost*, the *Drunkard's Children* after the *Bottle*, the *Marriage of Figaro* after the *Barber of Seville*. And who has not yawned and rubbed his eyes over the second *Faust*? But William Hogarth saw his way clearly before him, and was determined to pursue it. The pictures, eight in number, were painted by the end of 1733. In 1734, the proposals of subscription to the plates were issued. The subscription ticket was the well-known etching of the *Laughing Audience*. The sums were one guinea and a half for nine plates; the ninth promised being *The Humours of a Fair*—no other than the far-famed *Southwark*.

Thus I sweep the stage, and sound the whistle for the curtain to draw up on the drama of *The Rake's Progress*, closing this paper with the form of receipt given by Hogarth to his subscribers:

“ Recd. Decr. 18th, of the Rt. Honble. Lord Biron, half a guinea, being the first payment for nine plates, eight of which represent a *Rake's Progress*, and the ninth a *Fair*, which I promise to deliver at Michaelmas next, on receiving one guinea more. *Note*.—The *Fair* will be delivered at Christmas next, at sight of this receipt. The prints of the *Rake's Progress* will be two guineas, after the subscription is over.”

“ WILLIAM HOGARTH.”

## An Austrian Employé.

NEITHER a gipsy nor an Austrian employé has any country. They both lead a nomadic life, without home or fixed habitation; and when the gipsy has stolen what the neighbours had to lose, and the Austrian employé has exhausted all the squeezable properties of his office, they both move off—the gipsy whither he likes best, the Austrian employé most frequently whither he likes least.

The Austrian employé seldom administers in the town or province to which he belongs. The sages of the Austrian empire had one wise axiom, on which rested the whole of the government machinery. This axiom, sowed hatred and distrust in the fertile plains of Hungary and the pleasant gardens of Italy, in the homesteads of the Tyrolese and in the cottages of the half-starved Silesians: and soon thousands of hirelings were needed to help cut the rank ears, and bring the poisonous harvest home. And what harvests did not Austria bring home in 1848 and 1849! The axiom is "*Divide et impera*;" and forms the secret of Austrian policy. Government appoints no Austrian subject to any post or office in his native place. He would have friends and relations there, with whom he would be tender in the matter of extortion; and Austria wants money, not friends. If an Italian were suffered to administer in Lombardy, where would the ducats and the spies come from? He would naturally seek to gain the love and confidence of his compatriots; but the Government who have standing armies and above 500,000 employés to pay, would rather have the ducats than the love—it wants spies, not confidence. Therefore must the Hungarian Radetsky suck the golden fluid from the veins of Lombardy, no matter what blood or tears may be shed; the Bohemian Windischgrätz must rule in Hungary; a garrison of Slavonians must hold the fortresses of Silesia; a soldier must judge civilians; a council of lords promote the interests of plebeians; and a celibatarian priest decide on causes matrimonial.

Consequent upon these regulations, the writer's father, a native of Bohemia married to a Viennese lady, was sent to Hungary, to deal with a people of whose language he knew nothing, and of whose customs he knew worse than nothing: having scraped what little information he possessed from books which told him everything of Hungary but the truth.

An Austrian employé has no country. No sooner has he arrived at a place, than all his endeavours are bent on how to get away again. Of freedom he has less than any man in the town. He dares do nothing, however innocent, on which suspicion could by possibility fasten. He dares not visit his fellow employés: that would be plotting; he dares not openly offer a pinch of snuff to his superiors: that would be bribery; if he is in the money department, he must not have father, brother, or far-

away cousin in the same office, for fear of connivance. For the Austrian Government has the worst possible opinion of its bureaucratic members; saying "*quibbet præsumitur*," a thief—"donec probetur," the contrary. If the employé is an inferior, he is condemned to starvation; if a superior, he is surrounded by a swarm of inferiors, who wait for his place, like carrion crows waiting for the carcase on which the vultures are feeding.

When such a place is vacant, what an uproar! what whisperings and shruggings of shoulders, what calculations and intrigues, hopes, energies, expectations and disappointments, among the office-seeking crowd! Early in the morning the candidate's wife, if she is young, or his daughters, if they are pretty, go about from office to office canvassing for votes. Courtesies are proffered, promises are made, tears are shed, and family miseries related again and again; variegated, however, in pattern and direction, to suit the exigencies of the moment: sentimental with the amiable, humble with the proud, pleading poverty to the rich, and the rapid increase of a family to the bachelor, the fair petitioners always close with the same formulæ—"generous protector," "just appreciator of the meanest merit," "your great influence," and "eternal gratitude." And sometimes the candidate opens the small chest where, in spite of multitudinous christenings and many doctors' bills, he has managed to keep a few articles of family plate or ancestral *vertù*, and, with a heavy sigh, wraps perhaps his silver candelabra in tissue paper, and sends them to the chief power among the electors—an incorruptible man, whom he does not attempt to bribe, but whose choice he seeks to enlighten. In this scramble two men only come off well—the chief elector, whom everybody propitiates, and the successful candidate: unless, indeed, his place has cost him more than it is worth: which is not a rare occurrence in bribing, money-loving Austria.

An Austrian employé, is nothing but an animated copying machine: for in Austria nothing is ever said or done; everything is written. Heaven only knows what they all write, and where those thousands of reams go to at last; but every one writes, from nine in the morning to late at night, and all the year round alike. Bent low over their desks, with black fingers, black looks, and blackest *ennui*, without hope either of an early promotion or a late dinner, there they sit and write, till their brains are muddled and their hands are weary: head, heart, and life are equally exhausted and dried up. Whole reams of foolscap are written out for Section A, and duplicates thereof made for Section B. These duplicates are copied for the Register's Office; the copy is copied for the Chancellor; an extract of the original copy is to be sent to Section D; copy of the copy, and duplicate thereof, are to be carefully written out again on foolscap, and sent to the so-called Court Office "*Hofkammer*," and there all is again written, copied, labelled, registered, and numbered; the documents are then thrust away into the proper pigeon-holes, where, for the most part, they get worm-eaten and are forgotten.

After an Austrian employé has written, from the 1st of January to

the 31st of December, what no one will ever want to read, he must set a day aside whereon to fill up, in his own handwriting, the blanks left in a printed form called *Comptabilitäts Tabelle*. The following are the questions which he must answer there:—1. Name, age, birthplace? 2. Of what religion? 3. Where and what he has studied? what languages he speaks? what capabilities he possesses? 4. When he entered his Majesty's service? what different situations he has held? and what situation he holds now while writing this abridged autobiography? 5. Is he husband, bachelor, or widower? father or childless? 6. Has he any private fortune?

This last question is answered truthfully only by the very poor; for, as the Government grants no pensions to the widows and orphans of employés who have had a private income of 20*l.* per annum, it naturally follows that very few employés are to be found who own to the fraction of a *zwanziger*. At the foot of the paper a broad margin is left, headed by the inoffensive title "Special Remark." This margin is secretly filled up by the employé's immediate superior, who there inscribes his own private opinion of the man who, throughout all the preceding answers, has sought to place himself in the best light possible. This opinion is never stated openly, but is, on the contrary, so carefully concealed that the employé never knows what his chief thinks of him, nor what report he makes to the greater chiefs above. The "special remark" is the indication which the high officials consult: it is the shadow of him who is remarked on, following him with noiseless step wherever he goes, and looming behind him, black and threatening, when he stands in the sunlighted prospect of a hoped-for promotion. An adverse remark is the stumbling-block, the *pierre d'échoppement* of every Austrian bureaucrat: he cannot get over it; unless, indeed, he is able to leap over the head of the special remarker, and so change places and functions with him.

Yet, in spite of all these disagreeables, and notwithstanding the absence of salary for the first years of service, a place in a Government office is much sought after, and very difficult to procure. The curriculum, too, leading to it, is not a light one. Neither in Hungary nor in Bohemia, neither in Croatia nor in Corinthia, can a man obtain a Government office unless he has studied Latin and philosophy, logic and the exact sciences. Not that he is ever required to make use of his knowledge; but it is decreed that the knowledge should be acquired. The "course" takes eight years—the term prescribed by Government as absolutely necessary for the completion of an employé's polite education. And when, after these eight years of hard study—after the numberless fees and presents, flatteries, bowings, and scrapings, initiatory to an appointment—the young man has at last wormed himself into the service, what is he to the Government? Not more than a sharp lad who writes a good hand is to the grocer at the corner. Indeed not so much; for the grocer would have to pay the sharp lad for his services, while the paternal Government would not dream of such an extravagance. No young man can hope for an

apprenticeship who expects anything beyond the honour of being allowed to serve for love—and the future! This paternal Government—this national huckster which deals only in paper—paper diet, paper constitution, paper money, paper reform, neutrality, or amnesty—keeps its highly-educated apprentice of twenty-five somewhat longer than Laban kept Jacob waiting for his daughter. Ten, fifteen, and even twenty-five years he may have to serve for his Rachel,—an appointment with a salary; which, however, turns out most frequently to be only a Leah after all.

But it may be asked, how does the government manage to get so much gratuitous service? In a country where a man must eat, drink, and clothe himself handsomely, how can a paternal government be served for nothing? Is all service in Austria gratuitous? Does the employé receive from the butcher and baker and tailor the equivalent of what he bestows on the state? Not quite so. A paternal government which gets its allies to fight its battles for nothing, is clever enough to secure the support of its employés by their fathers. The fathers pay their sons for the services which these render to the state. The father of an employé expectant must give a promissory note to government, undertaking to supply his son with all things needful for the young man's maintenance, if government, in return, will be generous enough to accept his son's time and energies, and provide him with a place on some official treadmill. And the period for such an undertaking is—"during the emperor's pleasure."

The mode in which this magnificent appointment is applied for is much in the following manner: "The humble undersigned, who, according to testimonial annexed *sub literâ* A. has been born and baptized; who, according to school testimonials *sub literis* B. C. D. E. has studied with good success, and pursued the course of philosophy, and has also heard about law; who, according to medical testimonial *sub literâ* F. has been vaccinated with equally good success; who, according to promissory note *sub literâ* G. has a father who is willing to give him, for the duration of his (the son's) apprenticeship, the weekly stipend of 1*l*.; most humbly begs a well-born, most praiseworthy Chamber to overwhelm him with the inestimable favour of making him honorary apprentice to such and such an office. Should the undersigned be so happy as to be accepted, he will be ready to pass the usual examinations in three months' time."

Remark, that the writer of this request speaks of himself in the third person singular. This is one of the many peculiarities in the Austrian official style. The third person, singular, is usually employed only in contempt. The officer addresses the private, the master the servant, the magistrate the criminal, all as He. A humble petitioner, therefore, must adopt the same formula when speaking of his own unworthy self to a well-born Court Chamber. This self-denying request granted, the candidate enters, as a probationary, the bureau in which he hopes to become hereafter an integral particle. Here he learns to fawn upon his chief in the proper official manner, to write confused reports about things of which he



knows nothing, to make copies—reams of copies—of worthless original compositions; and after three months of these labours he is examined by the Director, who asks him nothing, but awards him a first-class testimonial—on the recommendation of the Chief. This first-class testimonial gives the poor mean-spirited youth the privilege of writing a second request, informing the Chamber of his good success, and expressing his ardent desire to leave the list of Honoraries and become an Ordinary.

Arrived at this Chimborazo of his wishes, the youth dresses himself in full evening costume, and at nine o'clock in the morning goes to the office to take the oath of allegiance to his Imperial, Royal, Apostolic Majesty. All his colleagues assemble there, with solemn faces. A crucifix and two lighted wax tapers are on the table in the middle of the room, and the novice, going up to the table, repeats slowly after his Chief the oath of allegiance; which is, in fact, a solemn promise to be an early riser and a quick penman, never to divulge an official secret, and to be incorruptible, generally and particularly.

The first promise is easily kept. The sooner a man rises and is out of the house, the sooner he is out of the way of his duns; for an unpaid Austrian employé is continually haunted by his creditors. The second of those two promises he fulfils by habit. Who would not be a swift and expert penman when writing all day and every day? The third no one asks him to break, for no one cares what he writes during all the weary hours of the day; his official secrets, if he has any, are safe from every one's curiosity. As for the fourth, it is not kept at all. An Austrian employé accepts everything: money and trinkets; playthings for his boy, and gifts for his wife; hams and tongues; opera tickets and theatre stalls—he takes them all; and in return he may help the donor over some slippery pass, by dragging him out of the straight road into the crooked path leading to legal safety and moral dishonesty. Government gets off with its interests somewhat sacrificed; but the gain on one side makes up for the loss on the other. "*Donis semper aperta est*," is the invisible inscription written on the Austrian office. It is forbidden to give or to receive; and he who gives runs as great a risk as he who receives; but both giver and receiver, running swiftly and keeping time and step together, generally manage to outstrip the stumbling march of the detective.

"Do not praise the day till it is over," says the proverb; and, following the spirit of the adage, the maxim of the employé is, Do not condemn the Austrian Government till you are rid of it: that is, till you are dead. Nay, even then the paternal government steps in, to take care, not of the widows and orphans, but of more precious things; namely, the dead employé's goods and chattels. Widows and orphans may shift for themselves; goods and chattels must be taken care of. So government sends an officer to take a list of all the employé's effects remaining, and specially to search for money. In the case of any being found—a case as rare as the sight of a white elephant in Europe—the widow and orphans must give government a part: for government is co-heir whenever there is an

official inheritance to be had. Then this same wise and liberal government refuses to grant a pension to the widow or orphan, if a private income of twenty pounds per annum is found among the reliquæ. If nothing is found, and if the employé has been more than ten years an official, and more than three years in matrimonial bondage, government grants a pension of ten or twenty pounds yearly. If he has served for a less term, or been married for only two years and three quarters, the pension is forfeited.

But to look on the bright side. If the employé has died insolvent, the sorrowing matron, who was bowed down to earth with grief and tears, rises consoled. She is a female pensioner. Her husband is gone, her home, her love, her independence,—all are gone; but she herself must stay. Government has bought her. She has become its property, and cannot now leave the country, unless she likes to leave her pension behind her. Austria turns her paper money into chains, by which she holds her poor pensioner, as a boy holds a bird or a cockchafer by a string. See this ward of government, clad in a rusty black dress of doubtful condition; on her head a black bonnet that has seen its best days, from which hangs a long black veil; on her arm hangs a long black reticule; on her pale lips a long tale of privation and misery. This is her picture at she goes every three months to draw her pitiful allowance—proving by the attestation of the parish rector that she is alive, that she is herself, and none other. Just the same, too, is she when she goes her new year's rounds to her late husband's Chiefs and colleagues, and to those members of the Imperial family most notorious for their benevolence. On these annual occasions she carries needlework and trifles to be raffled for, and thinks herself happy if she can buy an extra log for her stove, or a pound of meat for her broth, from the proceeds. Thus she drags on her weary life, barely escaping, as *pauvre honteuse*, the misery, shame, and degradation of downright beggary.

Such is the career of an Austrian employé; and this sketch is equally characteristic of every employé in the Austrian service, whether civil or military, or under whatever denomination he serves. In each and every case the salary of the officials are so utterly inadequate to their wants, that they are urged by the necessities of their position to devote all their talents and energies to make money by any means in their power. Their official rank and influence are available to extort a bribe and to screen the guilty parties. Where all are corrupt who is to denounce the offender?

This too faithful picture of an Austrian official will serve as a clue to unravel the mystery of those enormous defalcations which have recently come to light in the Austrian administration. Startling as they are to English readers, those who are acquainted with the secret practices of Austrian bureaucracy can only wonder that the late astounding frauds were discovered at all—so intricate and wide-spread is the network of chicanery and intrigue which enmeshes the Austrian system of administration.

## Sir Self and Womankind.

Sir Self-Sufficient on his mule  
Went ambling stiffly o'er the ground.  
Quoth he: "This womankind doth rule  
Where'er a fool or slave is found;  
For she is full of craft and wiles,  
And dresses all her looks for show,  
But not her cunning nor her smiles  
Shall win a heart from me, I trow."

His way was through the stubble-field,  
Where mellow fragrance filled the air;  
And from the earth's o'erflowing yield  
The scattered fruits lay ripe and fair.  
There women laboured in the sun,  
Uncouthly clad, and sun-embrowned,  
The old, the weak, the little one,  
Upon the stony furrowed ground.

Sir Self laughed softly as he went.  
Quoth he: "Here nature hath her way,  
And shows no other ornament  
Than in the air and sunshine play.  
Ah! what a sorry, sordid sight  
Doth Beauty thus unfashioned make!—  
You, city dames, to such a plight  
Would bring the binding weed and rake."

There came one tripping to his knee,  
"Wild flowers: oh! buy wild flowers," she said,  
And looked into his face to see  
What answer there was to be read.  
Sir Self passed on the other side,  
While from his hand a pittance came.  
Quoth he: "This nature hath no pride,  
Nor knoweth how to blush for shame."

Then onward through the village lane  
Of hovels dark, and cribbed, and low,  
Where narrow door and knotted pane  
Scant light and less of air bestow:

Scared men and women rested there,  
And children swarmed and gumbolled by.  
Quoth he: "Among so many, where  
May modesty find room to lie?"

Sir Self went saddened on his road  
Toward the dimly spangled town;  
A girl upon a heavy load  
Beside the path had sat her down:  
"Will no one help you on your way?"  
"I want no help," the girl replied,  
"I bear this burden day by day."  
Quoth he: "This is true labour's pride."

Then other women sorely bent,  
Beneath their burdens passed along;  
Yet spoke they gaily as they went,  
Or softly hummed a quiet song:  
And some bore children, some their load  
A failing sister's pack increased.  
Then thought Sir Self: "With whip and goad,  
These women were like laden beast!"

The shambling, reeking suburb through,  
There rose a mansion broad and high,  
Whence light from countless windows flew,  
And flamed a metcor in the sky;  
And from its gates, at clang of bell,  
Came women forth, with saucy word  
And cry. Quoth he: "Can this be well  
When women like the cattle herd?"

He marked the motley troop; some gay  
With wilful burst of mirth long pent;  
Some downcast went their silent way;  
Some, stolid-featured, mocked content.  
But there was labour's stain on all,  
The travailed look, the ashy skin.  
Quoth he: "What may this folk befall,  
With crime without and want within?"

The gleaming town shone more and more,  
As fell the night's mist-laden gloom,  
Till heaven's face seemed dotted o'er  
With feeble sparks, where wheel and loom  
Went on their ceaseless whirl and swing,  
As busy hand and eager eye,  
Mid shuttle's flight and iron's ring,  
Their still-renewing taskwork ply.

Dismounting from his bridled mule,  
 Afoot Sir Self pursued his way,  
 Where cries of mingled mirth and dule  
 Marked sottish rout or maddened fray;  
 Where on each lintel sat and croned  
 Old beldams, and the sluttish brood  
 Of girl-folk gossiped, laughed, and droned,  
 As drone the idle, laugh the lewd.

The city hath no solemn night  
 Like that which shades the dewy lawn,  
 But with a lurid, ghastly light,  
 Beshames the gloom, and mocks the dawn.  
 Still as the restless watches wore  
 Sir Self the stony footway paced,  
 Till morning waved the city o'er  
 Her filmy wings gold-interlaced.

But still through all the midnight blind,  
 And through the blinking of the morn,  
 On every side rose womankind  
 To move his pity—raise his scorn:  
 One mocked her shame, one pressed along  
 On some untimely taskwork bound;  
 One charmed the night with siren song;  
 One woke the day with plaintive sound

Here fragile forms Sir Self passed by  
 At toils which lordly man disdains;  
 There rose some patient, piteous cry,  
 Where petty trade sought petty gains.  
 And in the morning's mist there sate  
 With love that would not wince nor fail,  
 Poor womankind beside the gate  
 Of hospital and grated jail.

Sir Self forsook his stubborn mule,  
 And, sadly, homeward paced the ground;  
 Quoth he: "If womankind doth rule,  
 May be nor slave nor fool is bound.  
 'Tis not her beauty nor her wiles,  
 Nor all her looks dressed up for show,  
 But something more than craft or smiles  
 Has won a heart from me, I trow."

WILLIAM DUTHIE.

## The Poor Man's Kitchen.

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Not long ago, it was discovered that our prisons are palaces, that the treadmill is as pleasant as waltzing, that picking oakum is not more difficult than potichomanie, and that if any one desires to fare luxuriously every day, without expense to himself, he has only to turn thief, and be sentenced to two years' confinement. Unfortunately, the life of a prison is attended with a few disadvantages. We are not all fitted for a life of monastic seclusion; silence is not always agreeable; restraint very soon becomes irksome. In spite of these drawbacks, however—which those who have long battled with the world, and whose spirits are drooping under the fell influence of adversity, might well be content to endure for the sake of peace and plenty—the condemned cell seemed a blessed refuge for the distressed, a pretty little chamber in the Castle of Indolence and Many Delights. In one point, especially, the House of Correction, it was supposed, might inspire all prisoners to sing with Dr. Watts—

“I have been there, and still would go;  
’Tis like a little heaven below.”

for the larder seemed worthy of an abbey in the rare old time in which

The monks of Melrose made gude kail  
On Fridays, when they fasted;  
And wanted neither beef nor ale  
So long as their neighbours lasted.

At all events, the poor man began to imagine that there was no such pot-luck for him as he could get every day of the year in any penitentiary throughout the land. He and his little ones were starving on a crust of bread, and cast envious looks at the tabby waiting about the area gate for the daily visit of the cats'-meat-man. Why should he not have as good a dinner as the felon who had broken into the house with his centre-bit, or had broken the bank with his frauds? Why should he pace homewards day after day, pale-cheeked, hollow-eyed, with sinking heart and hungry blood, all for the crime of being honest? A cry of indignation rose throughout the country. If people did not go the length of supposing that our prisoners are fed on turtle-soup, and sleep on feather-beds, they declared at least that the management of prisons is such as to place a heavy premium on crime. The criminal is not punished, but rewarded. Our philanthropy has gone too far. We are milksops. Gaolers are gentlemen; turnkeys are bland as the angels that opened the prison doors; they take care that hinges never grate harshly on the ear, and they shoot the bolts sweetly, softly, solemnly, as dying falls of music. Success to swindling! When swindlers are thus petted, who would not go to prison? Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. Let us have jolly dinners with shut doors in preference to empty

stomachs under the open sky. Instead of plenty to do, and nothing to eat, let us have the crank on Christian principles—that is, in a fine combination of texts of scripture and boiled beef. After all, there is not a little attraction in the fleshpots of Egypt, and for the sake of the garlic, the leeks and the feast of fat things, with which their souls are satisfied, the chosen Israel long to enter once more the house of bondage, rather than serve God in the wilderness on a diet of sparrows—for what else are quails, at least according to the London experience? Lost in those deserts of brick and mortar, which all great cities are—famished and faint as he treads “the stony-hearted Oxford Street”—the British workman is fain to enter the house of his bondage for the sake of the daily allowance of cooked meat—three ounces, without bone.

In these flattering descriptions of prison discipline there is a good deal of exaggeration, but there is truth enough to perplex many worthy people who are anxious for the wellbeing of the working classes. The authorities may point to the fact that the fare of our penitentiaries is barely sufficient to keep the prisoners from losing flesh; but this is not a fact which appeals to the popular imagination. We see men feeding sometimes voraciously, and yet never gaining in flesh; while others, who are very spare eaters, grow fat in spite of themselves. Therefore, granting that, scientifically, the weighing machine is a fair test of what a man ought to eat, yet, practically, it is not a standard to which the common sense of mankind can submit. There is a fallacy in these measurements which never imposes upon the poor man. He says—“Nobody takes the trouble to weigh me. I have as little fresh air, and as little liberty as those fellows. I am confined in a close workshop all day. I breathe a stifling atmosphere, which the prisoners do not. My whole manner of life requires even more than these convicts do, a nourishing diet. But neither for myself, nor for my family, can I get such excellent or such abundant food as the greatest scoundrel in England obtains every day from his warders. It is a frightful shame—it is a national crime. Your weighing machine is a grand imposture.”

And what is the nature of this food which excites so much envy? Between one prison and another there are differences, and it must be remembered that in all prisons there is established a considerable difference between criminals confined for short, and those committed for long periods. Prisoners are divided into classes—generally three. First-class prisoners are the aristocracy of crime, who are at the top of their profession, who are in for more than a couple of months, and who are entitled to first-class fare. The second-class are those who have been sentenced to less than two months, but more than a fortnight; while the third and lowest class includes those who have been committed for a fortnight and under. Not to make the prisons too attractive to petty offenders, those in the second and third classes, who may be described as the fluctuating population of our bridewells, get the very commonest fare. Those in the second get but a very small portion of animal food; those in

the third get none at all. It is the class who are confined for lengthened terms and who may almost be described as the permanent population of our prisons, that get the sort of fare which has caused so much envy.

We may take the dietary table of the House of Correction at Cold Bath Fields as a fair example of the mode in which first-class prisoners are fed. They get three meals a day—breakfast, dinner, and supper. At the first of these, every prisoner gets six ounces and two-thirds of bread, together with a pint of cocoa. The bread, it is true, is brown, and our lower classes have a prejudice against loaves made from coarse flour; but the prejudice is an absurd one. The man of wealth regards brown bread as a luxury; it is the most wholesome, nourishing, and palatable form of the staff of life; and those who begin by making faces at it very soon come to enjoy it. Every day a loaf is given to each prisoner, about the size for which we pay twopence in the shops. With two cuts of a knife, it is divided into three parts; it is then placed in a bag and handed to each prisoner, being his allowance for the day. He eats a third at breakfast, a third at dinner, and the remainder at supper. We are still at breakfast, however, and wish to know about that pint of cocoa which is handed to each man. The general way in which the ingredients are mixed is this:—In every hundred pints of the article, as it issues from the kitchen, there ought to be three pounds two ounces of cocoa, eight pounds of molasses, or four pounds of raw sugar, and twelve and a-half pints of milk. So that the allowance to each man, in his pint of cocoa, is half-an-ounce of cocoa, half-a-gill of milk, and either one ounce and a-third of molasses, or two-thirds of an ounce of sugar—the rest being water. If this is not a very luxurious breakfast, still it is not a bad one, and many an honest man would be glad if he could command it for himself and his family.

Dinner comes at two o'clock. The men sit down on narrow benches, before long strips of table. A table-cloth is laid for each; it is a piece of brown paper somewhat less than the size of the present page. Upon this the salt, to which the prisoner is allowed to help himself in any quantity, or his bread, or anything else, is deposited, and after dinner he pockets the paper, for he will receive a new table-cloth on the morrow. His quantity of bread I have already mentioned. It is a third part of the little loaf which is handed to him in a numbered bag, and for each meal weighs six ounces and two-thirds. The foundation of the dinner, however, is animal food. On four days of the week, the prisoners get meat and potatoes; on three they get soup. The meat (though not the soup) has the disadvantage of being served up cold; but this is unavoidable when a great quantity of beef or mutton has to be divided simultaneously into small pieces for a thousand prisoners, who commence their meal at one and the same moment. Each man gets six ounces of meat and half a pound of potatoes. During the winter half of the year the meat is beef and mutton alternate fortnights; during the summer half it is beef entirely. In some prisons the allowance is as low as three ounces of cooked meat without bone; but



as provisions are probably dearer in London than anywhere else, it is worth while for the purposes of comparison, to confine our attention to the rations permitted in the Houses of Correction at Clerkenwell and Westminster. We shall then be able to put the case against the prisons in the strongest light. The sufficiency of the prison diet will be equally seen if we now turn to examine the nature of the dinner on the three days of the week, which are allotted to soup, with the usual modicum of bread. Each man gets a pint and a half of soup. This mess is so prepared that in every hundred pints of it there are stewed down two ox-heads, three pounds of barley, six pounds of peas, three pounds of rice, one pound of salt, and two ounces of pepper, with a due proportion of such vegetables as are in season—carrots, leeks, turnips. This is the Westminster receipt. In other prisons the receipt varies a little. At Lewes, for example, every quart of soup contains six ounces of meat without bone, five ounces of potatoes, two ounces of oatmeal and flour mixed, a sufficient quantity of leeks or onions, and a little parsley or thyme. At Horsemonger Lane, it is made from pot liquor of the boiling beef, and contains per pint, an ounce of chopped beef, two ounces of peas or barley, and vegetables seasoned with pepper and salt. At other prisons the mess is made into a sort of Irish stew, that besides containing plenty of nourishment, is rendered palatable by mint or other pot herbs. On the whole it will be admitted that the dinner, if it is of a very plain character, is also substantial, and that no one who can command such fare need starve or complain. There are thousands of poor men who would say that the meal requires but one thing to make it perfect, and that is the glass of beer which is allowed in the Munich prison.

Supper is the meal for which fastidious appetites will have least inclination, for it consists of the usual quantity of bread, together with a pint of gruel. What is this gruel, which has such an evil reputation? It contains about one and a half ounces of oatmeal to the pint, and is seasoned with salt or sugar, as the case may be. Now, from the time when Dr. Johnson in his dictionary defined oats to be the substance on which horses are fed in England, and men in Scotland, to the present day, this very fattening article of diet has been the object of innumerable sneers. Lord Kames, with that audacious patriotism for which his countrymen are distinguished, retorted with not a little wit—"Yes, and where can you find such horses and such men?" These matters are very much under the shadow of prejudice. The Hebrew declines ham, and the Englishman can never become partial to frogs and snails. A Scotchman is astonished to find that turnip-tops are eaten in England, and we were all very much surprised when the illustrious Soyer told us not long ago, that the nettle is one of the most delicious green vegetables—fit for the table of a prince, though the poor man can pluck it by the road-side. About this oatmeal, it was but recently that we had some of our public men pronouncing upon its merits in the most dogmatic terms. Mr. Bright described oatmeal porridge as a horrible mess, and seemed to think it one of the grievances

of the lower classes in Scotland that they are condemned to feed upon it. The Scotch were at once in arms against him, and they had some right on their side. First of all rose the Duke of Argyll, and declared emphatically that oatmeal porridge is capital food. Then came Dr. Guthrie, who did battle for another preparation of oatmeal, called *sowens*. "I stand up for Scotland and oatmeal porridge!" he said. "Clearly Mr. Bright knew nothing of what he was speaking about when he disparaged them." (The Scotch, it will be observed, have a respectful habit of designating their food in the plural number. As kings and editors are always "we," broth and porridge are always "they.") "I have heard the case of a countryman of his somewhat in point, who was fain to say a good word for something with less substance. Travelling in the Highlands, he got tired; he got bemisted; he got, what an Englishman, is very apt to do, hungry, and so cast himself upon the hospitality of a cottage he stumbled on. The good woman had no English, and he had no Gaelic; but by the language of signs she came to understand what he wanted. She had no oatmeal in the house—nothing better than what we call *sowens*. Now *sowens*, you know, are very good and palatable when they are manufactured; but before that process they bear a remarkable resemblance to dirty water. That the man thankfully swallowed them I make no doubt—for he went home and told his friends that he had been the object of the most remarkable providence that ever befell a human being. Quoth he, after telling the first part of the story, the woman took some dirty water and put it into a pot, and, by the blessing of God, it came out a pudding!" There is certainly one mode of preparing oatmeal which all Englishmen relish—namely, when the finer qualities of the meal are baked into those thin cakes, which are obtained in perfection only in the north of Scotland; and with regard to the gruel at which Mr. Bright and other members of "the bloated aristocracy," turn up their noses, it is, even in its simplest form, not to be despised by hungry men; while, by the addition of some cheap condiment, it can always be made agreeable to the taste. The prisoners, at all events, partake of it heartily; and a little butter, milk, or treacle, helps it wonderfully.

The conclusion which is drawn from all this is, that prisoners are well fed, that the diet provided is beyond the means of many poor families and that there must be something wrong if criminals are so much better off than the honest artisan who is starving with his family on a pittance of 20s. a week. That there is something wrong it is not necessary to deny. But the question may be raised, whether the wrong lies in our system of prison discipline. If the fare which is provided for our criminals is good and ample, is even generous, there is this also to be remembered, at the same time, that it is dirt-cheap. It is so cheap that when the cost of it is mentioned, everybody will at once admit that the idea of lowering the price still further would be a ridiculous meanness. At the Clerkenwell House of Correction the diet which we have described is provided to each prisoner at the cost of certainly not more than 4d. a day. The average

cost of feeding all the prisoners in that gaol during the year 1859 was 2s. a week for each man; but as this average is struck so as to include the second and third-class prisoners, there will be a difference in the calculation if we take account only of the first-class prisoners receiving first-class fare. That difference, however, must be very slight, as, among the 1,200 daily inmates of the prison, there is but a sprinkling of the second and third-class criminals. We are clearly within the mark if we put down 4d. a day for each man. At the Ely House of Correction the charge is 3½d. for each. At the Salford New Bailey the daily cost of food is 2¾d. a head. For the whole of England the average cost of each prisoner's diet is 3½d. a day. There is a very curious and instructive table in one of our blue-books, which shows the total average cost per annum of each prisoner; and when people talk of the luxury of prisons, we may ask them to read this table, and then to say what they think:—

	£.	s.	d.
Prison diet, &c. - - - - -	5	12	5½
Clothing, bedding, and straw - - - - -	1	7	2
Medicines, &c. - - - - -	0	1	7½
Wine, beer, and spirits - - - - -	0	0	10
Washing and cooking - - - - -	0	1	7
Fuel, soap, candles, oil, and gas - - - - -	1	17	11
Stationary, printing, and books - - - - -	0	6	3½
Furniture - - - - -	0	4	11½
Rents, rates, and taxes - - - - -	0	2	6½
Officers' salaries - - - - -	9	19	7½
Pensions to retired officers - - - - -	0	7	10½
Support of prisoners removed under contract to other jurisdictions - - - - -	0	3	10½
Removal of prisoners to and from trial - - - - -	0	3	11½
Removing transported convicts - - - - -	0	5	0
Repairs, alterations, and additions - - - - -	2	9	5
Sundry contingencies not enumerated - - - - -	1	1	9½
Annual repayment of principal or interest of money borrowed for alterations or rebuilding of prison - - - - -	2	12	9½
	£26 19 8½		

It should be stated with regard to this return, although it does not in the least affect the general argument, that it is an average with which what are called the Government prisons have nothing to do. The above average is derived from a comparison of the county and borough prisons. In the government establishments, which hold the criminals that under the old system would be sentenced to transportation, the cost of each prisoner may be one or two pounds more. If we must be exact, let the figures be quoted, and from these it will be found that in 1856, the gross total cost for each prisoner was 28l. 5s., and that this sum was reduced to 16l. 5s. 4d. by setting against it the value of prisoners' labour. Putting these prisons then aside, as not affecting the general argument, and looking simply at the ordinary houses of correction to be found in every county in England, what do we discover? We discover in the first place, that every prisoner costs the county at the rate of 27l. a year, or a trifle over ten shillings a week. If we take into consideration the numerous items which that sum

covers, it does not appear that this is a very exorbitant sum. But when we turn our attention to the first six items of the foregoing list, which include the diet, the clothing, the bedding, medicines, wine, beer and spirits, washing, cooking, fuel, soap, candles, oil and gas, everybody must be astonished at the smallness of the amount sufficient to meet what may be described as the personal wants of the prisoner. He is fed and clothed, he is warmed and lighted, he is washed and doctored throughout the year for 9*l.* 1*s.* 6½*d.* These first six items which constitute the expense of living, are covered by sixpence a day. The one article of diet is, I have already stated, covered by the sum of threepence-three-farthings a day.

What is the inference to be deduced from such a fact? Will anybody say that our prisoners are extravagantly fed? Will anybody undertake to keep them in life, on a smaller sum? It is surely palpable that if a comparison with the diet of prisoners, the fare of our honest poor looks meagre enough; that if a premium seems to be placed on crime by the goodness of the penitentiary kitchen, there may be a wrong somewhere, but it is certainly not in the system of prison discipline. Surely the wrong is not that prisoners are so well fed, but that honest men are worse fed. Why should they be worse fed? They pay far more than fourpence a day for their food, and that food is not nearly so nice, nor so wholesome, as that which every pick-pocket obtains. The proper inference is that in prisons these things are managed well, while in the poor man's dwelling they are managed badly. It is entirely an affair of management.

There are two great losses which the poor man suffers from. In the first place he has to buy from the retail dealer, and consequently pays more for every article that he requires. He has to pay so much indeed for each item, that a number of little delicacies which he has to buy fresh every day in order to give a flavour to his food—such as parsley, cost him far more than they are worth—cost it may be two, or three hundred per cent. beyond their real value. In the second place, after he has got all his articles of food together, there is a great deal of waste because things are prepared on a small scale. He will buy bone with his meat, but he is unable to turn the bone to account. Or he gets too much fat with his meat, and he has either to cut it off, or to throw it into the pot so as to spoil the dinner. Besides which, in nine cases out of ten, his wife is a vile cook, and would spoil the best of food. What with buying his things dear, buying what he cannot turn to any use, and having to trust to the tender mercies of those culinary artists who are said to be chiefly provided by the enemy of mankind, the working man's teeth enjoy but poor practice. The remedy for the startling contrast between the dinner-tables of the thief in prison and honesty in a garret, is not to place the felon on shorter commons, but to teach honesty the art of combination, and to bring that system of the division of labour which in manufactures has achieved the most splendid results, to bear upon the ordinary economy of human life.

The wild theories of communists have unfortunately brought discredit on the principle of combination as applied to the domestic life. But there

was wisdom in the idea of a common kitchen, if not of a common purse. How will the poor man ever be able to command twenty ounces of bread, six ounces of cooked meat, eight ounces of potatoes, a pint of cocoa and a pint of gruel, all for fourpence (indeed less than fourpence), except by combination of some sort? In the manufacturing towns of the north, the workmen form themselves into a sort of joint-stock company, purchase their provisions wholesale, sell them to the members of the company at a profit barely sufficient to cover the expenses, and so contrive to live at a comparatively cheap rate. There are other schemes of a similar description afoot, which have been more or less successful; and it may be that in time the working classes will establish institutions for cooking, for brewing, and for providing themselves with all the necessaries of life. Such institutions as these must be left to spring up spontaneously among themselves; but, in the meantime, it seems to us that something may be done to show the lower classes what is in their power if they only set about it in the right way. As a general rule, the establishment of large kitchens for the purpose of victualling the poor must be left to private enterprise. They will be established by persons who see their way to make a moderate profit in providing wholesome food at a cheaper rate than has yet been possible. If anybody sneers at cheapness, and suggests a doubt whether such undertakings can ever be sustained except by charitable contributions, there is a very good answer at hand in the success of the model lodging-houses. It was said that model lodging-houses would never pay. But they pay so well, that Mr. Newson, who has built a couple of such houses at the back of Berkeley Square (and they are well worth going to see), has declared his readiness to build similar houses in the City, say about Farringdon Street, if he can only get the ground at a moderate rent. The accommodation which in this way he gives to the families of the working classes for 3s. 6d. or 4s. 6d. a week, is perfectly marvellous. And what an enterprising builder has thus accomplished in providing house-room, enterprising victuallers will emulate in providing cheap, wholesome, palatable food, and in making a profit out of the transaction. The idea is not worth much unless it will pay. It can have no genuine vitality unless it will be self-supporting. If Clerkenwell House of Correction can feed 1,200 prisoners daily at fourpence each, surely it is within the bounds of probability that as many customers can be well served with food for eightpence or ninepence a day, and a tolerable margin of profit be left to the account?

But those who hold strenuously, as we do, that schemes of this sort must pay their own way, and should be left to the enterprize of individuals—that they are purely a question of commerce, with which charity and patronage have nothing to do—may nevertheless think that, in the first instance, an example has to be set, and that trade, which is always suspicious of new projects, is not likely to set the example in a hurry. It was not the instincts of trade that started the model lodging-houses; but, once started, the tradesman is glad to keep up the game. So it is not likely

that the mere instinct of trade will in a moment set cheap kitchens afloat; and in these matters the example has generally to be given by persons who are willing to act together on philanthropic grounds. On public grounds, a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, headed by Prince Albert, started the Crystal Palace, ran all the risk of failure, carried the scheme to a successful issue, and inspired the directors of the palace at Sydenham to follow the example, under certain modifications, with pounds, shillings, and pence as the motive power. Perhaps a poor man's kitchen ought not to be mentioned in the same page with crystal palaces; but perhaps, also, it is capable of producing as much real good as acres of glass and miles of iron pillars. And surely there are many gentlemen in this metropolis who take an interest in the poor of our great cities, who only require that such facts as the foregoing should be brought under their notice, in order to follow them up to a practical conclusion, and whose names would be certain to obtain from the public the small sum of money necessary to erect the cooking apparatus, and to put the scheme in motion.

The working-classes have lately exhibited such a talent for organization, that there is every likelihood of their speedily learning the lesson. The builders have but lately concluded a strike for more pay. It is demonstrable that they can, by their own exertions, obtain all that they demand. If they have failed in obtaining more wages, it is still possible for them to achieve what comes to the same thing—to make the actual amount of wages go as far as the increased rate which they desire. Why should not Messrs. Potter and Co. turn their formidable powers of organization in this direction? It is surely more feasible, as well as more laudable, for trade unions to provide their members with cheap and nourishing food, than to aim at the intimidation of masters, and of men not belonging to the society. The unions are anxious to embrace every member of the particular trades to which they are attached. Could any machinery be established more certain to bring about that result, than the institution of kitchens connected with each trade? Every member of the union, on presenting his ticket, would get his rations at cost price, while those, not members of the union, would get the same rations if they chose to pay a little more. That slight increase of price would be a screw that would act effectually in inducing all workmen to belong to a society. The advantages which a trades' union holds forth to the members are, for the most part, contingent. If a union workman is sick, he will have an allowance in his sickness; if he dies, his family will have a claim on the society; should he innocently get into trouble with his employers, he will be backed by all the funds and influence of his fellow members. But many workmen cannot bring themselves to anticipate such contingencies. They are not sick; they are not going to die; nobody is troubling them. Why should they join a society? But offer them every day a cheaper and a better dinner than they can get, save as being enrolled in the union, and they will join to a man. The unions, which in spite of the illegal and tyrannical purposes they have been made to

serve, are a most valuable institution, which no man of sense would wish to take away from the working man, would then produce greater good than they have yet accomplished; they would fill the poor man's mouth, and it generally happens that when the mouth has done all that it wants to do in the way of eating it is not inclined to do much in the way of sedition.

It is a very humiliating reflection that eating and drinking occupy more of our thoughts than anything else in heaven above or in the earth beneath. We are not yet as the lilies that take no thought of such matters. Man is like the lower animals in this respect that with the vast majority of our race, the struggle for existence is a struggle for dinner. We have all somewhat of the Tartar Khan in us, and after we ourselves have dined, are ready to proclaim that the whole world may dine also. But we first. Nobody shall dine with our good will, if we are starving. Who can count all the wars, murders and quarrels that have arisen out of this one question of dinner—the question of questions? How many of the piteous cases that come before Sir Cresswell Cresswell are to be explained by deficiency of food, badness of cooking, and fits of indigestion? There is no such irritant as hunger and deranged gastronomy. If we could only get at the wisdom which is supposed to lie in ancient fables we should probably find that Pandora's box, the source of every mischief, was an empty oven or larder, or some such receptacle. The poor man especially feels the truth of this doctrine. He conspires against the rich, because he never gets a dinner, and on that point he feels with the Great Cham. He beats his wife, because with his hard won earnings she can place only bad food before him. He drinks beer, and drowns himself in gin, because no meat that he can get is half so pleasant. People imagine that by introducing the light wines of France into this country we shall put a stop to drunkenness. It is a great mistake. The French are a sober people, not because they drink wine, but because they are good cooks. Where you have bad cookery and good liquor, depend upon it the liquor will carry the day. And we shall not stop the rage for liquor in this country by making it still better—by turning the gin into Cognac, and by turning the beer into Bordeaux. The cure lies rather in restoring the balance between meat and drink. Put the meat more on a par with the drink, and then see what the result will be. Either teach the poor man to cook, or give him his meat well cooked. Let the Temperance Leagues and Alliances look to it. They will accomplish far more good by improving the working man's edibles than by meddling with his potables—by seconding that natural law which makes a man chiefly dependent on his food, rather than by attempting to place artificial barriers in the way of his getting whatever drink he may require. The best cure for the drunkenness of the lower classes is not a Maine Liquor Law—but soup and sausages, pudding and pies; is not to shut the beershops, but to open the poor man's kitchen.

## Roundabout Papers.—No. IV.

### ON SOME LATE GREAT VICTORIES.



N the 18th day of April last I went to see a friend in a neighbouring Crescent, and on the steps of the next house beheld a group something like that here depicted. A news-boy had stopped in his walk, and was reading aloud the journal which it was his duty to deliver; a pretty orange girl, with a heap of blazing fruit, rendered

more brilliant by one of those great blue papers in which oranges are now artfully wrapped, leant over the railing and listened; and opposite the *nympham discentem* there was a capering and acute eared young satirist of a crossing-sweeper, who had left his neighbouring professional avocation and chance of profit, in order to listen to the tale of the little news-boy.

That intelligent reader, with his hand following the line as he read it out to his audience, was saying:—"And—now—Tom—coming up smiling—after his fall—dee—delivered a rattling clinker upon the Benicia Boy's—potatoc-trap—but was met by a—punisher on the nose—which," &c. &c.; or words to that effect. Betty at 52. let me in, while the boy was reading his lecture; and, having been some twenty minutes or so in the house and paid my visit, I took leave.

The little lecturer was still at work on the 51 doorstep, and his audience had scarcely changed their position. Having read every word of the battle myself in the morning, I did not stay to listen further; but if the gentleman who expected his paper at the usual hour that day experienced delay and a little disappointment I shall not be surprised.



I am not going to expatiate on the battle. I have read in the correspondent's letter of a Northern newspaper, that in the midst of the company assembled the reader's humble servant was present, and in a very polite society, too, of "poets, clergymen, men of letters, and members of both Houses of Parliament." If so, I must have walked to the station in my sleep, paid three guineas in a profound fit of mental abstraction, and returned to bed unconscious, for I certainly woke there about the time when history relates that the fight was over. I do not know whose colours I wore—the Benician's, or those of the Irish champion; nor remember where the fight took place, which, indeed, no somnambulist is bound to recollect. Ought Mr. Sayers to be honoured for being brave, or punished for being naughty? By the shade of Brutus the elder, I don't know.

In George II.'s time, there was a turbulent navy lieutenant (Handsome Smith he was called—his picture is at Greenwich now, in brown velvet, and gold and scarlet; his coat handsome, his waistcoat exceedingly handsome; but his face by no means the beauty)—there was, I say, a turbulent young lieutenant who was broke on a complaint of the French ambassador, for obliging a French ship of war to lower her topsails to his ship at Spithead. But, by the King's orders, Tom was next day made Captain Smith. Well, if I were absolute king, I would send Tom Sayers to the mill for a month, and make him Sir Thomas on coming out of Clerkenwell. You are a naughty boy, Tom! but then, you know, we ought to love our brethren, though ever so naughty. We are moralists, and reprimand you; and you are hereby reprimanded accordingly. But in case England should ever have need of a few score thousand champions, who laugh at danger; who cope with giants; who, stricken to the ground, jump up and gaily rally, and fall, and rise again, and strike, and die rather than yield—in case the country should need such men, and you should know them, be pleased to send lists of the misguided persons to the principal police stations, where means may some day be found to utilize their wretched powers, and give their deplorable energies a right direction. Suppose, Tom, that you and your friends are pitted against an immense invader—suppose you are bent on holding the ground, and dying there, if need be—suppose it is life, freedom, honour, home, you are fighting for, and there is a death-dealing sword or rifle in your hand, with which you are going to resist some tremendous enemy who challenges your championship on your native shore? Then, Sir Thomas, resist him to the death, and it is all right: kill him, and heaven bless you. Drive him into the sea, and there destroy, smash, and drown him; and let us sing, *Laudamus*. In these national cases, you see, we override the indisputable first laws of morals. Loving your neighbour is very well, but suppose your neighbour comes over from Calais and Boulogne to rob you of your laws, your liberties, your newspapers, your parliament (all of which *some* dear neighbours of ours have given up in the most self-denying manner): suppose any neighbour were to cross the water and propose this kind of thing to us? Should we not be justified in humbly trying to pitch him into the water? If it were

the King of Belgium himself we must do so. I mean that fighting, of course, is wrong; but that there are occasions when &c.—I suppose I mean that that one-handed fight of Sayers is one of the most spirit-stirring little stories ever told: and, with every love and respect for Morality—my spirit says to her, “Do, for goodness’ sake, my dear madam, keep your true, and pure, and womanly, and gentle remarks for another day. Have the great kindness to stand a *leetle* aside, and just let us see one or two more rounds between the men. That little man with the one hand powerless on his breast facing yonder giant for hours, and felling him, too, every now and then! It is the little Java and the Constitution over again!”

I think it is a most fortunate event for the brave Heenan, who has acted and written since the battle with a true warrior’s courtesy, and with a great deal of good logic too, that the battle was a drawn one. The advantage was all on Mr. Sayers’s side. Say a young lad of sixteen insults me in the street, and I try and thrash him, and do it. Well, I have thrashed a young lad. You great, big tyrant, couldn’t you hit your own size? But say the lad thrashes me? In either case I walk away discomfited: but in the latter, I am positively put to shame. Now, when the ropes were cut from that death-grip, and Sir Thomas released by the recognized, the Eu-rope-an laws—the gentleman of Benicia was confessedly blind of one eye, and speedily afterwards was blind of both. Could Mr. Sayers have held out for three minutes, for five minutes, for ten minutes more? He says he could. So we say *we* could have held out, and did, and had beaten off the enemy at Waterloo, even if the Prussians hadn’t come up. The opinions differ pretty much according to the nature of the opinants. I say the Duke and Tom could have held out, that they meant to hold out, that they did hold out, and that there has been fistifying enough. That crowd which came in and stopped the fight ought to be considered like one of those divine clouds which the gods send in Homer:

“Apollo shrouds

The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.”

It is the best way of getting the godlike Trojan out of the scrape, don’t you see. The *nodus* is cut; Tom is out of chancery; the Benicia Boy not a bit the worse, nay, better than if he had beaten the little man. He has not the humiliation of conquest. He is greater, and will be loved more hereafter by the gentle *sex*. Suppose he had overcome the godlike Trojan? Suppose he had tied Tom’s corpse to his cab-wheels, and driven to Farnham, smoking the pipe of triumph? Faugh! the great, hulking conqueror! Why did you not hold your hand from yonder hero? Everybody, I say, was relieved by that opportune appearance of the British gods, protectors of native valour, who interfered, and “withdrew” their champion.

Now, suppose six-feet-two conqueror, and five-feet-eight beaten; would Sayers have been a whit the less gallant and meritorious? If Sancho had been allowed *really* to reign in Baratania, I make no doubt

that, with his good sense and kindness of heart, he would have devised some means of rewarding the brave vanquished, as well as the brave victors in the Baratarian army, and that a champion who had fought a good fight would have been a knight of King Don Sancho's orders, whatever the upshot of the combat had been. Suppose Wellington overwhelmed on the plateau of Mount St. John; suppose Washington attacked and beaten at Valley Forge—and either supposition is quite easy—and what becomes of the heroes? They would have been as brave, honest, heroic, wise; but their glory, where would it have been? Should we have had their portraits hanging in our chambers? have been familiar with their histories? have pondered over their letters, common lives, and daily sayings? There is not only merit, but luck which goes to making a hero out of a gentleman. Mind, please you, I am not saying that the hero is after all not so very heroic; and have not the least desire to grudge him his merit because of his good fortune.

Have you any idea whither this Roundabout Essay on some late great victories is tending? Do you suppose that by those words I mean Trenton, Brandywine, Salamanca, Vittoria, and so forth? By a great victory I can't mean that affair at Farnham, for it was a drawn fight. Where then are the victories, pray, and when are we coming to them?

My good sir, you will perceive that in this Nicæan discourse I have only as yet advanced as far as this—that a hero, whether he wins or loses, is a hero; and that if a fellow will but be honest and courageous, and do his best, we are for paying all honour to him. Furthermore, it has been asserted that Fortune has a good deal to do with the making of heroes; and thus hinted for the consolation of those who don't happen to be engaged in any stupendous victories, that, had opportunity so served, they might have been heroes too. If you are not, friend, it is not your fault, whilst I don't wish to detract from any gentleman's reputation who is. There. My worst enemy can't take objection to that. The point might have been put more briefly perhaps; but, if you please, we will not argue that question.

Well, then. The victories which I wish especially to commemorate in this the last article of our first volume, are the six great, complete, prodigious, and undeniable victories, achieved by the corps which the editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE has the honour to command. When I seemed to speak disparagingly but now of generals, it was that chief I had in my I (if you will permit me the expression), I wished him not to be elated by too much prosperity; I warned him against assuming heroic imperial air, and cocking his laurels too jauntily over his ear. I was his conscience, and stood on the splash-board of his triumph-car, whispering, "*Hominem memento te.*" As we rolled along the way, and passed the weathercocks on the temples, I saluted the symbol of the goddess Fortune with a reverend awe. "We have done our little endeavour," I said, bowing my head, "and mortals can do no more. But we might have fought bravely, and not won. We might have cast the coin, calling

'Head,' and, lo! Tail might have come uppermost." Oh! thou Ruler of Victories!—thou awarder of Fame!—thou Giver of Crowns (and shillings)—if thou hast smiled upon us, shall we not be thankful? There is a Saturnine philosopher, standing at the door of his book-shop, who, I fancy, has a pooh-pooh expression as the triumph passes. (I can't see quite clearly for the laurels, which have fallen down over my nose.) One hand is reining in the two white elephants that draw the car; I raise the other hand up to—to the laurels, and pass on, waving him a graceful recognition. Up the Hill of Ludgate—around the Pauline Square—by the side of Chepe—until it reaches our own Hill of Corn—the procession passes. The Emperor is bowing to the people; the captains of the legions are riding round the car, their gallant minds struck by the thought, "Have we not fought as well as yonder fellow, swaggering in the chariot, and are we not as good as he?" Granted, with all my heart, my dear lads. When your consulship arrives, may you be as fortunate. When these hands, now growing old, shall lay down sword and truncheon, may you mount the car, and ride to the temple of Jupiter. Be yours the laurel then. *Neque me myrtus dedecet*, looking cosily down from the arbour where I sit under the arched vine.

• I fancy the Emperor standing on the steps of the temple (erected by Titus) on the Mons Frumentarius, and addressing the citizens: "Quirites!" he says "in our campaign of six months, we have been engaged six times, and in each action have taken near upon a *hundred thousand prisoners*. Go to! What are other magazines compared to our magazine? (Sound, trumpeter!) What banner is there like that of Cornhill? You, philosopher yonder? (he shirks under his mantle). Do you know what it is to have a hundred and ten thousand readers? A hundred thousand readers? a hundred thousand *buyers*!" (Cries of No!—Pooh! Yes, upon my honour! Oh, come! and murmurs of applause and derision)—'I say more than a hundred thousand purchasers—and I believe *as much as a million* readers! (Immense sensation.) To these have we said an unkind word? We have enemies; have we hit them an unkind blow? Have we sought to pursue party aims, to forward private jobs, to advance selfish schemes? The only persons to whom wittingly we have given pain are some who have volunteered for our corps—and of these volunteers we have had *thousands*\* (Murmurs and grumbles.) What commander, citizens, could place all these men—could make officers of all these men? (cries of No—no! and laughter)—could say 'I accept this recruit, though he is too short for our standard, because he is poor and has a mother at home who wants bread? could enrol this other, who is too weak to bear arms, because he says, 'Look, sir, I shall be stronger anon.' The leader of such an army as ours must select his men, not because they are good and virtuous, but because

\* The average of contributions has been for the last two months 160 a-week; and we beseech candidates to bear the above fact in mind, and consider that it is impossible to reply personally to all of them; or give special reasons why such and such an article is not suited to the Magazine.—ED. C. H. M.

they are strong and capable. To these our ranks are ever open, and in addition to the warriors—who surround me—(the generals look proudly conscious)—I tell you, citizens, that I am in treaty with other and most tremendous champions, who will march by the side of our veterans to the achievement of fresh victories. Now, blow trumpets! Bang, ye gongs! and drummers, drub the thundering skins! Generals and chiefs, we go to sacrifice to the Gods."

Crowned with flowers, the captains enter the temple, the other magazines walking modestly behind them. The people huzza; and, in some instances, kneel and kiss the fringes of the robes of the warriors. The Philosopher puts up his shutters, and retires into his shop, deeply moved. In ancient times, Pliny (*apud* Smith) relates it was the custom of the Emperor "to paint his whole body a bright red;" and, also, on ascending the Hill, to have some of the hostile chiefs led aside "to the adjoining prison, and put to death." We propose to dispense with both these ceremonies.











